

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR LITERATURE

*Science and Arts*

1883



W. & R. CHAMBERS

LONDON & EDINBURGH

Edinburgh:  
Printed by W. & R. Chambers.



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# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fourth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No. 1019.—VOL. XX.

SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1883.

PRICE 1½d.

## THE RECORDS OF THE PAST.

DURING the last session of parliament, a Bill was introduced into the House of Commons by a private member, which, although unsuccessful then, for want of time, may probably be again brought forward, and which had for its object the collection and preservation of the ancient parochial registers of England and Wales, extending over a period of three hundred years, and including those which are known as 'bishops' transcripts.'

The importance of these records cannot be over-estimated, and it has often been proposed that they should be copied, and the copies deposited with the Registrar-general at Somerset House. If this were done, however, it would necessitate the erection or obtainment of a more suitable building, in which to place the whole of these interesting national archives, than the one at present in use, which occupies but a corner of Somerset House, and which has become so small for its purpose that additional vault-room has just been acquired for it.

The Bill to which we have referred above proposed that every existing register which shall have been kept in any parish prior to the year 1837, and also every transcript thereof now existing in the registries of the various dioceses of England and Wales, shall henceforth be under the charge of the Master of the Rolls for the time being, and shall afterwards be removed to the Record Office. Thus, with regard to all bishops' transcripts of a date prior to July 1, 1837, and all registers made and entered before January 1, 1813, the proposed Act of parliament would authorise the Master of the Rolls to issue warrants for their removal to London. An exception was proposed to be made in the case of the registers intervening between January 1813 and June 1837, which were to remain in the custody of the local clergy for a period of twenty years from the passing of the Act. This provision was inserted to meet any difficulty which might have arisen in regard to fees; that

is, the money received for supplying copies of the certificates of births, deaths, and marriages registered during the period mentioned.

These important national records have hitherto been kept to a certain extent in duplicate, but very imperfectly so. Of course, all those in the Registrar-general's possession since 1837 are duplicates of those which are in the custody of the superintendent registrars throughout the country, and accidents of all kinds, or mutilations, are thereby very effectually guarded against; but previous to that year, the system of duplicates was only carried out in theory, and everybody seemed too apathetic about the matter to render the principle successful. The original and the duplicate were to be kept in different localities, and for this purpose, in the year 1597, were invented the documents known as bishops' transcripts. By these means, the original register remained in the possession of the parish clergyman, while the duplicate was deposited with the bishop's registrar. Thus the parish register was always at hand for ready reference in a particular locality, while the collection of duplicates from the entire diocese in the office of the bishop's registrar gave facilities for a general search.

Many of these old records have been very imperfectly kept, while others have been allowed to moulder in damp, musty cupboards or cellars until much of the writing which they contain has been rendered illegible. This seems a great pity; for they unquestionably supply data for a world of information with respect to the origin of names, the causes of mortality, and the habits and religious customs of the people for at least three eventful centuries in the history of our country. It is in the rural districts, mostly, that the old registers have been allowed to get into such a bad condition; for in London we find the parish records generally in an excellent state of preservation. Many of the latter date back to a very distant period, and are not only well preserved, but are beautifully written and explicitly kept. But in the former case, even where these conditions have been attended to, and the



transcripts forwarded to the diocesan registrar, the confusion into which they have been permitted to fall has totally destroyed their historic value for purposes of reference. Numbers of parish registers have been lost altogether, perhaps used for trade purposes, or to supply 'spills' wherewith to light the pipes of jaunty Cavaliers or phlegmatic Roundheads. Indeed, so careless have been the custodians of these valuable books, that it has been known for them to send the books themselves to inquirers, in order that they—the clergymen—might be saved the trouble of searching for the required information!

Registrars were appointed during the Commonwealth; and although there is evidence of these officials having worked well for the state, it is probable that their system of registration added to the confusion into which the older records had fallen; while it is also possible that some of the latter may have been ruthlessly destroyed. Again, when the monarchy was restored, it is just as probable that many of the registers kept by the officers of the Commonwealth may have met with a similar fate.

The proposal to bring all available ancient records together under one roof, is a good one, although it would be far better if room could be found for them in Somerset House instead of at the Record Office. Already, the 'non-parochial' registers of England and Wales, or as many of them as could be found, have long ago been placed in the General Register Office, and there appears to be no good reason why the former should not also be deposited there. While suggesting this, however, we would call attention to a defect in the otherwise excellent arrangement of the records deposited with the Registrar-general since 1837. All the civil registers are splendidly kept, and by means of a well-arranged and comprehensive index, every kind of information is attainable with the minimum of delay. But this is not the case with the non-parochial registers, which number about seven thousand, and which, with the single exception of those belonging to the Quaker community, have never been indexed. Thus it is a work of infinite delay and trouble to search for any information connected with the dissenting bodies, whose registers lie almost unheeded at the General Register Office, the general public being unaware of the existence of the fund of information which thus lies dormant.

Many of these registers are no larger than, and are in fact in many cases actually, pocket-books and clergymen's memorandum books. Dating from the year 1500, they contain a mass of varied and interesting information, which ought to be made available to the seeker after genealogical or antiquarian knowledge; but at present they are almost as useless for the purposes of research as they were before they were fished out of the many holes and corners in the towns and villages of England in which they had long lain buried. This should not be. It would not be a very difficult or expensive task to prepare an index to these useful volumes, and an intelligent clerk or writer would in a few months produce such a work as would be of incalculable benefit both to the office and to the public. At present, if a person wishes to seek any information from these registers, book after book belonging to the town or county in which the event searched for was

supposed to have taken place have to be looked through, and page after page scanned until the entry is found or the search given up. Thus valuable time is lost by the official who makes the search, which might, if an index were made, be saved to the office.

Some of these old registers are very curious, many of them containing on one page the clergyman's gardening or housekeeping account, or some Latin dissertation; and on the other, entries of baptisms, marriages, and deaths. Some contain the history of the chapels to which they belonged, and the rules laid down for the guidance of the congregations. Those relating to the Quakers and the French Protestants are highly interesting; while the records from the old Fleet Prison, with their beer-stained pages and 'quart-pot' marks, are unique amongst these relics of the past.

These volumes were collected in 1852 by a Royal Commission, which was empowered to examine, and to accept or reject any that were forwarded to it; and many and curious were the places and hands in which they were found. The Commissioners rejected many as being of doubtful origin; and we may here mention, as an instance of the carelessness of the original custodians, that one volume thus rejected had a *rat's nest* imbedded in its pages! The wisdom of the course then pursued with regard to these non-parochial registers might with advantage be followed in the case of the parochial records, provided an index of them is made; and as in the case of the former, these also should be deposited in a fireproof vault.

Unless some such step as that proposed in last year's Bill is soon taken, the country will lose many of these ancient tomes, which have lain so long at the mercy of the ignorant and careless, of the ravages of fire, and of the slower but equally sure annihilators—mildew and decay. Let us save, then, by all means, these valuable relics of the past, in order that we may obtain information from the brief records of those who did not live in vain, and whose patient and unremitting efforts, broken though they may have sometimes been by the strife of faction or the clash of civil war, built up for us, their children's children, the liberties we enjoy, and the splendid inheritance which is ours.

## ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOT.

BY JOHN B. HARWOOD.

### CHAPTER XXVII.—MR STERLING SEES HIS WAY.

ABOUT a fortnight after the titled sister's social triumph at that grand Kensington concert of Sir Frederick Minim's, whereof so many assiduous readers of the *Morning Post* had studied the report, a letter reached the other sister in Bruton Street. It was from Mrs Tucker's lawyer, and was addressed to the Right Hon. the Marchioness of Leominster. The lonely girl felt her heart beat quicker as she opened it, for its very outside told of help and recognition. Here it is:

MADAM—I have felt it due, less to myself than to those who are dependent on me, to wait long,

and carefully to weigh in my mind the circumstances of the case, before giving a positive answer to your Ladyship's request that I should become your solicitor, and in that capacity undertake the management of the suit which you propose to institute, *in re* Leominster *v.* Carew, for the vindication of your rights. Had I not come to the conviction that the truth is on your side, I should indeed be reluctant to commence a struggle in which all the weight of wealth, prestige, and position will be thrown into the adverse scale. But I have such faith in Justice, that I will, unless my messenger, who waits for an answer, brings me word that your Ladyship has seen fit to change your mind or to intrust your affairs to other hands, at once proceed to take such steps as I consider necessary, and shall hope before long to call on you for fresh instructions, and to communicate such information as may come to hand.—In the meantime, I have the honour to subscribe myself, your Ladyship's humble servant,

WILLIAM STERLING.

TEMPLE, August 1, 18—.

It was a dry letter and a quaint, but it was honest withal.

'You will please to tell Mr Sterling that I feel very grateful to him.' That was the message which the office-lad carried back with him from Bruton Street to his employer's office in the Temple. He had had the answer from the lady's own lips, he said. Sir Pagan's sister had come down to the entrance-hall and spoken to him. The message was a simple one, and easy to remember: 'Tell Mr Sterling that I feel very grateful to him.'

'That means *carte blanche* for the present, at anyrate,' said the little lawyer, with a well-pleased look, as he concluded the brushing of his hat; and then, picking up the gloves that lay beside it, sallied forth, and made the best of his way to Scotland Yard. The Assistant Commissioner for whom he asked was in his office—so said, with bated breath, the stolid but respectful constable on duty at the outer limits of the unpretentious workshop for the repression of crime, the name of which strikes terror into many a knave's heart. Mr Sterling handed his card to the policeman.

'Major McIntyre knows me,' he said. 'If not particularly busy, say that I should be glad of a few words with him.'

Perhaps the Major was not particularly pressed by stress of work just then, or, more probably, he had acquired the useful habit of getting through it so steadily as to be able to brook an occasional interruption, for the solicitor was speedily admitted.

'Sit down, Mr Sterling, pray,' said the Assistant Commissioner, whose coat, in spite of the sultry heat of the day, was tightly buttoned, with military precision, to the throat, and who had, in fact, very much the air of an officer in charge of some outlying picket, in a peculiarly dangerous position, in front of an active enemy. And indeed this fiction, pleasant to the mind of an old soldier who had smelt powder in his day, was not an unwholesome one; for where has society more ruthless and unsleeping foes than among the criminal classes of a great city like London; and the Major perhaps knew better than did any one

beyond the confines of Scotland Yard, how hard it was for a blue-coated army of twelve thousand to keep in check the roguery, the rascality, and the riot, which lay hid now in dens and slums, like a cowed wild beast afraid to spring.

Mr Sterling, who indeed seemed no stranger to his official host, briefly stated his business. His request was to be allowed the services, properly remunerated, of course, of one or two of the most astute detectives at present off duty. 'I may as well say at once,' he added, 'that this is no ordinary case, but an investigation of the most difficult and delicate nature—very important, too, concerning as it does not merely the possession of a great property, but also the honour of a noble family, and'—

'Then don't tell me anything about it, for mercy's sake!' briskly interrupted the Assistant Commissioner, with a wave of one gloved finger, in its sheath of stiff buckskin. 'I am sure, Mr Sterling, from what I know of you, that you will make a proper use of whatever information you may acquire through the help of the police, and— Ah, well, there's Birch, fresh from Liverpool, where he collared an absconding cashier with his foot just planted on the New-York packet's gangway. Wasn't it Birch—a very good man, staunch as a bloodhound on the scent—that I gave you for that insurance-office business where the prisoner was trapped; eh?'

Mr Sterling had a perfect recollection of Inspector Birch, and of the good service he had done, and said so.

'And then,' continued the Major, 'as two heads are better, so they say, than one, and as our beagles do sometimes hunt better, or at anyrate bring down the game better, when they hunt in couples, why, it's a lucky chance for your client— You said two detectives, didn't you?'

Mr Sterling assented. No expense, he added, would be grudged, and he said it as cheerfully as if there were not much prospect that the outlay would come out of his own pocket.

'A lucky chance for your client that Drew is at liberty. You hardly could do better than engage Sergeant Drew, a smart officer, if we have got one in the Force,' said the Major. 'I thought of Blake, first; but he, though a valuable man, is Irish, and has the Celtic failing of being too imaginative. Had it been an affair of a plate-chest or a jewel-case, Blake would have answered your requirements to the full as well as either of the officers I recommend; but this is a fly of another hackle, as we old anglers say.' The Major touched a bell as he spoke, and a blue-uniformed henchman appeared. 'Inspector Birch and Sergeant Drew,' said the Assistant Commissioner, writing the names on a slip of paper, with his initials affixed.—'Not here, are they? When they look round at twelve, then, ask them, from me, to call at this gentleman's in the Temple immediately.—You can leave your address, Mr Sterling, in the outer office.—Thanks. Good-bye.'

So the Assistant Commissioner fell to again at his formal work of dockets and reports and signing of official stamped papers; and Mr Sterling took his leave, and went back well pleased to his office. He had not very long to wait before his ears caught, on the uncarpeted staircase, the martial tramp of heavily booted feet, and presently there was a sharp peal of the bell.

'Mr Birch!' announced the clerk, showing in, according to orders, the plump, jovial-looking inspector, in plain clothes, and with very much the air of a collector of the water-rate, or possibly, of the landlord of a public-house; while behind him, in uniform, stiff, smart, soldierly, looking every inch a policeman, appeared the tall figure of Sergeant Drew.

'Hope I see you well, Mr Sterling, sir?' said the inspector, with the affability of an old acquaintance.

'Pray, be seated,' said the solicitor, addressing the policemen collectively; and the policemen took the chairs towards which he motioned them. Mr Sterling was very glad to see Inspector Birch. He had had occasion, while conducting his inquiry for the insurance office of which mention has been made, to appreciate the merits of that excellent inspector, whose patient industry had baffled every turn and twist of the cruel and cowardly villain, on whose trail, as on that of a beast of prey, he had been set, and whom at last he had brought to merited punishment. But then worthy Birch had one great natural qualification for his difficult calling. He would never, under any circumstances, if not uniformed, have been taken for a member of the Force. For a grocer's foreman—Yes. For a waiter—Yes. For a plumber—Yes. But for a policeman—No. Now, Sergeant Drew, who wore a medal or two, and had probably earned his medals in India, sabre in hand, had very much the air of a trooper, and perhaps even more the air of a constable. And a spied spy, as Mr Sterling had wit enough to know, is but a very inefficient agent in eliciting the truth.

Inspector Birch noted the movement of the little lawyer's eyes, and seemed to read his thoughts, for he made haste to say: 'My comrade and brother-officer here, the sergeant, didn't take time to get into mufti, Mr Sterling, sir, after giving evidence at Bow Street to obtain a remand. Always wiser for a detective to give his evidence in open court in uniform. We plain-clothes officers can't afford to teach the rogues to know us in disguise. Look at the sergeant here—wears his blue cloth and badge as if it were his own skin; and yet, sir, I've met him that floury, with bare arms and nightcap, as a journeyman baker, that I didn't know him till he gave me the wink. Embezzlement case, that was. Drove a cart, too, on the Embankment, he did, and swore at his horse, and took off his beer quite natural, till he nabbed the chap that did the Hackney murder. What games, to be sure!' chuckled Inspector Birch.

It is excusable in a detective to chuckle, when he remembers how wicked men and artful wiles have been baffled by the ingenuity of the trained servants of Law. But Mr Sterling perfectly understood that Inspector Birch's reminiscences had been evoked to quiet his, the lawyer's, doubts as to Sergeant Drew's fitness for a delicate task. He looked at the two men. There they were, alert, ready; not like the poet's conception of bloodhounds straining in the leash—which, by-the-by, those sensible animals never do—but like two grim sleuthhounds in human shape, male Eumenides, to be launched, avenging, on the track of Crime.

'Now, gentlemen,' said little Mr Sterling, 'I

must ask your best attention.' And then he went on to tell them, briefly, but omitting no detail known to him, the story of the adverse sisters, of the rival claim, of the great interests at stake. The puny little solicitor warmed to the task of his narration, and his voice grew stronger, and his manner more emphatic, as he went on.

The behaviour of his auditors was characteristic. Inspector Birch, his pencil between his plump finger and thumb, and his open memorandum-book on his broad knee, hearkened attentively, took frequent notes, blinked at intervals, and sometimes pursed his lips until his mouth resembled that of a fish. The sergeant listened, impassive, sitting as stiffly as if he had been a mere Dutch doll, six feet high, with wooden joints.

At last Mr Sterling ceased to speak. 'And now, officers, what do you two say to that?' he asked breathlessly. It was unreasonable to put the question. As well have demanded, of two eminent doctors, an immediate remedy for an obscure and dangerous disorder, the diagnosis of which had just been empirically stated.

'Whew!' half whistled the inspector, looking into his hat, as though he expected to find an answer to the riddle inside.

'Tough job,' was the professional comment of Sergeant Drew, knitting his brows, as if there had been a battery to be carried, under fire of shot and shell.

'I am perfectly well aware,' said the lawyer, 'that this investigation is one beset by peculiar difficulties. When you and I, inspector, were hunting down that wretch Rafford, and were seeking, high and low, for the druggists who had sold him the fatal medicines, of which he made use to rid himself of the life that lay between him and his base greed, we had strong suspicion and certain facts to go upon. And when you deal with the criminal classes'—Mr Sterling paused; and the inspector broke briskly in.

'Quite so, Mr Sterling, sir. Our work's cut out for us, sometimes, easy as a teed ball, as golf-players say up North. An Englishman's house may be his castle, but his public isn't; and at taproom doors and corners of courts, one can get a word with somebody, and stand three-pennyworth of rum, or of beer half a pint, that leads to more liquor and more talk, and the witness-box, or the dock, bless you! This, as the sergeant says, is a tough job.' And the inspector got up, and drummed a tattoo with his muscular finger-tips on the window-glass, as he sometimes did when he was thoughtful.

Sergeant Drew listened with perfect gravity for a while to the tap, tapping of his brother-officer's fingers on the pane, and then said, with startling suddenness: 'I don't despair—not a bit of it. It's to be fought through, Mr Birch. Most things are.'

'I say so too,' returned the inspector, as he left off drumming and came back to his chair. 'But these cases of disputed identity are the worst of all—lead to hard swearing and cross-issues, break down the witnesses, bother the jury. Possession, so we are aware, Mr Sterling, is nine points of the law.'

'But nobody ever laid down, in the rules of the game, how many are the other points,' cheerily answered the little lawyer. 'We are,



I know, upon what appears to be the losing side; but money shall not be spared, nor labour spared, to turn the tables.—Now, officers, if you will lend me your attention, I will state, as shortly as I can, what are my own views, and on what lines we ought to work. My own notion is briefly this.' And then Mr Sterling propounded his plan, which need not be here set down in detail, but the general features of which were that they should, for obvious reasons, divide their forces, that one detective should repair to the immediate neighbourhood of the Carews' old Devon home, and there lend a greedy ear to garrulity; and that the other should do his best in London. 'So, if our friend the sergeant be told off—that is, I believe, the correct military phrase,' concluded Mr Sterling—'for metropolitan duty, and you, inspector, explore Carew and the parts adjacent, why, perhaps we shall soon have affidavits to back the application to a court of justice which I propose to make. As it is, we have but one witness'—

'Right you are, sir,' responded the inspector. 'Only, if you will allow me, Mr Sterling, to give my opinion, it is my brother-officer who ought to go to Devonshire, not I. London is my element. But it's not that. Sergeant Drew is a strapping fellow, and set up, and has drawn a sword for Her Majesty in foreign parts; and the very sight of him, as an old soldier, will soften the temper and loosen the tongue of many an old woman whose son never came back from the Crimea or India. If you please, sir, I'll take the metropolitan half of the job. It looks brighter to me, as I think it over.'

So it was settled, then. A few preliminary arrangements were made; some notes and gold were transferred, for current expenses, to the inspector's keeping. 'No, thank you, sir; no wine. Too early for us, except on duty; for then, of course, we must hob and nob everywhere,' said cheery Inspector Birch.—'Good-morning, Mr Sterling. I'll keep you posted up, sir, as we work the oracle.'

#### PRISON PETS.

THERE are numerous instances on record of persons in 'durance vile' making pets of the most unlikely of animals, nay, even reptiles and flowers. The instances considered noteworthy have been generally those of persons of rank. In reality, the passion is not more to be wondered at in the Count Picciola of school-book notoriety, who gained over the good-feeling of his keeper to respect the pet flower which had sprung up between the stones of the prison-yard, than is a similar feeling exhibited by the deepest-dyed criminal of the common jail. In fact, it has been noticed that the feeling, if anything, is stronger in the man of few resources.

The present humanitarian system of conducting prisons provides the educated prisoner with many means of killing, if not improving, his time, which a bygone system ignored. Companionship is found in books of the very best kind. In the case of the uneducated prisoner, it is very different. For many hours of the day he is shut off from everything but intercourse with his own thoughts,

and these being, as a rule, not very companionable, he casts about for something to engage his attention other than the four bare walls of his cell. Suddenly he hears the chirp of some impudent sparrow, enticed by a few stray bread-crumbs which the poor wretch has spared from his allowance and pushed through the grating of his window. Here is something which certainly bears him no ill-will; something which, to one given to suspect, is above suspicion. There is not the slightest doubt about *this* visitor. But the unsuspicious feeling is not reciprocal. The crumbs are all very well so long as they can be reached from without the bars. The dark within is an unexplored region. But there comes a spell of sharp frost, may be, which whets the appetite of the feathered visitor, or there is something in the manner of the would-be host which reassures him, and the inquisitive little head is cautiously pushed inside the bars, in order to follow up a trail of crumbs judiciously laid by the tempter. No harm follows; and familiarity breeds boldness. The little fellow is surprised to find himself quite within, tail and all, and, as though astonished at his own audacity, beats a hasty retreat. The next visit finds him less modest. He advances across the floor; then, with sidelong glances, makes a backward movement, then a forward one, till he feels quite positive that the statue-like figure in the corner has no bellicose intentions. As a sort of feeler, the figure moves a foot or a hand. This is too much for Mr Sparrow. A fluttering retreat to the bars, out, and away, leaves the lonely inmate still more lonely. The thought of the crumbs, however, steels the little feathered breast, and by-and-by he makes another essay. At last he loses all fear, and hops up quite close to the immured one to snatch some crumbs sprinkled from the hand in sight of the bird. From this it is not far, as confidence is gained, to hop on to the knee and shoulder. What sort of bird-logic has been going on in the breast of this little sparrow? In a week or two he learns to come at a call, and to eat his meals from the hand of the man who, very possibly, is suffering imprisonment for kicking his wife very nearly to death, or for some kindred crime; but who would take infinite pains to attach this little soulless bird to himself, and resent, with blows if necessary, any interference with his pet.

What is the philosophy of the matter? Is it the waking up of dormant feelings? the softer, better memories of happier days, when the love of wife and children had not become estranged? Every man, even the lowest type of criminal, loves something or somebody. It may be a selfish, base love; but it is a love nevertheless. Who can fully understand the anomaly presented by the wife-kicking 'Black Country' puddler, who feasts his favourite bulldog while his poor children go about uncared for? Most likely the prisoner who has been so tender with the sparrow when shut off from the world, rarely noticed such an obscure creature in his days of freedom. There existed, however, some object or objects upon which he lavished his love; and, refused access to these, he turns to the sparrow or the mouse. To whatever cause the passion may be attributed, it is true that all are equally ready to avenge any insult offered, and he would be a rash man who,

of malice aforethought, would injure a prison pet. We have seen men, perfectly tractable and well-behaved on other occasions, behave like demons when the favourite sparrow or mouse has suffered violence at the hands of a warder, who, possessing more zeal than discretion, has not been able to discover anything in the affair save a breach of prison rules.

Whether or not the domestic mouse is more cognisant of the baseness of human nature than his relative the field-mouse, we cannot say; but certain it is that he rarely succumbs to the blandishments of the tamer, is less docile, and more apt to return to his normal state on the first opportunity. A pet domestic mouse is a rarity compared with the more tractable field-mouse, and the tamer of the former is looked at in the light of a professional. His ability is requisitioned to assist the amateur, and his proficiency in the profession thus becomes a marketable commodity. A 'sixer' or an 'eighter'—prison slang for a six or an eight ounce loaf—occasionally, is payment rendered for assistance in bringing a domestic mouse into a state of subjection.

A free man, with hundreds of other matters to engage his attention, could not spare the time necessary to turn out such marvels of the taming art as are to be found among prison pets. At work in the fields, haymaking or harvesting, a mouse is seized, secreted in the breast-pocket, and kept in there by means of a handkerchief which closes the mouth of the pocket. Imagine with what anxiety the man would go through the customary ordeal of being searched on his return from labour, fearful lest, when the handkerchief is removed for a thorough search, mouse's bright eyes should 'peep over the ridge of the pocket, and thus discover himself to the searcher, very possibly to be ruthlessly despatched. Should some more than usually amiable warder be the searcher, he may—seeing that a mouse cannot aid the prisoner in an attempt to escape—wilfully pass over him, or, in his hurry, fail to 'feel' the little soft creature. Mouse's education has already begun. After having been taken out 'to work' some two or three days, he learns to 'lie close,' not, however, before he has received sundry tappings on the nose, as warnings of what to expect in case he should feel disposed to wander. Then the experiment of leaving the little fellow at home is tried. A nest of picked oakum has been made in an out-of-the-way corner of the cell; and into this nest he is put with many injunctions not to stir while the master is from home.

There is great perturbation of mind on the convict's returning from labour, for many things may have happened during his absence. Everything is eagerly scanned to see if it is in the same condition as it was left. On being satisfied that it is, the little quadruped is taken out for a share of the meagre meal; that over, he is put through a course of training—taught to run up the sleeve and come out at the shirt collar; to beg for crumbs, and, on the approach of the slightest danger, to rush into the harbour of refuge, the breast-pocket. Some unlucky day, the prisoner returns to find his pet gone; and real are his secret lamentations over his loss—far more real, possibly, than when, in his days of freedom, he lost his child by death. The unsentimental prison

cat, seeking what she may devour, has smelt out our little friend, and in a moment this companion and solace is a thing of the past. Or seeking 'fresh woods and pastures new,' but not dreaming of forsaking his old home altogether, mouse shyly wanders off, and is snapped up by some other representative of the taming fraternity. In either case, he is lost to his old master, who is inconsolable at his disappearance. Should he be able to fix the cause of his loss on anything or anybody, it is easy to see that he will become that thing or that body's implacable enemy. A case in point occurred at a London local prison a short time ago, and was reported in the public press. An order had been issued for the extermination of prison pets. A warder attempted to carry out this order in, perhaps, not the kindest or most judicious manner possible, and received a stab with a shoemaker's knife for his pains. A fatal affray at a convict prison in the south of England was the cause of this order being given. In a quarrel between two prisoners as to which should be the possessor of a certain mouse, a blow was struck which resulted in the death of one of the disputants.

Mice and sparrows are common prison pets; but what will be said of rats as things to be desired? We can imagine the horror of the female portion of our readers, who would, doubtlessly, consider pests a much more appropriate name than pets. A prisoner given to pet-making will tell you that the rat is almost unteachable, the most that can be taught him being attachment to the person. He cannot be trusted out of sight, but must be always carried out to work. He evidently enjoys the warmth afforded by the tamer's body, and being neither an epicure nor fastidious in regard to lodgings, finds this kind of life preferable to days of grubbing among foundations, fearful of terriers, poison, and gins, in a house of his own making—in short, he prefers it to working for his living. We fear that this rat is too true a picture of the habitual criminal in prison. The latter, supplied with a good roof over his head, a good and clean bed, fairly good food in comparative abundance, congenial companions, plenty of good literature, and no terriers in the shape of policemen, prefers, or if he does not prefer, is too easily contented with, his prison life.

## TWICE LOST.

### A TALE OF DOUBLE CONSCIOUSNESS.

#### IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

THE first faint rays of morning were stealing through the windows of the sick-room, and combining strangely with the subdued lamplight, produced that painful, incongruous, melancholy effect which every sufferer long confined to a sick-bed, every watcher in the sick-room, well knows, and which has for most of us sadly mournful associations. No hour of day or night is so trying or so melancholy; none so suggestive of distressing fancies, or so apt to recall, in their saddest, darkest aspect, the bitterest recollections of our lives. There was something mournful and suggestive, too, in the aspect of the room itself. Still comfortable and even luxurious at a first glance, the second noted everywhere signs of neglect, of faded beauty

and half-forgotten elegance, traces of a vanished taste, a care that had long since ceased. Everything spoke of a woman's tact—a woman's love of neatness and grace—a woman's delight in the little cares, the work, half-labour half-amusement, that makes so much of the charm of home. Many things spoke, too, of a woman's memory still fondly cherished, but not with a woman's heed of trifles—a woman's close loving attention to all that reminds her of a love that has passed away. A woman's instinct certainly would have recognised at once the chamber of a widower, even before her eyes fell on the kneeling figure beside the bed, whose sombre dress, black ribbons and ornaments, told of a mourning technically overpassed, but which the motherless girl had not yet formally laid aside. She was evidently to resume it. The unforgetten pain of her first and heaviest loss—that of her mother—was about to be renewed by another loss that must leave her utterly alone; for none, looking on the face of him by whom the young maiden knelt, her hand clasped in his, her face hidden on the counterpane, could have noted the feeble movement of the thin, tremulous, wasted hand laid for a moment on her head, and failed to recognise the approach, almost the presence of death.

'Not for me, darling,' the dying man faltered in a voice that scarcely rose above a whisper, that from moment to moment failed altogether, broken perhaps by weakness, perhaps by emotion. 'I shall see—your mother—soon. If only I could tell her—I left—her child—safe! It is hard for you, Eva—easy for me.'

A sudden spasm choked his words, and made her look up in alarm. At a sign from the trembling hand, she reached the cordial that stood close by, and love mastering both sorrow and fear, gave it with a steady hand. For a minute, the dying man's voice gained comparative strength and firmness. 'Warren—he may give trouble; but—you will find—my will—secret—. Give it—Clinton—he will not see you'—The voice, which had sunk once more into a whisper, here utterly died away; the intelligence, regained by a strong effort, faded out of the eyes; the breath came in gasps, more and more slow, labouring, unfrequent. At what moment the spirit actually passed, a more experienced attendant might hardly have known; but before the nurse, who, by the patient's desire, had left them alone for a little, re-entered the room, Eva Linwood knew that she was an orphan.

'How is she? Have you been able to ask, to ascertain anything, Eliza? There should be no need for uneasiness; but I know Linwood had no regular lawyer. He drew his leases himself, and knew enough, he always said, to keep clear of law. But he must have left a will.'

'Does it matter, Philip? Everything will come to her, of course, whether he has or not.'

'But he should have settled everything, have appointed guardians; and he was too much of a man of business to forget that. Can't you ask her?'

'She is so mere a child, very childish for seventeen; I doubt whether he has told her; but I will ask when she is a little calmer. Had he no lawyer? Did he consult no one?'

'I think not. I never saw a lawyer here except young Clinton; and he is a barrister; he would

have nothing to do with Linwood's business. It is the more important, too, that the property is all, or nearly all, I think, real—some freehold, some leasehold, and some, I am afraid, copyhold.'

'But, Philip, she is his heiress; it is all hers, and a large inheritance too. When we took our house, you told me that Linwood Square was all his; and since then, he has covered the whole estate with houses.'

'Yes, some hundred and fifty houses, worth each from thirty to eighty pounds a year. Poor child! Often as I regret our poverty, I could not wish that Edith or Lily were heiress to such wealth.'

The speakers—Mr and Mrs Clavering, Mr Linwood's oldest tenants and nearest friends, if friends the eccentric, somewhat solitary man could be said to have—sat in the library, which had been his favourite sitting-room, as well as his principal place of business. Sympathy with the lonely orphan had induced Mrs Clavering to offer at once such kindly attentions as Eva might be able or willing to receive; and the instant clinging, almost frightened eagerness with which these were received—the evident comfort which the young girl derived from the presence of a single older friend—had overcome all scruples, and led her, at no little inconvenience to herself and her household, to devote herself entirely to the orphan, at least till the funeral should be over; and the reading of her father's will should consign her to the care of guardians selected by himself. The door opened, and Mr Linwood's old and trusted manservant entered with a letter. Much attached to his young mistress, and much distressed by her helpless loneliness, he had welcomed the presence of the Claverings with a cordiality which they, familiar with his usual surly temper, had by no means expected.

'It is for your mistress, Andrew.'

'Yes, ma'am; but Miss Linwood could not understand it, should not be troubled with it now. I know the hand and seal. It is Master Warren's, the lawyer's. My master knew him for a bad un. Won't you open it, ma'am?'

With this, of course Mrs Clavering could not comply; but the letter, taken to its owner, was returned to her with a simple childlike request that she or her husband would open and answer all letters addressed to her at present. The letter was from Mr Warren, the nephew and sole male relative of the deceased; and merely intimated the nephew's intention to attend the funeral, and the subsequent reading of the will, 'if any.' Mr Clavering, though somewhat nettled by the tone of the letter, knowing that the writer could have no concern with the affairs of the deceased, thought it necessary to welcome, on the orphan's behalf, the presence of her father's only male relative at his funeral. It was difficult to direct Eva's attention to the question of the will, impossible to make her understand the importance of the subject; but when, having at last induced her to join them in the library, Mrs Clavering asked: 'Did your father say nothing, mention nothing and no one, at last?'

'Yes; he said something—I should find a will, and something about a secret; and then—his voice failed.'

'Did he say where? Did he mention any one? He had no lawyer, I believe?'

'No; he used to ask Mr Clinton to settle things for him sometimes. I remember the word, because it seemed to mean writing, not settling. Yes, and at the very last he said: "Mr Clinton will not see you"——'

'See you what?' Mr Clavering interposed.

'That was the last word. I think he meant, he would not see me wronged.'

With Eva's permission, and in her presence, Mr Clavering—who knew perhaps as much of his late landlord's ways and habits as any living man, much more than his own child—carefully searched every drawer, pigeon-hole, and cupboard, first in the library, then throughout the house, but without discovering anything like a will, or even a memorandum. That the search had been incomplete, that some secret hiding-place had escaped them, he was inclined to infer, when they found only a little loose gold and silver in the drawer that contained Mr Linwood's bank passbook; for Mr Clavering knew that his wilful and eccentric friend preferred to receive his rents and pay his bills in cash rather than by cheque, and habitually kept sufficient money for the latter purpose in the house. The passbook had been returned from the bank only three days before his death; and Mr Clavering was nearly sure that a very considerable sum must have been paid to Mr Linwood since the date of the last entry.

'Can you trust all your servants, Miss Linwood?' he said at last.

'O yes,' answered Eva with unaffected confidence. 'Cook and Andrew have been with us ever since I can remember; and Wilson was my mother's nurse as well as mine. O yes; if they know anything, if they can help you'——

It did not even occur to her that they could be suspected of fraud or robbery, and Mr Clavering did not care to suggest a doubt, which, after all, seemed, after Eva's assurance, extravagant and unfounded. He questioned Andrew closely as to his master's ways, but with little result. Andrew was as sure as the inquirer that Mr Linwood had always money, and plenty of it, in the house; seemed to resent the question as an affront to the wealth of which he was proud. But where the money was kept, where his master's more precious papers were bestowed, he did not pretend to know. In truth, Mr Linwood had trusted no one; and his distrust, as often happens, entailed worse consequences than even misplaced confidence.

'Did you not ask Mr Clinton?' Eva murmured to Mrs Clavering as they returned from the funeral. 'I thought he would have been here.'

'You forget, dear, I don't know him. But it was thoughtless. I should have asked you, when you mentioned his name.'

Several of Mr Linwood's tenants who had paid him the last honours had, at Mr Clavering's request, followed himself and Mr Warren into the library; and the latter, taking a seat at the table next to the vacant chair at its head, turned naturally to the gentleman on whose arm Eva had leaned as she followed her father's remains to the grave.

'Mr Clavering, as you seem to have acted for Mr Linwood's daughter in these matters, you will perhaps ask her to be present; since, if

there is a will, she is probably the person most concerned.'

'Whether or not, I suppose?' retorted Mr Clavering, somewhat defiantly; angered as well as disgusted by the lawyer's tone, especially by the absence of any show or pretence of feeling. That Mr Warren should feel much regret at the death of a distant relative, with whom he had hardly been on speaking terms, was not to be expected. As he chose to attend the last ceremony, he might, Mr Clavering thought, have assumed at least a decent regard for the occasion, a decent sympathy for the orphan.

'Miss Eva,' Warren said, in a tone that made the nerves of more than one man present tingle with a strong impulse to knock him down, as the young girl, dressed in crape from head to foot, entered the room, leaning on Mrs Clavering's arm, and looking round with a timid almost frightened glance—'Miss Eva, has Mr Linwood left a will?'

Eva looked to Mr Clavering, who answered for her: 'We have searched everywhere, but have found none. If he had not been so thorough a man of business, I should have thought that he had deemed it unnecessary. But, considering the character of his property, and that he told Miss Linwood she would find one, I am surprised that we have failed to discover it.'

'It would be as well,' said Mr Warren sharply, 'it is, I think, necessary to search again in this young lady's presence and my own; and it may be well to have so many respectable witnesses to the result.'

The search was renewed, with the same ill-success as before.

'Then,' Mr Warren said, a look of relief and satisfaction on his face, which not a little perplexed all present save Eva, who submitted to the search as a mere form in which she could not be practically interested—'Then, Mr Clavering, and you, Miss Eva, I must warn you to remove nothing, except, of course, the young lady's own wardrobe and ornaments. I claim Mr Linwood's property and effects as heir-at-law.'

The astonishment of the whole party was extreme. Mr Clavering, recovering himself, answered sharply: 'You presume too much, Mr Warren, on the ignorance of laymen. An only daughter is her father's heiress.'

'A natural child,' rejoined Warren scornfully, 'is no one's daughter—can inherit nothing.'

'What do you mean?' asked very angrily a young man whose mother had been one of the late Mrs Linwood's most familiar acquaintance.

'Simply this—that the lady who was called by Mr Linwood's name was not his wife.'

'A falsehood!' exclaimed the young man indignantly, springing to his feet.

There was something almost dignified in Mr Warren's coolness under the insult. 'I did not affirm that the lady might not consider herself married to Mr Linwood, or that no ceremony may have passed. But she was not his wife, and that, sir, you will find. Mr Clavering, when my claims are admitted—and I think you will not venture to dispute them—I shall be willing to make, as Mr Linwood's heir, some suitable provision for this young lady.' He rose, bowed somewhat stiffly to Mr Clavering and the gentlemen present, made a more



courteous inclination to the ladies, and quitted the room.

'What can he mean?' said Mr Clavering, detaining one of his best informed and most intelligent neighbours, as the party dispersed; Mrs Clavering having considerably led Eva at once out of the room. 'Mrs Linwood was received in good society, though she went out but little.'

'And,' said the other, 'Linwood was not a man to insult social prejudices, to break social rules on such a point. No. Warren means that the marriage was, on some technical ground or other, invalid. Find out where it took place; look to the register; and consult a lawyer. Had Linwood no legal friend?'

'None that I know of, except a Mr Clinton.'

'Ah,' said the other; 'young Clinton of the Inner Temple? I have heard of him; and I saw him—yes, and his mother—here more than once while Mrs Linwood was living, when Eva was almost an infant. See him. Most likely he knows; at anyrate, he is a man to take up the case and find out all that is to be known. Warren will play no tricks on him.'

Mr Clavering had already given to Eva Linwood's affairs, as his wife to Eva herself, much more time than he could well spare, and had important engagements at his office that afternoon. But he was too generous, or too warmly interested in the orphan's fate, not to postpone his own affairs, however pressing, to such need as hers; and before an hour had passed, he had climbed, so eagerly that he forgot to complain of their height, the stairs that led to the chambers in a garret of the Temple, outside which was painted the name of Everard Clinton. He stood breathless and panting; and when the door was opened, a full minute elapsed before he could state his name and business. But in that minute he had taken in, with the quick practised glance of a man naturally observant of men and manners, the appearance both of the chambers and their occupant. The former, poorly furnished as they were, were surprisingly neat and clean; were evidently Clinton's dwelling as well as his place of business. Instead of rickety second-hand mahogany, the tables and chairs were of plain, strong, stained deal; instead of a ragged carpet, a clean bare floor, with a large deerskin on the hearth, the prize of some rare holiday in the Highlands. The writing-table, which stood in the further window, and from which Clinton had evidently risen to admit his visitor, was covered, not with law-books, but with that miscellany of literature which Clavering had noticed in the rooms of a friend engaged on the daily press; that which occupied the centre of the room, and at which any one calling on business would naturally take his place, was devoted exclusively to legal text-books and professional papers. More unprofessional than the contents of the writing-table was the flower-stand, which occupied the nearest window; every plant evidently tended with especial individual care; no purchase of the day, no hired outcast from a nurseryman's stock, but nurtured for months or years by its present owner; some in flower, some in bud; some that, as Mr Clavering, himself an amateur florist, well knew, had flowered already, and would not

flower again for months to come. The rooms were characteristic, and fixed the visitor's attention the more closely upon the person of their tenant. Neatly and carefully dressed, with a slender figure, that would have looked taller save for the slight stoop of a student, Clinton's thin pale face suggested overwork, perhaps work too constant to allow leisure for sufficient air and exercise. But the bright penetrating eyes showed no sign of weakness or ill-health; and the voice, though quiet, had in it a certain ring that told of energy not exhausted, of spirits not depressed by labour, however severe and prolonged.

'Mr Clavering, I think? I met you at Mr Linwood's. I was grieved to hear of his death. That has brought you here, I presume? He has left a will, of course?'

Far from being offended, Clavering, as a man of business, was pleased by the quick sharp-toned questions, the glance reading his unspoken answers, that brought him instantly to the point. Evidently, Clinton would waste no time even upon a question in which, as Clavering instantly saw or felt, he was keenly interested.

'So!' the young lawyer said when he had heard the story. 'There was a will; but for the moment we must presume its absence. What then? Eva is legitimate, or her father thought so; her mother was his wife, or he believed so. Where were they married? Have you found any papers on that subject?'

'Yes; in his desk, on a third search, after Warren had put us on our mettle.'

'Ah!' Clinton said, after perusing them carefully. 'This is too good. Warren can never have made such a claim on mere speculation, because, perhaps, the marriage taking place abroad, he had not heard of it. No; there is something we do not know. She was his second wife; but I have seen the tomb of the first; and here we have the attested record of her death two years before the second marriage.'

'That seems thoroughly satisfactory. What more would you have?'

'Good enough, Mr Clavering. Ask Mr Warren to call to-morrow night. I will look into the matter meantime, and will be there—if you will obtain me Miss Linwood's permission to call at six, and appoint Warren for seven.—You can tell me no more? Then I will not waste your time with comment or conjecture. Good-morning.'

## SEA ISLAND COTTON.

### ITS HOME AND ITS CULTIVATORS.

THE Sea Islands are a group lying off the coast of South Carolina, and at no great distance from the mainland. The cotton produced on them is of superlative excellence and length of staple; and John's Island—one of the largest—is a name familiar to the cotton exchanges of the world. A more primitive place it is hardly possible to imagine. At an early period, Lord Fenwick built there a grand manorial residence, which is still in excellent preservation; as are also the roomy stables, kennels, &c., and the fine racecourse which he constructed for his pleasure. The house is

now known as 'The Headquarters' Plantation,' a name it received from the British officers who made it their home during the revolutionary struggle in the Carolinas; and its large comfort and solidity, its fine avenue of approach, and its splendid and ghostly traditions, make it a grand landmark of the days of English colonisation.

At that period the Island was divided among a few families, and some of the large brick mansions which they erected, and their stately family burying-places, still remain, although the houses are now generally deserted and the vaults empty. But around them time and misfortune have thrown a glamour of ghostly romance. At one, a lovely girl in bridal costume, playing on a triangle, walks up to a mirror and fades away. At another, a handsome soldier dashes furiously up the avenue on a powerful horse and suddenly disappears; while at the Old Headquarters' Plantation, some spiritual visitor knocks every day precisely at noon at the front-door. A remarkable thing about the latter ghost is, that for some time past it has gone round to the back-door, the quaint old brass knocker having been removed there, to make room for a modern electric bell. Evidently, it could not make up its mind to use the bell, and so followed the knocker to the other side of the mansion. Strange love-stories are also told about these old homes; and Lord Fenwick's lovely daughter, who ran away with her father's coachman, and lived very happily with him, has a perpetual youth in the songs and tales of the negro population. In fact, all traditions indicate that, in colonial times, John's Island was a gay and wealthy settlement, and that the English gentry who owned it kept up in lavish splendour the sports and the domestic traditions of the mother-country.

To-day, however, life on John's Island—and it may stand for all the Sea Islands—is a very different affair—a hard unlovely struggle with poverty. The ladies make dresses for the negro women at fifty cents a dress, or teach government negro schools at thirty dollars a month. Yet I never met any family who did not claim to have been very rich before the war. There are, however, no remains of this wealth, or of the refinement that generally accompanies wealth. Poverty and ignorance are evidently at home there. The people have forgotten the hunts and races and hospitality of colonial times; and the forty white families which constitute the John's Island proprietors rarely meet, except at church. The church is a small frame-building erected on the brick foundation of Lord Fenwick's church. Some of the tombstones in the graveyard are far back in the eighteenth century, and reveal, quite unconsciously, the peculiar vanities of the early settlers—thus, Dame Elizabeth Carson is described not only as the 'loving and beloved wife of James Carson,' but also as the 'daughter of John Gibbes,

Esq.' Pedigree was something, even on a tombstone, at that date.

The negroes are the most interesting part of the population, and in some respects they are unique among their own race. They belong to these Islands. Freedom has not tempted them away. They came with the early English settlers, and they at least preserve many of their manners and superstitions; traces of old English songs and tales, and peculiar words, not heard elsewhere in America, are part and parcel of the negro life in John's Island.

I went to John's Island just as the spring opened. The glad event was announced by the peculiar cry of 'Chip, Widow Will, Chip! Widow Will, Chip! Widow Will!' 'Don't you hear him in de sycamore-tree, Maudy gall?' cried Old Uncle Major joyfully. 'Bress God, him call for de winter dead!'

For this welcome bird, like the swallow of more northern climes, 'carries the spring on his back.' It is of the same family as the Whip-o-Will of Texas and North Carolina; and South Carolinians declare, they can tell at night the moment they cross the boundary-line by its call. The cry of this bird inspires the John's Island negro with a marvellous energy. As soon as it is heard, hoes are sharpened, and every one is impatient to get his cotton in the ground. 'De cotton, de corn, and de rice, drive him close now,' is the common saying. The cabins are shut up; for even the children are off to the fields to help in clearing away last year's stalks and trash. This is always about the 10th of March.

The first process for the cotton is called Listing. If new ground is broken, of course the plough is used; but if an old field is to be replanted, the stalks are removed from the last year's beds; and in the alleys between them, the negroes go tramping up and down, shaking from the all-serviceable fanna-baskets the pine-trash or other manure intended as a fertiliser. Upon this manure they draw down with the hoe the last year's beds, and then leave the ground a short time to suck in the heavy dews of the night and the glorious sunshine of the day.

The next step is, to 'bank' the ground; that is, to make a new bed on the top of the listing. These beds are about two feet high, and raised at regular intervals. Into them are dropped the small black cotton seed; and 'soon it pop up, one here and dare, den it all come to see what dis worl' is like,' says Old Major. The morning glories follow the cotton, as the poppies follow the wheat; these are removed with the hoe; and some time later the earth has to be drawn up around the roots. The latter process is called 'hauling' or 'kicking back,' because the women when at work brace one foot against the bed behind them.

The cotton is ready to pick about the middle of August. At this time may be seen on one plant the flower, the green, the half-ripe, and the wholly ripened pod. Sea Island cotton grows to a great height; on John's Island, eight feet and over is usual in a good season. Unless there is a short crop, the picking lasts till after Christmas. It is a season of universal suspicion; husbands watch their wives, and wives their husbands. No

one trusts anybody else. The planter has his special watchmen; and even then, he loses many pounds by what the negroes call 'dem tricky members;' for they never call each other 'thieves.' The small stores on the Island buy this stolen cotton, and very young children are experts in keeping them in stock.

The negroes work on what is called 'the contract system.' They make bitter complaints of it—I think without any just cause. For working an acre and a half of ground for the planter they get seven acres of land for their own use; also a house and the right to cut as much wood as they require. Few, if any, plant half of the land they are allowed; they rely on making enough to clear them one year. But to look even two years ahead is a tremendous piece of forethought in a negro; very few are inclined to do it. If they buy a horse or cow, they generally starve or work it to death in less than a year, though very likely it is only part paid for. A negro's horse, while I was on John's Island, died of starvation and ill-usage; and when spoken to, he laughed and said: 'I'se a man as is used to loss; dat ain't boder me none.' They are poor because they have a bird-like indifference regarding to-morrow and its wants.

While in the fields, they laugh and jest and sing continually. Their songs are generally impromptu, and refer to passing events or needs. Thus, I heard a splendid young darkie, with the proportions of a Hercules, bare-armed and bare-chested, singing in a voice that Campanini might envy, as his hoe scattered the morning glories:

Dry land, dry land, Lord!  
Dry land, I say.  
'Tain't good fur de cotton;  
'Tain't good fur de corn;  
'Tain't good fur de tater, nor  
De big water-melon.

From March until June, the negroes are busy in the fields; then the crop is 'laid by;' that is, it is worked no more until the pods begin to burst and cover the fields with the snow of southern summers. White and fleecy, the cotton drops from the pod, and then the real work begins. Up and down the green alleys, men, women, and little children walk, gathering the cotton into the bags that hang in front of them, or are drawn a little under the left arm. As soon as enough cotton is gathered, 'ginning' commences; and in this, as in almost all other parts of planting and working cotton, women take the most prominent part. The packing and weighing are mostly done by men; but women gin and sort and whip better than men. After the ginning, it goes into the sorters' and whippers' hands; the bad is divided from the good, the yellow from the white; then the dust is whipped out, and it is packed in round bales; the round bale being the distinguishing form of Sea Island cotton. When less than a bale is packed, it is called a 'pocket.' The canvas used in packing Sea Island cotton is of very superior quality; and the price the cotton brings per pound varies greatly. It has been sold at a dollar per pound; but about forty cents (one shilling and eightpence) is probably a fair average. An old John's Island planter told me that twenty cents (ninépence) was the lowest figure he ever heard of.

The negroes generally build their own cabins; they are of the rudest description, logs and mud being the materials used. Windows are not considered necessary; the doors have no hinges; and the furniture usually consists of a couple of rude beds, a table, a chair or two, and the hominy-pot. Yet, however humble, the house is always 'christened;' that is, the preacher carries the Bible through the house with prayer and 'shout'-singing. For if the John's Island negro is not pious, he is nothing. From this side of his nature he is most surely and safely moved. Every event of his life has its appropriate religious ceremony, some of them extremely beautiful, others grotesque and silly enough, yet somehow raised above contempt by the sincerity of the devotees. Thus, on last Easter-Sunday I saw men and women join hands in a ring, and then, to their peculiar swaying religious dance, sing a hymn, which began thus:

Oh, Him died fur you, and Him died fur me,  
And Him died fur de whole roun' worl', you see;  
And Him said he wouldn't die eny mo', chillen,  
He said Him wouldn't die eny mo'.

Intense indignation at the revision of the Bible was general. In a special meeting called on the subject, the preacher said: 'Brederen, I done call you up 'bout dese men what have been a-fooling wid de Bible. I done been informed dey has got up a new Bible; and I want you all to toss up your money, and send some good man to talk all dat nonsense down.' The money was freely 'tossed up;' for the preacher is an absolute power among them, and his commands both as regards things temporal and spiritual more binding than the common law.

The little churches stand mostly in the pine-woods; and it is a pretty and picturesque sight to watch the negroes on a Sabbath morning gather in crowds around them, laughing, smoking, singing, and chatting until service begins.

Once in church, they stay there for hours, and go home only to get a dish of hominy, and return again. Their services have a colloquial character which often impresses a white stranger as irreverent. But irreverence is a sin of which these negroes are incapable. Their interruptions of the preacher in his discourse would to a white stranger necessarily appear to indicate a want of proper decorum and respect; but the fact is that there is nothing in life about which the John's Island negro is so earnest as his religion. He brings it into all his occupations, and often uses it in a very beautiful and poetic way.

Their use of English is in many respects very peculiar. They never use the pronoun 'I;' man, woman, child, ox, or bird, is 'he' or 'him;' thus, instead of saying, 'I can walk back easily,' they would say, 'He can take he foot back easy.' The plural is rarely used. Instead of saying, 'I came to see you twice,' they say, 'I come one and one time.' Some of their forms of expression are forcible and very original; thus, when a man acknowledges his fault, 'he makes his low bow to de Lord, and says: I ain't a-gwine to done it no more, sir; no, Lord, no more.' Other sayings have a proverbial terseness; as: 'You needn't cloud up 'cause you kent rain;' 'You needn't cross de fence 'fore you git to it;'

'Don't kick before you're spurred;' or are expressive of contempt: 'Shoo! you go 'long, you little puff ob wind.'

Rice and the majority of the splendid vegetables to be found in Charleston market are grown on this group of Islands; and they would appear to be, from their fine climate and proximity to the recently discovered wealth of fertilising phosphate, a favourable place for a better class of emigration, especially as there is yet much land in primeval wildness, great woods stocked with game, and inlets full of delicious oysters and fine fish of every kind.

But I have no desire to mislead; and it must be admitted the drawbacks to such emigration are not trivial. First, there is an insidious malaria. To be out in one of the drenching dews, or even to sleep with open windows while dew is falling, is to be prostrated by an attack which effectually destroys all energy, and may eventually master life itself. Snakes of many kinds abound, and the rattlesnake is of large size and deadly venom. The swamps, though full of exquisite flowers and birds, are also the homes of dreaded insects and of thousands of alligators. The latter when hungry often come into the farmyards after chickens, &c.; and I saw a negro with an axe walk up to such a depredator and split his head fairly and squarely open. With a tremendous convulsion, the creature rolled over and died. Of course the skins are very valuable; but few white men would care to compete with the negro hunters.

As sportsmen, these negroes are of the keenest order. Nelson, the chief negro shopkeeper, always locks his store and calls his dogs the moment he hears a horn, or is tempted by some crony with a suggestion of 'Big fox in de bush;' and sometimes the store is left locked for three or four days at a time. 'Store ain't a-gwine to run away,' Nelson argues; 'and dar ain't no certainty 'bout dem foxes.'

The Islands, indeed, are favourite hunting-grounds for the Charlestonian gentlemen; and as there are plenty of fine staghounds and other sporting dogs on them, with any number of darkies always 'ready fur de fun,' a run after a deer or fox, or a shooting expedition for birds, can be organised at a few minutes' notice. The whimper of dogs or the sound of a horn sets the negro blood on fire. He flings down the hoe, shoulders his rifle, and puts on a different kind of manhood. All trace of subservience is gone; his keen scent, his flying feet, his great strength, and his natural knowledge of woodcraft, make him the conscious peer of any man in the chase. And as a rule, he is a charming companion; never weary, never cross, full of fun and song and queer observations. Many English and Scotch gentlemen visit America solely for the purpose of sport. The Great Divide, the Texas prairies, and the Colorado Plains, are now an old story. I may deserve a 'Thank you' for pointing out a new locality full of a picturesque and peculiar life.

Not only are there plenty of foxes and deer, but there is capital sport in an alligator-hunt. The dogs—though a favourite prey of the alligator—are always ready for the attack, and drive him from cover with eager interest. Just as this spring opened, there was a great baying

heard one evening around a little clump of gum and myrtle trees; and an old black man, gun in hand, hurried up all excitement to the house. 'Come quick, Mass'r Tom! De dogs done turn up de ole alligator what eat my best dog last week.'

We all made what haste we could; and found, on reaching 'Gum Island,' eight dogs barking furiously at an alligator, nine, perhaps ten feet long. They of course kept at a safe distance from his tail, for these creatures, when thus brought to bay by dogs, fight with their tails—that is, they rush at a dog, and with one terrible blow of their tail flop the dog fairly inside their open ugly mouth. This creature was encompassed by his foes; but they were too alert and watchful to come within his reach. He had lashed himself into a fury, and his growling 'Huff! huff!' was really a terrible sound. But Africa the negro made a clear bound to his side, and instantly split his head open with an axe; a blow followed by the dying roar of the huge creature. He was then dragged to the quarters; and I followed to see the brute skinned. He lay on his back before the cabin—a cabin perhaps not very comfortable, but picturesque to the highest degree, for it was covered with jasmine, while the long gray southern moss drooped over it from a gigantic tree like a huge umbrella, so that we lifted or parted it to get inside the space so protected. Cassandra, Africa's wife, in her blue hickory dress and scarlet turban, stood at the door churning in a stoneware churn, and about twenty little laughing, chattering, dancing children were watching Africa's operations. Very soon Africa's daughter, Susan, and her husband Silas, joined the group. Susan was smartly dressed; and Silas—who is the dandy of the plantation—wore his hat on one side, and lounged nonchalantly forward with his hands in his pockets. As before said, these negroes turn everything into a song; and Susan, after looking at the alligator, nodded to her husband, and said: 'Silas,

What am alligator good fur?'

Alligator good to bay dog, oh!

Bull-dog, cur-dog, eny kind ob dog.

*Chorus*—Alligator up an' died dis spring, sah!

What alligator tooth good fur?

Alligator tooth good to make a whistle,  
Car-whistle, railroad-whistle, eny kind ob  
whistle.

*Chorus*—Alligator up an' died dis spring, sah!

What alligator tail good fur?

Alligator tail good fur make steak;

Round-steak, loin-steak, eny kind ob steak.

*Chorus*—Alligator up an' died dis spring, sah!

And so on; until every portion of the alligator had been described, even to its entrails, which Silas informed us were good to make 'reins ob; stage-reins, buggy-reins, cart-reins, eny kind ob reins.' The skin is really now a very important article of commerce, the leather being used extensively for making hunting-boots, storm-shoes, cigar-cases, or leathern articles of any kind likely to be subjected to moisture, which it resists. Ladies have also adopted it, as well as rattlesnake-skin, for bags, belts, pocket-books, and the like.

To those fond of butterflies and beetles, the John's Island swamps are rich and almost



unknown ground. Specimens of extraordinary size and brilliancy abound; and I also saw there some rare and beautiful orchids, ferns, and other botanical treasures usually sought in more tropical countries.

### OUR LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

ONE of the duties incumbent on man is to leave instructions for the proper disposal of his goods and effects after his decease. This is a moral obligation which ought never to be avoided. It is true that laws exist providing for the succession to the property of any individual who may die without making a will; but these laws, though generally beneficent, do not, and never can, in every case mete out that justice which heirs may separately deserve. The family status, the amount and character of the possessions, the rights, reasonable expectations, necessities, qualifications, and perhaps the talents, of the different heirs who ought to succeed, along with numerous other considerations, should receive the gravest attention. Owing to the uncertainty of life, procrastination regarding such a weighty subject almost amounts to a sin; for a man is bound to do justice to his offspring, that unseemly wrangling may be obviated amongst brethren, who otherwise get credit for dwelling in unity.

The following remarks will be confined to a brief review of the qualifications required by a testator, of what estate a person may test upon, and of what constitutes a valid will.

The powers of a testator are regulated mainly by the law of domicile. If his home be Scotch, whether he is English-born or not, his personal estate will be subject to Scotch jurisdiction, and will be distributed according to Scotch law, which will determine the validity and interpretation of his will, and *vice versa*. In England, since 1838, every person before executing a will must be twenty-one years of age. In Scotland, the law is somewhat different. There, males above the age of fourteen, and females above the age of twelve, may make a testament or will conveying personal, but not real property (land or houses). In this way a boy or girl above these ages, if possessed of a house and furniture, may, for instance, will away the furniture, but not the house. Furniture, money, stocks, ships, &c., come under the category of Personal or Movable property; houses and land under that of Real. Insane persons, except during lucid intervals, cannot make a will; nor can persons whose faculties are so impaired by old age as to render them incapable of fully understanding the meaning and effect of the particular document. In England, illegitimate children have always had the same privileges as those that are legitimate so far as the making of their wills is concerned. In Scotland, prior to 1836, persons who were illegitimate could not, according to high authority, make a valid testament of movable estate. As regards real estate, they were never under any special disability; although, like all other persons, they were until 1868 subject to the law of deathbed, and to a law requiring

technical formalities in the disposal of real estate by will.

Every qualified person may now dispose by will of his property of every description, including lands, houses, money, stock-in-trade, goodwill of business, and investments of every kind, if words are used which, though not technical, clearly refer to real as well as personal estate, always, of course, under burden of the rights of creditors. All debts must be paid. Government duties, funeral expenses, servants' wages, and other preferable charges, require to be settled. Then there are rights fixed by law or contract which husbands and wives have in each other's estate, and which children have in their parents' means. These claims must next be satisfied. In England, children never had any indefeasible right to a share of their parents' estate, except prior to 1857 in the city of London, York, and some other old Roman towns, where there was a customary law in favour of children similar to the common law of Scotland; and since 1834, a widow has no indefeasible right to dower from her husband's real estate; although in certain cases the husband has an indefeasible right to *curtesy* (that is, a kind of life-rent) from his wife's real estate.

In Scotland, the widow and children have always enjoyed rights indefeasible by the will of the father and husband—named *jus relictæ* and *legitim*—to shares of the husband's movable estate; and in most cases husband and wife have indefeasible rights, named *curtesy* and *terce*, in each other's real estate. Yet in the latter country, if a testator converts all his property into lands and houses, or invests it in heritable bonds, he may leave his whole estate to a stranger, and so defeat the rights of his children, provided that it cannot be proved to the satisfaction of a jury that he did so with intent to defraud them. While English wives and children may be left without a farthing in any case, Scotch widows and children have a right indefeasible, except by ante-nuptial (marriage) contract, to personal estate, such as money in bank, furniture, clothing, animals, carriages, implements, stock-in-trade, goodwill of business, and so forth.

The children's share or bairns' part is one-third—or one-half if there be no widow—divided equally amongst them. The wife is entitled to another third, or, in the event of there being no children, to a half of her husband's personal estate.

In the case of marriages after July 18, 1881, the husband has a similar right in his wife's separate estate.\* This new right of succession in husbands has been held to extend to all marriages at whatever date contracted; but the point is now under appeal to the House of Lords. In making a will, it is unnecessary to refer to these rights and obligations, for they are supplied by law.

Probably the most bitter hatred that infests humanity is that which arises from a quarrel over a will. Passionate feelings of the most degrading kind originate, and seldom cease till death steps in and ends them. Far better make

\* For recent changes in relation to women's rights in property, see an article on 'The Married Women's Property Act (1882)' in No. 991 of this *Journal*.

no will at all, than make a bad one or an unwise one. Every child should be carefully remembered. It is too true that a well-doing father has often a spendthrift son, but seldom does it mend matters to leave that son penniless. Indeed, in Scotland such an attempt can only bring about an awkward exposure of the father's name; for besides being entitled to his share of legitim, the child can fall back upon his father's estate, if there be any existing, or traceable to the possession of a gratuitous recipient, to support him in the poorhouse, or otherwise secure him against starvation. Money can be safely tied up by a trust, or in the shape of an inalienable alimentary annuity, through which it can be rendered impossible to squander the capital sum, or permit the income to pass directly to other hands than those of the prodigal for whom it is intended. In this way, kindlier emotions are far more likely to prevail over that enmity, which otherwise is certain to be rampant.

No person should write his own will, unless there be urgent need for it. Perhaps more litigation has arisen from this cause than any other. The most experienced lawyers, not even excepting learned judges, in making their own wills have been known to fail, not, however, in making simple bequests, for in that a man of fair intelligence and education could scarcely go wrong, but in trying too much in the way of complex and alternative and contingent destination—in short, looking too deeply into the future. A man of standing, and one who is constantly in the habit of drawing such documents, should be employed. Nothing is saved by being too parsimonious in this respect.

In Scotland, more laxity is permitted in reference to wills than in England since 1838. In the former country, almost any kind of written document purporting to dispose of the testator's property, and sufficient to show his intention, is regarded as a good will. It is not necessary that ink be used; and a legacy by word-of-mouth is good to the extent of one hundred pounds Scots, or eight pounds six shillings and eightpence sterling. If the will is holograph—that is, written entirely by the grantor's own hand—no witnesses are required. If it is not holograph, then two witnesses are necessary, with a regular testing-clause, or with the designations of the witnesses written after their signatures. They need not sign their names in the presence of the grantor, but he must either sign or acknowledge his signature in their presence. In England, every will must be attested by two witnesses, no matter who wrote it; and after either seeing the testator sign or hearing him acknowledge his signature, they ought to sign in his presence. A gift or legacy to a person witnessing a will is void, but it does not affect the validity of the will. The same holds good in Scotland, except in the case of very small legacies, which are not void. In England, a creditor may be a witness; while in the sister country the opposite is the case. All English wills must be in writing. Soldiers and sailors, however, when on service may make nuncupative wills—that is, by word of mouth. If a will is written on more pages than one, each page should be signed, the witnesses signing only on the last. In England, if the grantor cannot sign, he may

make his mark or a X, or he may ask some one to sign for him. In Scotland, only a notary or the clergyman of the parish can sign for another. All erasures and interlineations should be carefully mentioned at the end of the deed, and all marginal additions signed. Such, then, are the principal formalities to be observed in the execution of a will.

In the old Roman law, if a father wished to disinherit a child, he required to insert a special clause to that effect, or such child could get the will rendered void, on the ground that he had been forgotten. Blackstone in his *Commentaries* conjectures that this gave rise to the custom in England of leaving to a disinherited child the sum of one shilling, to show that he *had* been remembered. From this custom springs the well-known phrase, 'I'll cut you off with a shilling.'

If any man is determined to write his own will, let him do so in plain English, setting forth as clearly as he can what he has clearly and definitely resolved to do. All legal terms and phrases, notwithstanding the learning they may display, ought to be avoided. Children, if mentioned, ought to be called by their names; and such expressions as 'heirs, successors, issue, heirs of the body,' and so forth, never used at random. Most of these terms have a certain legal interpretation, which may differ from what the testator intended. There is no use, either, in inserting a long string of words like 'give, grant, devise, legate, bequeath, convey, dispose, and make over.' Although most of the legal peculiarities attaching to these words are now swept away, their repetition only leads to confusion. All printed forms of wills should be rejected as dangerous, at least in so far as their meaning is not quite clear. If no legal aid is at hand, let the party express his wishes on paper in plain simple Saxon, just as if he were telling a friend a story, or writing a letter expressing his wishes. And let him not forget to sign it, as has been the case with many an amateur will-maker.

The same rules apply to codicils. They may be executed at the testator's pleasure; but if they make changes upon or partial revocations of the original will, great care should be taken that these are clearly expressed. The will and each of the codicils should be dated, although this is not essential, if their provisions do not clash. When two testamentary provisions are clearly inconsistent, the later revokes the earlier, and a will disposing of the whole estate, real and personal, heritable and movable, by implication of law revokes all prior wills. Litigation often arises from defects in the written instrument, but still more frequently from the author of a will not having clearly thought out what he intends to do; or having partly altered his mind; or having forgotten what he has done in some earlier codicil, which has fallen out of sight on a loose fly-leaf, and bequeathed the same ring or piece of plate, or other memento, to two different persons; or left the same money legacy twice over to the same person; or misnamed some college or charitable institution; or failed to distinguish two of similar names; or, worst of all, has delayed this duty of 'setting the house in order' until disease has weakened or destroyed the 'sound disposing mind,' and left the kindly wishes and

benevolent hopes of a lifetime—long cherished, but expressed perhaps too late—to a battle of medical and legal theories about insanity, or the accidents of a jury trial.

## HOME FROM PENANG.

MANY years ago, I left the beautiful island called Prince of Wales's Island, more commonly known as Penang, in one of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamers. We were three friends together, one of whom had been thirty-seven years in the island. He had been sent out when a young man for a sea-voyage, as the last hope for a supposed case of consumption. Happily for him, he found the governor of Penang on board the ship, and so commended himself, that he was chosen for an appointment under his government. So, after a long service there, he returned to Europe, and lived twenty-five years more, dying lately at the age of eighty-seven. His career seems to testify to the advantage of finding a home for delicate people in a climate that is not antagonistic to their health. The other friend still lives. He had been five years in the island, and had gained the good-will of all who knew him. Before the voyage ended, he very distinctly proved that 'a friend in need is a friend indeed.'

We left our beautiful island on a fine sunny day. The elder friend, who was leaving against his wish the home of many happy recollections, was so overcome that he remained in his cabin until out of sight of land. We other two stood looking at the beautiful hills, wooded to their very summits, some with trees of enormous growth; others with the graceful nutmeg trees growing on terraces, built with incredible labour by the industrious Chinese immigrants. We thought, too, of lovely 'Glugar,' where we had both stayed, the residence of some English friends, whose house and heart were ever open to all comers, and whose kindness will be ever affectionately remembered by thousands of those who visited the happy island. Sad to say, very few years passed before both were called to their rest; but if those who have been loved on earth can be recognised in the spirit-land, they will have found many rejoicing to see them again.

The seven days' run to Ceylon passed pleasantly enough, and we arrived at Point de Galle in good time to catch the steamer to Suez. Here, of course, we were visited by the Cingalese diamond-merchants, who board every ship in the hope of selling their 'precious stones.' It is said that many of them are made in Birmingham, and that an offer of five shillings has been accepted for a stone priced at seventy pounds sterling, which afterwards proved to be made of glass. Another excitement is often added here by the dhoby or washerman forgetting to return the passengers' clothes, that have been too readily confided to him under the strongest promises of being returned clean in a few hours. The run on shore among the fine cocoa-nut palm-trees, and a quiet day in one of the hotel gardens, was a very pleasant break in the voyage, preparing us for what was coming.

On changing to the main-line steamer, we found matters very different from what they were on the moderately filled steamer we had

left. In the first place, a large part of our new steamer had been given entirely over to a native Queen from India, on her way to England to petition parliament about her grievances. It was said that she paid eight thousand pounds for her passage. Certainly her retinue was large indeed. At night, the attendants covered the whole of the lower deck, and it was an act of difficulty, requiring much agility, to reach one's cabin without treading on some of the sleeping Indians. In addition, in the adjoining cabin to ours there was a native Prince with three companions, who had all their eating, smoking, and betel-nut arrangements in too close proximity to be agreeable. So, under these difficulties we never slept in our cabin, only using it for dressing purposes. We slept dressed on deck, with our feet on chairs; and though we seldom retired before midnight, and were awake about four A.M. by deck-cleaning, the short rest so obtained sufficed for our requirements.

There were some strange individuals on board—one 'Captain' —, raised to that rank by himself. His position had been that of a 'shopkeeper in India, and he obtained the post of English Agent to the native Queen on board our steamer. It was stated that soon after leaving Calcutta, he had his boxes up on deck, and had this rank painted before his name—'CAPTAIN (Xyzo), King of —'s Service.'

Another passenger was a good-natured old man of enormous size, returning to England after a long residence in a sugar-producing island. He slept lying down on the deck; and one night, impelled by the movement of the ship, he started rolling, and went on until brought up by the screen that partitioned off the part reserved on deck for ladies, to their great disturbance.

A third passenger, a Madrassee, is worth notice. He was one of the English educated natives, an intelligent clever man, but completely *hors de combat* from the bad weather we experienced. 'Oh, if I could only get to Marseilla!' (as he called Marseilles) was his constant cry. He never reached that port; for after lying in his cabin with his servant, both equally helpless, until the steamer reached Aden, he went on shore, saying he would go to England another time. Poor fellow! He took the return steamer to Madras, where, not long after, he was thrown out of a buggy and killed.

There was indeed enough to make one tired of sea-voyages. The run in favourable weather from Point de Galle was then about eight days; in the teeth of the monsoon, we took fourteen days. The long narrow steamer rolled and pitched incessantly throughout this voyage, so wearisome to sufferers from *mal de mer*. We hardly saw another vessel during the fortnight; but two stirring incidents occurred, that made the hearts of some of us leap into our mouths. One morning, a great commotion was heard on the upper deck, sailors running and throwing over life-buoys, as if there was a man overboard. And so it was; for one of the native Queen's servants had tumbled off the anchor at the ship's bow. In the heavy sea, he was lost sight of in a moment. A boat was lowered, but searched in vain. The steamer then put about, and in returning, some one on the deck descried the black hair of the poor Hindu. The boat

already lowered being far away, the captain's gig, manned by one of the ship's officers, with a Chinese crew, was lowered in a minute. The poor half-drowned man was soon dragged into the boat, where he lay like a drowned dog. He seemed, however, safe. But his troubles were not yet over. Just as the boat was about to be hauled up, a tremendous sea dashed it against the steamer's side, smashed it to pieces, and let officer, crew, and Hindu into the sea. As the boat drifted from under them, one and all caught hold of ropes that were either hanging over the ship's side or were thrown to them. Officer and Chinamen came up the ropes hand-over-hand and reached the deck. So, indeed, nearly did the poor Hindu, who seemed roused into life by the new danger. He clambered up the rope until on the point of reaching the deck, when, strength failing, down he slipped into the sea, retaining, however, his hold on the end of the rope. Happily for him, the other boat soon returned, when he was hauled up by a pulley with a rope tied under his arms. This boat was got up without damage. The nearly drowned Hindu was well cared for. He, poor fellow, came from the interior of India, and had never seen the sea before this voyage. The 'captain'-agent induced the native Queen to give fifty pounds to the boats' crews; indeed, though self-promoted, he was an intelligent and agreeable person, and carried out the rôle he had undertaken with credit and efficiency.

This exciting scene was, however, followed in the course of a day or two by one of a similar nature still more exciting. One of the Indian sailors, called Lascars, fell from the topmost yard, owing to a sudden lurch, into a tremendous sea. It proved afterwards that in falling he had broken one arm in two places. He was lost to sight in a moment. The experience of the day before had proved the uselessness of lowering boats until the man was seen, so the steamer was put about at once. Steadily she described a circle once, within the circumference of which it seemed certain the lost one would be found; but none but those who have had experience can imagine the difficulty of 'spotting' a small uncovered head amid high rolling waves. Once round; twice round, and nothing seen. We knew the third time would be the last, and were on agonising tenter-hooks, when a fine old Colonel retiring after a long Indian service, standing a little way up the rigging with head uncovered, gave a shout of joy. The man was found, and soon was got on board without accident. Though very much exhausted, having, with incredible courage, supported himself with one arm in a raging sea, he soon recovered sufficiently to give an account of himself. 'I saw the ship go round, once, twice, and hope remained; but when the third came, I knew it was the last, and I thought it was all up.' No doubt the fatalism that supports these people in all inevitable trials had its effect in these two cases. Both of these men belong to castes not usually considered brave. It is curious how these Hindus, as in the case of Nuncomar, so well described in Macaulay's Essay on Warren Hastings, will await their end with patience. The very men who would flee in scores before two or three English soldiers, will, when placed in another situation, evince the utmost

coolness. Such are the anomalies of Hindu character, most difficult to explain.

One word about the gallant Colonel, the successful marker. What a funny figure he was! He had been many years in India, and had of course taken out with him from England the usual outfit of clothes. Like the Anglo-Indians of those days, he had, when requiring new suits, given the pattern originally brought out to guide the native tailors, who seem unable to measure. No doubt, the divergencies from the original pattern, added to the eccentricities of native tailors in their work, produced in thirty-five years some very peculiar garments. Thus his waistcoats appeared to be about half the usual length, the coat-sleeves tight as stockings, and other things in corresponding jimpness.

But to return to our ship. We rounded Cape Guardafui at last, when the head-wind ceased, and the thermometer, that had been standing at sixty-eight degrees, rose at once to ninety and something more. Soon we reached Aden, and coaling went on all night while we still slept on deck. On awaking, every one commenced to laugh at seeing his neighbour covered with coal-dust, black like sweeps, forgetting for the moment that he was no better himself in colour. We reached Suez in six days, having made a not unpleasant passage through the Red Sea; for though the thermometer stood at ninety-eight degrees, there was some head-breeze that modified the stifling feeling of its atmosphere. Crossing the desert from Suez to Cairo in the old vans, we reached Alexandria in due course, and on to England *via* Malta, Marseilles, and Paris.

Two curious coincidences followed within two years after the termination of this journey. After landing, the three friends from Penang and the Indian Colonel went on their respective ways and had little or no communication. In course of time, when two out of the four were married, it was found that, strangely enough, they had married cousins. Stranger still, both the ladies were also cousins to the elder friend from Penang.

#### SPRING IN AUTUMN.

SHALL we remember in some time far off,  
When youth is dead and life has lost its sweetness,  
What scents and sounds that day was woven of,  
Whose memory, rose-like, in our life's December,  
Would melt its snows to June's divine completeness?  
Shall we remember?

O day too bright, too brief! when we two stood  
Beside the old wall, ivy-veiled, moss-covered;  
The purple mist clung to the crisp dun wood—  
May to our hearts, set in the year's November—  
Above our souls the soul of parting hovered!  
Do you remember?

Ah, that one moment ere we turned to go!  
If this my earthly life have end to-morrow,  
Strong in that memory my soul will know  
Not one regret for life's expiring ember,  
Nor one thought's pain, nor one hour's dream of sorrow,  
While I remember!

E. NESBIT.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.



# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fourth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No. 1020.—VOL. XX.

SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1883.

PRICE 1½d.

## SCARLET FEVER.

### HOW TO LIMIT ITS SPREAD.

DURING the early ages of medical science, and indeed until quite recent times, physicians aimed exclusively at the treatment of disease. While the idea held sway, that disease was a something which required to be exorcised by charms or incantations, to be weakened and finally vanquished by blood-letting, or to be expelled from the system by drastic purgatives, according as the popular or prevalent theory ruled at the time, *prevention* was little thought of. Better counsels came by degrees to regulate opinion as knowledge increased, and now the aim of advanced medicine has come to be the prevention of disease.

While there are many ailments which arise in a manner too obscure to be as yet exactly traced, there are some which by almost universal consent are believed to be only communicated from the sick to the sound, and which never own a spontaneous origin. Of such, measles, hooping-cough, and scarlet fever are familiar examples. Each has peculiarities of its own as to the mode in which it fixes on its victim. Of all three, measles may be said to be most infectious. Few persons escape an attack of measles; and there are many well-authenticated instances of its recurrence, even after no very long space of time. It is undoubtedly communicable before the characteristic eruption has shown itself; when merely sneezing and the symptoms of an ordinary cold in the head, with perhaps some degree of rough cough, are present. Separation of those unaffected is often not resorted to till too late; and as measles, for a considerable time, often nearly fourteen days, gives no sign of its having been caught, parents are lulled into fancied security. Measles seems most infectious during its earliest stages, becoming gradually less so as it approaches convalescence; and this feature renders the limitation of its spread, by isolation of those first affected by it, a difficult, and in many cases an almost impossible task.

Hooping-cough is also infectious before the well-known hoop has been heard, and the nature of the disease thus rendered unmistakable. To the inexperienced, its commencement is exactly that of a feverish cold. And the fact that there is more cough, and that the paroxysms of coughing recur with a certain degree of regularity, and are worse after meals, is not in general noticed, unless attention has been excited by the occurrence of other cases in the neighbourhood. In hooping-cough also, the general health suffers little in mild cases, and the children suffering from it, if kept from school, are still permitted to go freely about. Hooping-cough and measles, therefore, will under present circumstances continue to spread and be spread, without our being able very materially to limit their extension. Hooping-cough, it is true, is mainly a disease of childhood; and though it does sometimes seize on grown-up persons, and may even attack those a second time, yet childhood once passed, immunity, even without undergoing it, is the rule during after-life. Measles may occur at any age, provided security more or less complete has not been afforded by a previous attack. It seems, too, to tell more severely on adults than on children, and to be to the former more dangerous; hence, while we should not court it for our children, it is perhaps better not too jealously to shun it.

Scarlet fever stands out in distinct contrast to measles and to hooping-cough in many particulars. It may attack with a severity which strikes one with awe. Constantly entire families are attacked by this dreaded disease, and since smallpox, thanks to vaccination, has been modified, and might be entirely stamped out, scarlet fever is the most fatal of all the eruptive diseases. It is scarcely if at all infectious during its earliest periods, and when it can be most certainly recognised; while left to itself, it tends to become, day by day, and for a considerable if not indefinite time, increasingly communicable. No wonder than the name of scarlet fever carries terror with it. Attempts have been made to lessen the dread by calling mild cases scarlatina,

a euphemism much to be reprobated, though fast passing into disuse. It cannot be too fully known that scarlatina is but scarlet fever under another name, and that the mildest form of this disease in one individual *may* impart it in its direst malignity to another. The restriction is used advisedly, for there are unquestionably epidemics of scarlet fever much more severe than others. The type of the disease is not always the same.

It is, then, the manifest duty of every one to do his utmost to check the progress of this disease by all means in his power; and that much, very much may be done in this direction, is certain. Indeed it may be said that while there are few diseases more preventable than scarlet fever, there is perhaps none which the medical man dreads more to have to do with; its course is so uncertain, its vagaries so peculiar, and its results at times so serious.

The treatment of scarlet fever can only be properly carried out by a duly qualified medical man; but the means by which *its spread may be prevented*, cannot be too widely known, or too promptly acted on. The sore throat, the strawberry tongue, the feverishness, and the scarlet rash, though not all equally distinct, are yet unmistakable; and as all these occur at the very onset of the disease, and at the time when we can almost certainly prevent its spreading to others, action should be taken at once. Scarlet fever is a disease of children and young adults. In general, with advancing life the liability to it steadily decreases; and when middle age has been reached, the chances of taking it are small. The later in life, then, we are exposed to its contagion, the less risk we run. Hence the young should be isolated, and the elderly should act as nurses to those struck down by it; or if not the elderly unprotected by a previous attack, those who have already had the disease. A second attack of scarlet fever, though not absolutely unknown, is excessively rare.

The removal of those members of a family who have not yet had scarlet fever to a distance from the individuals affected, where they may be free from accidental communication, or may be transplanted entirely for a time from an infected district, would seem the most certain mode of protection. And yet there are often many drawbacks. Such a procedure is always more or less expensive. It may necessitate that children requiring special care should be placed in the hands of comparative strangers, and in the event of their falling ill, the anxiety of the parents is doubled. Can there be no means devised which will reduce to a minimum the chances of the spread of the disease, without distant separation?

It is needful, to estimate the possibility of this, to understand the modes in which scarlet fever is conveyed from one to another. The infective particles which have the power of

reproducing scarlet fever, exist in the scales which separate from the skin of the convalescent, and float in the breath exhaled from his lungs. These are the main, if not the only channels through which the disease is conveyed from the affected to the healthy. When once these minute infective particles have become diffused in the air which surrounds the sick person, we have no further control over them. We have no available means of disinfecting the atmosphere. Those substances which might possess the power of neutralising the contagion in the air, are incompatible with life, and if employed in a strength sufficient to exercise control over the infective material, would prove fatal to every living being within their range. Thus all agents employed to disinfect the air of the apartment, or the house, are, to say the least of it, harmful. If they are possessed of odour, they mask the closeness of the air, and the consequent necessity for ventilation. If they have no smell, they are objectionable, as tending to foster feelings of false security.

When an individual contracts scarlet fever, when he catches its infection, the first symptoms are manifested in the throat; the second, within a few hours after, in the eruption on the skin. Now, though we cannot disinfect the air which surrounds him, we can, by the employment of what are termed antiseptics, disinfect his throat, and thus prevent the infectious particles from being taken up by the breath which he expires from his lungs. We can in the same way disinfect his skin, and thus render the scales thrown off in the process of peeling which takes place during his recovery, innocuous. We can thus prevent the air of the chamber in which he lies from ever becoming charged with the floating poison; which is much better than were we to endeavour to destroy this poison when it has become diffused in the atmosphere. The latter method is a very roundabout one. The clothes, the bedding, all he touched, all round about him during his illness, are carefully fumigated, and otherwise cleaned, purified, or destroyed, after he becomes well; but the patient himself, the source of all the danger, is forgotten, as far as employing precautionary measures for the protection of his attendants during the whole course of his complaint.

What, then, can be done in this respect? First, the congested skin should be kept soft and pliant, and should be soothed by warm baths. Such, of course, should not be given without sanction from the medical man in attendance, but are not usually counter-indicated. Bathing a child in water of a temperature of ninety degrees Fahrenheit at bedtime, cools the fevered skin, and calms and soothes, and predisposes to sleep. At the same time it washes away any particles of skin which have become loose, and prevents an excessive dryness of the surface, which favours too free peeling. After the bath, a medicated ointment is

gently smeared over the whole surface. This prolongs the cooling effect of the bath, and while by its oiliness it lessens the production of the dry scales, it renders at the same time those which form, harmless. The ointment best suited for this purpose is one composed of thirty grains of carbolic acid, ten grains of thymol, one drachm of Vaseline, and as much simple ointment as will make the whole up to an ounce. The odour of this is not unpleasant, while it retains its greasiness, for a considerable time after being applied. It should be smeared on in the morning, as well as at night, after the bath. When the patient is well enough, one or two thorough washings with carbolic acid soap, in which process the hair and head should be included, will remove all remains of infection. For the throat we now possess a remedy thoroughly efficient and at the same time safe. The whole of the back and sides of the throat and the tonsils should be brushed three or four times a day at least with a saturated solution of boracic acid, or still better, of Barff's boroglyceride, in glycerine. This causes no pain, and the taste is not unpleasant. Children make no objection to its use, for they find how much more comfortable the throat feels after it has been painted over.

All bed and body linen, everything which can be washed which the patient has used, should be put into a tub containing one large table-spoonful of carbolic acid dissolved in the water with which it is filled, so soon as they are removed from his person. In this way they can be carried from the room without any risk of their spreading the disease to others, and washed without danger.

The process we have described thus briefly is simple enough. It can be carried out in the poorest house, and if carried out, might many a time and oft stay the progress of this justly dreaded disease. We owe it as a distinct duty to those around us, to endeavour to shield them by any means we can from acquiring through our negligence any contagious or infectious disease. We should seize with eagerness any means which can protect our little ones, or those of others, from a very infectious and a frequently fatal disorder.

The writer has very thoroughly tested the plan suggested. As an example of what may be effected, the following instance may be cited. A child in a family where there were four others younger than herself, who had not had scarlet fever, contracted the disease from a neighbour's child. She was seen as soon as the rash had come fairly out. The house consisted of two rooms; but isolation, in the sense of completely separating the family, was impossible from various circumstances in the house, and the parents objected to the removal of the child to a hospital. The plan of treatment sketched above was carefully carried out by an anxious and intelligent mother, and though all the family used the room more or less by day and night during the entire course of the child's illness, none of the four unprotected children took the disease. The mother at the time had an infant, which she brought up on the bottle, and thus handled the milk freely; and she was the sole attendant on the other children. This is no solitary example. Others, where the conditions were as crucial as this, might easily be related, but all indicate the

same fact—that it is possible very materially to limit the contagiousness or infectiousness of scarlet fever by very simple means, and thus to control more or less completely the spread of the disease.

## ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOT.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—'WE SHALL UNMASK HER YET.'

'A GENTLEMAN, please, Captain, who would like to speak a word with you, if you are disengaged,' said old Robert, the head, and indeed only waiter at *Budgers's Hotel*, Jane Seymour Street, Strand, as he stood in the doorway of Chinese Jack's private sitting-room, on the first-floor of that delectable hostelry, his dingy napkin twisted *secundum artem* around his dingier thumb.—'No, sir; he didn't give any name. From abroad, I think,' added the waiter, with a cough.

Sea-captains are held to be a choleric race; but Mrs Budgers's favourite lodger must either have been very tolerant of interruptions, or the visit must not have been entirely an unexpected one. 'I'll come down, Bob,' said the Captain, with a nod, as he laid down his pen—he was engaged in writing—and the waiter vanished. Instantly a dark cloud of anxiety settled on the sunburnt face of Chinese Jack. 'No news, so the proverb says, is good news,' he muttered between his teeth, as he closed and clasped and carefully locked away, in one of his new and shining trunks, the slim volume in which he had been busily making entries in a fine clear handwriting; 'and if so, I suppose I am as likely to hear of failure as success.' However, his hand was quite steady as he brushed his bright hat, and opening his door, sauntered slowly down-stairs, pausing to exchange a civil good-morning with Mrs Budgers, the landlady, who, with her artificial flowers in her portentous cap, and looming large, more than ever resembled a bloated spider lurking among the bottles of the darkling bar. On the outer threshold stood a thin, slight, wiry man, in black. His back was turned; but Chinese Jack was not in the slightest doubt as to whom his visitor was. He strolled forward, however, without hurrying his pace, and said: 'I beg your pardon—they told me— Ah, Silas, is it you?'

'Glad to meet you, Rollington,' answered the other with perfect gravity; and the two men shook hands as simply as though they were—what the hangers-on of Budgers's believed them to be—two old acquaintances who had met after some years.

'Won't you come in?' said Chinese Jack, hospitably.

But the stranger, whose American accent had been perceptible to the practised ear of Bob the waiter, declined to come in; and a brief colloquy ended in the pair of lately reunited friends strolling slowly off together, down the steep and narrow street, towards the black wharf that overlooked the river, Chinese Jack puffing at his eternal cigarette as he rambled on.

The wharf once reached, the adventurer threw off his air of languid indifference. 'Come, old partner,' he said, with a laugh that rang harshly even on his own ear; 'you and I learned in

California to read the faces of the sportsmen we played cards with, didn't we? Just now, we're in the same boat as at Golden Gulch. I see, Melville, as plainly as if it were printed or painted in eight-inch capitals on yonder board, that you have not come empty-handed, in the figurative sense of the word. Well, out with it, old mate and old friend. It matters more to me than to you. I don't know whether the London fog has dulled my nerves, or what it is, but it is borne home to me, sometimes, that this is my last chance in life. I've spent money on it—put my pile on, haven't I? as we staked it at *monté* once, in Pacific seaboard towns.'

'The last time we talked together, and again in your last letter to me'—began the American.

But Chinese Jack feverishly cut him short. 'Yes, yes; I know, I know. I promised five hundred pounds—and I am solvent. Come now, man, let us have a settlement at once!'

'My dear former partner,' answered Silas Melville, with a touch of scorn, 'you need be under no apprehension. It is my belief that you have made an excellent investment, both of the cash you have disbursed, and of the sum which you propose to pay. I really think, Jack, that you are doing a good deed, for once in a way, and that we shall both of us be instrumental in preventing a cruel wrong.'

'When I polished off that Indian who already counted on your scalp to add to the embroidery of his deerskin moccasins,' roughly retorted Chinese Jack, 'you didn't doubt, then, that I was good for something.'

'You are clear grit, Jack,' placidly rejoined the American; 'but we are among quiet folks now, and far from the prairies. Come, Rollington, I excuse your impatience. You are a man used to an active life, and you have been chafing here, and seeing your money go, as you thought, in dribbles for no purpose. But the more I study this case, the more it unfolds itself before me, the surer do I feel that we are on the right track. The proof of it is, that I have ceased to ask you, as you know, for the further advances which, according to our rules, should have been exacted, and that now I feel convinced of success. That young woman in Bruton Street—that other sister whom Sir Pagan harbours—is'

'Is—what?' asked Chinese Jack curtly.

'Is the veriest impostor, the most double-dyed dissembler that ever cloaked the rapacity of a false nature beneath a fair outside,' replied the American, with an earnestness that was unusual with him, it would seem; for his former companion half-sneeringly remarked:

'You seem quite excited, Silas.'

'I am,' replied the Private Inquirer, whose temper remained unruffled by the implied sarcasm; 'and I will tell you why, Jack. Since I have been in this line of life, I have come to take an interest in my new profession, quite independently of the pounds, shillings, and pence to be earned by the exercise of it. And why not?' demanded the American, warming as he spoke. 'When a sharper was detected, west of the Rockies, with clogged dice, or cards up his sleeve, we honest miners rejoiced, didn't we? But, what is the wickedness we have known out in the frontier

Territories, where every wanderer carries his life in his hand, compared with the cool, deliberate treachery of a young girl like that? I tell you, Rollington, that if I were to lose—instead of gaining—by the prosecution of this case, I could not take my hands from the plough-stilts now. When first you came to me at the office, I took your instructions as a mere matter of every-day routine. But when you intrusted me, gradually, with more important tasks, and it dawned upon me by degrees how exceptional was this business, even in our line, where mysteries are rife, I came to care for the case for its own sake. I have given it more and more of my attention and of my thoughts, as time went on, until this Leominster affair has come to be uppermost in my mind.'

'It signifies a good deal to me,' answered Chinese Jack, tossing away a charred remnant of his cigarette. 'I shall be a made man, as they call it, if our side wins. And I grow weary of ranging the world, like a winter wolf that is hunted from township to township, when hunger drives it in from the snowy wilderness to snarl and prowl about the log-hut and the corral of the settler. It's a question with me of comfort and peace for my old days,' added the adventurer, with something of mournfulness in his flexible voice, that freed it for the moment of its mocking tone; 'and so I'm glad, Silas, that you are so confident as you seem.'

'That Madame de Laloupe,' said the Private Inquirer abruptly, 'you know a trifle more about her, Rollington, I guess, than ever you thought fit to communicate to me.'

A queer smile curled the listener's lips. Chinese Jack had winced a little at the sudden mention of the Sphinx's name, but so very slightly, that he flattered himself that the start had escaped the vigilant eyes of his companion. Very composedly he made answer, between the whiffs of a fresh cigarette: 'I told you what I knew, Silas, and what I fancied, too, if you remember. A dangerous woman—not pleasant to have for an enemy—not safe to have for a friend. All the more formidable in either capacity, because she has been prudent enough to keep on speaking terms with Mrs Grundy, and is not, like Chinese Jack and rovers of his sort, quite outlawed and quite lost.'

'Well,' resumed Melville, tapping, with the ungloved forefinger of one nervous hand, on the tough black top of the weather-beaten post against which he was leaning, 'what you thought fit to tell me, Jack, concerning this former foreign acquaintance of yours is, I am bound to say, very amply confirmed by all which I have managed to pick up through various channels. A dangerous friend, as you say; and a dangerous adviser. Her presence in Bruton Street—and she is there often now—is of itself a sign that—Never mind what. There certainly is mischief brewing. I could but watch and wait; but it is not for nothing that I have kept my eyes and ears open, old partner. We could not, from the nature of things, make the first move. The only question was, what would be the tactics of the enemy. Well, they are bolder, of their kind, than I, for one, had expected. I hardly thought to find Scotland Yard against us; but so, just at present, it is.'

'Umph!' muttered Chinese Jack uneasily, and



with a sidelong glance at the Private Inquirer. 'Got your familiar spirits there, too, Silas?'

'I find it necessary to procure intelligence wherever it is to be had,' quietly rejoined the American; 'and I could tell you, if you would care to hear them, the names of the detective officers—very reliable men, as I have been told—whom Miss Carew's lawyer has engaged for the commencement of the campaign.'

'Her lawyer!' growled out Chinese Jack, irritably kicking a pebble into the water that oozed past the wharf-edge. 'She has found some pettifogging land-shark, then, to do her work for her.' He won't be long, however, before he throws his client over, as expenses thicken.'

'Mr Sterling is a very respectable solicitor,' was the cold reply of his former associate; 'and at the outset, he is zealous enough in her cause. That he will throw his client over, and wash his hands of the whole affair, in which he has so rashly engaged, I do not doubt; but it will be when he finds out'—

'That the money is lacking, eh?' broke in Chinese Jack, with his cynical laugh.

'Not that, Rollington,' was the reply, seriously spoken, of the American investigator of private affairs; 'though even an attorney, like ourselves, must live. Fair words, as we both know, Jack, don't spread the butter thicker on one's waffle-cakes. But Mr Sterling—I learned to know something of him once, when we were concerned in a complicated affair—is not only honest, but capable of self-sacrifice. I really do believe the man would spend and be spent, body and bones, cash and credit, in what he honestly believed to be a just cause. But, quite as certainly, he will withdraw with horror and disgust from the side he has adopted, when once he learns, as I can teach him, what a poor dupe he has been in the toils of a pair of artful Delilahs.'

'Delilah, eh?' grimly retorted Chinese Jack. 'Well, the word might apply tolerably well to one of the ladies in question. Her supple hand,' he added, in a tone which, as it fell on the fine ear of the American, was eloquent in suppressed emotion, 'was just the one to shear a Samson of his strength. The other is young, Silas, very young. The best witness one can put into a box—so I used to hear old knowing Q.C.s declare—was a child. And that girl, if ever she comes to give evidence in court, will be listened to, because she seems so innocent and so like a child.'

'Not while there is justice on this earth of ours!' angrily retorted the American. 'I came here, Jack, to-day, to set your mind at ease, old fellow, if I could. I knew you would be fretting, in your forced inaction—you who are used to bestir yourself by sea and land. It was pure kindness that brought me to Budgers's, not love of lucre, I am sure.'

'You are a good fellow, Silas—a good fellow,' said Chinese Jack dreamily, but with a cordial friendliness in his tone that was rarely heard in his voice; 'and I, I suppose, have grown to be a cantankerous animal, morbid from evil surroundings, and scarcely fit for intercourse. When I play my part,' he added, with his strange smile, 'I think I forget myself, and play it well. When I was Ali Hassan, not so long ago, and for twenty months before, not a cut-throat kidnapper of my Arab crew suspected that the turbaned

believer who led them in their slave-trading runs across Red Sea and Persian Gulf, the dhow ballasted with negroes, the steady monsoon filling our big sail till the British gunboats steamed in vain astern—that Ali Hassan, I say, so regular in kneeling, five times a day, on his prayer-carpet, with his face to the Black Stone of Mecca, their model captain and holy sheik, was, really and truly, the son of an English parson!—Do try a cigarette, Silas; it makes a man feel so selfish, smoking all alone.'

Mr Melville, with some tact, accepted the cigarette which, for the third time, Chinese Jack proffered, and lighted it; but, after three or four whiffs, he withdrew it from between his lips. 'Thank you; my constitution won't stand that. Opium, eh?' he said, tossing the tiny paper cylinder away.

'Of course it is,' answered Chinese Jack indifferently. 'Turk and Levantine are much of the same mind as the Celestials on that head. I, for one, couldn't get on without the poppy to shed its soothing influence over my tobacco.'

'You always were a wonder, physically, Rollington,' said the American, with a glance of admiration at the well-knit form of the powerful man who had done and dared so much; 'but it is ill to tamper with poisons of that sort. What I want to understand is, that I feel sure of victory. There will be a movement on the adverse side—an artful claim speciously preferred; and then, under the pressure of overwhelming proofs, such as I am sure I shall furnish, the cruel, false-faced girl, who has leagued herself with a schemer more experienced, if not wiler, than herself, will be placed for ever beyond the power of doing harm.—Now, good-bye.'

'Bravo!' were the last words of Chinese Jack; and as he spoke, he seemed to be infected by some of the American's enthusiasm in the cause. 'Well done, Silas! We shall unmask her yet!'

#### FROZEN FOOD.

It is but a small consolation to the British householder to be told that good mutton may be had in some parts of Australasia at twopence-halfpenny per pound, while he is paying tenpence or a shilling for the same in the home market. In the present depressed state of our agriculture, and with limited home supplies, prices have a tendency upward rather than downward.

With a population of thirty-five millions to provide for, we would fare badly were we restricted to home supplies. Leaving cattle out of the question in the meantime, we had only twenty-four million sheep in 1882 to provide mutton for our teeming population, and this enumeration shows a decrease upon the previous ten years. In Australasia, on the other hand, with a sparse population of slightly over two and a half millions, we find Australia, New Zealand, and Tasmania exactly three times as well supplied as we are with wool and mutton. New South Wales alone, with a population of about seven hundred and forty thousand, possesses about

thirty-two million sheep; the total for Australasia being about seventy-four million sheep. These figures lend an air of probability to the estimate of Sir Francis Dillon Bell, that Australia and New Zealand could export to England one thousand tons of meat daily, this being about the quantity which the London meat markets are said to get through in a single day. We have thus an indefinite supply of mutton, could it only be placed at a moderate figure in our home markets.

In America, where mutton is not looked upon as an important article of food, and sheep are bred more for the clip of wool than for mutton, beef occupies the first place. The transatlantic dead-meat trade dates from about October 1875. Mr Eastman of New York was among the first to effect consignments of fresh beef and mutton; but the trade was rapidly taken up by others, and soon all the lines sailing between England and Scotland, left the Hudson with several tons of preserved meat on board. In the year ending June 1881, the exports of fresh beef from the United States were over one hundred and six million pounds, valued at one million nine hundred and seventy-two thousand and fifty-six pounds; and of fresh mutton over three million pounds, valued at fifty-one thousand pounds. Owing to a rise in price, the exports were in a great measure stopped for four months of last year, but were resumed again in the autumn. At first, the meat was preserved during the Atlantic voyage by a draught of cold air fanned off blocks of ice. This system, which made the meat rather moist, has been superseded by the Haslam, the Bell-Coleman, and other refrigerators, in which a draught of cold but dry air keeps the meat at a temperature as little as possible below freezing-point. For Australian steamers which have to cross the line with a cargo of meat, twenty degrees Fahrenheit is thought a desirable temperature, and twenty-eight degrees for the short American voyage; but this can be easily secured by the refrigerators at present in use. A recently constructed screw-steamer, the *Loch Ard*, entirely built of steel, has been fitted up with the Bell-Coleman refrigerating apparatus, for the fresh-meat trade between Buenos Ayres and Glasgow.

For some time past, an attempt has also been made by Australian steamers to place mutton from Australia and New Zealand in the London market, and these imports are steadily increasing. We read of the arrival of passenger-steamers with several thousand carcasses of mutton; but when these shipments first began, very serious losses had to be encountered by the colonial exporters having to place so much dead-meat in the market in one day. Some of it also arrived in an imperfect condition. The problem of bringing frozen carcasses of sheep from Australia in a wholesome condition seems now to be nearer solution.

Three vessels were recently fitted up for Shaw, Savill, & Co. with the Bell-Coleman refrigerator, which are capable of bringing cargoes of nine thousand sheep each from New Zealand. The steamship *Sorrento*, which arrived in this country from New Zealand in the beginning of February last, had five thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight carcasses of sheep on board. The average

price at which this mutton was bought by the butchers was sevenpence three-farthings per pound. This mutton had been sold to the shippers at Dunedin at twopence three-farthings per pound, which ought to leave a good profit for the exporters. So excellent was their appearance and quality, that some of these carcasses, we are told, were bought by West End tradesmen who had hitherto looked upon frozen meat with contempt. The *Lady Jocelyn*, which left Wellington on February 24th, had five thousand eight hundred carcasses of sheep on board. Still further to show what can be accomplished in the frozen-meat trade, we may mention that a sister sailing-vessel, the *Dunedin*, brought one hundred and seventy-five tons of frozen mutton from New Zealand last year; and after a voyage of ninety-eight days, it was found in good condition. The cargo brought eight thousand pounds, netting threepence-farthing per lb. for the sheep. Although some of the carcasses had been frozen four months, they were said to be as bright and clean looking as newly killed mutton. The New Zealand Shipping Company's steamer *Ionic*, one of the new monthly line between New Zealand and London, has refrigerating chambers capable of holding fourteen thousand sheep. Up till January of the present year, there had been four thousand tons of Australian and New Zealand frozen meat brought to this country.

The Orient Company's steamer *Garonne*, which arrived in the Royal Albert Docks, London, in January last, brought with it a freight of four thousand two hundred and fifty-seven carcasses of frozen mutton, and one hundred and thirty-six quarters of beef. This vessel had been fifty-two days on the way from Sydney, yet the meat was in excellent condition; although frozen as hard as a stone, and requiring to be thawed before using.

The Bell-Coleman refrigerator, already mentioned as in common use for this purpose, is based upon the principle of compressed air being thoroughly cooled and then allowed to expand. In the act of expansion, it becomes cold enough to freeze water. To accomplish this, the air is taken by air-pumps from the meat-chamber and then compressed; after which it is cooled by jets of water and passed through a system of tubes. After passing through the expanding apparatus, the air is discharged at the rate of forty thousand cubic feet an hour into the meat-chamber. The air is drier, and this system works better than was common in the first experiments of preserving meat during a long voyage by means of blocks of ice. By means of this refrigerator, salmon has been brought from Labrador to London, and kept frozen for six months while being sold in instalments. Tons of English fish have even been conveyed to Australia, and eagerly bought there as a luxury. It also enables vessels provided with refrigerating apparatus to carry a store of fresh fish, or other fresh meat, for use on ship-board.

The first machine constructed by the Bell-Coleman Mechanical Refrigeration Company of Glasgow, under the guidance of Mr J. J. Coleman, was built in 1877, and since that time vessels sailing to and from all parts of the world have been fitted up with it. The largest refrigerator with which they have had to do is that erected by the New South Wales government for

cooling the whole meat-supply of Sydney to forty degrees in the height of summer. This renders the inhabitants independent of the necessity of eating meat upon the day it is killed. The floor area of this abattoir is eighty feet by one hundred feet, and the cold air produced by the refrigerating machine has registered as much as one hundred and thirty-seven degrees below freezing-point.

Each carcase of mutton, of perhaps sixty pound-weight, which arrives in this way has been carefully dressed and sewn up in white calico. At wholesale price, before despatch, this mutton may have cost twopence per pound, and an additional threepence or fourpence must be added for carriage. Thus, while the mutton can be sold in the London market at a lower figure than the home product, there is still a margin of profit. In the case of the *Garonne*, which we have mentioned, its cargo of dead-meat was deposited in the docks in refrigerating chambers similar to those on board, whence the meat would be taken as required for sale. This plan may avert the loss which might take place by so much dead-meat being sent to market at once.

If we are to trust the unbiased experience of a London householder, the prejudice which exists with some regarding Australian mutton thus preserved, is groundless. Having purchased a haunch of mutton from the supply brought by the steamer *Garonne*, he placed it in a slack-oven, with the door open, until it was thoroughly thawed. After roasting the haunch for two and a half hours, it was served; and was pronounced by those who partook of it to be in every respect excellent. 'It was tender, well flavoured, especially the fat, and had rich, high-coloured gravy in plenty.' This was exactly the reverse of what he had been told concerning it.

During the Egyptian campaign, supplies of frozen meat were sent from this country for the use of the troops in Egypt. The steamship *Orient* left with seventy-five tons of frozen meat in a cool chamber. This supply was drawn upon up till the date of the ship's return from Ismailia on 6th September last. Between thirty and forty tons of unused meat were left in the cold chamber on board ship, and brought home again; but, unfortunately, on attempting to dispose of some of it in London, part of this supply was discovered to be unsound, and orders were at once given by the sanitary authorities to have it all destroyed.

Nature has done, and is doing in other parts of the world the work of the refrigerating machine. The well-preserved carcase of the Siberian mammoth, found about a century ago in a block of ice, and upon which the wolves fed greedily when it was discovered, is a case in point. It has been estimated that twelve million inhabitants of the northern hemisphere consume about a million tons of frozen food during the winter, and this exclusive of the supply we mention as being imported into England. Frozen-meat markets exist in Russia and Canada, beginning about the second week of December, and lasting until April. The roads during this period, leading to St Petersburg, are crowded with sledges laden with food, the whole frozen as hard as iron. This supply includes swans from Finland, caviare from Astrakhan, reindeer flesh from Archangel, bears' flesh from Olonetz, sheep from Orenburg, and beef

from the Ukraine. About sixty thousand oxen are sold during the season, thirty thousand tons of herring, and six hundred tons of caviare. The Canadian consumption of frozen meat and fish is about one hundred thousand tons, and fifty thousand tons of fruit, milk, &c. The wholesomeness of the supply is attested by the general good health of the populations which use this frozen food.

Leaving the American trade out of the question, should the New Zealand and Australian trade in preserved mutton be satisfactorily established, there are other countries, such as the Argentine Republic and Russia, whose supplies of meat are enormous. But if the middleman, the retailer, does not consume the profit, Australasia could well afford to supply us with cheap mutton for many a year to come. The American dead-meat trade is already well established, but it is liable to fluctuations, caused by increased demand on the other side, and a consequent rise in price. As to the success of the imports of Australian mutton, a good deal will depend upon the amount of encouragement received; and should a gap be filled in the London market by this colonial supply, it certainly ought to assist in keeping prices moderate, and lessen the drain which the metropolitan market makes upon the rest of the kingdom.

## TWICE LOST.

### A TALE OF DOUBLE CONSCIOUSNESS.

#### IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

THE very announcement of Mr. Clinton's visit evidently revived Eva's spirits, and served to restore her shaken nerves. Perhaps she had felt in the tone of Mrs Clavering's consoling assurances a certain impatience, a certain not unkindly contempt for the childish helplessness and simplicity of the girl of seventeen. Mrs Clavering was confident; but her confidence did not satisfy Eva, when her questions, 'How do you know?' 'What is the law?' met with no clear, satisfactory answer. The girl's alarms were at once vague, indefinite, and unlimited. She could not accept comforting promises that were evidently founded only on the general convictions of practical experience, not on any real knowledge. She dreaded her enemy, less because he might take her fortune, and consign her to absolute poverty, than from the fancy that his power might extend to her person, and she dreaded his possible guardianship. Mrs Clavering endeavoured to reassure her upon this last point; but could not quite convince her that the very assertion on which Mr Warren founded a claim to her inheritance was incompatible with any possible pretension to control her person.

In Mr Clinton, however, not more perhaps from his legal knowledge than from his personal character, she had implicit confidence. His promised presence almost dispelled the terror which the necessity of a second interview with Warren inspired; and his cordial, almost affectionate greeting, his straightforward statements,

answering every question suggested by her alarms—making clear to her the exact nature of the issue and its precise consequences—even his pointed inquiries, his searching but very gentle cross-examination of her own vague recollections, helped to assure and comfort her.

'Don't be frightened, Miss Linwood,' he said at last, having collected and arranged every paper he could find that might bear upon the case, as the hour approached, and he saw in her wandering eyes and trembling hands the return of her fears. 'Mr Warren shall tell us just the thing we don't know; and at worst, you have nothing to fear.'

'How can that be, Mr Clinton?'

'I have not time to explain. But will you not take my word? I am not sure, till I hear Mr Warren's case, that we can save your fortune; but that shall make no other, no further difference. You shall have a home as safe, as pleasant, if not as luxurious as if you were—what I firmly believe we shall prove you—your father's heiress.'

She drew close to him, as a loud knock at the door announced Mr Warren's arrival; and drawing her hand within his own, Clinton led her to her seat at the further end of the table, and stood beside her as he indicated to the intruder a seat exactly opposite. Mr Warren instantly recognised his opponent, and his countenance slightly fell. It was one thing to deal with a mere man of business like Mr Clavering, another to encounter a barrister already known to solicitors—of whom he was one—as a most careful and accurate draftsman, a shrewd, keen, clear-sighted junior, and thoroughly well-informed jurist. Clinton was not one of whom he could hope to take either legal or commercial advantage. He had now to deal with an antagonist who could neither be tricked nor bullied, against whom he must rely wholly on the strength of his case—a case which, in dealing with a layman, he would unhesitatingly have affirmed to be conclusive, but whose weak points a lawyer of Clinton's knowledge, even without the advantage of long experience at the bar, would instantly detect and turn to account. The strategy that might have served him with an ordinary man of business, or even with an attorney of his own stamp, would be out of place here. Perfect straightforwardness was his only chance. Opposed to such an antagonist, with such a client, with all natural human sympathies against him, his only chance was to enter court with clean hands, to rely upon his strict right, but to maintain that right fairly, openly, and with no unnecessary discourtesy.

'Mr Warren,' said Clinton, assuming at once the tone of superior rank to which their respective professional positions entitled him, 'you asserted, in presence of Miss Linwood and her friends here, that you were Mr Linwood's heir-at-law. Now, I hold the certificate of Miss Linwood's birth and of her mother's marriage, and I need not tell you that these establish beyond question her right as her father's heiress, unless you can show a flaw in either.'

'I said, Mr Clinton, that I am the late Mr Linwood's heir-at-law. Mr Clavering may have forgotten to tell you what I further told him—that the lady of whom you speak was not Mr Linwood's wife.'

'I hold the certificate of her marriage.'

'No doubt. You are aware, however, that Mr Linwood was married before. Do you know to whom?'

'Yes; and that the first wife died two years before the second marriage.'

'Granted. Nevertheless, the first marriage invalidates the second. Eleanor Linwood as you would call her, Eleanor Milner, was the sister of Alice Hutton, Linwood's first wife. Their father changed his name shortly after the first marriage; and the younger daughter, then a child, of course took his later name.'

Considering that Clinton was utterly unprepared for such an attack, the perfect coolness with which he met it, the steady countenance, in which his antagonist could not discern even a sign of surprise, did no little credit to his self-command. Eva, looking up to him in utter bewilderment, was completely reassured. She could not understand the point; but she saw, or thought she saw, that he understood and cared nothing for it.

'You knew it, perhaps?' Warren said, half-doubtful, half-defiantly.

'I did not know it; but now that I know it, I understand, what puzzled me at first, why the second marriage took place in Denmark. Mr Linwood was thoroughly up in all legal technicalities which he found necessary in business, and doubtless had made himself quite as familiar with the law of marriage. In Denmark the marriage was valid. Valid where it was contracted, it is valid everywhere; and Eva Linwood is in law, as in equity, her father's heiress. Your claim, Mr Warren, is worth as much—as it deserved to be; and you will doubtless be thankful that you are spared the temptation to deprive an orphan of her father's inheritance.'

'That is your view of the law?'

'Mine, and the almost universal view.'

'In that case, Mr Clinton, Warren *versus* Linwood will be a *cause célèbre*. If it cost your client's fortune, it may make yours. I did not know that the marriage had taken place abroad, though I suspected it, and— But of course I can't expect now a peaceable admission of my right, though I warn you I have no doubt of making it good.—Good-evening, Mr Clinton.—Good-evening, Miss—*Linwood*,' with a slight emphasis on the name.

These things occurred, as a reader familiar with recent legal changes will have already perceived, more than thirty years ago. Save the young heiress, now a grandmother, and her legal champion, now a well-esteemed judge, every one of the actors in our story has long since been at rest; as is the question on which, in the absence of the missing will, the right to Mr Linwood's fortune turned: the effect of local law on the validity of a forbidden marriage.

The eve of the trial had arrived, and Clinton sat with Eva Linwood and Mrs Clavering in the same library where the trio first met. Clinton was pale, anxious, and silent; but conscious that he had done his utmost for the case, that he had on his notes every precedent and principle that could be brought, however remotely, to bear upon it, and that no more could be done, he had determined to quit his chambers, think no more of his books and his brief, and quicken his zeal

and strengthen himself for the morrow's work by spending the evening in the society of his fair client. He sat and watched her cheerful face and light fairy form as she moved about the room; for Eva had during the last three months recovered in great measure from her heavy loss, and the dread of losing wealth hardly affected her. She had strong confidence in her cause, and still stronger in her advocate. She was certain that her mother was her father's wife, and certain that Mr Clinton would not fail. She spoke to him now and then, affectionately though shyly; and he answered her with his usual grave courtesy, softened into something that was almost tenderness. But except in answering her, he spoke little. His mind was evidently pre-occupied.

'Eva,' he said at last, then stammered—'Miss Linwood, I beg pardon—did Mr Linwood say nothing to you about the place where he had left his will?'

'He tried to do so, I think, at the last moment,' answered Eva, as the tears came into her eyes. 'But don't call me Miss Linwood; you always called me Eva while he was with us.'

'What did Mr Linwood say?' asked Clinton eagerly, not noticing the last appeal. 'Try and recollect it exactly; it may give us a clue.'

'He said: "Look: you will find my will;" and then something about a secret. So I know there is a will; but where, he never said.'

Clinton pondered. 'It must be in some obvious place, or he would have taken care to leave an account of it. No lawyer has it; for I have advertised in vain—unless, indeed, it be Warren.'

'No; papa never would speak to him,' replied Eva decidedly.

But at this moment a note was brought to Clinton, bearing the seal of Miss Linwood's solicitors. He opened it, and remained for some minutes deep in thought; then, turning to Eva, he said: 'Miss Linwood, I am sorry to say that your leading counsel has died suddenly. I reproach myself that I did not insist on having another senior. We cannot repair the loss now; and your cause will have to rest entirely on me.'

'I am very glad indeed to hear it,' said Eva decidedly. 'I heard you say one day you wished to lead in a difficult case, and here you have an opportunity. And I am sure no one could or would do more for me than you will.—But, Mr Clinton,' she said, with a graceful effort to turn from an awkward and personal topic, 'I have been thinking whether my father's will might not be in some secret drawer. We have found no money anywhere, and yet I know he had some in the house, almost always, when I have asked him for it. Do you not think it is possible?'

'Quite possible,' said Clinton, springing up eagerly. 'But do you know of any secret drawers?'

'No; but my father would not be likely to tell me about them. He was always busy here, and I never used to come into this room.'

'Let us search, then,' said Clinton. And once again every piece of furniture in that room was thoroughly emptied and scrutinised. One secret drawer was discovered in the writing-table, con-

cealed with great art, and only discernible by comparing the external and internal measurements. But it contained only a memorandum book of a business character, and some notes and gold—about four hundred pounds.

Eva was disappointed; but Clinton's spirits rose. 'This proves that your father trusted his money to a contrivance of this kind; it is highly probable that he protected his will in the same manner.' And they proceeded to search the standing desk at which Mr Linwood habitually wrote. At first, no trace whatever of any secret compartment could be found. But Clinton, by careful observation, ascertained that whereas, on two sides, the inner measurement was less than the outer by three-quarters of an inch, on the other pair the difference was an inch and a half; thus making room at the deep end of the desk for a drawer of nearly an inch deep and ten inches high. That such a compartment existed, he had strong suspicions. But neither within nor without could he perceive any trace of a spring. At last, looking carefully underneath, he discerned what seemed to be a splinter, which on touch proved to be iron. This being pressed, the seeming end of the desk fell inwards, revealing a sort of slit fully occupied by a bundle of papers. This being quickly dragged to light, was found to consist of a will, and a little packet addressed to Eva, containing her mother's miniature. The will was in a sealed envelope; and Clinton declined to open it.

'I will send it to your solicitors, with a written account of its discovery, which we will all sign.'

When Clinton had written his account of the manner in which the will had been discovered, he requested Eva and Mrs Clavering to append their signatures. Then inclosing both documents in an envelope, he directed it to Messrs Wylie and Keane, Solicitors, Lincoln's Inn. He rang the bell, and gave the precious packet in charge to Andrew.

'You will take this to Lincoln's Inn,' he said. 'Mr Keane lives on the premises, so he is almost certain to be in; deliver it to him only. If Mr Keane be absent, bring it back. I need not tell you to be careful, for this packet contains what we have sought so long—your late master's will.'

In a state of extreme exaltation, evinced by his sparkling eyes and excited manner, old Andrew took the packet and disappeared. About a quarter of an hour afterwards, he was heard to close the house-door after him as he departed on his errand. Clinton remained for an hour or two longer, explaining to Eva that the discovery of the will would put an end to all her difficulties, and insure the immediate withdrawal of Mr Warren's claims. It was midnight before he retired to rest, having put in order the notes of his speech for to-morrow, but feeling sure that the will would supersede all occasion for a discussion of Eva's legitimacy. It is only just to say that this new turn of affairs, though it deprived him of a possible opportunity for making a first-rate professional reputation, was a source of unmixed satisfaction to the young lawyer. He thought much more of Eva's interests than of his own; and he had by no means sufficient confidence in his cause to feel sure that, without the will, her title to her inheritance could be sustained.



Clinton rose early the next morning, and repaired to the office of Messrs Wylie and Keane for a final consultation, wishing particularly to arrange with them the manner in which the will should be produced. He was courteously received by the junior partner, who, being a well-read lawyer, was deeply interested in the professional aspect of the case.

'By the way, Mr Clinton,' he said, 'I do not know whether you have noticed this argument in a somewhat similar matter;' and he produced from an old volume of Law Reports a judgment which seemed to him to bear upon the question.

'Yes, I have seen it,' said Clinton. 'But the will, you know, will avoid all necessity for raising that question at all.'

'What! Do you mean to say you have found Linwood's will? I had begun to doubt whether he ever made one.'

'Yes; we found it last night, and I sent it off to you at once, unopened. You don't mean to say you have not received it?' And Clinton's voice betrayed the consternation which he felt. If the will had not been left with the lawyers, how came it that Andrew had not informed him?

'I was not at home last night till very late. No one was here but my office-boy.—John! Did any one bring a packet for me last night?'

'A servant came with one, sir; but when he found you were out, he would not leave it. He said it was his master's will, and would give his young mistress her rights. He seemed a good deal excited.'

'Drunk?'

'No, sir; not drunk, but he had been drinking.'

'There is no time to be lost,' exclaimed Clinton. 'Send a cab at once to Miss Linwood's, and bring down the man-servant, and the will, if he has it; and ask Miss Linwood to come here as quickly as she can.'

During the messenger's absence, Clinton paced the office in a state of indescribable agitation, anathematising Andrew's love of drink, and the lenity with which Mr Linwood had regarded the man's one fault; and bitterly reproaching himself for the carelessness which had permitted him to intrust the precious document to a servant's hands. Keane, who thought only of the credit of his firm and the professional aspect of the case, was also vexed at so untoward an accident, and scarcely consoled by the idea that the want of a will would make the cause one of the most important of the year. The reader will easily understand that if the will were forthcoming, the trial would be a simple matter, over in a few minutes; whereas, if there were no will, the property would go to the next of kin or heir-at-law. Now, if Eva were a legitimate child, she would be both next of kin and heir to her father; if she were not, then Warren would fill that position. Thus, in the absence of a will, the case would turn on the validity of Mr Linwood's Danish marriage; and the judgment would determine for all future time whether a marriage with a wife's sister legally contracted abroad, were or were not legal in England.

After an incredibly brief absence, which seemed to Clinton interminable, the messenger returned

with Andrew, and a brief note from Miss Linwood:

DEAR MR CLINTON—Andrew returned last night after we were gone to bed. This morning, he came to me greatly agitated, and confessed that he had been quite stupefied when he came home last night; but had a vague notion that he had not given the will to Mr Keane. He seems to have lost it. What is to be done? Yours faithfully, EVA LINWOOD.

Clinton could hardly control himself sufficiently to address a single question to Andrew, who stood before him in a state of abject stupefaction, and with a face in which shame and bitter remorse were legibly written. When Clinton addressed him, it was with no little difficulty that the poor wretch collected his mind sufficiently to reply; and when he had told the little that he knew—which was no more than Eva had communicated—he broke into a fit of sobbing that seemed to shake his whole frame. The man was so evidently heart-broken by the thought of the mischief he had done, that Clinton could not but be softened. Still, it was in a tone of considerable bitterness that he cross-examined the offender, with a view to extract some sort of clue to his proceedings since the will was intrusted to him. But it was utterly in vain. Down to the time that he reached the office, everything that had passed was fresh in Andrew's recollection; afterwards, he had a hazy recollection of going to a public-house in the neighbourhood; and beyond that, his memory, until his waking next morning, was an absolute blank. A message was sent to the public-house, and the barman appeared; but all he could say was, that Andrew had come to the bar the night before, had taken a quart of ale, and gone away without showing any special excitement. 'Indeed,' said the man, 'he seemed more sober when he went than when he came in.'

By this time, Eva Linwood arrived, and was shown into Mr Keane's private room, where Clinton found her.

'Miss Linwood,' he said, 'I am afraid this man's infamous conduct has done you irreparable injury. We can hear nothing of the will. But it is incomprehensible that he should, as he says, remember nothing of what happened last night; for, by the account of those who saw him, he was by no means intoxicated to unconsciousness.'

After a little hesitation, Eva answered: 'I remember once to have heard my father say to a friend—a doctor, I think—that Andrew never seemed absolutely to lose his senses when drunk, but that he always lost his memory. I did not well understand what was meant; but perhaps it was the same thing last night.'

'Possibly,' said Clinton. 'The only alternative is to suppose that he has betrayed you; and I cannot believe him guilty of that.'

'O no, Mr Clinton! I could almost as soon suspect you.' Eva stopped, coloured, and stammered, afraid of having offended.

But her friend went on: 'We must keep him in safe custody for the present, at all events. I shall detain him here to-day; and

when he returns home, he must be forbidden to leave the house. And now, I must settle with Mr Keane what is to be done; for this loss has once more overturned all our plans.'

A BRIGHT SORROW.

ARTISTS and poets, with their clearer insight and sympathetic hand, have touched myriad hearts by leaving in marble and colour and song the true view of a great human sorrow. The vision is so heavenly, that tearful eyes begin to weep afresh under its excess of light; yet it is so human, that the poorest of the world's toilers and spinners can understand it, and feel that it is meant for them. In its countless forms, it is always the same; however poetical, it belongs to the wear and tear of our common life; however starry, it is a home-thought still. It is an Angel carrying upward a little Child.

From all over the world come the voices of poets telling of this bright side of the universal sorrow. It has been said that verses written in grief are unreal—that for the most part mourners hide their faces. But when we hear those voices of many nations and of many tongues, making not only harmony, but at times a marked and perfect unison, then surely we recognise something better than rhyme and rhythm—the clear cry of the human heart.

One of these notes of unison is the thought that the little one, though grieved for, is yet near with the wonted looks. When a soldier finds himself after the campaign with hand or arm gone, it is well known that for a time he feels the momentary delusion that he could stir the lost hand if he would. It is perhaps due in a similar way to some lingering remnant of severed habits and associations, that the presence of the missing child is felt by those of whose life its life was an actual part. So, David Macbeth Moir calls his 'Casa Wappy,' 'less thine own self than a part of mine and of thy mother's heart.' Let us mark the frequency of this thought, beginning with Moir or 'Delta,' whose little son's self-conferred pet name, 'Casa Wappy,' is the refrain of his yearning for the child:

Do what I may, go where I will,  
Thou meet'st my sight;  
There dost thou glide before me still—  
A form of light!  
I feel thy breath upon my cheek,  
I see thee smile, I hear thee speak,  
Till, oh, my heart is like to break,  
Casa Wappy!

From the realism of the nursery, with the scattered playthings and the empty chair in a corner, to the highest idea of the bright brief day that was but sunrise and night, or of the little feet treading the seraph path—one feels throughout the whole of these lines the hot pulse of the writer's heart. They are a standing contradiction to the theory that the poetry of

sorrow is unreal. Verses may tell but little, yet the little can be true:

Words may not paint our grief for thee;  
Sighs are but bubbles on the sea  
Of our unfathomed agony,  
Casa Wappy!

From the other side of the world, across the broad Atlantic, is sent to us this same thought of the lost child's presence. There are poems by Pierpont and Stoddard telling of the boy who still bounded round the study-chair or ran satchelled through the street, and of the girl who was laid under marble and violets, but still was amongst the window-flowers or at the writer's side:

She'll come and climb my chair again,  
And peep my shoulders o'er;  
I hear a stifled laugh—but no;  
She cometh nevermore.

And again, there is *The Changeling*, by Mr Russell Lowell, with a new and higher light upon the same idea. It tells of a baby daughter with the lingering brightness of heaven gleaming in her hair:

She had been with us scarce a twelvemonth,  
And it hardly seemed a day,  
When a troop of wandering angels  
Stole my little daughter away. . . .  
But they left in her stead a changeling,  
A little angel child,  
That seems like her bud in full blossom,  
And smiles as she never smiled. . . .  
It lies in my little one's cradle,  
And sits in my little one's chair;  
And the light of the heaven she's gone to  
Transfigures its golden hair.

The 'bud in full blossom' is another of the notes of unison, part of the natural poetry of sorrow. Burns had given perfect expression to it long before, in the well-known lines beginning, 'Here lies a rose, a budding rose,' the last idea of which, through force of simplicity and truth, has become common property to human nature—that of the bud that 'blossoms a rose in heaven.' Another lament of the Scottish poet for his child will be remembered, and will strike home with the same simple truth of human feeling—the verses where he speaks of the dead child in the mother's lap,

When the tear trickled bright, when the short stifled  
breath  
Told how dear ye were aye to each other.

But the melancholy of his shattered career throws a shade over the poem; he sees the young life gone to the home of rest, while he is left to mourn over 'the hope and misfortune of being,' and sigh for 'this life's latest morrow.'

To return to the touching delusion of the lost child's lingering presence; we find it again in another tongue. Our German neighbours with their marvellous word-building can express all at once what it takes us six words to say; so, where we say, Poems on the Death of Children, they write on the volume *Kindertodtenlieder*. Such is the title of a posthumous collection of poems gathered from the portfolios of Rückert by his son, and bound under the tell-tale emblem of a golden figure carrying an inverted torch, and with face more peaceful than sad. The

German poet, grieving for his own two children, makes a human harmony with the thought of England and of the New World. Here again is the inseparable presence :

Where the evening winds are bending the flowering  
meadow-grass,  
I see thy hair free-floating, waving and dancing, pass ;  
And where to the babbling waves the sedgy shore-line  
dips,  
I hear the gentle lisping of thy sweet and loving lips.

And again, where he rings changes upon the same words :

By day thou art a shadow,  
A light in the night thou art ;  
Thou livest still in my sorrow,  
Thou diest not in my heart.

Where my tent is, thou dost follow,  
Sent ever before my sight ;  
All day thou art my shadow,  
And in the night my light.

Where I seek thee, all things borrow  
Of thyself some trace or part ;  
Thou livest still in my sorrow,  
Thou diest not in my heart.

These lines remind us of another of the beautiful thoughts that, by occurring to many poets, prove an origin very deep in our nature. It is the thought of the lost child as of a light. Thus, a voice from the New World exclaims : 'Thou bright and star-like spirit !' In England, 'Casa Wappy' is called upon to be a star smiling above death. And in France, still more beautifully, the little one that is gone becomes the star of life. 'The child shines always, whether living or whether fallen asleep,' says Victor Hugo. And he goes on to explain that in this world, where we all need help so much, the living child illumines duty for the mother's heart, but the dead child unveils truth as she looks upward : 'here, it is but a torch ; above, it is a star.'

We may note an original thought of the same poet in lines written upon the slab of a little grave beside the sea. After marking the distinctive features of the scene—the old church, the mossy stones, the lizard on the wall, the dark woods, the cry of birds, the insects 'murmuring unspeakable things,' the noise of winds and waves in 'the stormy hymn, the endless chorus,' he tells the meaning of his poem in its last lines :

Nature, where all returns that Nature gave,  
Leaves, nests, and branches where the hushed winds  
sleep,  
Breathe not a sound ; keep stillness round this grave ;  
Let the child slumber, and the mother weep.

Now, let us turn to another of the leading thoughts uttered in unison from many nations. It is the coming of the angels. A Dutch writer, Dirk Smits, joins with the melancholy which pervades most of his country's best poetry, a new and bright idea—that of the pearl and the shell. Longfellow has translated the Dutch verses :

A host of angels flying,  
Through cloudless skies impelled,  
Upon the earth beheld  
A pearl of beauty lying,  
Worthy to glitter bright  
In heaven's vast halls of light.

They spread their pinions o'er it . . .  
And then on high they bore it,  
Where glory has its birth ;  
But left the shell on earth.

Longfellow himself shows the flight of angels in his *Golden Legend*, when Elsie describes how little Gertrude ceased breathing and no more, how her eyes were like faded violets, how the skies looked in through the window,

And the wind was like the sound of wings,  
As if angels came to bear her away.

In his translation from the French of Jean Reboul is the same familiar idea. The radiant angel bends over the cradle and sees, himself reflected there ; and no shadow is to be cast upon the house, where for this pure life the fairest day was the last.

We turn to Germany, and find the angels there again coming for the child. This time it is Uhland that speaks, with clear voice full of home-tones and of sympathy. Uhland's *Serenade* has a title that contains a sad and sweet surprise. The sick child asks the mother what is the music in the night. The mother cannot hear anything ; but while she listens in vain, the child whispers : 'It is a choir of angels ! Mother, good-night !' and is gone with the heavenly serenaders.

Another beautiful thought that has sprung up in many places is that of the changed relations of the parent and the child. Especially in the poetry of America there are various examples of the thought, which Lowell best expresses :

How changed, dear friend, are thy part and thy child's !  
Thou art the nursing now ; he watches thee  
Slow learning one by one the secret things  
Which are to him used sights of every day ;  
He smiles to see thy wondering glances con  
The grass and pebbles of the spirit world.

It is true that there is a first season of sorrow, when it is hard to see and realise this many-sided vision, to which all hearts respond, and which we have called the Angel and the Child. Fresh tears blind the eyes ; visible and palpable things, the small details of the great grief, hurt like commonplace thorns, through the golden tissue of brightness that ought to veil this sorrow. The mother sees again the strange whiteness of the face she loved ; her arms are round the child in death as they were in the first bliss of maternity—a type of her immutable love. There is no comforting her with human comforts, and human language is folly. She is out alone with her child in an untrodden region : to speak to her is to shout to the stars, or to dip a hand towards the depth of the sea. Leave her to the great mystery of a sorrow that none beside can comprehend ; a light not of earth will show her path in the unknown land ; and a Voice, better than the murmuring of poets, will not fail her in her need. But there will come a time of peace, when all beautiful thoughts and all tender sympathies of human hearts will gather without haste or intrusion like a kindly halo about the bright sorrow, that lies farther and farther back in memory. And of all these gentle words that have drifted to us from the wide world of poetry, perhaps the German poet Uhland has said the one that may come earliest to a sad heart, and that, if the briefest, is the wisest. Only four lines he wrote of a child that an angel



came for, but one of the four says all the heart can say :

With gentle tread thou didst come and go,  
A fleeting guest in our earthly land.  
Ah! whence and whither? We only know—  
Out of God's Hand, into God's Hand.

### WITHIN AN INCH OF MY LIFE.

DURING the earlier years of my medico-military career, I was selected as the assistant-surgeon of the Army Lunatic Asylum then established in one of the eastern counties of England. At the time of the appointment, I was given to understand that it was one which paid a high compliment to my professional abilities, and was bestowed as a reward for good services done; but as I did not see it quite in the same light, I went and interviewed the chief who had thought so much more of me than I did of myself.

'Sir,' said I, 'some men are born to honours, others have honours thrust upon them; the latter is my case. I don't understand one bit about the treatment moral or medical of the insane. I never saw but one madman in my life, and he, I verily believe, was more knave than fool; and I can't help thinking that if you send me to the Asylum, you are sending the round man to fit into the square hole.'

'That is not of the slightest consequence,' answered he whom I was addressing, in the richest of brogues; 'not the layste in loife. Round or square, the hole will suit ye to a t; and if so be that ye don't know anything consarnin lunatics, whoy, the sooner ye larn the bether. Ye'll be plazed to jine widout delay. Good-morning.' So he bowed me out; and I, having a wholesome dread of the powers that were, 'jined' forthwith.

It is one of Shakspeare's wise sayings, that 'Use doth breed a habit in a man.' Before there had passed away many weeks of my sojourn with the demented officers and men of Queen Victoria's land forces, I found myself highly interested with their pretty and well-cared-for home, running pleasantly in the groove I had so much objected to, and getting rid for ever and a day of that repugnance which every outsider naturally enough entertains when brought into contact with the denizens of a madhouse. With a passkey which was an open sesame to every lock in the establishment, I was accustomed to wander over it unattended either by the 'keeper' or the orderlies; and never was I molested or spoken to threateningly save once, and that upon the occasion I have elected to name 'Within an Inch of my Life.'

In the afternoons, when the patients were not indoors, it was my practice to go through every part of the building, inspecting it sanitarily. I was doing so as usual upon a certain winter's day, when, at a curve of a corridor, I came suddenly upon a patient leaning gloomily against one of the pillars. He was a private soldier of the 45th or Sherwood Foresters—a recent admission, and whose phase of insanity was somewhat

puzzling the head-surgeon and myself. Without entering upon details, I shall merely say that we had doubts upon his case, and had recommended his removal from the Asylum to the care of his friends. Meantime, however, he was to be closely watched, and no garden-tools or other implements put into his hands. How he had managed to elude the vigilance of the orderly under whose surveillance he had been placed, and to be where I met him, was one of the things I never understood. But so it was.

When he saw me, his melancholic demeanour ceased; he advanced with rapid strides towards me, and I saw at a glance that he meant mischief of some sort or other; for every muscle of his body was trembling with passion, and on every feature of his face was pictured that of a demon. I confess that fear came over me. What was this maniac going to do? But to show apprehension would be fatal, so I faced him boldly, and exclaimed: 'Hollo, Mathews! what are you doing here? Why are you 'not in the airing-grounds with the others?'

He turned a wild and flashing eye upon me, and glared like a wild beast. Then he howled out, rather than said: 'Let me out of this!'

'What do you mean?' I replied, resolving if possible to gain time, and trusting that presently an orderly might pass, and relieve me from the terrible dilemma in which I stood.

'Let me out!' he repeated. 'I have been too long in this vile place. I want to rejoin my regiment; to see my poor old mother, and Mary, my sweetheart. Why am I here? I am not mad like the others. God knows that; so do you. But if I am kept much longer, I shall be stark-staring mad. Let me out, I say!'

He was now boiling over with frenzy. 'Still I kept my ground. 'Mathews,' I said, 'I know that you are not mad; so listen a moment. How can I let you out? I am not the head-doctor. I can't act without his orders. Your removal has been recommended by him. I'll go and consult him now.'

'No; you won't, indeed.'

'Well, I can't release you. It would be as much as my commission is worth to connive at your escape. I should be tried by court-martial, and cashiered, if not worse. That you must be aware of.'

'That's no matter to me. I'll make you! See this!' He opened the loose gray pea-jacket he wore, and, to my horror, took from within it a round paving-stone of some pounds in weight, such as the courtyard of the building was paved with. How he had managed to obtain and to secrete it, was another mystery.

A cold perspiration broke out upon me. My life seemed to be hanging by the slenderest of threads. I had no means of defence; the rules prevented my taking into the interior of the Asylum even a walking-stick; and man to man, the maniac was taller and stronger than I.

The soldier raised the stone in his uplifted hands, and held it over my head, which was protected only by my regulation forage-cap. I expected every instant that I should be crushed beneath it; but still the man seemed irresolute to strike. Then, while, Damocles-like, the missile hung above me, a sudden idea flashed across my mind: 'What if I try to dodge him?'

'Put down that stone!' I cried out.

'Let me out, then!' he answered.

'Put down that stone, and I will. But first declare that you will tell no one who did it or how it was done.'

'Doctor, I swear!' And then, to my inexplicable relief, he lowered his raised hands.

I looked round once again, really to spy if any official was in sight; but in such a sly, covert way as to make Mathews believe that I feared an eavesdropper.

'You know the locality outside the barracks?'

'Yes. I was stationed here some years ago with my regiment.'

'Well, this door' (pointing to one which was close to us) 'leads down a very short passage to another exit opening on to the Denes.'

He was now all ears—every nerve strained to hear what I had to tell him.

'Here, take this key.' I put into his stretched-out hand one that I happened to have in my pocket; I forget to what it belonged, but I knew that it would fit no lock inside the Asylum. He grasped it eagerly, and at the same time dashed the paving-stone on the floor.

'What then, sir?' he asked in less excited tones.

'This. With my passkey I shall let you into the passage. Grope your way for a yard or two down; feel for the lock of the outer door; open it with this key, and—escape.'

'You will tell no one that I am gone—take no steps to have me caught? Remember this: if I am brought back, I'll murder you!'

'Mathews! if you escape by the method I have pointed out, no one shall know it.'

'You are the soldier's friend!' he replied. 'Let me shake hands with you, sir.'

I did not feel happy when I found my palm wrung within his; but I quickly opened the door alluded to; and without the least shadow of suspicion, he entered immediately. Once he was fairly in, I pulled it to with a bang which shook the very walls. He was inclosed in a bath-room.

The strain of excitement over, reaction came on. I felt sick and faint, and knew no more until I saw one of the officials and my servant stooping over me. The former, going his rounds, had found me lying on the floor; and as soon as I came to my senses, I told them what had happened; and steps were taken to have Mathews so watched that in future paving-stones would never again be in his possession. I took care also never again to perambulate the Asylum without my orderly escort.

#### TO YOUNG MISTRESSES.

IN an article on the Domestic-servant Difficulty (No. 961), it was advocated that we should endeavour to establish training-schools for domestic servants, as a remedy to meet the difficulty; and a very good recommendation it was, but one, unfortunately, not likely to meet present needs, as between the sowing and the reaping there must of necessity be a certain length of time spent in weary watching and hoping for the fruits to come. We propose, therefore, to offer a few suggestions that may be of use to

those who are in the meantime struggling in the domestic slough of despond. What we have to say will have at least this merit—it will not be theoretical, but the result of practical experience.

The first thing to do, then, is to organise a system of work and division of labour for your own particular needs that shall in itself be an education, and make your home a good training-school for your servants.

'That does not sound encouraging,' some will say. 'That is just what we want to avoid. We know little or nothing of housekeeping. What we want, and are willing to pay for, are servants who understand their work, and will spare us the trouble of supervision.'

In that answer, lies the root of most of the mischief. Improvement must begin at the head. If we are to have training-schools for domestic servants, the servants may very well say there ought to be a training-school for mistresses. To rule well is even more difficult than to serve well; and yet how few give the subject a moment's thought! We lay it down, therefore, as a law, that every woman who has a house to govern should know what the duties are of every one she employs, how to do them, and when to do them. Unless she does, she will never be really mistress in her own house. 'Knowledge is power' in this case, as in every other; and the servant who really does know her work, very soon detects whether her mistress has any knowledge of the same or not, and becomes master of the situation in a very literal manner, where she finds her mistress is ignorant.

The first thing, therefore, that we recommend to those who are anxious and troubled on the subject is: Make yourself acquainted thoroughly with the requirements of your particular household; review your forces; see exactly what you can afford to spend on the employment of labour. Having ascertained how many—or rather how few—servants you can keep, study the duties of each servant so far that they will not be able to detect any ignorance in you of their duties, and then you are in a position to command. 'Ah, but what trouble!' some will exclaim. It may be a little trouble at first; but it will well repay you in the end. Never accept a position of moral inferiority in your own house, which the indolent woman must always hold. Emerson says very truly, 'Character cannot be hid;' and servants are not slow to recognise the mistress who knows, from the one who does not.

But having conquered this preliminary difficulty, it remains to reduce it to practice. We are not advocating that mistresses should turn servants, and *do* the work, as so many do, to their cost; for the more 'missus does,' the more very often will the servant leave undone. What we urge is, that the mistress shall know how and when everything should be done, so that in the first

place she can instruct, and, in the second, correct, if her orders be not carried out. To assist in this, and lessen labour to herself, she should write out each servant's duties into a small book kept for the purpose, together with the rules she wishes observed in her household. From this she can draw up each particular servant's work for every hour, which should be clearly written out on a large card. On this card should be written also the rules of the house which a servant is expected to observe. This should be given to the servant on entering her situation; and when engaging a servant, read over these duties to her, and ask her if she be ready to undertake them. Thus will be saved one fruitful source of altercation in the future between mistress and maid, when the latter turns round and declines to do what is asked of her on the grounds that she did not 'engage to do it.'

The saving of time and temper to both mistress and servant in such a system is obvious. We have known new servants settle down to work noiselessly and comfortably under this method; and in a few days the work of the house has gone on as regularly as if they had been years in the situation. This is always supposing they know something of their work, to begin with.

To help those who have never tried this plan with some idea how to start it, we must, for example's sake, particularise the household of a professional or business man who has a limited income. It is on such families that the pressure of irregularity and incompetence in their servants falls most heavily. The rich make many friends, and among them servants are found faithful, because servants have their ambition to rise in life like the rest of the world. This, with the hope of getting some time into a high family, makes them think it a condescension to work for those who are not rich. We remember one little parlour-maid who boasted that she had waited table on Mr Gladstone, and thought it a certificate of competence, which unfortunately it did not prove. This is merely to hint at one reason underlying the difficulty middle-class ladies find in getting good servants, and one they must bear in mind.

We will suppose, then, that the lady we address keeps from two to four servants, according to the size of her house and the requirements of her family. The mainstay of the house is the cook. Let us instance her duties. It is essential she should be an early riser. Remember, we are dealing with her as the mainspring of family comfort. In the cook's book, therefore, against the time half-past six should be written that she is expected to be out of her bedroom by that hour. The kitchen fire alight shortly after, insures hot water, cleaned steps, and an early breakfast to the master, who, being a professional or business man, may require to be at work by nine o'clock. What is required of the cook is equally required of all servants in the matter of early rising; for this reason—servants look upon situations but as stepping-stones to marriage. It is the truest kindness, therefore, in a mistress so to train her servants that they may not be spoiled by an 'easy place'—the advertised sop to so many—for the very hard one of matrimony in their sphere.

To return, however, to the cook's duties. Where she and the housemaid divide the work of the house between them, it should be required of cook to attend to the hall and dining-room before breakfast. While she is doing the latter, the housemaid is sweeping the stairs, which should be finished by the time the cook is ready to do the hall. Then the housemaid should go into the dining-room—which the cook was sweeping while the housemaid was doing the stairs—and dust it; after which she lays the breakfast-table, while the cook goes down and prepares breakfast. Thus the morning's work is done without waste of time or clashing of duties; and as a specified time is named for breakfast—eight or half-past eight o'clock—it is very certain the servants can have no time to yawn or gossip. When the family are breakfasting, the servants can do the same. Half an hour is ample for this and every meal. Much time is wasted by servants gossiping over their meals. The kitchen should be clear for the cook to tidy up her hearth at nine o'clock. The housemaid should take the drawing-room on her way up-stairs to the bedrooms, devoting a certain time to dusting, &c., while the cook clears away breakfast. By ten o'clock the kitchen should be ready for the mistress to go down and give the orders for the day and inspect the larder. A mistress should never allow a servant to come into her presence in a dirty condition; it is the first step towards that familiarity which breeds contempt. Never let a mistress be afraid of insisting upon that respect which her position demands. In turn, she can point out that every rank in life has its own peculiar dignity, and that no one is more worthy of respect than a good servant, one who really knows her place.

Having given her orders for the day, the mistress leaves the cook to carry on the morning's work, which should be over by twelve o'clock, to allow of her beginning to prepare for the early dinner. We are supposing the family to be one where two servants divide the labour between them. In addition, then, to the ordinary duties, every day in the week should have some particular duty—certain rooms or certain articles that require special cleaning. It is the cook's duty in a small family to keep the servants' bedroom sweet and clean. This may be done by having it scrubbed weekly with carbolic soap. A bath should be in every servants' bedroom, and every mistress should require it as one of the duties and rules of her house that her servants periodically avail themselves of it, which can always be done by their retiring to their bedrooms in turn half an hour earlier than the hour named for their going to bed. A mistress should avoid as much as possible disturbing the routine of the cook's day by sending her out, unless it may be on such a morning when there may be no very great press of work. The cook should wash all the kitchen cloths and dusters, and for this a morning should be reserved. Her kitchen should be cleaned out say upon every Wednesday and Saturday, also the larder; although we have known of some cooks so naturally clean and methodical that their kitchen never looked untidy, nor their boards dirty with only one scrubbing a week; but then they were of the class of 'invaluables,' that marry from your house, and are the comfort of some poor man's heart and

home. We have felt for such women that they were sisters and friends.

It is the cook's place to clean the dining-room; and as, where the breakfast is very early, this cannot always be fully done before breakfast, it is always well, for cleanliness' sake, to give it up for an hour or so one morning in every week.

At half-past one there is the early dinner. Every housemaid who waits at table should be dressed by one o'clock, to come and lay the cloth for luncheon or early dinner, as the case may be. A good housemaid can always get her rooms done—three bedrooms, say—and clean one other room thoroughly, by a quarter to one. But to do this she must work heartily; there must be no gaping out of the window and crawling through her sweeping. The thing is to time her. Say what you expect done, and don't be afraid of exacting the above amount from a strong healthy girl. Always bear in mind that if they have to work hard in service, they would have to work harder at home, for then they would have to cook and clean, mend and make, nurse, sweep; do everything, in fact, unless they would live in squalor and rags. The husband of the pampered domestic is the man who is oftenest found at the public-house.

After the early dinner, there is no need to be particular in marking out the hours as in the morning. Leave the servants a certain amount of leisure in the afternoon, which they will have earned if they have worked well during the morning. There will be bells to answer for the parlour-maid. While on the subject of bells, make it a rule that the cook answers all morning door-bells while the housemaid is at work upstairs. Exact punctuality in the serving of late dinner, if you can get it, and insist on things being nicely served. Servants as a rule give what mistresses accept. It is no more trouble to serve a dish elegantly than to send it up untidily. This every mistress must teach her cook—the missus's ways, as they are called; and the nicer your 'ways' are, the better they will think of you.

Mistresses who require their servants to rise early and work well should allow them to go to bed early. They should be in their rooms by ten or, at latest, half-past ten. Never refuse a reasonable request for leisure or an outing. Above all, lighten labour on Sundays, by having an early dinner, and do not exact 'washing-up' of plates and dishes until Monday morning. Instruct them to pack the articles away neatly until the next day.

Endeavour as much as possible to concentrate the labour among as few servants as you can do with. If the mistress does any part of the housework herself, let it be to save keeping a servant, not to help those she has. The more you do in the way of help, the worse very often you are served. Let your servants understand that you also have your duties, and that your object in employing them is to enable you to carry on your work in comfort. So much have young women been spoiled by this system of auxiliary labour, that one cook who came to be engaged asked who was to fill her kitchen scuttle, as she would not do it for herself. Mistresses must unite in the interest of the servants themselves, as much as their own, to put down this sort of thing, for at last the demands have become so

insolent, that, as a bright little maid of ours once expressed it, 'They're all wanting places where the work is put out.'

And if, when you have done all that justice and kindness dictate, they requite you with ingratitude, and make capital out of your instruction to go elsewhere and get higher wages—as the majority of them will most surely do—don't be discouraged. Look upon your labour as a sort of 'home mission,' and 'do good, hoping for nothing again.' You will at least have the satisfaction of knowing that you have sent a fellow-creature on her way all the better for having known you.

On the vexed question of 'visitors,' we tell them, 'that when we stay in a lady's house, we cannot ask visitors without an invitation from our hostess, and we say: We wish you to observe the same courtesy towards us. When we think it advisable, we will tell you to invite your friends, but we reserve to ourselves the right to issue the invitation; and if your friends come to see you, we expect that you shall ask our permission if you may receive them.' We have found this to answer.

As these hints are mostly to help the young and troubled housekeeper, we will not conclude without telling them of an excellent book we have lately met with which they will find helpful in teaching them how to arrange for a small dinner-party, and how to instruct a young servant in waiting at table. Who cannot recall some unlucky dinner they gave in their young days of inexperience in housekeeping when everything seemed to go wrong, and they could not tell how to set it right—when the stupid maid put jam on with the cheese, and handed round cucumber with the soup, although when you engaged her she declared she could wait at table! And oh! what anguish when the cutlets you ordered as an *entrée* turn out to be coarse untrimmed chops, and the soup an unknown but drumly compound. And there sat your husband's bachelor-friend at table; and this was the first little dinner that you had given after your marriage! It was such a failure that you almost wished you had never married at all! These are no mythical worries; and any one who helps the young wife over them is a benefactor, such as Mrs Henry Reeve, who has just written a book on *Cookery and Housekeeping* (London: Longmans) that ought to be in every young wife's *trousseau*. If she be rich, it will tell her how to entertain her friends in the best style; and if her means be limited, it provides the most modest *menus* for every-day use. It gives a chapter on expenditure and the 'cost of eating' that is valuable. One plan we have pursued with success, and therefore we offer it as a parting if troublesome suggestion; but then nothing good was ever gained without a little of that ingredient. In houses where tradesmen call for orders, there should always be a system of check-books kept, and everything ordered should be entered by the boy or man who calls for orders into this home check-book, which can then be compared with the tradesmen's books at the end of the week.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fourth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No. 1021.—Vol. XX.

SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1883.

PRICE 1½d.

## THE CHARM OF FICTION.

WHEN Lord Beaconsfield's Madame Phœbus expresses her belief that nothing in the newspapers is ever true, her sister adds: 'And that is why they are so popular, the taste of the age being so decidedly for fiction.' So decidedly, indeed, that we wonder a Society for the Suppression of Fiction has not been started by those who deem romance-reading to be a vile, pernicious indulgence. Perhaps the Gradgrinds are in the right. It may be foolish, it may be wrong, to waste one's sympathy on the joys and sorrows of imaginary heroes and heroines; but those who do so have the consolation of sinning in an admirable company of poets, priests, and philosophers; of men who write history, and men who make it.

Little though we know about him, we know that Shakspeare read the romances of his time, and turned his reading to account, much to the world's profit. Byron enjoyed anything in the shape of a story without regard to its literary merit. Coleridge detested 'fashionable' novels; but he heartily admired the robust productions of Marryat and the author of *Tom Cringle's Log*. Crabbe was not at all particular as to style or subject, and rarely let a day pass without devoting an hour or two to novel-reading. Leigh Hunt, too, owns to a gluttonous appetite of the same kind, his taste being so catholic, that he goes into raptures over the exquisite refinement of heart exhibited in the Chinese novel *In-Kiao-Li*, when sending it to his friend Dr Southwood Smith, winding up his eulogium with: 'The notes marked T. C. are by Carlyle, to whom I lent it once, and who read it with delight.'

Gray, who was fond of novels, thus wrote of them: 'However the exaltedness of some minds—or rather, as I shrewdly suspect, their insipidity and want of feeling or observation—may make them insensible to these light things, I mean such as paint and characterise nature, yet surely they are as weighty, and much more useful than your grave discourses upon the mind and

the passions, and what not.' Cowper held novelists to be writers of drivelling folly; but even he confessed that the *Arabian Nights* afforded himself and Lady Hesketh a fund of merriment, never to be forgotten.

Writing in her old age, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu tells her daughter, she is reading an idle tale; not expecting wit or truth in it, but thankful it is not metaphysics, to puzzle her judgment, or history, to mislead her opinion. Mrs Thrale's daughter liked her judgment to be puzzled, loving metaphysical works better than romances. Dr Johnson pronounced her choice as laudable as it was uncommon, but would have had her like what was good in both. Johnson himself, in this matter, preached as he practised.

Although the Prince Consort declared he should be sorry that his son should look upon the reading of a novel, even one of Scott's, as a day's work, yet he thought his tutor should allow him to read a good novel, as an indulgence. For himself, novels of character, rather than incident, had an irresistible charm. The early masterpieces of George Eliot took great hold of Prince Albert's imagination and memory, and he delighted in quoting Mrs Poyser, whenever apt occasion offered. So highly did he appreciate *Adam Bede*, that he sent a copy to Baron Stockman. 'It will amuse you,' wrote the Prince, 'by the fullness and variety of its studies of human character. By this study, your favourite one, I find myself every day more and more attracted.' After reading Charles Kingsley's *Two Years Ago*, the Prince wrote to his daughter the Princess Victoria: 'The poet is only great by reason that he is great as a philosopher. *Two Years Ago*, a book which you, I think, have read, has given me great pleasure, by its profound knowledge of human nature, and insight into the relation between man, his actions, his destiny, and God.'

Many statesmen and politicians have wooed and won forgetfulness of public cares in the pages of a novel. Fox, Burke, and Canning loved fiction wisely and well. Guizot acknowledged to a



weakness for novel-reading, preferring above all others the stories written by Englishwomen, and comparing Miss Austen and her successors to the galaxy of dramatic poets of the great Athenian age; while Sir William Molesworth found foreign novels more to his liking, and was never tired of perusing them. Fenimore Cooper's imaginative portrayals of Indian life had a never-fading charm for President Adams; while Daniel Webster was all for Charles Dickens, and enthusiastically told his countrymen that his favourite author had wrought more good in England than all the statesmen Great Britain had sent into parliament.

Even novelists themselves have been keen devourers of works of fiction, not for the sake of gathering hints therefrom, but out of pure love for such reading. Scott could not leave a word unread of a book with a story in it; he was a devout worshipper of Miss Edgeworth; and declared Jane Austen's talent for describing the involvement, and feelings, and characters of ordinary life, was the most wonderful thing he ever met with. He could, he said, 'do the big bow-wow business himself with any one; but the exquisite touch which rendered commonplace things and commonplace characters interesting was beyond his powers.' Washington Irving deprived his nights of sleeplessness of their tediousness by the aid of Anthony Trollope. Miss Mitford never lost her love for the romances of her youth. As a boy, Dickens revelled in *Gil Blas* and *Don Quixote*; and in his manhood he read Hawthorne with delight, and had plenty of praise for George Eliot.

Mrs Radcliffe and Miss Porter were the beloved romancers of Thackeray's young days. 'O *Scottish Chiefs*,' exclaims he, 'did we not weep over you? O *Mysteries of Udolpho*, didn't I and Briggs Minor draw pictures of you?' Smollett and Fielding were so much to Thackeray's mind, that he held even their imitators dear; but his love for bygone novels did not prevent him appreciating those of his contemporaries. He pronounced the production of the *Christmas Carol* to be not only a personal kindness to every man and woman reading it, but a national benefit; a compliment Octave Feuillet would not have deemed at all extravagant, holding as he did that good novels and pure novels went hand in hand in the history of nations; a good novel often exercising the functions of a literary thunderstorm, clearing the atmosphere of noxious vapours, and turning the thoughts of a misguided people into better channels. No wonder the enthusiastic Frenchman pitied the young ladies of ancient days, and thought they must have had a dull time of it, with only the hexameters of Virgil and Ovid to satisfy their craving for literary recreation. Yet there are people who think the writing of a novel something of which a man should be ashamed. 'Haven't you written a novel?' asked a Taunton voter of the opponent of a newly-appointed official, eliciting the stinging reply: 'I hope there is no disgrace in having written that which has been read by thousands

of my fellow-countrymen, and which has been translated into every European language. I trust that one who is an author by the gift of nature, may be as good a man as, one who is Master of the Mint by the gift of Lord Melbourne.' What manner of novels the author of *Vivian Grey* wrote is known to most.

Literary preferences, like love preferences, are unexplainable. We like because we like. Macaulay's biographer says of him that the day on which he detected, in the dark recesses of a Holborn bookstall, some trumpery romance that had been in the Cambridge circulating library in the year 1820, was a date marked with a white stone in his calendar. He exulted over the discovery of a wretched novel called *Conscience*, which he owned to be execrable, as triumphantly as if it had been a first folio edition of Shakspeare with an inch and a half of margin. 'Why is it?' he asks in his Diary, 'that I can read twenty times over the trash of —, and that I cannot read Bulwer's works? It is odd; but of all writers of fiction who possess any talent at all, Bulwer, with very distinguished talent, amuses me least.' Bulwer, however, conquered him once, for he sets down: 'On my journey through the Pontine Marshes, I finished Bulwer's *Alice*. It affected me much, and in a way which I have not been affected by novels these many years. Indeed, I generally avoid all novels which are said to have much pathos. The suffering which they produce is to me a very real suffering, and of that I have quite enough without them.' Theodore Hook relished nothing better with his wine than novels of a serious cast; and was so fond of *Gil Blas*, that he made a point of reading it every year. He would cross-examine Sir Henry Holland's children in the most minute details respecting Sir Charles Grandison and Miss Byron, and could have done the same with regard to the *Pride and Prejudice* series, of which he said there were no compositions in the world approaching so near to perfection; a eulogium. Whately and Whewell would readily have indorsed.

Bishop Thirlwall's greatest pleasure was reading a novel in an open carriage while travelling. Dr Hook was ready to read one anywhere and under any conditions. Mackintosh soothed himself 'before court' and refreshed himself after it by reading *The Old Manor House*; and so dreaded arriving at the end of De Staël's *Corinne*, that he prolonged his enjoyment by swallowing it slowly, that he might taste every drop. Sir William Hamilton preferred novels of the Radcliffe type; while Mary Somerville in the sunset of life spent her evenings over conversational stories, 'her tragic days being over;' in accordance with Mr Froude's dictum, that as we grow old, the love-agonies of the Fredericks and Dorotheas cease to be absorbing, as the possibilities of such excitements for ourselves have set below the horizon, and painful experience of the realities of weekly bills and rent-day induce us to take the parental view of the situation. 'A novel which can amuse us in middle life,' he says, 'must represent such sentiments, such actions, and such casualties as we encounter after we have cut our wise-teeth, and have become ourselves actors in the practical

drama of existence. The taste for romance is the first to disappear. Truth alone permanently pleases; and works of fiction which claim a place in literature must introduce us to characters and situations which we recognise as familiar.'

But Mr Froude notwithstanding, it is not only young imaginations that yield to the beguilements of romance. Eldon was as interested in sentimental stories when he had gained the goal of his ambition, as when he was young enough and romantic enough to compass a runaway marriage. To the last, Romilly delighted in the romances of Charlotte Smith. Jeffrey was well on in years when he cried over Paul Dombey's death, blessed Paul's creator for the purifying tears he shed, and declared he had been in love with him 'ever since Little Nell,' and did not care who knew it. Nor was Daniel O'Connell a callow youth when he vowed never to forgive Dickens for killing the heroine of the *Old Curiosity Shop*. It must, however, be conceded that Dickens possessed a power of raising a personal attachment for his characters that was unique.

# ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOT.

## CHAPTER XXIX.—'SISTER, DEAR SISTER.'

It was not long after breakfast at Leominster House—a stiff, ceremonious meal, in that cold London palace—had been concluded, that a tiny note was handed to its mistress. She took the note and read it, and then bit her red lip sharply, and frowned, and seemed to hesitate, crushing meanwhile the tiny missive in her hand. Lady Barbara drew herself up until an extra inch seemed to be added to her tall stature, and looked austere inquisitive. But the young lady was no daughter or ward who could be questioned; so that when, as presently happened, she left the room without a word of explanation as to her correspondent or her evident change of mood, the aunt of the late Wilfred was perforce silent.

The younger lady went to what was called 'My Lady's' room, up-stairs, a bright little apartment enough, all silk and lace and gold and pearly white, more cheerful than any other room in that gloomy mansion. She rang the bell sharply twice, and it was not long before her favourite maid appeared, responsive to the summons. 'Pinnett,' said she, almost eagerly, 'I am expecting a visit—a visit from my sister. When Miss Carew arrives, which will be very soon, give orders that she shall be shown straight up here, and not on any account into the reception rooms, where Lady Barbara now is. You understand?'

'Yes, My Lady.' That was all that the obedient abigail said, as deferentially she slipped out of the door to execute the bidding of her mistress.

Left alone, she spread out, and for the third time perused the crumpled note. These were its contents:

DEAR, DEAR SISTER—I am coming to see you. I will come this morning, soon after you have this note. I would not come without writing to tell you. You might wish to deny me admittance; but I hope you will receive me. Can you see me alone? I hope I may come to you.—Your loving Sister.

Again the letter was clenched white hand, as if with quick steps, there was a frown on her face, as if it had been robbed of half its claim again and again in the space of the moment.

'I was a fool—yes, that I would see her!' and already her grasp bell. But second thought checked the impulse. 'No,' she added, a counter-order now. She paced the room again, step of some wild animal. In less than a quarter of an hour, the door was thrown open, and 'Miss The door shut noiselessly forward, with arms extended and quivering lips. 'Sister, O dear sister, I have so much to tell you.'

There was no relenting that met hers. The sister recoiled a little, taking her hands held out to her; up, and, with a hard 'Why have you come to me?'

'I was so lonely, and I thought you also must miss me in solitary in the midst of the world as at Pagan's house if have loved you all the while, and in spite of the sorrow, and in spite of the to ask if you would see me, that, if we two could meet again and—'

'Well, you have chosen you have from me?' was

'First, and most of all heart,' replied the visitor in a tone as before. 'I want to win her back to me, as if poor forsaken Carew.'

angry, dearest—I want mine shall freely be shown my own name, my own status back to me, if not for my sister's love. Listen, then—'

'You have lawyers, I was the angry rejoinder or what you can. Why?'

It was a strange interview, save on one side, no sisterly affection. There common and conventional. Both must have felt the momentous for mere maintenance standing, the House with one jewelled her face pale, hard, and defends a position stubbornly. In front of her, but at the beautiful suppliant, if in hope to see some fair face that was so like—'

The visitor paused for again. 'Do you know, in a voice so sweet, so momentary quiver passed set lips, 'that there was—'

in our childish days, I was tempted to give up all to you, like some plaything, cheaply yielded up for the joy of a smile and a kind word. But, sister, it would have been wrong. I am no child now; and then there is the memory of my dead husband, of him to whom I owed all, to forbid a tame and cowardly surrender of the rights he left me and the name that I should bear. It is the thought of Wilfred, more than all, that nerves me for a struggle which— But, sister, must it come to this, or may I yet hope that you will turn to me, nay, to your own sweet self, to your own better, truer nature, once again, and'—

'Take your own course. My mind is quite made up. Words are wasted upon me,' interrupted the other feverishly.

'There is something so unnatural,' pleaded the visitor, more sadly than before, 'something so strange and shocking, in a contest between us two, between twin-sisters like ourselves; and yet such a contest must come, dear, if you will not do me right before the world, and for conscience' sake, and mine. O come back to me, darling, and let the past be as a dreadful dream, never to be named again by either of us; and do not let your poor Clare plead in vain!'

Again, it was but for an instant, the set, unyielding features of the other sister quivered, and she looked down, and seemed to be in doubt. But when she raised her haughty eyes again, there was no trace of the momentary emotion to be discerned.

'It is useless,' she said, in a cold harsh tone. 'If you had all that I possess, things dear to all, rank and power and place and worldly wealth, what I, as Lady Leominster, have at my command, would you—you—give it up, at my mere prayer?'

'If you were in the right, dear, and I were in the wrong, then most willingly would I resign all this,' was the gently uttered reply.

'Then, for all purposes, we will assume that I am in the right. Whether or not I am so, matters little,' rejoined the other, with a mocking laugh of cruel scorn, that sounded doubly bitter on young lips like hers.

The visitor started back, as from a blow. 'O sister, dear sister,' she said, sobbing, 'is it over, then? Must we two never, never more be as we were?'

It was in a voice that was less assured, and with a manner slightly softened, that she who was thus appealed to made answer: 'Miss Carew, nothing that you can say or do can alter my position. My rank is now happily recognised and—unalterable.' Then it was in a voice that had no music in its ring that she added: 'Good-bye, Miss Carew. This interview, I think, had better end.'

Slowly and sorrowfully, without a word or a glance, the visitor withdrew, descended the broad staircase, crossed the hall beneath the respectful scrutiny of the wondering servants; and then the outer doors were opened for her egress, and she passed out alone to her brougham.

In the morning-room above, as soon as the door had closed behind her sister, the young mistress of Leominster House had flung herself wildly down upon the sofa, and with her head half-buried among the cushions, almost moaned

out the words: 'Too late—too late! I wish that it had never been. But there can be no turning back upon the path I tread. Right or wrong, I must go on.'

## THE LAWS OF CHANCE.

BY W. STEADMAN ALDIS.

IN THREE PARTS.—III. LIFE AND FIRE ASSURANCE.

THE study of the Mathematical Theory of Chance has been often objected to on the ground that it familiarises the mind with games of hazard, and thereby indirectly, if not directly, promotes the practice of gambling. Those who have followed the two previous papers will be able to judge whether a man is more or less likely to indulge in ruinous play through acquaintance with the mathematical principles which govern its results. Games of hazard are not, however, the only subject to which this theory can be applied. It is the basis also of those various plans of Insurance or Assurance by which men have sought, as far as possible, to obviate the ills of some of the more disastrous changes and chances to which this mortal life is subject.

We have seen in the previous papers that if there be a lottery with one prize of twenty pounds and twenty tickets, while it would be a loss to the lottery-keeper to sell the tickets for less than a pound apiece, it is eminently disadvantageous for a purchaser of a single ticket to pay this price. The consequence of persistence in doing so is, as has been shown, very probable ruin; and as the quality of an act must be determined from the general consequence of similar acts if extensively imitated, it follows that a single purchase is a foolish proceeding. The twenty tickets, if all held in one hand, would undoubtedly be worth twenty pounds; but each ticket is no more worth one pound than a single boot whose fellow is lost is worth half the price of a pair. Supposing that twenty persons, unknown to one another, had one ticket apiece, it would be worth their while to part with them for less than a pound. If any person would take the trouble to go round to all the twenty and offer them nineteen shillings in the pound, they would be wise to accept the offer, because in all probability nineteen shillings would be more than what we have called the moral value of their expectation of the prize. It is evident thus that this collector would be a benefactor to the twenty ticket holders, and that, supposing he could gain the consent of them all, he would secure a profit of one pound to himself.

We are all of us, by the conditions of our existence, in the position of involuntary holders of such lottery-tickets as these. We are indeed in a worse position, because possibly the one pound, the price of the ticket, may represent but a very small part of the wealth of the supposed ticket-holder, and the absolute loss of it may be a matter of small consequence. Our stake consists of our health, our houses, our very lives. We are none of us absolutely certain of possessing all or any of these to-morrow, and their loss may entail ruin not only on ourselves but on our families too. If some benevolent fairy could guarantee us the use in permanence of something less than we enjoy in uncertainty, we

should esteem it a gain of much, secured by the loss of a little, and should regret the sacrifice necessary to obtain security, no more than the captain of a storm-tossed bark when safe in harbour regrets the cargo which had to be thrown overboard to enable him to get to port. The part of such a benevolent fairy is to some extent enacted by Benefit Societies and Companies formed on sound principles for assurance or insurance of men's families from the pecuniary consequences of their death, and of owners of property from loss by fire or by storm. These Societies, so to speak, will buy our lottery-tickets from us, and save us from much uncertainty and risk; while at the same time, like the collector we have supposed, they are able tolerably well to reward themselves.

The most important of these, perhaps in their actual influence, and certainly regarded as illustrating the mathematics of the subject, are, as has been frequently noted in these pages, the Societies for insuring lives; that is, Societies which, in consideration of an annual payment during the uncertain period of a man's life, undertake to pay a certain sum to his heirs after his death. The same Societies also generally undertake the converse operation of paying a fixed sum annually during the remaining years of a person's life, in consideration of money paid down now. In one case, the risk of leaving the family unprovided at the death of its head is obviated; and in the other, the risk of the person himself, or herself, being left to starvation or the workhouse after working-days are past.

The principle on which Insurance Companies base their charges to their customers is, as we have already said, that of 'likelihood,' that future events will be like those of the past. Suppose, for instance, that the lives of ten thousand people born at the same time are accurately observed, and the day of death of each noted, until the last survivor goes. The table giving the numbers of persons alive at the end of each year of age will form what is called a 'life-table;' and if the ten thousand persons be fairly representative of the population, experience proves that the rate of mortality in future throughout the whole will not differ much from that of the observed few in the past. If, then, the table tells us that of ten thousand people born at a certain time, 6090 arrive at the age of twenty, and 5642 at the age of thirty, it follows that in a population following this law of mortality, each person born has 6090 chances out of ten thousand of living until he is twenty; that is, the mathematical measure of his chance of living till the age of twenty is  $\frac{6090}{10000}$ ; while his chance of living to thirty years is measured by  $\frac{5642}{10000}$ . A person who has survived until twenty may be considered as one of the 6090 living at that age, of whom only 5642 will be alive at the age of thirty. As all the survivors have an equal chance, the measure of the chance of any one aged twenty living till he is thirty must be  $\frac{5642}{6090}$ . In a similar way, the chance of a person of any age living for any particular number of years can be determined from the table. The table also gives the number of the original ten thousand who die in each year. For instance, in the table from which the above numbers are taken, the so-called Carlisle Table, the number who die between the ages

of thirty and thirty-one, deduced by subtracting the number alive at the latter age from the number living at thirty, is fifty-seven. Thus of 6090 persons living at twenty years of age, fifty-seven die between thirty and thirty-one. The chance that any particular person living at twenty will be one of these is of course  $\frac{57}{6090}$ .

We now see how the pecuniary value of the expectation of a payment of, say, a thousand pounds at the death of a person aged twenty can be computed. The chance of the person dying in a particular year is known. The value of his expectation of payment being made *in that year* is obtained by multiplying the value of the prize, a thousand pounds, by that chance. The sum of these values for all the possible years of life makes up the total value of his expectation, or at least would do so but for one very important modifying circumstance.

This circumstance is the fact that, quite independently of the uncertainty of life, money in hand now is more valuable than the same sum of money available in a year's time. A hundred pounds usefully employed will become a hundred and five at the end of a year; and therefore a sum of money paid as a single premium to an Assurance Company to-day will warrant the payment of a larger sum at death, even if the insurer only lived a year. A very little calculation will show that the sum assigned in the last paragraph as the value of the assurer's expectation is exactly a thousand pounds. For of the persons living at twenty, *all* die at some time or other; and the sum of the chances of dying in different years is evidently therefore certainty, which is represented by unity. But the value of the expectation was obtained by multiplying this sum by a thousand pounds. An Assurance Company would in this case only have the duty of taking charge of the thousand pounds and handing it over to the assurer's representatives whenever he died; a safe operation for the Company, but not a profitable one for the assurer.

The present value of a hundred pounds due at the end of a year is obtained by diminishing it in a certain ratio depending on the rate of interest practically obtainable. The *present value*, therefore, of the expectation of receiving the thousand pounds in any given year will be smaller the farther off that year may be. It will be found by multiplying the thousand pounds by the chance of dying in that year, and diminishing this product in a ratio which depends on the rate of interest and also on the number of years before payment is expected. Suppose, for instance, that the rate of interest is three per cent. A sum due in one year's time must be diminished in the ratio of one hundred and three to one hundred to give its present value; if due in two years' time, it must be again diminished in the same ratio, and so on. Thus, the present value of the expectations of receiving the thousand pounds in any one of the successive possible years of life will evidently come to be considerably less than a thousand pounds. If this value be calculated and paid down by a large number of persons to an Assurance Company, the latter will be able to invest these premiums at good interest; and, if the lives fall in according to the rate of mortality in the table, will be able to pay a thousand pounds to the family of each immediately after death. In



order to pay working expenses and to insure themselves against risk of a run of ill-luck, the Company must, of course, charge each assurer something more than this bare mathematically exact premium; but it will still be able to accept less than the sum assured, and give each person a guarantee that, however soon he may die, his executors shall receive the whole.

Even were this all that an Assurance Company could offer, the advantage would not be despicable, though very small compared with those which they actually afford. Comparatively few persons would be able in early life to pay down the somewhat large single premium required to assure a sum at death sufficient to provide reasonably for the immediate wants of their families. Assurance Companies, accordingly, always commute this single premium in consideration of a series of smaller annual payments during the lifetime of the assurer. The 'life table' and the mathematical laws of chance enable us to calculate what the amount of this payment ought to be. The present value of the expectation of the series of annual premiums ought exactly to equal the single premium payable at once.

Suppose that the annual payment were one pound. By means of the 'life table' we know the chance of the assurer living to any given age; the future value to the Assurance Company of the expectation of this payment is obtained by multiplying the one pound by this chance. The *present* value is deduced by diminishing this product in a ratio depending as before on the rate of interest and the number of years before the payment is due. The sum of all these present values for the different years of the assurer's possible life gives the present value of an annual payment of one pound. By an easy rule-of-three sum, the payment corresponding to the single premium before determined, can be ascertained.

An Assurance Company undertakes, then, to pay a certain sum at the death of each assurer, in consideration of a comparatively small annual payment during his life. The annual premium actually paid is greater than that given by the calculations described in the preceding paragraphs, for two reasons. In the first place, the fundamental condition of the usefulness of an Assurance Society is stability. No measurable risk of failing to meet its engagements must be run. If such a Society merely charged the mathematical value of the expectations of the benefits it confers, it would incur a very serious danger of a run of ill-luck, and would probably at some epochs be actually insolvent. To reduce this risk to practical unimportance, a certain proportion mathematically calculable has to be added to each premium paid. The assurer still receives more than an equivalent for what he pays, because, as we have seen in the previous papers, it is worth while to take considerably less than the mathematical value of a contingent advantage, in order to avoid the risk of losing all. A second obvious reason for charging more than the bare premium is, that it is necessary to provide some funds for the expenses of carrying on the operations of the Society. Even pens, paper, and ink cost something; offices and competent clerks and managers cost more; and all these expenses have to be provided by the money of the assured. The more extensive the business of the Society, the less is

the 'loading,' as it is technically called, needful on these two accounts. The deviations of the actual from the theoretical mortality will be less and less the greater the number of lives with which the Company has to do, so that the risk of a run of ill-luck grows constantly smaller and smaller as the connection spreads, and at the same time the expenses of management do not proportionally increase. In this way it happens that well-managed Assurance Companies usually find that they are periodically able to return to their customers certain portions of the past premiums, either in the form of an actual cash return, a diminution of the future premium, or an increase of the sum assured at death.

The operations of an Assurance Company have thus in all respects opposite characteristics to those of betting and gambling. The latter practices are in reality injurious to both parties; the effects of insurance are beneficial both to him that gives and him that takes. Gambling aggravates the original inequalities of fortune and resources. Insurance helps to mitigate the evil effects caused by the unequal incidence of disease and death. The management of the Company affords employment and reward to those who conduct its affairs. The sum paid at the death of an assurer who has been cut off before the allotted span, has saved many families from sinking into want and distress when the breadwinner was taken away. The only person who can have any possible ground of complaint is the man who pays the premium through a long life and only leaves the same amount to his heirs as the other who died young. And yet he can hardly be said to be a loser, for, besides the constant relief from anxiety given in earlier years by the feeling that he has made a safe provision for his family in case of his death, it is by no means certain that the premiums he has paid would have amounted to more in his own hands than the Assurance Company will pay to his heirs. The Company, collecting a large number of premiums yearly, can practically keep the greater part of the money paid them constantly invested and bearing interest. The twenty or thirty pounds paid yearly, which in private hands would have lain idle and unproductive, in the hands of the Company forms part of a vast capital usefully and profitably employed. Thus even the man who lives longest and pays most premiums, will perhaps leave his heirs as well off as if he had simply put the money by for himself. If, moreover, at any time the necessity for laying money by for others to enjoy after the assurer's death should cease, it is generally possible to commute the remaining payments, and receive either a sum of money down in discharge of the Company's obligations to him, or else an annuity for the remainder of his life.

Companies which effect assurances on lives are also usually in the habit of granting annuities to last during the remainder of the life of any person, in exchange for a sum of money paid down. The principles on which the price to be paid for such an annuity should be calculated have already been explained. The advantages conferred by the granting of such annuities are not dissimilar to those of assurances on lives, though perhaps not so widely felt. There are not unfrequently persons to be found who in the course



of a laborious life have saved some money, but not enough to allow them to live on the mere interest. By purchasing an annuity for life they are practically able to consume their capital, with a certainty that it will not be exhausted before their death. The risks of many are shared together; and thus the actual loss of each is reduced to an amount which can be endured without serious harm.

We have already shown that the larger the number of lives over which the operations are spread, the less is the probability of any deviation from the normal law of mortality, and therefore the less will be the 'loading' required to prevent loss to the office. Some argument might therefore be deduced from this in favour of a scheme of compulsory national insurance, which has been lately much before the public. If the constituency were the whole nation, the risk of ruin to the Society would be small indeed. On the other hand, it must be borne in mind that the self-interest of private Companies leads them to be far more careful of details of expense; and thus probably those who desire to assure their lives can do so quite as cheaply and as safely as if all were driven into one vast national assurance office.

A word or two more may be allowed in relation to the history and construction of the life tables on which we have seen that so much depends. Setting aside a fanciful hypothesis of De Moivre's, one of the earliest life tables actually used as a basis for granting assurances and annuities was the celebrated Northampton Table. The town of Northampton was one of the first in which systematic Bills of Mortality—that is, records of the number of deaths and the ages at which they occurred—were annually compiled. Readers of Cowper's poetry are familiar with these Bills of Mortality as having given rise to some interesting and beautiful thoughts expressed in no less beautiful language. In a less poetic but more practical way they were employed by Dr Price to construct a table showing the probabilities of life. By comparing the number of deaths and births in successive years, he ascertained approximately the rate at which the population of the town was increasing. It thus became possible to estimate the population of the town for any required previous date. The mortality tables gave the number of persons dying at any particular age, as thirty, in a given year. A comparison of this number with the population of thirty years previously showed the number of persons born in that previous year who lived, exactly to the age of thirty. A series of simple rule-of-three sums gave the number of persons out of any arbitrarily chosen number, supposed born simultaneously, who would be expected to die at each successive year of age; and thus a life table, such as we have described above, was constructed.

The table so formed served for many years as the basis of the calculations of some of the most important Insurance Companies in England. It was soon found, however, that it was not a completely accurate estimate of the average duration of the assurers' lives, and that the mortality given by it was much greater than that actually experienced, especially during the early years of life. This was a less injurious error for the Companies which adopted it than an opposite one would

have proved, but in time led to the abandonment of the Northampton Table in favour of other and more accurate statistics. The probable cause of the error is interesting, as showing the manner in which religious differences affect subjects with which they appear at first sight to have no connection. The registers of births from which the table was calculated were, strictly speaking, those of the baptisms of infants at the parish churches; and from these records, the children of dissenters, and certainly of the Baptists, who do not practise infant baptism, were omitted. As this latter sect happened at that time to be very numerous at Northampton, the birth-rate as derived from the parish registers was considerably less than the actual rate. On the other hand, the registers of deaths included members of all sects; for then and there, as ever, death with equal foot knocked at the doors of palaces and the cottages of the poor. The number of deaths in comparison with that of the births was thus very much over-estimated; and the rate of increase of the population was equally under-estimated. The general effect of such an error on a table calculated as was the Northampton Table, would be to produce a larger death-rate than the actual one throughout, and to exaggerate this error in the earlier years; exactly the phenomenon exhibited.

The Northampton Table has long suffered the fate of most first steps in practical science, and given way to newer and better estimates of observed facts. The few and inaccurate records of mortality which were at the command of Dr Price have been replaced by full details given by many years' experience of Assurance Societies, and by the statistics afforded by a complete national system of registration of births and deaths. Thanks to the scientific labours of many eminent actuaries and statisticians—and among these must be specially mentioned the late Dr Farr, whose loss to its service the nation has much cause to mourn—the value of the expectation of life and health in almost every class of the kingdom may be considered as a known quantity. There is no excuse on the ground of ignorance for any Insurance Company to fail in keeping its promises, or to promise more than it can perform; and assurers may feel the utmost confidence that the expectations held out to them by well-managed and honest offices are based on data as accurate, and principles as scientific, as those which teach the sailor to use the moon and the stars to guide him on the trackless ocean, or those which enable the engineer to bind the forces of nature to his chariot, and compel to his service the resources of all the earth.

## TWICE LOST.

A TALE OF DOUBLE CONSCIOUSNESS.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

MR KEANE recommended that they should proceed as had been originally intended, taking no notice of the existence of the will. 'If it has come to the knowledge of the other side that we have found such a document, that fact will come out, and you may be able to discover whether they have any hand in its disappearance. If not,

we had better keep the secret to ourselves. Should it turn up, it will always be available. Should it be lost beyond recovery, we shall only damage our case and excite suspicion by mentioning its discovery. It is always the best policy to keep your case as far as possible unknown to the adversary, especially so unscrupulous an adversary as Mr Warren.'

After some reflection, Clinton determined to follow this advice, and to rest Eva's claim upon her legitimacy. If he should succeed in proving this, he would have gained a double advantage. Should he fail, the production of the will would at any time enable him to reopen the case; while, if it should never be forthcoming, it was better not to give rise to damaging suggestions, by relating the very extraordinary story of its disappearance.

The court was just about to sit when Clinton led Eva to a convenient seat, which he had secured for her in the immediate neighbourhood of her attorney. Mr Warren sat not far off, a look of anxiety and expectation on his countenance, which Clinton failed to interpret. 'Can he have heard?' But the case was called on; and he had no longer leisure to watch the varying expression of his enemy's face, which all the attorney's self-command could not entirely conceal. Mr Warren looked on eagerly. As matters proceeded further and further without any mention of a will, Clinton tried to catch his eye, and discover from his physiognomy some indication of what was passing in his mind; but with very little success. As the burden of proof lay on Miss Linwood's side—it being the duty of her counsel to prove the fact and the legality of her father's second marriage, failing which, Warren's claim would prevail—Clinton had to begin. When the latter rose to open his case, Warren leant forward and whispered to his counsel with an air of triumph which he could not hide. Clinton caught the look; and from that moment he was satisfied that Warren knew something, and had expected to hear something, about the will. With a view to ascertain if possible something which might serve him as a further clue, he alluded in his opening address to the probability that a will had been made; and as he did so, a shade of paleness passed over his antagonist's features. After a few words, intended rather to strike the conscience of Warren than the mind of the court, he went on to urge that the very absence of a will was proof of Mr Linwood's confidence in the validity of his marriage. It could not be supposed that he intended to leave his fortune and his daughter to the mercies of a relation who was virtually a stranger.

On this the plaintiff's counsel interposed, complaining that Mr Clinton had no right to refer to the supposed ill-will between his client and the deceased, which did not affect the case in the least.

After some sparring on this point, Clinton—who knew that his words had produced their intended effect, in making the jury feel that Warren's claim was morally a bad one—abandoned the argument, and plunged into the discussion of the real substance of his case. He related the marriage abroad, the proofs of Eva's birth—formal matter which no one disputed—and then undertook to establish the validity of the marriage. With his

arguments on this point, as we could not pretend to make them interesting or intelligible, we shall not trouble our readers. The question whether such marriages, contracted in countries permitting them, were valid in England, was to be the first decided by the judgment in this very case, and consequently Clinton had to rest his argument on general principles and analogies more or less applicable; of which he showed a profound knowledge and a thorough comprehension. Perplexing to the jury, and wearisome to the audience, his speech commanded the deep attention and admiration of the bar and the court; and when he sat down, late in the afternoon, a low hum of approval passed along the ranks of his professional brethren; and one of the leaders, turning to him, said in a low tone: 'Mr Clinton, I don't think you will save your client's fortune, but you have certainly made your own.'

The opposite counsel rose—one of the first men at the bar—and after paying a high compliment to Mr Clinton's arguments, proceeded one by one to demolish them. As he went on, Clinton became more and more uncomfortable. Doubtful as the question was, strong as were his own reasonings, he could not but feel that his adversary's were unanswerable. The court adjourned before the reply was concluded; and a second day was occupied by the remainder of the speech and by Clinton's rejoinder.

On the third morning, the judge delivered his charge. It could not, he said, be final; he should be sorry if, on so important a point, as yet undecided, the parties were satisfied without the judgment of a higher tribunal. Then, after complimenting Clinton in high terms on a display of learning and ability extraordinary in one so young—a knowledge so complete that his client could not have been in better hands—he directed the jury that the marriage was invalid, and they must find a verdict for the plaintiff.

As Clinton, having disrobed, left the court with Miss Linwood and Mrs Clavering, he passed close to where Warren was standing, in conversation with one of his junior counsel, a man known to the young barrister as one of those happily rare persons whose conduct casts a slur upon an honourable profession, and whose position at the bar was analogous to that which Warren held among solicitors. As he passed, Clinton heard this man say to Warren, with a peculiar emphasis: 'Well, they say nothing about the will; that is curious.'

'Nay,' answered Warren; 'the whole story was doubtless a drunken boast.'

'Ah, indeed; very likely,' replied the other, in that tone which conveys a sense exactly opposite to that of the words.

Clinton turned round, bowed to his antagonist, and looked the attorney straight in the eyes. Warren met the look; the barrister coloured slightly, and Clinton passed on without a word.

After leaving Eva at home that evening, he asked permission to escort Mrs Clavering to her dwelling, which was situated at no great distance; and as soon as the door had closed behind them, he opened the conversation.

'I am pretty sure that we shall lose this cause, Mrs Clavering.'

'Do you think so? But there is still the chance of an appeal left?'

'Yes. But I have mastered the arguments on both sides; I have looked at them impartially, as a lawyer should when out of court; and I feel sure that the judge's decision will be confirmed. No court will decide that any man who chooses, and is rich enough to cross over for a week to the continent, may evade the marriage law of England with impunity. I have done my best for Miss Linwood; but I doubted all along, and after hearing Serjeant Q—and Judge Y—I am convinced that Linwood's second marriage was invalid.'

'Poor Eva!'

'Ay, poor Eva! The right is on her side; for the will was undoubtedly in her favour. But we shall never find it now. I firmly believe that that villain Warren has got hold of it.'

'Do you think so? Then what becomes of Eva?'

'It is that which troubles me. I wanted to speak to you about it. Of course, if she loses this cause, she will have nothing—not even a home. Now, I know you are attached to her; but I also know—excuse me for saying so—that you cannot afford to adopt her. If my mother were living, I would ask her to take charge of Miss Linwood; as she is dead, and I have no claim on any lady's friendship, I must ask of you what I would have asked of her. If you will give Miss Linwood a home, I will provide for her. I ask you to receive her as my ward, exactly as I might, if I knew you better, ask you to receive a sister of my own, and on the same terms. I have no claims on me, and can well afford to provide for the child of one of my best and earliest friends. She is too old for school; too young to be placed under the care of total strangers. Will you do this?'

Mrs Clavering reflected. She and her husband had already anxiously considered what was to become of Miss Linwood, if her cause should be lost; and had, with deep regret, decided that they were too poor to offer her a home. This obstacle Clinton had offered to remove.

'But how can Miss Linwood accept such an obligation from you?'

'She can do nothing else. She is utterly unable to provide for herself. She must not be left to the mercy of Warren, whose private character is as loose as his professional reputation is questionable. Besides, you must not tell her that she owes me anything. I would not for the world that Eva Linwood should feel herself obliged to me; the reason why, you may one day understand.'

Mrs Clavering smiled to herself; but Clinton caught the expression. 'Perhaps you understand already. Then you will do what I ask you?'

'I will consult Mr Clavering. But'—

'Thank you. Remember, that I owe her more than she is likely to cost me. This case will be worth a fortune to me.'

They parted, and Clinton went to consult Messrs Wylie and Keane. The lawyers all agreed that Warren knew of the disappearance of the will; and that probably he had a hand in it. Either he had bribed Andrew, or, meeting the fellow in his state of intoxication, had cheated or robbed him of the document. The only question was how to detect the offence, of the

commission of which there appeared to be no doubt. Andrew had been coaxed and threatened, examined and cross-examined, in vain. When he had awakened in the morning, the will was gone; and Clinton was certain that his distress and his ignorance were alike genuine. All that could be done was to set a detective on the watch, and to have both Andrew and Warren dogged wherever they went.

So time passed on. Eva remained at home, under Mrs Clavering's kindly chaperonage; Clinton spending most of his spare evening hours—which altogether were very few—in their society. Eva's extreme shyness and childishness—fostered by a lonely life in the schoolroom under the sharp eye of an elderly governess, who had always regarded her as a baby, and with no society but that of her father, to whom she was a pet rather than a companion—disappeared by degrees in the company of an intelligent woman, and under the influence of a man of intellect, who directed his conversation with her to strengthen and awaken her own intelligence, and induce her in some measure to think for herself and rely on her own opinions. There are some men with whom it is difficult to associate without learning from them; and Clinton was one of these. Most women are quick at learning, especially from those they love and revere; and Eva looked up to her advocate with the innocent affection and unconcealed admiration of a young girl's hero-worship.

So the period fixed for the hearing of the appeal drew on; and still Andrew never stirred from the house, and never received a letter; seemed, in truth, to be fast sinking into a state of utter collapse; and nothing suspicious appeared in the conduct of Mr Warren.

Mrs Clavering had, with her husband's consent, accepted Clinton's proposal, without disclosing it to Eva, who, in the event of the loss of her cause, was immediately to become the guest of her friends, giving up the property to Warren without delay—an arrangement which, without stating his reasons, Clinton had suggested to her.

Even before the hearing of the appeal, Clinton's table was already covered with briefs. He had made a high reputation in court; he was already known as an industrious and able junior, to some half-dozen attorneys, and these now sent him more important and lucrative work; while he was noticed and employed by others who had first heard his name in Warren v. Linwood. Messrs Wylie and Keane took the leading brief in the appeal to a counsel of the highest reputation. He looked at it, and then inquired: 'This is the case in which Mr Clinton led, is it not?'

'Yes, Sir Edward; but his leading was purely accidental, owing to the death of Sir R. Wilmot. He will be with you.'

'That is not fair. He conducted the case admirably in the court below. I would add nothing to his precedents, nor could I improve his argument, and I will not take the case out of his hands. You had better be content with him. If there are more experienced men at the bar, there are none so thoroughly masters of the case and the law bearing on it.'

'We are content with him; if is at his own desire that we bring you the brief.'

'I will not take it. Tell him, it is better in his hands than mine. In any other case, I shall be happy to have him with me.'

Therefore, when the appeal came to be argued, Clinton was again Eva's leading counsel. His argument on this occasion was addressed to an audience fully capable of understanding it; an audience almost entirely professional; and the stimulus of intellectual pride, and the spirit of ambition which is never wanting in really able men of active pursuits, spurred him to even greater exertions than his interest in his cause had previously inspired. He had contrived to reason himself into hope, and argued with yet more power and cogency than before. The occasional questions of the judge, the deep attention of the lawyers who crowded the court, were compliments more valuable than the applause of less select assemblies. When the young orator sat down, almost fainting with exhaustion and excitement, the court adjourned; and the leading barristers came round to shake hands with Clinton.

The reply, delivered next day by the Attorney-general, resting on more general principles, was less full of learning proper to the special point, and less interesting to the hearers; but again Clinton felt that he was beaten. And he was not mistaken. The court spoke in complimentary terms of his argument, but unanimously decided against him.

This time, in quitting the court, Clinton, who had left his client at home, had gathered round him a knot of lawyers in Westminster Hall, among whom was Mr Keane. The Attorney-general, followed at a little distance by Mr Warren, came up to them.

'Well, Mr Clinton,' said he, 'I am really sorry you have lost your cause. It is one of those in which law is on one side, and moral equity on the other. Your client's father should have made a will.'

'I should regret the loss of my cause much less,' said Clinton, in a clear and sharp tone, audible for several yards around, 'if it had been fairly lost. The case was justly enough decided in court; but out of court, there has been foul-play of no common kind.'

'What do you mean?' said the Attorney-general sharply.

'Nothing of which you, sir, have or could have any cognisance; but something which is perfectly well known to your client.'

Mr Warren reddened with anger, and strode up to Clinton with a menacing air. 'What do you dare to insinuate?' he asked, in a hoarse tone, thickened by passion.

Clinton confronted him firmly. The listeners gathered closer, eager to hear what would pass, but determined to prevent violence. Clinton's calmness made it impossible for any one to suppose that his charge was the mere outbreak of a loser's wrath. 'I insinuate nothing,' he said. 'I say that there was a will; that that will mysteriously disappeared; and that, without any communication from us who discovered it, Mr Warren was aware, within a very few hours after its loss, of all that had happened.' And Clinton related the story already known to our readers, and the words used by Mr Warren in court. The hearers looked askance upon the accused,

who, during the narration, had grown comparatively cool.

'So!' he said. 'I think, Mr Clinton, that you are somewhat hasty in your conclusions. I am not bound to elucidate your mystery; but I will do so. On the evening to which you refer, Mr Linwood's servant met me near my own door. He was in an extreme state of excitement, and had evidently been drinking. When he saw me, he addressed me in a tone of insolence and exultation: "So, Mr Warren, you thought to rob my master's orphan child of her inheritance! You thought that her father had left no will. But he knew you better; there was a will, as you will see to-morrow." Knowing from whom he had learned to insult me, and seeing the state in which he was, I could not condescend to be angry with him, but inquired what he meant. I could get no intelligible answer—nothing beyond boasts and threats; and I left the fellow to go his way. It appears that, on reflection, Miss Linwood's advisers have thought it safer to adhere to their original purpose, than to repeat the servant's story. Perhaps the will seemed to them less likely to stand scrutiny than the Danish marriage.'

Clinton had the advantage, and he used it at once. 'Thank you, Mr Warren. We shall now know from what point and in what direction our researches must be commenced, as we know who was the last person by whom Andrew was seen in possession of the will. In the meantime, I have to inform you that Miss Linwood will leave the house to-night, and that her solicitors will give up possession to-morrow.'

Warren saw suspicious looks turned upon him, and heard doubtful whispers, as the bystanders drew back from his neighbourhood. With a great effort, he mastered his rage, and turned away white with anger; while Clinton walked to the door in company with some of his professional friends, and calling a cab, drove quickly to his chambers.

A work which he had been asked to review lay upon his table, with a note from the editor who had sent it, requesting that the notice might be forwarded without delay. After despatching some pressing business that was forced upon his attention by the papers on his desk, he took the volume in his hand, resolving to look through it on his way to call upon his client and superintend her removal. As he passed through the Temple grounds on his way to the Strand, he opened it. It was a treatise on Abnormal Mental Phenomena; and one of the first passages on which the reader's eye fell related a case well known to students of mental nosology, in which a lady, falling into a state of unconsciousness, was found, on awakening, to have forgotten everything that had happened previously, as well as everything and every one that she had known. In fact, her memory became a perfect blank. She had, as it were, to begin life afresh; to learn anew the names and faces of her friends, reading and writing, and the ordinary duties of her station. A year or two later, she again became suddenly insensible, and remained so for a considerable time. On her second return to life, she was found to have regained her first memory, and lost her second. Of everything that had occurred between the two fits



of unconsciousness, she had absolutely lost all recollection; while she recovered her knowledge of all that she had known previous to the first fit. She had subsequently several fits of a similar character; and on each awakening, a similar change occurred. So she lived two alternate lives; during one of which she was the person she had been before the first attack; while during the other she resumed the memory and the individuality—so to speak—which she had acquired between the first and second.

While musing on this strange story, Clinton's eye was caught by a few sentences on the next page: 'A similar phenomenon is sometimes observed in sleep; the dreams of the previous night, forgotten during the day, being again recalled by the dreamer in his sleeping fancies. So instances have been known in which a drunken man, on awakening, has lost all recollections of the incidents of his drunken bout, which, however, have been recalled during the next period of intoxication.'

Clinton was instantly struck by the possibility which these words suggested. Andrew's absolute oblivion of all that had happened during a fit of intoxication, which witnesses had represented as by no means approaching to unconsciousness, was so abnormal as to have excited incredulity in all but those most familiar with the old man's devotion to his master's child. Was it possible that his was one of the peculiarly organised brains to which the writer referred; and that, if again intoxicated, he might remember some incident which would enable him to recover the clue to the fate of the missing will? At all events, the experiment might be tried. He hailed a cab, sprang into it, and drove at full speed towards the house of the late Mr Linwood.

#### HERONS AND HERONRIES.

AMONG inland Stalkers or Waders, which form a pretty numerous and greatly varied family, the common heron, among the larger birds of the tribe, is most familiarly known in this country. There are also numerous varieties of the bird; but excepting the purple heron, the great white heron, the night heron, and some of the egret herons—all of which are but occasional visitors or stragglers in this country—the common heron may be said to be the only bird of that tribe which makes England a permanent residence. It is also fairly well distributed over the most of Europe, a large portion of Asia, and the northern parts of Africa. In the more northern parts of the globe it is only a summer visitor.

The heron flies at a great height; and from the somewhat sluggish flapping of the wings, the looker-on is apt to think it a bird of tardy flight; but such is not the case; for after reaching the apparently necessary elevation, it is a rapid flier. When rising toward that elevation its flight is slow and heavy-looking. The angler, when moving somewhat stealthily and silently by quiet or unquiet waters, occasionally comes unawares within a few feet of the bird. This is always on the edge of a river or lake where heron and piscator—both with the same fish-catching end in view—are screened from each other's sight by bank or bush; and in such

circumstances the startled bird never fails to thoroughly startle the angler. It darts out almost from his feet with a loud wild shriek, and with neck, wings, and legs stretched to their utmost; and on such occasions it never fails in its terror to splash the water when rising. Even in such a predicament the bird rises slowly, although from fear exerting itself to its utmost; thus further showing what has been indicated, that it can fly with speed only when in a high altitude.

It is a large bird. The male measures from point of bill to tip of tail, thirty-nine and a half inches, and the wing-spread is seventy-two inches. The female measures a few inches less each way. When stalking somewhat hurriedly on the prowl for grubs and frogs along a river-side, the heron appears perhaps least elegant; but perched aloft in the forest, either at rest or on the alert, or when standing in the water on the watch for prey, still and silent as a sentinel, there is a gracefulness revealed which all bird-lovers delight to witness. In bright winter days herons are fond of sunning and preening themselves on the tree-summits of some tall sequestered fir plantation. They will sit for hours at a time thus elevated; and seen against the dark foliage of the trees with their feathers all bunched-out to the sun, they bulk largely to the eye, and form a truly pretty and interesting sight.

The food of herons consists chiefly of fish, of which they generally find a full supply in our rivers and lakes. In time of frost, however, when river-pools and lakes get ice-covered, they feed to a considerable extent on water insects, which they find in the shallows and edges of rapid streams, where the water is seldom frozen over. In such places, the water-cricket or creeper, about an inch long, falls a prey to the heron; and the larvæ of trout-flies are very numerous in such places during winter, and are eaten by the heron. Several kinds of earth-worm are also found in the shallows of rivers and small streams, both where the water is comparatively still, and in the shallower parts of briskly running streams, and these also fall a prey; but it is only in severe frosts, or when fish are very scarce, that it feeds to any considerable extent on them. These worms, born and bred in the river-bed, are the same with which trout are found gorged in times of flood, when, from the increased strength of the swollen streams, the small stones under which the worms lie get shifted, causing the dislodgment of vast numbers of them. The heron also feeds on frogs, small toads, and lizards, and on mice and water-rats; but where fish are plentiful, he seldom hunts for any other kind of food.

Fishermen on Tweedside and elsewhere find, somewhat to their annoyance, that the heron is a confirmed poacher; for if they do not protect by door or wire-grating such wells and small side-pools as are used for the keeping of live minnows for angling purposes, the heron swiftly clears all such preserves. The shores of the sea also yield a goodly amount of food for herons; and when the winter is very severe, they fly in considerable numbers, and long distances, to those food-haunts. In such severe



weather, the herons that haunt the far inland or upland districts partake of the herbage found about springs and well-eyes, but this only when they are very hard pressed by hunger.

Several naturalists state that the heron feeds during the night, especially when it is moonlight; but so far as the writer has observed, no naturalist has stated that he had seen it feeding during the night. The writer has in summer-time been very many times afoot for angling purposes at all hours of the night, and this over a stretch of many years; and although always residing in a district where herons are numerous, and often on the watch for them, he never saw one of these birds feeding during the night, nor did he ever start one during the night. He has, however, repeatedly seen herons fishing very late, when the twilight had almost given way to darkness, and when the moon had cast faint shadows on the streams. But in cases where he waited and watched for a time, he invariably saw the birds leave the water and fly off landwards. He has also many a time in the summer heard and seen herons flying riverwards overhead in the early dawn; and he has times out of number started them on the river's edge when busy at their morning meal, just after daylight had fairly mastered the dawn. But rooks, jackdaws, gulls, and numerous song-birds are as early astir as the heron, and some of these are also seen abroad as late. Indeed, the black-headed gull (in Scotland called the sea-maw), which breeds in upland inland mosses, may be heard giving call-notes as it flies, during all hours of the night, in June and July. From his own experience, therefore, the writer judges the heron to be a very late and very early feeder, but not a bird that feeds during the night.

Of late years, falconry has considerably revived in England; and the heron has always been and still is with falconers a favourite bird against which they fly their hawks. It can hold its own very well against the bold peregrine; and the falconer knowing this, almost always flies two hawks at a time against it. When, after many bold but futile attacks, the hawks at last clutch the heron, and the fluttering birds slowly descend, the falconer takes care to be near to divert the attention of the hawks before they reach the ground, so as to save them from a deadly fight when they alight; for the heron, though somewhat helpless when clutched in the air, is a savage fighter on land, and punishes its foes severely. The falconer generally rescues the heron when the birds reach the ground, and sets it free, knowing he may have a similar hunt after it on a future day. Hawking, therefore, does not in these days much reduce the number of herons. In the olden time, the bird was generally slain when taken by the hawks, and thereafter lodged in the larder, for it was prized for the table. 'It was then ranked as royal game, and was protected; and a penalty of twenty shillings was incurred by any person who took or destroyed its eggs.' This is correct; but the same writer is in error where he states: 'Notwithstanding the quantity he (the heron) devours, he is always lean and emaciated;' because, in autumn, herons are well fleshed, and some are plump. The writer was presented some time ago with a specimen, which, having hung a proper length of time,

was dressed and roasted for dinner. It was plump and tempting in appearance, and was juicy and tender besides; but it was so fishy in flavour that very little of it was eaten; and how royalty so much relished this bird in the olden time is a mystery. It is different with young herons taken from the nest; they make a good stew, and are quite palatable.

In a note by the Rev. J. G. Wood in White's *Selborne*, he states that 'there are upwards of thirty regular heronries in England.' This seems a wonderfully small number for all England. Breeding as these birds do in communities and on trees, we find that in the contiguous counties of Northumberland, Berwick, and Roxburgh, there are twenty-one heronries—a very large number when compared with the number given above as for all England. Of the twenty-one, however, some of them are very small, and the larger run from twenty to thirty nests. Early in the century, the heronry at Wells, on Rule Water, Roxburghshire, numbered nearly one hundred nests. The large number of heronries in the three counties named may perhaps be accounted for because of the large supply of food suitable for herons which the streams there afford. The Tweed and its tributaries, especially the higher tributaries and their small feeders, as also the Coquet and the higher part of the Tyne with their upper tributaries, are teeming with fish—trout, smolts, minnows, loaches, and eels; and in the beds of those waters, the larvæ of trout-flies, and river-bottom earthworms can, as has been already remarked, always be had in immense quantities. As herons fly long distances for feeding purposes, the small upland streams in these counties are daily visited. The shelter afforded to the birds in those counties is also excellent; for woods are large and numerous, and the trees in many of them are of huge dimensions. The birds, therefore, are comfortably lodged and secured, and live besides in a land of plenty.

The nest of the heron is broad and comparatively flat, and is built on trees. It is made of sticks, and is lined with dry grass, wool, and other warm materials. Several writers state that it contains from three to five and sometimes six eggs, whereas two is the usual number; but sometimes three young are in a nest, while others are found occasionally containing only one young bird. When one of the mates is sitting on the eggs, it is common for the other to perch beside the nest for hours at a time.

In the Border district of Scotland, few trees contain more than three nests; so that there is nothing as regards numbers of nests which can compare with the famous heron-oak at Cressy Hall of last century, which bore eighty nests. Pennant saw it, and wrote to Gilbert White about it; and the latter in reply said: 'Fourscore nests of such a bird on one tree is a rarity which I would ride half as far to have a sight of.'

Where a selection can be made, the trees preferred for nesting purposes are tall beeches. The nests are built far up, and out on branches which look too slender for such bulky nests. They are very difficult to reach, both on account of the slenderness of the branches and the great girth of the main stem of most of the nest-trees, which makes climbing laborious and precarious.

After the trunk has been ascended, there can scarcely be anything more exciting and nerve-trying than to creep out on the slender branches and examine and handle a nest of young ones, some sixty or seventy feet from the ground. The swaying of the slender branches at such a height, at times causes wild thrills of excitement to pass through the climber; and should terror or dizziness come over him when so placed, his chance of reaching the ground in safety is small. When the young in the nest are reached, they, even though nearly featherless, suddenly arch their long slender necks and strike boldly at the adventurer, their beautiful eyes glaring and flashing the while; and at the same time the parent birds keep circling closely round the nest, screaming fiercely, and making every few seconds a wild dash at the climber, but always swerving and wheeling off when within a few feet of his head.

The following heron-climbing adventure of a brother of the writer's may fitly close this paper. He, along with some other boys, all of them from twelve to fifteen years of age, had gone a-nesting. Some heron nests were seen on a very tall beech-tree, the lowermost branches of which spread from the main stem at nearly forty feet from the ground. To enable him to ascend this tree, he had to put climbing-irons, locally called speilers, on his feet; and as the girth of the tree was great, he, to enable him to get round it in a manner, got an end of a strong napkin put into one of his hands; and the reverse end of the napkin was carried round the trunk of the tree and put into his other outstretched hand. He then applied his climbing-irons; and after some hard and well-performed work, reached the first cleft or main branches. He then visited the nests, and in a short time returned to the cleft with a view of descending the trunk; but, to his dismay, he found he could not cast round and catch the napkin, without the aid of which he knew he could not get down. For fully half an hour he exerted himself to put it round, but in vain; and a feeling of despair began to creep over him as well as his anxious companions; and what made matters worse was the fact that they were on forbidden ground; and they were therefore afraid to leave the heronry and ask assistance from any person in the neighbourhood. At last, one of the bravest of the little gang, Ned Scott, said he would try to save his companion; and for this purpose, the climbing-irons and napkin of the youth on the tree were cast down, for they were the only suitable climbing aids possessed by the company. Ned mounted in the same fashion as his friend had done, and after reaching him, and fixing how each was to act, the descent was carefully commenced. The first climber put his feet carefully on Scott's shoulders; and the latter, with great caution and straining every nerve, of necessity from the additional weight put on him, dug his irons deeply into the tree and began slowly to descend. But the boy supported was in a highly perilous position. He stood on his friend's shoulders, and with his hands, which could not more than half encircle the tree, clutching and clinging to the bark, the muscles of his forearms somewhat aiding him to cling to it, he several times swayed and nearly fell, which caused a thrill of horror to the onlookers. At last the ground was safely reached, where both

climbers were received with tears of joy by some of the youngsters, and with gratification by all. The nails of the first climber were sadly torn in the descent.

### BRITISH MILITARY UNIFORMS.

It would probably surprise many if not most people to be told that during the greater part of the military history of this nation there was neither uniform nor uniformity in the clothing of the army. Yet such is the case. Red, as a soldiers' colour, can, however, claim great antiquity, and is even said to have been the choice of Lycurgus for the Lacedæmonians. One reason for its adoption may have been that it did not so readily reveal the stains of blood; but probably the chief motive was its brilliant appearance.

In our own country, in earlier times, uniformity of dress or colour was an impossibility. The barons and great men who led their retainers to battle would each have an individual preference or colour, traditionally associated with the fortunes of his house. There would, of course, be certain fashions in the armour then worn; but even in this matter, uniformity was so rare as to be remarkable. Thus, we are told that when Richard of Gloucester travelled through France to Rome in 1250, he had in his retinue forty knights all equipped alike. These cavaliers, their glittering harness shining with golden ornament, 'presented a wonderful and honourable show to the sight of the astonished French beholders.' For the common soldiers, there was little care. The Welsh who fought at Bannockburn were conspicuous for the paucity of their clothing; 'for they well near all naked were,' is the declaration of Barbour. The Welshmen were ordered to be clothed uniformly in 1338. 'Naked foot' is the designation applied to some soldiers a little earlier. Some of the modern uses of uniform were attained by the adoption of badges and cognisances. In the second Crusade, the Frenchmen wore red crosses, whilst the Englishmen wore white crosses. Yet, at the battle of Barnet, the Earl of Oxford was taken for a Yorkist, and his men were beaten from the field with much slaughter by their own friends! In 1513, Henry VIII., at the siege of Terouenne, had with him 'six hundred archers of the garde' all in white gaberdines and caps. In 1526, the yeomen of the household were clothed in red cloth. This is said by Sir Sibbald Scott—in whose work on the British Army most of these facts are recorded—to be the first time that this colour appears in the military annals of England; but it had previously been adopted for his household by Henry V. There was an order made in the thirty-sixth year of Henry VIII. for 'every man sowdier to have a cote of blew clothe, after suche fashion as all fote-men's cotes be made here at London, to serve His Majestie in this jorney, and that the same be garded [that is, decked or ornamented] with redde clothe, after such sorte as others be made here.' The distinguishing badge, however, was the cross of St George; and if a soldier neglected to bear this, and was slain, 'he that so woundeth or slayeth him shall bear no pane therefore.'

The great slaughter of the Scots at the battle

of Pinkie Cleuch is said to have been due to the uniformity of dress, 'wherein the Lurdein was in a manner all one with the Lord, and the Loun with the Laird;' so that, as there was apparently little chance of ransom, they all suffered a common death.

In 1576, when some artificers were sent from Lancashire to Ireland, they were dressed in white cloth, ornamented with two laces of crewel, one of red, and the other of green. The next year there was a levy of three hundred men in that county, and their coat was a pale-blue Yorkshire broadcloth with two stripes of yellow or red cloth, a vest of white Holmes fustian, pale-blue kersey skirts with two stripes of yellow or red. They had garters or points at the knees, stockings of white kersey, and shoes with large ties. Over this dress were worn the breastplate, gorget, and headpiece that still remained of defensive armour. In 1584, sad green colour or russet is prescribed for soldiers going to Ireland. In 1585, the city of London equipped a body of red-coated soldiers for service in the Low Countries. A few years earlier, in 1580, the Bishop of Chester, in conjunction with the dean and chapter, furnished some cavalry for Irish service, and these were furnished with red cloaks. The buff coat, made of tough leather, from its hue gave rise to the name, and was much worn in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

In the Civil War, various colours were in use. Sir John Suckling's men wore a white doublet, a scarlet coat, and a hat with a scarlet feather. John Hampden's men wore green coats; and so did those of Lord Northampton, who belonged to the same county. Lord Roberts' red coats, Colonel Meyrick's gray coats, Lord Saye's blue coats, may all be cited. A red regiment of the Parliamentary army was surprised by the king at Brentford, and then the gray coats showed themselves 'most exquisite plunderers.' King Charles and Prince Rupert had each a body-guard in red coats.

In a letter written by Lawrence Oliphant, laird of Gask, 6th November, 1777, he describes a relic of the old costume of the Royal Scottish Archers: 'It is pretty odd if my coat be the only one left, especially as it was taken in the '46 by the Duke of Cumberland's plunderers; and Miss Annie Græme, Inchbrakie, thinking it would be regretted by me, went boldly out among the soldiers and recovered it from one of them, insisting with him that it was a lady's riding-habit; but, putting her hand to the breeches to take them too, he, with an anathema, asked if the lady wore breeches. They had no fringe, only green lace, as the coat; the knee buttons were worn open, to show the white silk puffed out as the coat-sleeves; the garters green. The officers' coats had silver lace in place of the green silk, with the silver fringe considerably deeper; white thread stockings, as fine as could be got. All wore blue bonnets (the officers, velvet), tucked up before, on which was placed a cockade of, I think, a green and white ribbon by turns, the bights kept out with wire, and in the middle a white iron plate with the St Andrew's cross painted on it.'

The great Duke of Wellington was interested in this branch of military antiquities. Lord Mahon wrote to Macaulay, asking: 'Pray, when

was the British army for the first time clothed in red? That was the inquiry addressed to me yesterday by no less a person than the Duke of Wellington. I answered that I did not know exactly, but imagined it to be in the reign of Charles II. The Duke seemed to think that it was earlier, and that Monk's troops, for example, were redcoats. What say you?' Macaulay replied in the following brief but characteristic note:

ALBANY, May 19, 1851.

DEAR MAHON—The Duke is certainly right. The army of the Commonwealth was clothed in red. Remember *Hudibras*:

So Cromwell with deep oaths and vows  
Swore all the Commons out of th' House;  
Vowed that the redcoats would disband,  
Ay, marry, would they, at command!  
And trolled them on, and swore; and swore,  
Till the army turned them out of door.

Ever yours truly,

T. B. MACAULAY.

Macaulay scarcely makes out his case, for, as we have seen, in the Civil War the regiments varied in the colour of their costume. There was a 'red royalist' regiment, as well as one of 'red republicans.' Red, it is clear, was not regarded either as a royal or national colour in any exclusive sense. Red appears to have been definitely adopted both for the guards and the line in the reign of Queen Anne. The black cockade was added under George II. The red stripe on the sides of the trousers dates only from 1834.

As late as 1693, the infantry were clothed in gray, and the drummers in scarlet. Hence, the change now proposed to be made in the colour of the regimental uniforms, and which has lately been the subject of much discussion, is, after all, only reverting to an older fashion. Another proof is thus afforded of the fact that there is nothing new under the sun.

#### CURIOSITIES OF CRICKET.

CRICKET itself is a curiosity to most foreigners. French, Spanish, and Portuguese writers, besides those of other countries, have described it with bewildering vagueness and misleading exaggerations. A Spaniard, who desired to make his fellow-countrymen familiar with the game, said: 'Two posts are placed at a great distance from one another. The player close to one of these posts throws a large ball to the other party, who awaits the ball, to send it far with a small stick with which he is armed; the other players then run to look for the ball, and while the search is going on, the party who struck it runs incessantly from post to post.' This is only part of the description; but the rest is much like it. If we did not know that cricket was the subject of the sketch, we should think the writer was explaining some game with which we are not familiar in this country.

But cricket has its curiosities, and scarcely a season passes without something happening which adds to the list of novelties. The frontispiece to Parry's *Second Voyage in Search of a North-west Passage* represents a cricket-match being played on the ice between the crews of the *Hecla* and the *Fury*. This was in

March 1823, a month when it is not customary to play cricket in England. Cricket has also been played where grass would not grow, and where sand or gravel has been a substitute for the green turf which the cricketer loves. It must have been very hot at Hong-kong in October 1874, when, during a match, the middle stump was bowled out, but the two bails remained in their original position. The varnish had glued the bails together. This has happened even in milder latitudes.

Matches between women are not very common, but a number of them have been played. They have generally been either for sums of money or on behalf of public charities. In 1823, a match was played in Norfolk between eleven married women and eleven single ones. The stakes were a pair of gloves each; and the married women won.

Among peculiar sides, the family Elevens may be mentioned. Some families are very famous for their cricketing abilities, but it does not often happen that eleven of their members are prepared to take the field against opponents. In 1867, eleven of Lord Lyttelton's family played the Bromsgrove Grammar-school. The family was victorious by ten wickets. The Cæsars, the Lubbocks, and others with well-known names, have played family matches.

At one time, the famous B. Eleven were able to meet the best of England. These players all had names which began with B. From 1805 to 1837 twelve matches were played by the Bs. Players came and players went, but the pre-eminence of the celebrated initial continued. Such names as Beauchamp, Budd, Beldham, Beagley, and Broadbridge, will suggest the strength of the side.

When matches were played for money, single wicket was far more common than it is now. Sometimes a celebrated player would have two or three opponents, and occasionally one man would play an Eleven. This happened in 1836 at Nottingham, when S. Redgate met and defeated eleven of the Kensington Club. Redgate made twenty-four in his two innings; but the other side made only ten.

There have been many expedients tried for the purpose of equalising the chances of two sides, when one set of players were known to be superior to the others. Matches against odds are well known. At one time the All-England Eleven were constantly meeting eighteens and twenty-twos. This custom is fast passing away. County cricket is taking its place. In the year 1834, a novel expedient was tried at Nottingham. Eleven of that town met thirteen of Bingham. Nottingham was to have the ordinary two innings, and Bingham was to have four. Nottingham won by eight wickets. It is said that this and the return match were the only ones ever played in which the odds were four innings to two.

Some years ago, there were two wandering Elevens consisting of one-armed and one-legged men. The first match between cricketers of this kind took place in 1811. It was for one thousand guineas, and all the men were pensioners of Greenwich Hospital. The one-arm side won. Their opponents were continually breaking or losing their wooden supports.

Sometimes the matches for money were genuine; but frequently the money was only pretended to be staked, in order to increase the interest in the public mind. Old advertisements of cricket-matches often state that a great deal of money depends upon the game. It was thought that players would be more likely to do their best if they were playing for money. This, however, was a great mistake. Matches are now contested as keenly as possible, when nothing but honour is played for.

At the present time, Left-arm would have a poor chance against the best Right-arm Eleven which could be put in the field. The Left-arm would do very well for bowling, but the batting would be weak. But the match has been played, and the full strength of the country has been divided between the two Elevens.

Another distinction between sides is Married and Single. The beginning of the alphabet has been pitted against the latter part—A to K against L to Z. During the last few years, a good match was made between Over thirty and Under thirty. In 1810, a similar match was played, but it was between Over thirty-eight and Under thirty-eight.

Single counties have played the rest of England; just as in the early days of cricket, a single club would hold its own against everybody else. Hambledon against England, with Hambledon victorious, is recorded in the early annals of cricket. The time has gone when any single county is strong enough to contend against all the others.

Some wonderful scores have been made at cricket; but in 1882 the Orleans Club beat all previous records. Against Rickling Green, they scored nine hundred and twenty in one innings. There are many cases known in which nothing has been scored in an innings; so that is a record which cannot be beaten. One of the highest individual innings ever played is that of Mr W. N. Roe, four hundred and fifteen for Emmanuel Long Vacation Club, against Caius Long Vacation Club, on July 12, 1881.

There are peculiar ways in which a man can be 'out' at cricket. In a match between England and Sussex, J. Broadbridge threw his bat at an off-ball; he hit the ball, and was caught. This is said to have lost the match for Sussex. Several times it has happened that batsmen have played the ball into their own pockets. Batsmen have been out because their hats or caps fell upon the wicket and knocked the bails off. But batsmen have been in as wonderfully as they have been out. The ball has been seen to go between the stumps without removing the bails, and yet when the ball has been placed between them, it has seemed impossible for this to happen. Bails have been known to be knocked off, and to have fallen back upon the wickets. But this is an event which very seldom happens.

A long list of extras does not look well in a cricket score. Some years ago, in a match at Chatham between the Royal Engineers and The Establishment, there were one hundred and one extras. In 1842, the Gentlemen of Kent played the Gentlemen of England at Canterbury, and there were one hundred and fifty-nine extras in the match.

In Australia it is common to adjourn matches



over Sunday, and play them out during the following week. This has seldom been done in England. In country matches there is sometimes an adjournment from Saturday to Saturday. But perhaps the longest adjournment ever known was at Stoke Down, in Hampshire. A match was commenced on July 23d, and adjourned, after three days' playing, till June 28th of the following year. This was in the last century.

One of the most remarkable matches ever played took place at Shillingee Park in 1843. On one side were the Earl of Winterton's Eleven, and thirty-seven labourers on the other. The Eleven won by five wickets. But this match was outdone three years after, when the same Eleven contended against fifty-six labourers. This time, however, the match was not finished.

### OCCASIONAL NOTES.

#### SEASONABLE ADVICE TO BATHERS.

THE Royal Humane Society, in its recently issued Report, gives the following useful advice to swimmers and bathers: 'Avoid bathing within two hours after a meal. Avoid bathing when exhausted by fatigue, or from any other cause. Avoid bathing when the body is cooling after perspiration. Avoid bathing altogether in the open air if, after having been a short time in the water, it causes a sense of chilliness with numbness of the hands and feet. Bathe when the body is warm, provided no time is lost in getting into the water. Avoid chilling the body by sitting or standing *undressed* on the banks or in boats after having been in the water. Avoid remaining too long in the water—leave the water immediately there is the slightest feeling of chilliness. The vigorous and strong may bathe early in the morning on an empty stomach. The young and those who are weak had better bathe two or three hours after a meal; the best time for such is from two to three hours after breakfast. Those who are subject to attacks of giddiness or faintness, and those who suffer from palpitation and other sense of discomfort at the heart, should not bathe without first consulting their medical adviser.'

#### THE SALMON PRODUCE OF CANADA.

The value of the rivers of Canada as food-producing sources is daily increasing; and later statistics of the salmon-fishings on the Columbia River give some indication of the rapidity with which this branch of commerce is developing. There are thirty-six canneries along this river, nearly all of which are at the town of Columbia, situated at its mouth. Several of the companies engaged in the fisheries have a hundred boats, and about seven thousand men are employed. The capital invested is about four hundred thousand pounds. In 1882, five hundred and thirty-five thousand cases of salmon were packed, which would yield five hundred and fifty-six thousand pounds, giving a very considerable profit. The salmon are packed in one-pound cans, and forty-eight cans make a case. The men employed are chiefly Greeks, Portuguese, and Russian Finns. Considering that there is a wholesale destruction of salmon in the Columbia River by traps and wheels, the continued run of the fish is very surprising. The salmon are

scooped in by the wheels, and thrown into a chute, down which they slide into water-boxes, and find themselves on shore. This system of fishing is very inexpensive and strongly destructive, as the fish are killed, and those which are too small to be canned are thrown away. One wheel will cast upon the shore from three thousand to four thousand pounds of fish in twenty-four hours. A movement is on foot to suppress this practice, as well as the violation of the law which forbids fishing from Saturday at sundown till Monday morning. It is proposed to establish a hatchery; and seeing that the canneries have packed from four hundred thousand to five hundred thousand cases yearly, simply from fish that escaped to their natural spawning-grounds, it can easily be surmised what may be done when a hatchery has been established. It is calculated that at least a million cases annually could be taken, and the world supplied with the fish. In fifteen years, salmon to the value of over four million pounds has been shipped from the Columbia River. The fishing season lasts for four months, beginning with the closing week of April.

### ON THE BRIDGE.

It was young Robin and his love  
Stood on a Bridge at even-song;  
Night's countless lamps were lit above;  
Below, the streamlet slid along.  
Across the rail she lightly leant,  
And gazed into the quiet stream,  
Wherein she saw with deep content  
The buried stars reflected gleam;  
But never stars shone half as bright  
As Elsie's eyes, that summer night.

Around her taper waist, an arm—  
Her gallant Robin's—gently lay;  
In place and hour there lurked a charm,  
That owned no kinship to the day.  
Familiar sounds upon the gale  
Were softly wafted to the ear,  
And from the darkness of the vale,  
The love-lorn mavis fluted clear;  
But sweeter than the song he sung,  
The words that trembled on her tongue.

The shadows deepen in the dell;  
Weird bats athwart the water play;  
And on the fitful breezes swell  
The village church-bells far away.  
Through all the windings of the glade,  
The stately trees, like phantoms stand;  
Whilst Love was leading man and maid  
Far onwards into fairyland;  
And neither had on earth a part,  
Save only in the other's heart!

Anon, from yonder wooded ridge,  
The cold moon climbs the blue expanse,  
She glorifies the rustic bridge,  
Her beams upon the brooklet dance;  
She softly winds about the twain  
The radiance of her liquid light,  
As though, for lovers, she would fain  
Create a fairer day from night.  
Her silver signet—nothing loth—  
She sets upon their plighted troth!

F. B. DOVETON.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.



# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fourth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832.

CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No. 1022.—VOL. XX.

SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1883.

PRICE 1½d.

## RIVER-SIDE REFLECTIONS.

SOME enthusiastic anglers aver that a true votary of their art can never be a bad man, the influences that surround the pastime being so genial. It is certain that to be a good trout or salmon angler, a man must possess a combination of qualities that go far towards the making of good men; and this may be inferred inversely from the fact that so many good anglers are most successful men of business. The angler must be thoughtful and earnest in his vocation, industrious, patient, and persevering. He must rise early, work late, and be ready to endure many hardships. He must handle his rod daintily, watch carefully over his tackle, and advance warily upon his game. He may rise early and trudge far, to find another man on his favourite cast; he may fish all day, get only one chance at a salmon and lose it by striking too slow, too fast, or too heavily; by a carelessly tied knot, or a faulty reel. When the salmon is fairly hooked, there is danger in the first wild rush and in the rapid return, in the whirl aloft and in the passing of the rocky ledge. No two fish act exactly alike when hooked, and no regular line of procedure can be followed; head, hands, and feet must all be on the alert for emergencies, and after an exciting chase, that may have taxed all a man's powers, and left his heart thumping in his throat, when the quarry is run done, and the battle seems won, the greatest care and patience must be brought to bear on the landing of the prize; for our angler learns by experience how the consummation of long-cherished hopes may be dashed from him at the last moment by a blundering stroke of the gaff, or an ill-guided gravelling of his exhausted fish. Thus, with its hopes and fears, there is rare mental training in the pursuit, with abundant fresh air and wholesome exercise to give the sport a keen relish.

It is with the finest tackle and the smallest hooks that most trout are caught, and it is not always an imaginary big fish that so frequently escapes. Alas! how many a shabby

dish of trout has been dubiously seasoned by the glowing relation about the 'fine large fellow' that had so nearly come to adorn the breakfast-table.

The enthusiasm of anglers is a quality little understood by those who cannot share it, and its attendant weaknesses have long been a standard subject of ridicule. When sensible men of mature years travel two or three hundred miles, to toil day after day, in and out of water like amphibia, cold, tired, and hungry it may be, for the mere chances of catching a few little trout which could be bought at a twentieth part of the cost; when he labours as he never labours during the rest of his life, till back and arms ache, and legs are weary laden with wet waders and unwieldy boots, which he has dragged about the river six or seven hours daily; when he has paid his gillie five shillings per day, and hotel expenses—including the right to kill salmon—at four times that price, and yet goes home, without having exercised the privilege paid for, still admiring his fine fishing-gear, and still dreaming of returning on the first favourable opportunity to go through a somewhat similar ordeal, other men not so affected may be excused for looking upon angling as a strange infatuation, and even hinting that if such vagaries were practised in every-day life, the man's friends should have him 'cared for.'

Such weaknesses, however, are not confined to anglers; they are widespread and deep-rooted in our race. The cricket and the football player exhaust their utmost powers in pursuit of their sport, forgetful of dangers that not unfrequently kill or maim companions; the bowler on the green, and the curler on the ice defying the wintry blast, run wild over the destinies of their bits of wood and stone; artists and authors coop and crumple themselves up late and soon, often breathing bad air, and blearing their eyes over 'miserable books,' many of them having as poor and rubbishy a basket to show when the day is done as the poor fishermen. Grave men who sit in parliament watching the framing of laws to

regulate the lives of millions of their fellows, grow feverishly impatient for the close of that important work when the 12th of August draws near, and soon after may be found in damp and dreary hags on Highland moors, 'despising wind, and rain, and fire,' watching more intently for the passing flight of the muirfowl, and more excited over a 'winged' bird, than they would be over a bill 'winged' in its final passage through the House of Commons; while by-and-by the *élite* of the counties turn out in red-coat gala costume, mounted on high-stepping costly chargers, to gallop in break-neck danger over fence and fallow, bog and ditch—a host of hounds, horses, men, and even ladies, in a wild craze over a poor frightened fox. All of which only demonstrates—as is done in many other fields—that there is a something in our natures craving for special excitements, and prone to occasional extravagances, refusing to be always subjected to the measured rules and sober gait of grave wisdom and cool philosophy.

To return to the angler, it is not by lake and river only that his enthusiasm breaks forth. When the season comes on, the disease is apt to permeate his whole life and conversation. On the slightest provocation, his talk is of rods and flies; while in travelling, the beauties of a country merge in fine trouting streams and grand salmon pools. The conversation at table in many a country residence where angling friends are met, is amusingly and amazingly fishy; in an angler's hotel, it must often be beyond endurance to the traveller who cannot share the interest or find a pleasing study in the rapt enthusiasm of his neighbours. While the farmers' talk is of cattle, sheep, and turnips, the angling folks talk tirelessly of bull-trout, grilse, or grayling, how, where, with what, and when they are to be taken; of roads to lovely lakes, of losses and of takes; and it must be admitted there is a not uncommon tendency to tell 'big fishing stories.' Even counting-houses may be disturbed in summer-time; keen men of business forgetting for a while their interest in the markets, to run off in romancing raids across the Border. Our London humorist's description of John Bright behind the Speaker's chair at Westminster, showing off his new salmon-rod and stock of flies to Mr. Forster, was a pardonable exaggeration, doubtless written by one who had dined and wine where fishing feats and flies had engrossed the talk of men from whom better things had been expected. As illustrative of the intentness of the angling mind on the details of the sport, here is a personal experience. Complimenting a Scottish fisherman one day on his success in landing a grilse and sea-trout in rapid succession from a small clear river, he smiled delightedly, and proudly held up a very mite of a hook, saying: 'Ay, there's the heuk; ye'd maybe hardly believe it, sir, but I lay waken all night composing that fly.' This lying awake o' nights, angling, designing, and planning how to circumvent fish, is no

uncommon thing; and many an angler's wife has had to rescue her husband from a nightmare struggle in deep waters with a monster salmon.

As to the poetical associations connected with the pastime, anglers are apt to get their passion and their poetry inextricably mixed together, trying hard to persuade themselves as well as others that the beauties of nature form a great part of the charm of angling. This is especially necessary when the sport is poor, as it too frequently is in these days when every water is so well occupied; but where the passion is fairly developed, the poetry is only the little foot-page attendant. The angler goes to the river with his mind so bent on capturing fish, that he commonly has little time to think about the beautiful. It is the old deep-set hereditary instinct for the pursuit of prey—inherent in most men from a long ancestry whose lives depended on it—that holds dominion over him; and say what we may, it is this 'grand passion' which makes angling so absorbing a pursuit. A Border farmer being told by a visitor that his hill-pasture seemed scanty for the stock upon it, replied philosophically: 'Ay, ay, that may be sae; but the beasts hae a grand view.' Views here, or views there, anglers, like cattle, can only be nourished on more permanent pasture. Yet there are breathing times in the chase when they may fully realise the glories that surround them.

It is the 28th day of May; a fine rain has fallen in the night, and a full flowing river is before us. The fish are not biting, however—no one can yet tell when they will, or why they do not when they evidently ought to, any more than they can explain why the lightning has affinity for ash more than for other trees; so we leave our friend, who is a most resolute man, to do the fishing, while we rest on the grassy bank to enjoy the surroundings. And what wealth there is to revel amongst. Sunshine and cloud are fleeting over earth and sky, with a life-giving breeze 'fresh as the morning,' rippling the broad swift-flowing river, and murmuring pleasantly among the trees in the wooded bank opposite, where the lively little fly-catchers warble joyously their snatches of song. It is one of those delightful days which make a Scottish summer haunt the memory from boyhood to age, the sunshine of which lingers lovingly in our hearts, sweetening like the fragrances of childhood's flowers—a whiff of which brings back from early days a train of happy thoughts—a golden treasure laid up against many rainy days; a day deliciously cool, bright and inspiring beyond anything we ever breathe in sunnier climes. Earth and air are full of joyous life, the woods are bursting into leaf, their banks are blue with hyacinths, and the west wind is laden with their sweets. The swallows flit in endless rounds athwart the pool, now a host, now for a moment gone; and now they speed in

rapid trains with wind and stream, till quick as thought they whirl up and backwards like dry leaves in a blast, their graceful flight beautiful to the eye, and their twittering song pleasing to the ear.

Surely all the swallows are having high holiday by the river to-day. Brown sand-martins, black and bronzed chimney-swallows spreading their long forked tails, and house-martins whose snow-white tail-coverts flash like glints of light dancing over the dark waters. The swift too is here, swiftest of swallows, cutting the air rapidly with its sabre-like wings—as though that were its mission and to be done quickly—uttering its shrill cry as it speeds on, quick of nerve and eye beyond our conception, capturing its airy prey while shooting onward sharp as an arrow from the bow and tireless on the wings of the wind. There are pied and yellow wagtails flitting and tripping about, anxious and busy, piping plaintively, full of family cares, and eager in providing for family wants. Quick and daintily they tippet over the stones, flirting their long tails and dashing into mid-air to seize the startled flies; yet quick as our eye is upon them, they are off across the river. Surely, to wild things all men possess 'the evil eye'; for, excepting 'bonnie Kilmeny,' or other beings whose orbs have been blessed by heavenly sights and only speak love to the wild and the tame, all wild animals seem to dread the gaze of man.

Yonder is a water-ousel on the rocky margin opposite, under an overhanging ash, dipping his white breast so persistingly to the water, that one might suppose he was courtesying his best to his shadow there, in an 'After you, sir!' invitation to drink. The fine old thorn trees in the glebe above are whitening with 'the May,' and the mellow notes of the merle can be heard from one of them, mellow, but rather monotonous in their repetitions. Now there is a flight of gulls following the windings of the stream, and one after another, as they pass some floating object in the water, they stoop and beat the air for a while, on white uplifted wings, hovering hawk-like for a moment, and then passing, each on its airy way. Now a sandpiper flits quick and silently up the river, noiseless enough when nesting, at other times a whimpering, loud-complaining bird—like some other bipeds—thinking it has got all the cares and troubles of life, and that the world ought to know it; and high above, the broad-winged heron sends forth his fitful skreigh, sailing away to some sequestered fishing-ground; a silent fisher, that sets himself motionless as stock or stone till some unwary trout or parr glides within the lightning-stroke of his great spear. A weird-looking bird as he stands on the big gray boulder by the silent pool, defective of ear, but with an eye quick as light; clumsy of flight when startled, but once aloft, sailing easy and majestic with outstretched shanks, over meadow and moor; privileged to fish many forbidden waters, waiting for no stated trains, but going and coming at his own sweet will by devious, ever-varied routes, and with no fear of complaints at 'The Heronry' of fishing too late o' nights. This is no fancy picture, but a sunny river-side experience which might be extended; but while we note the passing flight of many birds, our friend is catching fish, and a beautiful sea-trout has just flashed his

silvery sides before us. This, with the sight of our own basket empty on the green—like the covered dish served up to the old Border reiver with only a pair of spurs—reminds us it is time to mount and ride to catch a prey.

## ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOT.

### CHAPTER XXX.—SIR PAGAN DINES AT HOME.

SIR PAGAN, for a wonder, dined at home on the day succeeding that which had witnessed his sister's fruitless visit to Leominster House. The baronet's habits, as has been previously mentioned, were eminently undomestic. He rarely partook of any meal, save breakfast, beneath the shelter of his own roof. But now he had come back, that very afternoon, as fast as steam could bring him along the iron way, from a three days' absence in the North; and being in high good-humour, he had taken pity on his sister's loneliness, and now sat opposite to her at his own somewhat shabbily appointed dinner-table, on that sultry August evening. Those two were not, perhaps, very congenial company to one another. Brothers, as a rule, have not much to say to their sisters; though nowhere, when involved in money troubles, or crossed in love, do they find a confidant so loyal and so patient as a sister is proud to be. On this occasion, Sir Pagan was unusually talkative.

'Knavesmire,' he said more than once, 'didn't turn out half-bad—not half-bad; might have been better, though; but I felt, when I left York, as if luck was going to change with me.'

This poor simple Devonshire baronet had a half-heathen belief in luck, akin to the Roman's fatalistic faith in *Diva Fortuna*. He had just returned from a great coursing contest in the North, and the qualified success which he had met with seemed of good augury to him.

His sister knew no more of coursing matches and racing events than she did of mathematics. But she felt that she ought to care for the pursuits that interested her brother so much, the more so as Sir Pagan was so kind and lenient, in his rough way, to her. And she remembered the sleek, slender greyhounds at Carew, and how gratefully they had looked up at her, with their glowing hazel eyes, when with her soft hand she had caressed those intelligent heads of theirs. Even now, old Dart, the grand black greyhound, too old for moorland scampers, was dividing his attentions between his master and the gentle girl who had patted him and talked soothingly to him many a day in far-off Devon.

'I wish, brother,' she said, 'that Prince Arthur—King Arthur, is it?—had won the Cup.'

'He didn't do it; but he ought; and if the judge hadn't been a blind old buzzard, he would have seen that the other dog didn't run fair in that last double; and there were hundreds on the ground who thought like me,' returned Sir Pagan, as earnestly as if life and death depended on the observance of technical rules by a set of swift greyhounds contending unconsciously for the profit of their owners. 'But,' added Sir Pagan, rising from his chair, 'it wasn't, as I said, half-bad. Prince Arthur got a second place, if

he got no more; and Weston, my trainer, you know—a deep fellow, Weston—feels certain for the great prize next month on the Chester Roodiee. Anyhow, we'll hope so.—But sit still, my dear, sit still.

And his sister did sit still. She was used now to her brother and his queer ways, one of which was that, when he had to think, it seemed incumbent on Sir Pagan to jump up and walk about the room with quick strides, as he was doing then. It really did appear as though the baronet's sluggish brains could not work unless his strong muscles were in motion. It was after dinner by this, and the frugal dessert, which nobody wanted, stood uselessly on the table; but Sir Pagan's claret glass was more than half-full, and he had swallowed but very little of the ruby liquid in the decanter before him. There was something, clearly, on the baronet's mind. He paced frowningly to and fro, like a man nerving himself for a difficult or painful task, and at last said, awkwardly enough: 'Now, my dear, blood's thicker than water, and I, I hope, remember it; but—'

'But—is it, Pagan, that you are tired of having me here?' asked his sister in alarm, as he hesitated to finish his speech.

'No, no; confound it! no—not such a brute as that,' stammered out Sir Pagan, blushing crimson. 'No. What's mine, while there's cash or credit, is yours as much as it is my own; or hers either, for that matter,' added the baronet vaguely. 'What I did mean was quite the contrary, sister. Fact is, I've netted a trifle of money, after settling scores with Weston, and paying up an IOU or two. And it must be so unpleasant for you to go on here in town without a shilling in your purse, and—so you are as welcome to my winnings, I assure you, as ever I made any man welcome to a glass of sherry, or— Stop!' he said, after a moment of self-communing. 'Yes, by Jove! we had better say, half the sum for you, half for me—share and share. But I want you not to be pinched.'

Poor, kindly, illiterate gentleman that Pagan Carew was, all his practical culture had taught him the lesson that cash was hard to get and harder to keep; and he felt the voluntary abandonment of a handful of gold and notes as others would the loss of their lifeblood; but he had been thinking seriously of his sister's helpless condition, all the way from York to London, and hence the unwonted liberality of his proffered aid.

His sister thanked him gracefully and gently, as was natural to her, as soon as she had quite grasped his meaning, imperfectly expressed. 'But I want nothing from you—no money, I mean, dear brother,' she said; and Sir Pagan instantly felt a sense of relief that he did his best to hide, but very lamely; for he was clumsy in all things except the handling of bridle, fowling-piece, or trout-rod.

He sat down again, and emptied his glass with an air of serene satisfaction. In truth, he was one of those men who are capable of a sacrifice certainly, but who would make but ungainly martyrs at the best. 'I really did not know you had anything at all,' he said presently.

'I should have been obliged to throw myself

on your bounty long ago, Pagan, had it been so,' his sister answered; 'but I had seventy pounds in my purse when I—left Castel Vawr, and most of this little fortune I spent, with Mrs Tucker's help, in buying what was necessary and renewing my wardrobe, since all I brought from Egypt was left behind at the castle.'

'I thought that starched, stiff old Lady Barbara had sent you your luggage,' blurted out the baronet, tapping with one weighty finger on the table.

'Not my luggage—not mine,' returned the sister. 'The trunks she sent remain up-stairs unopened, for they were marked with the name of Miss Carew. I could not touch the things, for they were Cora's, not mine.'

'Not touch your own things!' exclaimed the baronet, with an honest surprise that he could not repress; and then, reddening, he said: 'Pooh! nonsense. I don't profess to understand it all. But after all, my lass, you have a little left.'

'More than I want for pocket-money, at present. Twenty pounds,' answered the girl, smiling.

'But surely,' resumed Sir Pagan, cudgelling his memory, 'there must be still, out of Aunt Catherine's legacy, five hundred pounds lying in the Exeter bank to the credit of Cora Carew. One scrape of a pen'—

'Hush, brother, hush!' cried out the girl, her fair face all in a flame with rising colour. 'Never could I meddle with the sum you speak of, were I starving and an outcast, for it is hers. I could not sign my sister's name.'

Sir Pagan made a wry face, as if his newly-poured bumper of sound claret had suddenly turned sour. 'Pshaw—rubbish!' he retorted, almost irritably. 'I wish, with all my heart, you would give up this useless harping on the same string. If you and she cannot get on comfortably together, as it seems'—

'But, brother, do you not believe that I am Clare—that I am Marchioness of Leominster?' the girl exclaimed, so eagerly as to make him wince.

'Believe it! Bother it—I'd rather not believe anything, thank you, one way or the other,' ejaculated the unhappy baronet, pushing his chair back, and sweeping the dark hair from his swarthy brow. 'It is a most confounded mess, as women's quarrels generally are, so far as my experience goes; and I'd as soon take a hornet's nest in my bare hands, as be mixed up in it, I give you my word. I believe nothing, for good or for bad, and I don't intend to. I believe nothing, I say.'

He was pacing to and fro now, in a state of the utmost discomposure; but it was quite plain that he meant what he said, and that he considered the neutral attitude which he had schooled himself to adopt, as a very stronghold and place of refuge.

'If you will not believe me, at least you are not sorry, I hope, to have me here in Bruton Street?' asked his sister, with a sad smile.

'That I am not, my dear,' replied the baronet, heartily enough; for now he felt himself, so to speak, treading on firmer ground, and hospitality



was one of the simple virtues that he had in his neglected youth been taught to prize, as an Arab does. 'You are my sister, at anyrate. There's no doubt of that, I'm glad to say. And you do brighten up this dingy, dreary old rat-hole of a house, which I wish was a livelier and a better home for you than I am able to make it. I may be rough—always was—wasn't I, Dart, old fellow!—but I mean well; and if I can be of use any day, just you let me know. I must be going, though, soon,' he added, with a glance at his watch; 'for I promised'—

What Sir Pagan had promised, or with which of his bachelor friends the appointment was made, signifies little. At anyrate, a quarter of an hour later he was treading the Pall-Mall pavement, bound for his club; and his sister had crept slowly back to the solitude of the darkling drawing-room up-stairs. Sir Pagan had heard nothing from her lips as to her unsuccessful visit to Leominster House.

(To be continued.)

## MY FIRST CHAMOIS.

BY HIS MAJESTY OSCAR, KING OF NORWAY AND SWEDEN.

TRANSLATED BY CARL SIEMERS.

THE gay and interesting imperial city of Austria invites us to stay! Its palaces bask in the fullness of a summer's sun, and the Prater is crowded with a varied assemblage, here gathering to listen to the intoxicating strains of a Strauss orchestra, there separating into knots around the innumerable cafés. To the foreigner, Vienna has much of interest, many pleasures to offer, and still we have to say farewell after a too short stay. We are tempted away to another land, towards the snow-covered peaks of the Alps, far from the whirl of the capital.

A rare opportunity had been offered us to take part in a chamois hunt in the Tyrol, an offer which we cannot resist; and the following night finds us on the road travelling for twelve hours in a railway carriage, where we get no sleep. At the station of Holzkirchen, in Bavaria, we left the railway for vehicles of lesser speed, and journey in the bright morning past Tegernsee Castle, belonging to Prince Charles, and situated on the shore of a mountain lake of the same name, with water clear as crystal. Upwards, upwards, along the narrowing valleys to the famous Wildbach-Kreuth, the customary place of rendezvous for the chamois-hunters in these tracts. The Prince had himself arranged the chase, in which fourteen or fifteen gentlemen participated; but he himself, advanced in years, no longer followed his favourite pursuit, although some of his suite were bold and experienced alp-hunters. Besides these, and four Swedes and Norwegians, including myself, the party consisted of members of the Bavarian nobility, the *corps diplomatique* at Munich, officials, &c.

In the afternoon of August the 16th, most of the sportsmen proceeded leisurely up the Boden Alps, and met at a *châlet* to pass the night, so as to commence the morrow's exhausting chase with invigorated strength. At half-past one in the morning, after only a couple of hours' rest, we left

our pretty residence of Kreuth, and, after a ride of about two miles, reached the dark Wolfravine 'Wolfschlucht,' to which is attached many strange legends, and here our guide, the alp-hunter Hohenadel, met us.

I wish I could give a portrait of this splendid figure, with its sober energy and robust health. Hohenadel is a giant six feet three inches high, with a pair of the broadest shoulders I have seen, and with a noble countenance from which decision, boldness, and thorough honesty shine forth. He was born in a lowly cottage among the mountains, and his whole life has been passed among the glaciers and ravines of the lofty Alps. It has been healthy and free from any artificial nurture; it has taught him to play with death in a thousand forms of danger; it has stamped his whole being with the impress of nature's greatness and potency. He speaks but little as with his shaded lantern in one hand, his alpenstock in the other, and his gun over his shoulder, he trudges before us on the mountain brow, inspiring us, however, with a confidence which a thousand words could not have awakened.

Thus we wandered for a long time in silence. Serious, almost dark thoughts rushed upon us; the jet black Alps rising on both sides of us, on our right so close as to permit us to touch the clammy rock; on the left again, some distance off, and below us—we hardly dared attempt to ascertain how near—was the yawning abyss, while the torrent below spoke with a gloomy voice, which gradually died away as we proceeded upwards on our lonely path. Above our heads the silent stars twinkled in the azure sky, while shadowy clouds moved erratically round the lofty peaks, or descended along the giant forms of the mountain slopes.

It now became necessary to follow our guide more closely. To lose one's footing now would be fatal. We therefore journeyed on with care and caution until we grew a little accustomed to the strangeness of our situation under the wing of night. An hour goes by, and the first gray shadow of dawn creeps along the mountain side. Unfortunately, the clouds rise simultaneously, the sky becomes overcast, and during the greater part of the morning a fine, chilling mist falls, which also mars the hunt. In course of the day, however, the weather improved and the sun broke through. We had walked without cessation, and the clock had barely turned four, when we were on the road up the Bodengebirge.

Vegetation here ceased by degrees; long and luxuriant alpine grass and shrubs clustering in the mountain clefts. For an hour more we climbed some very stiff slopes and reached at last a mountain ridge, some six thousand feet above sea-level, along which we were then posted, where big stones or clumps of shrubs permitted, with a distance of a hundred to two hundred feet between us; the ridge being in some places so sharp and steep that two persons could hardly find sufficient space at one post. It was with some difficulty one could keep his position, immovable and gun in hand, but more difficult still it must have been for any one suffering from giddiness.

The picture unfolded before our gaze was one of the grandest. Below us some fifty yards a ravine, through which the newly-melted ice-waters from the glacier rush with a loud roar.



On the other side a plateau, somewhat longer than the ridge we stand on, abruptly broken to the left, while on the right the mountains rise suddenly, after sinking softly into a copse-covered glen, to a height of some seven thousand feet, where the snow shines like burnished silver. Cold rain and warm sunshine alternate from time to time, and the colouring, the light and shade on this unrivalled picture, shift with them. Surprisingly picturesque appear also the alpine hunters in their hats with green feathers, their gray shooting coats, their naked, sinewy legs, scorched by the sun, their close leggings and laced boots. They keep the gun lightly slung over the shoulders, but it is with the quickness of lightning that it finds its place for the shot, while the long alpenstock carried in both hands serves for support when wandering down or by the side of the precipitous mountain. But, should any game appear, or the wanderer hear any suspicious noise; in an instant the alpenstock lies against the shoulder and the hands grasp the rifle.

These sons of the Alps have a faculty of discerning the approach of game which is astounding; they possess the noble and intelligent nature of the hound. The chamois is hunted in two ways, either by a kind of 'drive' or else by 'stalking.' Our hunt was organised in the first manner; still, one must not imagine this to be merely 'beating the woods;' the chamois is easily frightened, and so fleet—*flüchtig*, as the Germans term it—that this would be out of the question. Some five to six men cover the whole mountain tract with a few hundred yards between them, sometimes more; they walk cautiously, but straight, towards the hunters, giving the latter the benefit of the wind; they must not, however, make any noise, or this would frighten the animals beyond all measure, and force them to run in hot haste down or up the most break-neck places, and the chase is then spoilt; it is necessary, then, that the beaters should possess as much skill and caution as the hunters. Long, therefore, before the former come in view, if the drive has fortunately been successful, smaller and larger herds of these light-footed inhabitants of the Alps will appear.

There is something indescribably striking in their bold movements as they spring from rock to rock, from knoll to knoll, over the yawning crevice. Suddenly they halt in their wild flight down the mountain slope to listen. Then they again speed on and disappear. Now they reappear, they approach, they are nearly within range; no, they are again a thousand yards away.

Lovely creatures! Why does the hunter lurk with the deadly bullet to cut short your careless gambols, in the presence of such wonders of the commanding manifestation of the Creator's omnipotence? That is the question the sportsman involuntarily asks when, for the first time, he sees these graceful animals free from all restraint; but the next moment he fires, and a 'miss' is objugated as loudly as though he had never been touched by a sting of pity.

The other way of hunting, namely, stalking, when one steals upon the animal, is far more dangerous, and but rarely results in any success, while, on the other hand, it requires of course

less preparation; it is, however, not advisable to be less than three when undertaking this sport, especially if the sportsman be not acquainted with the difficulties and dangers which may be encountered, as one's life may easily be brought into danger, and is perhaps only saved by the courage and presence of mind of a companion.

Here is an account which will give an idea of the hazard attending this sport, and also of the marvellous resolution of the alp-hunters.

During one of my travels in Switzerland I once obtained an excellent guide from Meiringen, across the Bernese-Oberland, who had in his younger days been the boldest and most successful chamois-hunter in the place, but who had subsequently for ever renounced this his dearest pastime on beholding his bosom friend fall before his eyes into an immeasurable abyss. He related, among other things, that this friend and himself had once, when they were mere lads, started on a hunt. For several days they stalked without success, which seems to have irritated them to such an extent as to make them determine they would not return without some spoil. At last they tracked a splendid chamois, hemmed between two arms of a glacier.

But how to get at it! To approach from above or below was utterly impossible, as only a long, sharp ice-covered ridge led to it; so they linked themselves together with a strong rope at their belts, and commenced to crawl along the naked 'comb,' the eldest first and the youngest after, a distance of forty feet. But the break-neck venture soon overpowered the less experienced of the two; the overstrained brain yields to terror, and with his courage his presence of mind disappears.

A cry of terror, and he falls! No rescue seems possible; a parting sigh to the hearth he left, and he faints. Only One knows how long he was unconscious. At last he revived. Marvel! he was still hanging by the side of the mountain, a couple of yards under its edge, and with the saving rope round his waist. He listened with strained nerves. Was he not deceived? Shouts in a well-known voice greeted him. 'Do not be frightened, I am balancing you.' And so he was. Quick as lightning had his comrade not only perceived the danger, but comprehended it in its whole scope, and with marvellous presence of mind, flung himself down the other side. And there they both hung!

The situation is, I think, easier imagined than described. However, at length, after many efforts and infinite terror, the two friends at last reached the top again; and once more safely reached their homes, thankful to heaven for their deliverance.

To resume my own narrative, the first drive brought no luck to me, as no animal came within range; still, I saw a dozen, and crept as near to the verge as I dared. Three animals fell in other quarters, and the reports of the guns echoed among the mountains, borne to and fro with long cadenced resonance, while the Alpine eagles, scared from their nests, soared and wheeled high above us.

After a few minutes' rest, we ascended higher. I was now placed on a steep slope—so steep, in fact, that it was only with the greatest effort I

managed to cling to the mountain. Hohenadel followed, holding my other gun—well, I am afraid I must make the humble confession, holding me also, until I managed, by means of my alpenstock, to obtain something like a footing.

The drive now commenced from another quarter. The same glorious and grand view, the same solemn silence unbroken by any noisy horns or reports. After half an hour's anxious waiting, when hope had nearly vanished, I suddenly heard a rustle below us behind a big stone. We listen again with doubled attention in death-like silence. No, nothing! Two moments more, two long moments of expectation—and lo! a splendid chamois creeps softly forward below me, its whole attention being fixed on the drive in the valley.

'Attention! Aim low,' whispers Hohenadel. 'Fire!' The animal stumbles, the left shoulder is hit, but too low; another shot in the back of the flying deer, and it stands overwhelmed with pain, panting with terror, and undecided from whence the shot came. 'Quick here with the other gun!' And by a third shot at a distance of a hundred yards, the animal falls hit in the shoulder, I believe the right, as he turned a little in the flight. I have still a ball left; the hunting fever seizes me, and to a certain extent deprives me of coolness. Throwing the alpenstock aside, and using the gun as a staff, I begin to run down with great speed. Luckily, something on the ground, whether a shrub or a stone I do not recollect, covers me just at the very moment I require it, and thus I get a fourth shot at him. The ball goes through the heart, and the horn sounds *Alles Todt*, which is repeated and re-echoed.

This was the only animal shot in the latter drive—we had four in all; mine was the largest: 'Ein capitaler Bock.' The head, with its magnificent and gracefully curved horns, its pointed ears, its vigilant eyes and shapely nose, now adorns my home. My eye rests on it often with keen satisfaction.

## TWICE LOST.

A TALE OF DOUBLE CONSCIOUSNESS.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CONCLUSION.

'Miss LINWOOD,' the servant said to Clinton, 'was engaged in packing; she would be downstairs before long, and hoped that Mr Clinton would remain to tea. A letter had come for him from the solicitors.'

Clinton opened it. It contained but a single line from Mr Keane, and an inclosure, which proved to be a letter from Mr Warren to the firm. The essential part of the latter was as follows:

'Mr Clinton having thought fit to intimate that a will exists, and to suggest that I am a party to its disappearance, would find occasion to repeat this slander, if I were to take immediate possession of the house in which are the papers of the deceased. I therefore desire you to retain possession until a thorough search has been made, and you have satisfied yourselves that no will is concealed anywhere upon the premises. Any proceedings that you may think proper to take in pursuance of the insinuation made by Mr Clinton, I shall be ready to meet; if none should

be taken, I myself shall adopt measures to compel him to retract and apologise for it.'

'He has the will,' said Clinton to himself, 'and makes a show of generosity at a cheap rate.'

The barrister rang the bell, and summoned the detective who had been constantly in charge of Andrew since the disappearance of the will, though the latter hardly seemed to be conscious that he was under restraint. Him he directed to use his utmost efforts to intoxicate the old man, and in that state to recall his mind to the history of the errand which had terminated so disastrously. Having given this order, he sat down to read the volume in his hand and await Eva's leisure.

She came presently, and greeted her defeated champion with an affectionate and grateful warmth which at least assured him of her full conviction that the loss of her cause was due to no fault of his. She was grave and sad at the prospect of quitting the home of her childhood—the only one she had ever known; and Clinton, to divert her mind, drew her attention to the circumstances of the trial. He explained to her the reasons which made it impossible for the English law to recognise her father's second marriage; the nature of the law of domicile, on which the validity turned; and the history of Lord Lyndhurst's Act, which by rendering such marriages valid in the past, but void for the future, had given them a moral validity, of which, in her social position, she would feel the benefit. As Eva was intelligent enough to feel deeply the stigma thrown upon her by the legal invalidity of her mother's marriage, she was cheered to find how very narrow and technical were the grounds on which it was impugned; and Clinton was gratified to perceive that, instead of impatiently pronouncing herself unable to understand a legal question, she followed with attention and comprehension his explanation of the law affecting her case.

From this they passed to Mr Warren's letter; and Eva was proceeding to question Clinton concerning the arrangements made for her future, when he was relieved from no little embarrassment by a knock at the door and the entrance of the detective.

'Will you come, sir?' whispered the latter, with an eager countenance. 'You can conceal yourself just outside the door. I had the greatest difficulty to induce him to drink; for he said he had ruined his mistress by drinking, and never would taste spirits again; but when I had persuaded him, as he has scarcely eaten or slept for weeks, a very little overcame him. So now he seems to have forgotten all that has happened since, and is telling me the story just as if it had happened yesterday.'

Clinton eagerly followed him, and concealed himself in a store-closet, the window of which over-looked the pantry where Andrew and the detective were seated. The latter returned to his place, and induced Andrew to resume his narrative.

'So I says to the villain: "No; my master was not such a fool; he knew what you were, and he would not leave Miss Eva at your mercy. So he had made a will, as you will find to-morrow; and not a farthing of his money will you ever see." So he tries to question me about

it, friendly-like, and to know where the will was ; but I wasn't going to tell him that I had it in my pocket. So, says he : " I only want what is my own ; if you can show me a will, I shall be ready to give up my claim." But I saw through the old fox, and I said : " You'll give it up, no doubt of it, to-morrow, when you find you must." So when he saw he could get nothing out of me, he said : " You had better go home, Andrew, and get to bed ;" pretending to think as I was drunk, though I was as sober as you see me. So I came home'—here Clinton listened with redoubled attention—and then I found that Mr Clinton was gone away, and Miss Eva was gone to bed. So I thinks to myself : " That Mr Warren's a lawyer, and would stick at nothing ; suppose he should have the house robbed while we are asleep, now he knows the will is here?" So I took and hid it where no one would look for it, and where robbers would never find it, if they should search all night ; and then I went to bed.

'Well, and where was this hiding-place?' asked the detective. 'Have you put it in the plate-chest, or among the china, or where?' naming the most unsafe of hiding-places, in the hope that, eagerly repudiating such an imputation on his good sense, Andrew would betray his secret. But he was now on his guard, and though so completely intoxicated as to have lost sight of all the events of the period that had elapsed since the hiding of the will, his mind retained a firm grasp of the idea which had then possessed it, and which had returned in full force with the memories of that eventful night. He answered with a smile of drunken cunning : 'No, no ; I shall not tell you that. How do I know but you may be one of Warren's men? I will tell no one till Mr Clinton asks me for it.'

Where the detective sat, he could catch Clinton's eye, while Andrew had his back to the closet-window. At a sign from his employer, the former rose, and with a jest at the old man's obstinacy, left the room. There was no time to be lost ; for the fumes of the liquor had overpowered a nervous system exhausted by sleeplessness and fasting, and Andrew was evidently lapsing into unconsciousness. Clinton took his resolve in an instant ; he walked into the pantry, and addressing Andrew in a matter-of-fact manner, studiously concealing his excitement and anxiety, he said : 'Did you not hear me ring?'

'No, sir.'

'Where were your ears? I want the will ; Mr Keane is here, and I must give it to him immediately.'

Andrew stared at him for an instant ; then evidently made a desperate effort to recover and recollect himself. Clinton felt himself almost choked by the beating of his heart ; but commanding his voice with difficulty, said : 'Come, let me have it at once. Have you got it all safe?'

The peremptoriness of this question recalled the remembrance that was very nearly fading again from Andrew's stupefied brain. Taking a chisel from a drawer, he advanced towards the fireplace, answering in a voice which the habit of respect strove to render clear and steady, in spite of the intoxication which he instinctively laboured to conceal : 'Ay, very safe, sir. I was afraid of

what Mr Warren might do, and I thought he would never look for it under the hearth-stone.' And, stooping down, he strove to lift the slab. Clinton thrust him aside, snatched the chisel, and inserted it at a part where the plaster had been removed, and a chink was visible between the boards and the stone. With some effort he raised the slab. There, close at his feet, lay the missing packet, with the seals unbroken. The Will was recovered !

Mr Warren behaved better than had been expected. Clinton's first step was to write to him, apologising for his suspicions, and stating that the will had been found. After inspecting it, in presence of Mr Keane, Mr Warren withdrew his claims, and suffered Eva to take possession of her inheritance without further molestation. The will appointed Mr and Mrs Claverling guardians to the heiress ; and the former, together with a business connection of Mr Linwood's, trustees of her property. And, at the testator's desire, the Claverlings took up their abode in their ward's house, so that Eva remained in her old home, under the motherly care of a friend whose worth and affection she had learned in her time of trouble to appreciate as they deserved.

Some weeks had elapsed since these arrangements had been completed, and Mrs Claverling and her ward were once more sitting alone by the firelight in the library where we first saw them. Eva was still in mourning ; but the pale face had regained its soft and delicate colour, and its expression, though pensive, was no longer unhappy. 'I wonder,' she said to her companion, after a long silence, 'when Mr Clinton will come again to see us? He has never been here since the business of the will was settled, and you came to live here.'

'He has only been asked once, and then he was engaged.'

'But he used often to come and see my father, without being invited ; and when my lawsuit was going on, he came nearly every other evening.'

'You see there is no more business to bring him here.'

'But he did not always come on business ; he used to come and spend an evening whenever he had one to spare. Mrs Claverling, can I have done anything to displease him? If I have, I shall be so very sorry ; he did so much for me.'

Mrs Claverling had a very distinct opinion as to the reason of Clinton's protracted absence. She was no match-maker ; but she could not help feeling a strong and somewhat romantic interest in the love which she was sure the young lawyer felt for her ward, and saying to herself that it would be a great pity that a morbid delicacy should interfere with its avowal. 'She will never find a better husband,' thought the good lady ; 'and with her fortune, she has every chance of finding a worse.' Thus thinking, she spoke, letting fall the hint which, as she believed, was alone wanting to turn the course of affairs : 'I think, Eva, that Mr Clinton came without an invitation when he knew that we had need of him. Now that it is not so, he is too proud to come without being asked.'

'Ah, ask him then, dear Mrs Clavering,' exclaimed Eva. 'How ungrateful I must have seemed to him; I, who was so glad to see him when I was poor, and seem to forget him as soon as he has made me rich!'

Suddenly Eva coloured, turned away her head, and was silent. Mrs Clavering readily guessed what thought had entered her mind, and was content to let her alone. If Eva did not care for Clinton, she did not wish to interfere. If she did care for him, the first evidence of this which her inexperience and innocence could not fail to afford, would be sure to overcome his scruples. He might sacrifice his own happiness to his pride, but not hers.

Clinton was invited; and Mrs Clavering must have managed, without indiscretion, to word her note in a form more pressing or more attractive than before; for, despite his own resolutions, the young barrister accepted the invitation. Mrs Clavering, while careful not to embarrass Eva by observation, noticed that evening the extreme elegance and prettiness which an exceptional care had given to her appearance, and the nervous agitation which made her little hands tremble till she laid down her work, and took up a book to screen herself from attention and from conversation. When the bell rang, however, Eva laid down the volume, and made an evident and resolute effort to regain her composure. It was fortunate, or perhaps considerate, that Mrs Clavering claimed Clinton's attention for a minute or two on his entrance with reproaches for his neglect, which he parried by pleading the increase of business that had almost overwhelmed him. 'I am a slow worker,' said he, 'and as yet I dare not be careless. I must make up for my inexperience by giving double attention to every brief, if I would keep the good fortune that has flowed in upon me.'

He passed on to Eva, who had risen and stood with downcast eyes and half-averted head. She held out her hand, and Clinton felt it tremble as he took it in his. 'I am afraid *you* are more seriously displeased with me, Miss Linwood,' he said, in some little surprise at his reception; for Clinton was as little of a coxcomb as a clever and successful man of his age well can be; and he attributed Eva's manner to displeasure at the length of his absence, and perhaps at the suddenness with which he had withdrawn from her society. 'I should be very sorry to think that I had been so eager in availing myself of fortune as to seem to neglect the person to whom I owe it all. Pray, forgive me, and believe that if I have been busy, I have not been forgetful or ungrateful.'

'Ungrateful?' Eva murmured. He had not released her hand, nor had she withdrawn it.

'You made my fortune, Miss Linwood. Since I had the honour of conducting your case, I have obtained in three months more work and much more money than in the last three years. I have to thank your generous confidence for all this.'

'Eva thinks you have been very long in returning your thanks,' said Mrs Clavering archly.

The girl looked up, in eager deprecation. 'I am sure Mr Clinton owes me no thanks. But I owe him everything; and I should have liked to have told him sooner how comfortable I am,

and how I thank him for it—for all.' She paused, and her eyes o'erbrimmed with tears.

Clinton started, in manifest agitation; and Mrs Clavering quietly left the room.

When she returned, half an hour later, Clinton stood by the window, which looked out upon a quiet, green, shady lawn and garden; and Eva was beside him, her hand on his arm, and her fair head resting against his shoulder.

'Mrs Clavering, you will, have to complete your own work, by persuading your husband that I am not too unfitting a suitor to his heiress-ward. Nay—if you did not mean this, you should never have asked me here.'

'I asked you because I knew you would not come unasked; and because I thought it hard that Eva's fortune should stand in the way of her happiness. Do not fear. Mr Clavering will be very glad to know that his ward is safe from all the perils of an heiress's position, and married to one who found in her wealth not an attraction but an obstacle to his suit.'

'Is it true,' said Eva, as she parted from her lover in the hall that evening, 'that you meant to give me up because I was rich, though you loved me when I was poor?'

'I loved you, darling, poor or rich. But'—The question was not easy to answer.

'Ah, Everard, it was very unkind. Could you believe that my fortune—which I owed to you—would change my thoughts of you? Or could you, so proud, so independent, be afraid of what others might say, and willing to sacrifice me to that fear?'

'It would have been sacrificing you, then, my Eva?'

'Ah, yes! If I had thought that money could stand between us, I should have rejoiced with all my soul when the will was lost, and broken my heart when it was found.'

#### RATIANA.

A CORRESPONDENT has kindly favoured us with the following remarks relative to the getting rid of rats.

In your *Journal* number for the month of April, you gave some valuable information from a correspondent respecting a good remedy for getting rid of rats in a dwelling-house or elsewhere. I think I can state a much more effective remedy, very simple, and one that I have tried most successfully.

It is well known that when once rats have obtained a firm footing in a private house, or in any other buildings, such as barns, outhouses, &c., it is a most difficult thing to completely dislodge them, and they continue, sometimes in spite of all attempts to exterminate them, to make frightful inroads into domestic peace and happiness, and into the luxuries and other eatables stowed away in the larders. I came to my present residence in 1875. It is a very old but very comfortable house. Soon after I had commenced arranging my furniture and otherwise placing my house in order, I found, to my intense disgust and annoyance, that the place was infested with rats. Nearly every room on the ground-floor gave alarming indications of the presence of rats during some part of the day. Even the drawing-



room was at times a rat-haunt. One evening, as my servants were sitting comfortably around the kitchen-fire, out came three gigantic rats. Having carefully looked round the kitchen, the vermin came towards the fire; and upon the servants moving their chairs, they scampered off, only to return the next evening. One morning, when coming down-stairs to breakfast, I found the baby's toy rabbit, made of real rabbit-skin, literally torn to pieces, and the bits scattered all about the front staircase. Nothing but a rat could have done this, as the rabbit was perfect a few hours before, and the cats had been turned outside the house for the night. Dogs and cats were quite unable to exterminate these pests.

At last it became so serious, that I thought I would try tar as an experiment. Rats are wonderfully clean animals, and they dislike tar more perhaps than anything else; for if it once gets on their jackets, they find it most difficult to remove it. Now, I had heard it mentioned that pouring tar down at the entrances of their holes was a good remedy; also placing broken pieces of glass by their holes was another remedy. But these remedies are *not* effective. The rats may leave their old holes, and make fresh ones in other parts of the house; they don't, however, leave the premises for good.

I thought I would try another experiment, one I had not heard of before. One evening I set a large wire-cage rat-trap, attaching inside a most seductive piece of strongly smelling cheese; and next morning I found, to my satisfaction, that I had succeeded in trapping a very large rat, one of the largest I had ever seen, which, after I had besmeared with tar, I let loose into his favourite run. The next night I tried again, and succeeded in catching another equally big fellow, and served him in the same manner. I could not follow these two tar-besmeared rats into their numerous runs, to see what would happen; but it is reasonable to assume that they either summoned together all the members of their community, and by their crest-fallen appearance gave their comrades silent indications of the misfortune which had so suddenly befallen them; or that they frightened their brethren away, for they one and all forsook the place and fled. The experiment was eminently successful. From that day in 1875 till now, 1883, my house, ancient though it is, has been entirely free from rats; and I believe that there is no remedy equal to this one, if you can catch your rat alive. They never came back to the house again.

In conclusion, let me say, Never use poison. This remedy is almost worse than the disease. If poison be used, you may find yourself in the same sorry plight a friend of mine once found himself in; he had to take up all his dining-room flooring, on account of a frightful odour issuing therefrom, and found sixteen dead rats underneath. Besides, poison is dangerous lying about; it might be taken by favourite dogs or cats.

Another correspondent sends us the following touching anecdote: We had been troubled with the company of a pair of fine large rats, and to our cost we know they took their refreshments on the premises. Their visit having lasted a fortnight, we thought it advisable to take means to discontinue the acquaintanceship. Last

Monday night we set two traps, thinking to catch them both at once, as they had often been seen together, frequently pilfering off the same dish. We succeeded in catching them, but in a most unexpected manner. The male rat in the morning we found alive in the cage, his better-half lying dead on the floor by the side of the cage, evidently having died of grief. Not being able to call to mind a similar case, I send this, thinking it may interest some of your readers.

The following curious anecdote has been sent to us by a gentleman residing in the north of England.

'The other day,' he says, 'as I was strolling along the brook-side, taking a quiet afternoon constitutional, I noticed a dead dog in the middle of the brook, the water running down at the time not being nearly sufficient to cover it. There is nothing so unusual in the sight of a half-putrid carcase in either brook or pond as of itself to attract attention, so I suppose it must have been some motion in the mass that unconsciously struck the eye; at anyrate, while I was looking, an old rat left the rotting carcase and made off down the watercourse at a rapid rate, looking neither to right nor left. He seemed so thoroughly on business, that I determined to upset the old fellow's arrangement, and see whither it would lead. Accordingly, I cut off a hooked thorn-stick, made my way from stone to stone to the dead dog, hauled him up high and dry on to the bank under a bush, and waited. Scarcely was all still again, when the old rat returned, and in his train came twenty-four more rats straight to the spot where the dog had been. Had I known the consequences, it had been there still; for no sooner did the poor old fellow find the treasure-trove gone, than he set up a most piteous scream, and darted up the brook like an arrow. Vain his flight; within twenty yards the infuriated victims of the seeming deception had overtaken, slain, and eaten up the cruel deceiver! Undoubtedly he had told them of the magnificent feast awaiting them, and proffered to lead them to where it was.'

#### THE SOUTHAMPTON ARTESIAN WELL.

SOME forty-five years ago, the town of Southampton, being in want of a regular supply of potable water, resolved upon the experiment of an Artesian well, encouraged thereto by certain local circumstances which appeared to favour such an undertaking. At Winchester, Hursley, Portsmouth, and on Portsdown Hill, the tapping of the chalk had produced abundant supplies of excellent water, not to say that the geological basin at Southampton was believed to be in many respects identical with that in which the celebrated Artesian well in Paris is constructed. A good deal of the water-supply of the town being at the time obtained from surface-drains and springs on the Common, an outlying piece of park-like land, of four hundred acres, forming the roof of the tongue on which the town—situated between the rivers Itchen and Test—stands, an experimental boring was made by a London engineer, who predicted that at a depth of four hundred and eighty feet, an unfailing and almost unlimited supply of water was to be obtained from the chalk—to reach which at this depth, eighty feet of



alluvial strata, overlying three hundred feet of London clay and a hundred feet of the plastic clay formation, were passed through.

Thus encouraged, the 'Water-works Commissioners selected what was thought a more convenient site for securing the discharge of the water, and, at an estimated cost of seven thousand pounds, commenced the construction of a well to supply forty thousand cubic feet of water per day. A shaft fourteen feet in diameter was commenced, and sunk one hundred and sixty feet, at which depth it was originally proposed to commence boring; but this plan was altered, and the shaft, reduced to eleven feet six inches, was carried down to two hundred and fourteen feet, when it was further reduced to eight feet six inches, to a depth of three hundred and twelve feet. Here it was found necessary to substitute iron cylinders for the brickwork to three hundred and twenty-two feet, where the brickwork was resumed, the diameter being reduced to seven feet. The plastic clay being reached at three hundred and eighty feet, the brickwork was continued down to three feet below the chalk stratum, found at five hundred and twenty feet. Here the water was found flowing into the well at the rate of about three gallons a minute; and its temperature being taken, it was found to range from sixty-one to sixty-two degrees Fahrenheit, its temperature at the surface being forty-four degrees; and the atmosphere of the well at fifty feet, fifty-four degrees; at one hundred and sixty feet, sixty degrees; and at five hundred and forty-three feet, sixty-five degrees. Five hundred and sixty-two feet having been reached, and nothing like the supply expected having been obtained from the fourteen water-bearing deposits tapped (and stopped out), boring was commenced with a seven and a-half inch auger, and was continued until thirteen hundred and seventy-three feet was reached, when some twenty thousand pounds having been spent on the experiment, the townspeople's patience became exhausted. Despite the advice of the *savants* who visited the town with the British Association in 1846, to 'go on,' Sir Roderick Murchison being among those who inspected the works and a carefully-kept diagram of the geological formation passed through, and who, speaking on the spot, said, from his special experience of Hampshire, 'that there was a subterranean river flowing beneath them, there could be no sort of doubt,' in 1851 the well was closed.

The town not being content with its water-supply, which practically comes from the Itchen river, after passing Winchester and several villages on its course to the Southampton Water, and the question coming before the corporation again coincident with the recent visit of the British Association, advantage was taken of its presence once more to ventilate the subject. As the result, the corporation have resolved to spend a sum of one thousand pounds or more experimentally in continuing the boring, it being believed that it will be necessary to go no deeper than from two hundred and twenty to three hundred and twenty feet more in order to reach the lower greensand; the upper greensand, the geologists aver, being only from twenty to fifty feet below the boring, and the upper greensand and the gault but from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet each in thickness.

The preliminary preparations for continuing the experiments have proved more favourable than even the most sanguine had hoped. When the well was opened, everything was found as it was left thirty-one years ago, the difference being, that the water had risen somewhat higher, and had reached the staging where the boring-tools were fixed, forty feet from the surface. At the request of the Underground Temperature Committee of the British Association, two local gentlemen, on the well being opened, descended to this stage, and, to their great delight, found the bore practically unchoked to within a hundred feet of the bottom, which in their opinion consists of a deposit of ooze. The Association had forwarded for the experiment a Negretti and Zambra's mining thermometer, inclosed in a copper case, and specially tested and corrected. To protect this instrument, and also as a sinking-weight to carry it through any possible obstructions in the bore-shaft, it was placed in an elongated perforated tubular case, attached to about fourteen pounds of metal, with a conical termination downwards. This being attached to one of Sir William Thomson's patent sea-sounding registers, carrying three hundred fathoms of steel wire and registers, was placed in the mouth of the bore-shaft; and for upwards of fourteen minutes, with but several slight obstructions in the upper chalk, passed steadily down to twelve hundred and ten feet, where, the chalk ooze being met with, it was thought advisable to take the thermometrical observations. The temperature of the air being forty-nine degrees Fahrenheit, and of the surface-water in the well fifty-five degrees Fahrenheit, the temperature at the bottom, after thirty-five minutes' stay, when the hauling-up began, was registered as seventy-two degrees Fahrenheit, or twenty-three degrees above that of the outer air. The eventual result, with the interesting facts dependent on it, cannot now be long delayed, though the contractor for continuing the work, having cleared the bore apparently to its bottom, has come upon an obstruction which, for the moment, he seems unable to penetrate, and special professional advice is being sought in the matter.

#### THE MONTH. SCIENCE AND ARTS.

At the late general annual meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, Professor Huxley asserted that it and kindred Societies were growing a little dull. He did not state this with any feeling of reproach, but merely as a fact arising from the general progress of knowledge. With regard to geographical research, there is little doubt that few places remain where the explorer has not planted his foot. Greenland is at the present moment an exception; but as Baron Nordenskjöld has now started on his mission there, some particulars of which we gave last month, it will not long be regarded as terra incognita. Baron Nordenskjöld's expedition has been organised and equipped at the expense of a private individual, Mr Oscar Dickson, whose name is well known as a liberal supporter of any scientific inquiry which needs the help of money. We hear much in this country of the outcry that government should

endow research; but would it be impossible to find one or two wealthy men who would, like Mr Oscar Dickson, quietly take the matter in hand? A paragraph went the round of the papers a short time ago, giving the numbers of men who had died within the last two or three years leaving, respectively, their millions, half-millions, and quarter-millions. The names of such are not remembered for any particular good they had done, except the final act, which they could not well avoid, of leaving their riches for others. The name of Oscar Dickson of Gottenburg will be of far more lasting memory, and his present reward must be great, in seeing the growing results of his good works. Surely there are men in Great Britain who would go and do likewise, if the need were pointed out to them.

The Grocers' Company has set a good example in offering prizes for original research. The first 'discovery prize' of the kind amounts to a thousand pounds, and the subject is as follows: 'A method by which the vaccine contagium may be cultivated apart from the animal body, in some medium or media not otherwise zymotic; the method to be such that the contagium may by means of it be multiplied to an indefinite extent in successive generations, and that the product after any number of such generations shall—so far as can within the time be tested—prove itself of identical potency with standard vaccine lymph.' In briefer terms, this prize is offered for an improved method of vaccination, by which the remote chance of blood-poisoning—so much exaggerated by anti-vaccination agitators—is altogether avoided. Should this result not be actually attained, the experimental work which the endeavour will call forth, will in itself be most valuable.

Signor Pavesi is credited with the discovery of a new method of preserving meat from putrefaction, which, if as efficacious as stated, will be of immense value to society at large. The meat is simply immersed in a bath of water slightly acidulated with nitro-muriatic acid. Thus treated, it will keep good for many months, and when required for use, must be dried at a temperature of sixty degrees Fahrenheit. A brown tint is given to the meat by the acid; but this is readily removed by soaking in plain water before the drying process.

At the Royal Scottish Society of Arts, a paper was recently read by Mr C. A. Stevenson, C.E., describing a new and very simple form of Seismograph—an instrument, we may remind our readers, for automatically recording earth-tremors. In the year 1872, a Committee of the British Association reported that 'some simple and cheap method of indicating earthquake movement is much to be desired, and that any apparatus for the purpose should occupy small space, be little liable to derangement, capable of being put up in an apartment not of special construction, and its indications such as any intelligent person could easily interpret and readily note.' Mr Stevenson's contrivance seems fully to answer all these requirements. It consists of two pieces of plate-glass five inches square. One of these is carefully levelled, and upon it stand three little ivory balls, which in their turn support the other glass plate. To this latter is fastened a horizontal arm, with a vertical needle at its end. The point of this

needle rests upon a lamp-blackened surface, so that the slightest movement of the upper glass plate, together with the direction in which it moves, is recorded by a scratch on the blackened surface.

Although the photographic camera has been aptly described as 'a retina which never forgets,' and although we know that the image it produces is true as to form, it is within the experience of everybody that photographic portraits are not always good likenesses. We are inclined to attribute this failing to the circumstance that by photography it has hitherto been found impossible to give colours their true *shade-value*, if we may invent a term to serve our purpose. What we mean is this: yellow to the eye is a brilliant light tint; but in a photograph it is reproduced almost black. Red, instead of giving the idea of fire and light, comes out black. Blue photographs perfectly white. Such changes of course play sad havoc with complexions and contrasts of colour generally; and persons with hair and skin exhibiting exceptional brilliancy of colouring, are quite justified in remarking: 'I never make a good photograph.' According to a note brought before the Photographic Society of France the other day, this stigma upon photographic portraiture is not to remain. By the addition to the usual ingredients of the sensitive photographic surface of one per cent. of eosine, the difficulties which we have described can be altogether obviated.

We need hardly point out that this modification has nothing whatever to do with the realisation of that dream which many have pondered over, the production of photographs in natural colours. We are of opinion that this must remain at present, if not for ever, an impracticability. In the meantime, we must content ourselves with such artificial methods of colouring as are contrived from time to time. A modification of the fashionable *crystoleum* process—fashionable, alas! because it requires no artistic power—has been patented by Mr J. W. Hyman of New Jersey. The photograph printed in the usual manner on paper, is first of all immersed in a mixture of naphtha, paraffin, mastic drops, ether, and vinegar. This treatment makes it quite transparent, so that body-colours in oil, if laid broadly in their proper places on the back of the picture, show through with very good effect. By fixing the finished picture upon canvas with a mixture of glue and glycerine, a very close imitation of an oil-painting can be produced.

The difficulty of protecting our costly iron-clad ships of war from the insidious attacks of the terrible torpedo, has called forth a vast number of contrivances for the protection of ships' hulls, which are as a rule far more ingenious than practicable. Sir Edward Reed, the designer of both ships and torpedo vessels, and who therefore well understands the relationship between the two, has attacked the problem from a new stand-point. He proposes to build iron-clad ships on such a principle that their outer hulls, divided into numerous water-tight compartments, will act as a protection to the real iron-clad hull within. These improvements are embodied in certain patent specifications, to which as yet 'provisional protection' only has been granted.

The torpedo, like certain infernal machines

of which we have constant alarming descriptions, does not appear to be so formidable a weapon as some suppose; at least, we may say so of that type of torpedo which, like the 'Whitehead,' is no longer under control when it has left its mother-ship. We are reminded of this by a strange accident that recently occurred to a gentleman's yacht which happened to be lying within half a mile of some dummy torpedo practice at Portsmouth. The crew of the yacht were below, when they felt a heavy collision. On reaching the deck, they saw a Whitehead torpedo with its tail in the air busily engaged in boring a hole through their planking two feet below the water-line, causing the yacht to run a very narrow risk of sinking. Here we have one more instance to add to the many already known, of the erratic course indulged in by these new weapons, and one which would seem to indicate that the costly things, if they hit anything at all, are quite as likely to choose a friend as a foe.

In the Machinery department of the London Fisheries' Exhibition, one of the most striking novelties shown is the method of making barrels, firkins, and kegs without the intervention of a skilled cooper. It would be impossible in the space at our disposal to even briefly describe the various machines involved in the process. They are six in number, and are patented by A. Ransome & Co., a firm well known for wood-working machinery. The casks are turned out with wonderful celerity, and are perfect in form. A set of machines costing seven hundred pounds, including the necessary engine, boiler, shafting, &c., will, it is calculated, pay its own cost if kept continually at work for six months. Such a set will produce two thousand half-hundredweight butter firkins per week, and can be worked by two men and eight lads, each machine-made firkin costing for labour twopence-halfpenny. The usual price paid to skilled coopers for making such firkins varies according to the locality and the state of trade—between sixpence and ninepence.

In the Life-saving section of the same Exhibition is shown a simple little contrivance for stopping holes in ships, which has been before the public for one or two years, and has during that time been instrumental in saving more than one vessel from destruction. It is known as J. W. Wood's self-adjusting rivet-hole and leak stopper, and is applicable to ships, buoys, boilers, torpedo boats, &c. It consists of an iron disc covered with felt, which screws on to a rod at the end of which is a jointed T-piece. Supposing that a shot-hole in a ship's side has to be stopped, the T-piece is thrust through the opening, and the jointed piece put crossways, so that it cannot be readily withdrawn. The felted disc is now slipped over the rod and screwed firmly as far as it will go, and the operation is complete. The discs, of various sizes and shapes, are supplied to the Admiralty, and are coming into extensive use in the merchant service. The importance and efficiency of this invention have been recognised by the Society of Arts by the grant of their Albert silver medal.

The rapid advance of the telephone in public favour has naturally, within the last few years, caused inventors to turn their attention to it, and many patents have been granted to improvements,

or supposed improvements, upon the original instrument. We fear that many of these later workers have met with disappointment; for the patents of Edison and others cover so much ground, that it is almost impossible to produce anything in the shape of a telephone that a court of law will not hold to represent an infringement. Mr J. Munro of West Croydon, a well-known writer upon matters electrical, has, however, managed to produce an efficient telephone transmitter, which, although founded upon Professor Hughes's microphone, is so different in detail and material from anything previously brought forward, that the sharpest lawyer would find it difficult to upset his title to originality. Unlike other transmitters, this one employs no tympan or diaphragm, and dispenses with that philosopher's stone of electricians, carbon. In its simplest form, it consists of two little squares of iron wire-gauze, one placed vertically, and the other leaning against it, the contact of the two being regulated by a spring. This simple device, in connection with a battery and telephone receiver, is quite sufficient to act as a faithful messenger between two distant speakers. Mr Munro has further carried out some experiments of a highly original and suggestive character, which may possibly lead up to important discoveries in electrical science.

A very unusual amount of damage resulted from a thunderstorm which passed over the city of New York in May last. At the works of the National Docks and Storage Company, in the south-west of the city, stood twenty-seven large tanks for the storage of petroleum. These tanks were made of brick, but were plated outside with iron. With a deafening roar, one of the tanks was struck by the lightning. A sheet of flame one thousand feet high rose in the air, and the burning liquid was scattered in every direction, firing the remainder of the plant, including warehouses, docks, buildings of all kinds, and railway cars. Everything in one moment seemed to be involved in ruin, and we regret to say that six people lost their lives. This catastrophe will probably call attention to the possibility of devising some form of special protector for oil-tanks. The usual form of rod-conductor would seem to be insufficient for the purpose, especially as there is danger of the oil, and the inflammable gas above it, being fired through the iron pipes leading to the ground.

In Bavaria and Württemberg, thunderstorms and their attendant phenomena have for some time been carefully observed and recorded, and the means by which this has been done are so simple and effective, that they could be readily adopted in any country without difficulty or expense. People nowadays take such interest in weather predictions and meteorological observations generally, that there would be no difficulty in obtaining volunteers to help in the work. In Württemberg, a band of two hundred and eighty unpaid observers have undertaken to make notes of every storm occurring in their various districts, such as the exact time when the first lightning-flash is seen, its distance, intensity, and so on. For this purpose, they are furnished with post-cards, which have free delivery at headquarters. In this way, a vast amount of valuable information has been gained as to the gradual formation

of storms, and the manner in which their formation is influenced by local causes.

A writer in *Good Words* expresses a wish that school children should be taught something about the habits and food of our wild-birds, more especially of our little feathered songsters, so that they might be induced to protect rather than persecute them. As instances of the amount of good these birds are capable of in carrying out their natural work of keeping in check many of the farmers' pests, he remarks that a thrush is so voracious that he will consume at one meal an enormous snail. A man endowed with corresponding appetite could eat a whole round of beef for his dinner. A redbreast to be kept in good condition requires every twenty-four hours an amount of animal food equal to fourteen feet of earthworm. This would be equal to a man devouring a sausage nine inches in circumference and sixty-seven feet long. We quite agree with the writer that if such facts were properly brought before our little scholars, and certain children of larger growth as well, convincing them that the birds are such valuable aids to man, they would soon cease to regard them as things to be hunted and stoned.

Messrs Neujean and Delaite, of Liège, have recently introduced a process for galvanising iron, which is likely to prove useful in dealing with large castings which cannot be dipped in a bath of molten zinc in the usual manner. A kind of paint is made up, consisting of zinc in impalpable powder, linseed oil, and driers. With this mixture, applied with a paint-brush, the metal is coated once or twice. This treatment gives it an iron-gray tint, which can subsequently be bronzed, or painted any colour, as desired. Another method of treating metal has been invented by Dr Gehring of Landshut, who coats iron with aluminium instead of zinc. The process is said to be simple and inexpensive, and to permit of making the metal highly ornamental. No details are as yet published concerning the process.

We are indebted to another American journal for a recipe for treating wood in contact with the ground, and which ought to be found useful for telegraph posts, railway sleepers, gateposts, and many other purposes. 'Take,' says the writer, 'boiled linseed oil, and stir in pulverised coal (bituminous or anthracite) to the consistence of paint. Put a coat of this over the timber, and there is not a man that will live to see it rot.' We may note in this connection that the London and North-western Railway Company are laying down ten miles of permanent way with new sleepers made of steel. The cost is said to be not much in excess of creosoted wooden sleepers with their attachments to hold the rails in position. But many years must elapse before the economy of the new system is demonstrated.

Although the tricks of trade are various, and processes of adulteration often rise to the position of a fine art, there are yet many things upon this earth that would seem safe from sophistication. The sparkling diamond would at first sight seem to be one of these, for its properties are so well known, and tests, microscopical and otherwise, so easily applied, that to a skilled eye a spurious stone could not pass as genuine. But there is an

opening for the ingenious trickster in the facts that some diamonds are far more valuable than others, and that if the yellow African diamond can be made to look like its relative of steel-blue purity, it will at once rise to many times its original value. This result has been achieved in the most ingenious and scientific manner. The complementary colour to yellow is violet, and by a well-known optical law, two complementary colours produce white; so the ingenious but fraudulent trader drops his yellow gems for a few minutes into a solution of aniline violet. The tinge which they retain of that colour counteracts their sallowness, and to all appearance they have been transformed into gems of the purest water. Fortunately, the application of soap destroys the illusion, and exposes the fraud.

Mr Hans Freeman, who for many months has been endeavouring to find evidence as to the whereabouts of the rich lodes of tin spoken of by the old Spanish settlers in Mexico, has at last succeeded in his search. As a result, the first ton of Mexican tin has just found its way to the United States. It is said to be of good texture and colour, and to possess all the characteristics of the best metal. It came from the Durango district, near the mountains of the same name.

The gradual extermination of the elephant, and consequent scarcity of ivory which we have more than once deplored, has had the effect of stimulating inventors to find a substitute for that very useful and elegant material. The most perfect substitute hitherto produced is the compound called celluloid. Billiard and bagatelle balls made of celluloid now form a recognised industry, and a large factory for their production is established at Albany, New York. The celluloid as received at this factory is in large sheets. It is cut into half-inch cubes, and roughly moulded into balls under an hydraulic pressure of two thousand pounds to the square inch, heat being applied during the process. These balls are afterwards accurately turned in a special form of lathe. They can be produced at a fraction of the price paid for true ivory.

## OCCASIONAL NOTES.

### WEIGHING-MACHINES.

ANY one not connected with the postal service would be surprised to find how many and various are the arrangements that must be made and perfected before such an undertaking as the parcels post can be brought into successful operation. One of the first requirements are weighing-machines, and as each parcel receiving-office in the kingdom must have at least one, and the larger ones several, some idea may be formed of the number needed for this purpose alone. Our daily business and private requirements necessitate the constant use of weighing-apparatus of some sort.

We have lately had the opportunity—through the kindness of Messrs W. & T. Avery of Birmingham—of inspecting their extensive manufactory of weighing-machines, a short account of which may be found of interest. This manufactory was established in 1730, and produces weighing-machines of every description, capable of weighing



from one-thousandth of a grain up to sixty or eighty tons.

Weighing-apparatus may be classed as follows :

1. Beams, consisting of a bar of metal suspended freely in the middle, and varying in length from four inches to eight or ten feet, carrying scales suspended from the extremities by chains. They have the advantage of extreme simplicity and sensitiveness, and for delicate weighments are unequalled by any other form of apparatus. For large weighments (from one to forty hundred-weights) they are rather inconvenient, taking up much space, having scale-chains in the way, and requiring the handling of heavy weights for each weighment. The pin or pivot on which a beam turns is called a 'knife edge,' and generally rests on a bearing of hardened steel, but even the best tempered steel is cut in time by the action of the knife edges, and the accuracy and sensitiveness of the beam destroyed. To obviate this defect, the Messrs Avery make use of highly polished agate, which takes the place of the steel-bearing, and makes a wonderful difference in the sensitiveness and lasting quality of the beams to which the stone is applied. A large beam capable of weighing one hundred pounds turns with a single grain.

2. *Steelyards*.—These consist of a single lever with unequal arms ; a small weight on the long arm balancing a vastly greater one on the short arm. They are made for weighing from a few pounds to twelve tons. The smaller ones have one-ounce divisions, and are much used by butchers. They seemed to have been used in very ancient times. The writer was shown some specimens in the museum of Naples which were discovered in the ruins of Pompeii.

3. *Counter-machines*.—In these machines a double beam is carried on a cast-iron stand ; above the beam, at each extremity, are the scales. No chains are in the way, and weighment can be made with great quickness and accuracy. This class of machine is intended to weigh from an ounce to one hundred and twelve pounds. For the parcels post the government have selected a counter-machine nominally to weigh up to seven pounds, but from its strength, design, and workmanship, quite equal to weighing four times the nominal amount. So sensitive is this machine, that, balanced with seven pounds in each scale, a few grains added to either scale will depress it. The parcel scale is made of sheet copper turned over and wired at the edges, to increase its strength and rigidity. All the parts are made by machinery on the interchangeable principle. Messrs Avery are great believers in machinery, and though the actual cost of things so produced is in some cases not much less than by hand, the accuracy and power of production is vastly increased. They have machinery for forming, cutting, shaping, and punching every part of their different apparatus, and it is wonderful how quickly the different machines do their work, acting upon iron or brass as if it were soft wood. Division of labour seems to be carried to an extreme. The men engaged on one sort of weighing-machine would be useless on another. About eleven hundred machines per week have been recently turned out for the postal service alone.

4. *Weigh-bridges* so termed, and used for weighing from two to eighty tons. These consist of

a combination of levers, supporting a platform on which the goods are weighed, and connected with a steelyard or beam on which a movable weight is placed. The steelyard for the larger weigh-bridges—ten to eighty tons—is marked in one-pound divisions.

5. The platform-machine, generally used for all weighments from a few pounds to twenty hundredweights, consists of a combination of levers, much the same in principle to those used for the weigh-bridge, but much smaller, inclosed in an iron case, and often mounted on wheels for convenience of transport. The weigh-bridge and platform-machine weigh quickly and accurately ; they dispense with the use of heavy weights, a weight of one pound or so on the steelyard balancing several tons or hundredweights on the platform, according to the leverage employed. Messrs Avery have recently devised an apparatus by which a 'platform-machine' or weigh-bridge is made to print on a ticket the weight of the article weighed, thus providing an admirable check on fraud or errors.

#### INLAND PARCELS POST.

With regard to the new system of parcels post, the Postmaster-general has issued a notice stating that parcels will be accepted for transmission by the inland parcels post under the following general conditions in regard to weights, dimensions, and rates of postage, namely :

For an inland postal parcel of a weight of not exceeding 1 lb., the rate of postage, to be prepaid in ordinary postage-stamps, will be 3d.

Exceeding 1 lb. and not exceeding 3 lb., 6d.

Exceeding 3 lb. and not exceeding 5 lb., 9d.

Exceeding 5 lb. and not exceeding 7 lb., 1s.

The dimensions allowed for an inland postal parcel will be :

Maximum length, 3 feet 6 inches.

Maximum length and girth combined, 6 feet.

Examples.—A parcel measuring 3 feet 6 inches in its longest dimension may measure as much as 2 feet 6 inches in girth, that is, around its thickest part ; or

A shorter parcel may be thicker—for example, if measuring no more than 3 feet in length, it may measure as much as 3 feet in girth, that is, around its thickest part.

The regulations under which certain articles are prohibited from transmission by the letter post will, with a few exceptions, apply equally to the parcels post. For instance, gunpowder, lucifer-matches, anything liable to sudden combustion, bladders containing liquid, and live animals, will be excluded from the parcels post. But glass bottles, fish, game, meat, and all other articles not above-mentioned, now excluded from the letter post, will be admitted to go by parcels post conditionally upon their being packed and guarded in so secure a manner as to afford complete protection to the contents of the mails and to the officers of the Post-office.

#### THE VALUE AND USES OF AMBER.

In this *Journal* for April 1, 1882, we gave an article on the subject of Amber ; and the following additional particulars, from the *Builder*, may be of interest :

'The commonest impure kinds of amber are



used to make varnish; and the demand for the more valuable kinds, which are employed for necklaces, pipe mouthpieces, and other purposes, is such as to make an amber mine a source of great wealth. The largest European amber deposits are found on the Baltic shores of North-eastern Prussia. There, about eighty tons a year are at present dug up, and the supply appears practically inexhaustible. Since the beginning of the century, it is calculated that over sixteen hundred tons have been produced there; and if the production, as some contend, has been going on for three thousand years, the total quantity produced in that period cannot, it is calculated, have been less than sixty thousand tons. The amber is found in isolated pieces, varying from the smallest beads up to blocks of many pounds in weight. The largest piece ever discovered weighs thirteen and a half pounds, and is now in the Royal Mineral Cabinet in Berlin. Amber is the fossil resin produced by upwards of six kinds of coniferous trees in prehistoric times. Two of these trees, of which immense forests covered the regions now producing amber, have been proved to be nearly related to the existing Weymouth pine and the modern fir-tree. While the wood of the trees rotted away, the resin which exuded from them has been preserved in the form of the fossil amber. The resin oozed out of the stem of the tree as well as out of the roots, and was deposited eventually in immense quantities in the soil. In some of the pieces of the amber, bits of the wood and bark of the trees are found imbedded, and through this lucky accident, have been preserved from decay. On examining this wood with the microscope, it is at once apparent that the trees were, as intimated above, closely related to our modern conifers, but were not absolutely identical with any of the existing species. Ages ago, the whole region now covered by the eastern part of the Baltic Sea was covered with these amber-producing trees. The industry of amber-digging is one of very great importance for Prussia, and it is calculated that the amber district of that country still contains a quantity which, at an average value of five shillings per pound, is worth no less than two hundred and fifty million pounds sterling.

#### CONSUMPTION: THE SOOTHING INFLUENCE OF HOT WATER.

A Canadian correspondent writes: Noticing an extract from the *World of Science* in which a physician strongly recommends hot water, in place of tea or coffee, as a stimulant for the use of those requiring to study late at night, I would like to give my experience of it as a beneficial agent in consumption. Mrs H—, one of a family a number of whose members had died of consumption, was, after severe exposure to a snowstorm, seized with a serious cough and expectoration, accompanied with loss of flesh. Examination by a physician showed that one lung was seriously affected. She was wholly confined to her room; and everything that medical attendance and loving care could do to mitigate her suffering was done, but ineffectually. The depressing night-sweats continued, together with loss of rest from repeated fits of coughing. Losing all faith in medicine, some six or eight months

ago, its use was wholly abandoned, and the use of nourishing diet only, continued.

About ten weeks ago, the patient's attention was directed to a newspaper paragraph recommending hot water as a remedy for consumption. Feeling that little harm could ensue from its use, she determined to test it. At the moment of retiring, a large tumbler of hot water, in which the juice of a lemon had been mixed to free it from nausea, was taken. In a few moments, a glow of warmth would pervade the lungs, chest, &c., quickly followed by the most refreshing sleep, which would be unbroken by any cough, and the patient would awake in the morning rested and strengthened.

A few days ago, she was seized with a fit of coughing, during which was coughed up into her mouth a small stone about the size of a pea—formed of sulphate of lime, I believe, and usually considered a symptom of the healing of a cavity in the lung.

Whether this marked improvement was due to the use of the hot water, I cannot venture to say; but its beneficial influence in securing sweet sleep and exemption from coughing at night was so marked, that I would like some of your readers to test it with their consumptive friends, and give, through your Notes, the results of their experience.

#### LOVE AND FAME.

THE poet's soul that had the honey pressed  
From man and life,  
On eager wings had gone to seek her rest  
Far from earth's strife.

Fame said to Love: 'The poet's soul is mine.  
'Tis mine to bring  
To my eternal fields the voice divine  
That thus could sing.'

Love answered: 'Though thy claim I now confess,  
'Twas I did give  
His verses all the fire and gracefulness  
Whereby they live.'

J. WILLIAMS.

The Conductor of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL begs to direct the attention of CONTRIBUTORS to the following notice:

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- 4th. Offerings of Verse should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fourth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No. 1023.—VOL. XX.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1883.

PRICE 1½d.

## ACCIDENTS BY SEA AND RAIL.

THE simultaneous appearance of two bulky Blue-books containing respectively the abstract of the Board of Trade Returns of sea casualties to British ships at home and abroad during the twelve months ending 30th June 1882, and the accidents and casualties as reported by the several railway Companies in the United Kingdom during the year ending 31st December 1882, suggests that an instructive inquiry might be instituted concerning these two great causes of mortality. Nowadays, indeed, since travelling is the daily occupation of many, and the constant duty or amusement of by far the larger half of the civilised world, the number of deaths by accident which must be assigned to this cause forms a much larger proportion of the total death-rate than is generally supposed. Year by year, the victims of the rail, the river, and the sea, approach more nearly to the number of those who are struck down by disease; and since we are most of us frequently obliged to make use of the marvellous machinery of locomotion, it may not be uninteresting to consider some of the dangers of those two great highways—the railway and the ocean.

So great a prominence is given to 'losses at sea,' that the popular dread of its dangers is certainly excusable. Few landmen, probably, ever venture on a voyage, of however short duration, without some misgivings. It is, for instance, very disquieting to hear the boom of the fog-whistle when one is a passenger on a steamer becalmed in a fog. On such an occasion, one naturally conjures up memories of some of those heartrending collisions which mark the Steam Age. Similarly, the summer tourist, tempted by sunshine and fine weather to trust himself to a small boat, often bitterly repents his rashness, if the wind freshen, and the sky become overcast, and eagerly measures with his eye the distance from the shore. Again, when we bid a tearful farewell to friends going over the sea, the risks they run are never absent from our

thoughts. It seems as though the perils of the seas were in very truth inexhaustible. Beside the winds and waves, the sailor has to contend with countless other sources of danger. Year by year, hundreds of well-found ships go down with all hands, none of whom live to tell the tale. At sea, by a strange irony of fate, the cry of 'Fire!' has a terrible meaning, and yet sailors all the world over are most careless in running this risk. It is a constant practice with many sailors, and especially with fishermen, to 'turn in' with one of the shortest of short pipes between their lips, and the regulations must indeed be severely enforced which can prevent them doing so. Fires at sea so often cause the total destruction of the ship, that it is not surprising that so little information should be forthcoming as to their cause; but it is to be feared that many of them are due to this or some other similar act of carelessness on the part of passengers or crew. Of late years, however, 'fire-drill' has become a regular part of the routine on board most large ships, and improvements have been introduced into the best class of vessels, so that an outbreak of fire can often be confined to one part, and thus rendered comparatively harmless to life before it is finally extinguished.

Strangely enough, too, the progress of commerce and science has added to rather than diminished sea-risks. Thus, the immense increase of shipping of late years, and especially of steamships, has more than doubled the chances of collision, and the 'rule of the road' has become one of the most abstruse sciences. In future, indeed, master mariners will have to be well versed in practical dynamics. So fruitful a cause of casualties at sea is collision, that it occupies a heading to itself in the Returns, and is forming an increasing source of peril. It is, however, to be hoped that the many new rules which have been gradually brought into use, with a special view to remedying this state of things, will do much to cancel the increment of danger due to the increase of shipping, if not to lessen the

risk altogether. With such a portentous number of causes of accidents at sea, it is certainly not to be wondered at that a maritime nation like ours should be concerned for the risks run by sailors and passengers by water. The long annual list of foundering, strandings, and collisions, sufficiently justifies the popular apprehensions; and when we add to this the number of vessels reported 'missing,' or, as the sad record runs, 'not heard of' since they sailed, or were 'spoken' on a significantly remote date, it seems as though we can hardly exaggerate sea-risks. Nor is the register of disaster even then complete; for under the comprehensive reading, 'other causes,' are scheduled many ships lost or condemned through such various mishaps as burning, either by spontaneous combustion of cargo, explosion of gunpowder, or of gas in coal-bunkers, or otherwise; starting planks or springing leaks; contact with ice; loss of sails, rudder, or anchors; swamping or capsizing; and although these, fortunately, only cause a small fraction of the total loss of life at sea—since they are chiefly disasters of such a nature as to give those on board time to escape—it is impossible to ignore them in this brief comparative view of accidents at sea.

If we turn to the other great source of accidental death—the railway—we find the record scarcely less startling, although it is very much the fashion to comment upon a railway accident as though it demonstrated the safety of railway travelling. If we strike the average of railway fatalities, by comparing them with the total number of passengers carried, we, of course, arrive at a result which is very satisfactory to the railway Companies. But it is scarcely logical to leave out the very much larger number who are only slightly injured in mind or body, but many of whom subsequently die in consequence of their injuries, after a sufficient interval to permit of their being omitted from the official list of fatalities. However satisfactory the calculations of statisticians as to any one's chances of not being killed on a railway journey, the real hazards of this mode of travelling are not fully appreciated. If, for instance, the public were better informed of the actual number of minor mishaps which occur on railways, many of which are practically hushed up through fear of alarming popular susceptibilities, they would probably exercise greater prudence in providing against possibilities. There is no means of ascertaining the number of persons who insure themselves in case of death, or partial or total disablement through railway accidents; but it will probably not be disputed that, as compared with the total number of railway passengers, it is very small.

In this connection, it may be interesting to consider briefly the general character of railway accidents. Of these, collision is the most frequent and most fatal. It is a necessary consequence of the fallibility of man, and however great may be the precautions taken against it, it is doubtful whether under any circumstances it can be wholly escaped. At the same time, since the cases in which collisions occur between two passenger-trains are few as compared with those between passenger-trains and goods-trains,

it seems that much yet remains to be done to lessen this danger. Goods-trains, for example, should never pass through stations, experience proving that the shunting, which is chiefly carried out on the main line, is the commonest cause of collision. Among other of the perils of railway travelling, the following may be briefly enumerated: Trains leaving the rails; travelling in the wrong direction through points; running into stations at too high speed; bursting of boilers or tubes of engines; and failure of machinery, wheels, and especially of axles, the break apparatus, and couplings. It will be noticed that these are all of them due to locomotion. But the dangers of the road itself are scarcely less serious. Thus, among constant causes of accidents may be included—cattle or other obstructions on line; gates at level crossings; failure of bridges or rails; and floods. The schedule of accidents to passengers from causes other than trains, rolling-stock, and permanent way, is also instructive, since it clearly points to a culpable carelessness on the part of the public. Thus, every year a large number of persons are killed or injured by falling between carriages and platforms, when attempting to alight from or get into trains in motion; passing over the line at stations or at level crossings; trespassing on railways; or falling out of carriages during the travelling of trains. The fatalities to servants in the employ of the railway Companies are very frequent, and the calling must possess peculiar fascinations, since the risks incurred in it are so great. Most people are, for instance, familiar with the constant process of coupling or uncoupling wagons or passenger-carriages, and many have probably often wondered at the coolness of the men who perform this duty, which is a frequent cause of fatal and other accidents. Again, fatalities during shunting are lamentably common; and in spite of the remarkable ease with which guards and other employes get on and off trains in motion, many are killed and injured through this practice. A large number of mishaps of another class occur on railway premises; but these can hardly be regarded as railway accidents, and are in many cases the fault of the victims. Thus, passengers fall down steps, or over boxes, &c., at railway stations; and wagons and others are frequently injured when loading or unloading wagons, or carrying goods; or by falling off stationary engines or vehicles, or from some other similar cause.

There can, however, be no doubt that greater attention has been paid by the various railway Companies to precautions of late years, and many very important improvements have been made; amongst other things, for instance, in the break apparatus. The regulations imposed by the Board of Trade in these matters are, too, much more strict than they were, and have had an appreciable effect in diminishing the number of fatalities, although many of the railway Companies have not yet fully complied with them. We should, indeed, probably have much fewer accidents, but for the great competition between the Companies. This in some cases takes the very dangerous form of rivalry in speed; the public, with a suicidal rashness, almost invariably choosing the quickest route. In one notable instance that occurs to us, two of the leading railway Companies have long competed for the passenger

traffic by giving instructions to their drivers to accomplish a journey of nearly two hundred miles in as much less than four hours as possible; and the trains of the more successful Company for some time accomplished the distance in five or ten minutes less than those of its rival. But eventually all their best engine-drivers struck, and refused to undertake the task, giving as their reason, that at one or two spots on the road *the engine jumped at the facing-points!* We have reason to believe that the rate of speed demanded was reduced in consequence of this representation; but the circumstance illustrates one of the dangers of railway travelling.

The long hours which signalmen are required to work—in some cases as many as thirteen and sixteen at a stretch—are another source of danger, which will probably entail a further sacrifice of human life before it is removed. Overwork on a railway cannot be defended on any known principle. It is true that no perfection of mechanism can atone for mistakes made in consequence of the human agency which must necessarily be employed; but the public safety, as well as humanity, demands that men who are intrusted with the lives of hundreds of their fellow-beings should not have their powers of endurance strained until they fail.

Some of the figures given in the recent Returns forcibly illustrate the foregoing remarks. The total number of accidental deaths reported to the Board of Trade by the several railway Companies during last year was eleven hundred and sixty-three, while eight thousand nine hundred and sixty-eight persons were injured. These totals comprise all the serious casualties on railways during the year. As we have already pointed out, the rate of mortality among railway employes is terribly high, no fewer than five hundred and fifty-three having been killed, and two thousand five hundred and seventy-six injured, in 1882. The number of passengers killed was one hundred and twenty-seven; injured, seventeen hundred and thirty-six; while three hundred and six trespassers—including sixty-two cases of suicide—were killed, and one hundred and fifty-five injured. Among others who perished as victims to their own carelessness, forty-three persons were killed, and seven hundred and thirteen injured, when alighting from, or getting into, trains in motion; but it would be satisfactory to feel assured that the rough manner in which trains are often stopped at stations, and then, when the break is released, allowed to jerk back again a few feet, in no way contributed to this class of accidents. Again, seventy-two persons were killed, and forty injured, whilst passing over railways at level crossings—a fact which cannot be too widely made known. The number of cases reported which involved no personal injury, indicates the hairbreadth escapes which are being constantly met with. Thus, there were no fewer than eleven hundred and forty-nine failures of tires, any one of which might have entailed serious results; but it is only right to add that of these, eight hundred and forty-two were on wagons belonging to owners other than the railway Companies. The number of axles which failed was four hundred and fifty-one, of which two hundred and sixty-four were engine axles. In addition to these statistics, we

notice that during the year, thirty-four horses, sixty-three oxen and cows, one hundred and sixty-two sheep, one donkey, and fifteen hounds, were run over and killed; the number of trains concerned being one hundred and fifty-four; while two passengers and four servants were injured from this cause. This list is indeed sufficiently lengthy to indicate very great carelessness on the part of the occupiers of land adjoining the railway.

These figures sufficiently exemplify the risks of the railroad, and point the obvious moral, that by no possible precautions can railway travelling be rendered sufficiently safe to justify any persons from neglecting to insure themselves against death or injury; and at the same time the record clearly shows that the railway Companies must adopt every possible precaution against disaster. It is not enough that they should justify themselves by statistics as to the number of passengers, &c., who are not killed or injured, although that is very much the position they assume. Without going into comparisons at all, and without discussing the general excellence of the arrangements for the conduct of traffic, the number of accidents, fatal and otherwise, from preventable causes, is sufficiently great to justify a demand for increased vigilance on the part of the railway Companies, and, in some ways, the exercise of a less rigid economy in this direction.

The figures given in the Abstract of the Returns of sea casualties for the year 1881-82 are scarcely less instructive. Of these, the loss of life, on or near our own coasts, is the most important feature. Thus, in that twelvemonth, five hundred and fifty-nine British or colonial vessels were wrecked or damaged on or off the coasts of the United Kingdom; while the gross total of lives lost in them was three thousand nine hundred and seventy-eight, of which three thousand six hundred and twelve were crew, and three hundred and sixty-six passengers. These figures are the more ominous, since they show an alarming increase, the numbers for the year 1880-81 being five hundred and one vessels, and two thousand nine hundred and twenty-three lives, including two hundred and three passengers. In the year 1881-82, twenty foreign vessels, and seventy-six lives, were lost off our coasts. Against these figures we must set the number of four thousand and sixty-six lives saved from shipwreck during the same period. The number of lives lost by sea casualties abroad and reported, during the year 1881-82, was five hundred and fifty-nine in sixty-six British vessels on the coasts of British possessions; and one hundred and seventy-four in twenty-six British vessels on foreign coasts; while no fewer than two thousand two hundred and sixty-three were lost in two hundred and sixty British vessels in oceans and seas. These totals are lamentably high.

According to the wreck-chart for the year, it seems that the coast off Durham and Berwick was the most fateful; but all along our coastline, numerous black spots appropriately mark the scenes of fatal wrecks. It is indeed difficult to derive much comfort from these statistics. In spite of improvements in our lighthouses, lifeboats, and lightships, and the march of the science of navigation, a greater number of lives are yearly lost at sea. Our own coasts, in

spite of our boasted advancement, and the character we claim to have earned for humanity, are terribly fatal, and yet little is done to remedy this state of things. Our markets attract an immense amount of shipping, and it seems to be imperative upon us to do what we can, by constructing harbours of refuge on all dangerous parts of our coasts, to lessen their terrors.

It is difficult to avoid being struck with the comparative indifference with which the news of the loss of a ship at some exposed and unprotected point is received, and the excitement caused by nearly every railway collision. The public seem to expend all their sympathy for the sailor, in advance; and while few people think of the risks of a railway journey, their fears and sympathies are proportionately heightened whenever anything untoward happens. Again, in the case of railways, the various Companies look after their own interests very keenly, and the public share the benefit to a certain extent. But the dangers of the deep are chiefly the concern of those who have to face them. There are no wealthy shipping Companies building spacious harbours in order to insure the safety of vessels and crew. The precautions taken in the matter of boats and life-saving apparatus are merely those required by the regulations, and it is left for private munificence to do the rest. But for the National Lifeboat Institution, indeed, the death-roll would be enormously increased; but great and varied as its work is, it seems high time that our national obligations in this matter were reconsidered.

## ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOT.

BY JOHN B. HARWOOD.

### CHAPTER XXXI.—THE DECLARATION OF WAR.

'MR PONTIFEX, My Lady!' Such was the smoothly spoken announcement of the soft-treading servant-in-chief whose ministrings were confined to the state apartments of Leominster House. And then, with quick, brisk step, and bright eyes all attentive to the work in hand, the busy lawyer entered, coming like a blast of fresh wholesome air into that enervating atmosphere of serene languor that prevailed in the great half-used London palace. It was easy to see, by the fashion of the announcement, that the names of Pounce and Pontifex stood high in servile estimation; and indeed the domestics of a great family entertain a sort of awe for family solicitors, as if they were high-priests of the Isis of Law, and could, if they were angered, remove the veil—a veil, it may be, with all sorts of ugly secrets and awkward disclosures behind it. Nothing, indeed, varies more oddly than the degree of respect with which the learned professions are treated. I have seen courtly doctors trip into a house, confident of as reverential a greeting as ever augur found in Athens or Rome when the plague was raging, and the shrines crowded, and the altars heaped with votive gifts. And I have known Medicine, in country districts of Southern England, meekly hitch its horse's bridle over a rusted nail, and slink in at the back-door,

to earn a half-crown fee and the profit on some pink draughts from the surgery, by prescribing for a feverish child. So it is with attorneys. There are some of them who get but an uncere- monious reception and an impatient hearing from clients not as yet too sorely pinched by the proverbial shoe that suitors wear as they plod along the rugged road to where Themis stands waiting, with her blinded eyes and her sword and her scales.

Mr Pontifex, of the widely known firm of Pounce and Pontifex, belonged to the cream of the profession, and was most deservedly treated with corresponding respect. It was not very often that he paid a professional visit. More commonly, his clients went to him. His presence, then, at Leominster House was of itself a compliment to that great historical House of the Lords Marchers for which Pounce and Pontifex had buckled on legal armour so often. There was no question, then, of delays and of a smuggled interview in some library or disused study; but the lawyer was ushered direct into the great gloomy reception room—the Red Room, according to the sage housekeeper's catalogue—where his golden-haired client, and dapper Lord Putney, and benign Lady Barbara, were together in conclave.

'Your Ladyship's note mentioned,' said Mr Pontifex, after the first salutations had been exchanged, and as he took the chair that was offered to him, 'that you would almost immediately be leaving London for Castel Vawr.—And I arranged my engagements so as to be able to have a word or two with you, Lady Leominster, previous to your departure, on a matter of much moment.'

Mr Pontifex's manner was serious and business-like, but quite free from any trace of embarrassment. He was always at his ease with great folks, having found that Earls, Viscounts, and Duchesses thought and felt, when anxious about money and matrimony, the scrapes of their sons and the settlements of their daughters, very much like the untitled and unknown.

'I should be in the way—I'd better go,' said Lord Putney, gracefully rising and preparing to take his leave.

'I see no occasion for that. Ladies, my lord, are always the better for the counsel of a gentleman,' returned Lady Barbara, stiff, but smiling.

'Pray, stop with us, Lord Putney,' almost whispered the other lady; 'pray, do not go. Nothing which concerns us—concerns me—should be kept a secret from you now,' she added, so prettily and with so sweet a droop of her lovely eyes, that the delighted old beau could not refrain from kissing the tips of his bejewelled fingers and waving them towards the beautiful speaker; just as exquisites and dandies, his contemporaries, had done when Cerito danced and Jenny Lind sang, and Lady Blessington and Count D'Orsay arbitrated over Fashion. From all which, and from the steady smile that Lady Barbara wore, just as a ship is dressed with gay-coloured flags on festal occasions, it may be gathered that Lord Putney's betrothal to the mistress of Leominster House had been made public, and might now be announced by the discreetest of newspapers. The secret had indeed been ill kept. Lord Putney himself, where his own vanity was in question,



was a very sieve, incapable of keeping back the information, which he imparted to a score or so of friends. And then the Society journals, bold and pert as London sparrows, bluntly published the banns of marriage between the noble young widow and her elderly bachelor admirer; and it was thought that a confirmation rather than a contradiction of the rumour was desirable.

'I should be sorry to be the cause of banishing Lord Putney, I am sure,' said Mr Pontifex, with the faintest possible twinkle in his eye, as he glanced at that nobleman, of whose peculiarities and worldly status he had heard a good deal. He was no client of his. It was on the shelves of Messrs Hawke and Heronshaw that the jappanned deed boxes, with the name of the Right Hon. George Augustus, Viscount Putney, reposed; but Mr Pontifex had the affairs of the House of Leominster too thoroughly within his cognisance to anticipate that the profitable business of that noble family should be transferred to another firm. And Lord Putney had seventy thousand a year, at the lowest computation; notoriously did not owe a shilling; bore a character as spotless as his own dainty shirt-front; and was altogether a desirable wooer.

'Then I'll stay; but nobody must expect advice from me worth having,' said Lord Putney, with youthful playfulness. 'When it comes to matters of business, I am as helpless as a child. John Doe and Richard Roe, as heroes of fiction, were always much admired by me; but I regret to learn that these imaginary personages, whom I used to dream of as a sort of Robin Hood and Little John, clad in Lincoln Green, have been ruthlessly swept away; and with them, I am afraid all the poetry of Law has departed. The rest of it, Lady Barbara, seems to me a mere jangle of repetitions about tenements and messuages and parcels of land and sums of money, and tenants-in-tail and remainder-men. I wonder,' added his lordship softly, 'what a remainder-man looks like—something very shabby and hungry, I should say. But this is mere conjecture, and I am taking up this gentleman's valuable time.'

Mr Pontifex, who probably knew the value of his time remarkably well, smiled urbanely. 'I should not have been here to-day,' he remarked blandly, 'but that I thought it best, before Lady Leominster, and you, Lady Barbara, left London, to inform you precisely how we stand. Of course, for some time past it has been my duty to inform the Marchioness that a storm was brewing, an attack being prepared. Now, I am here to mention the fact, not alarming, but important, that the attack has really begun, and that the first shot has been fired by the enemy.'

The young lady became strangely agitated. She could not avoid it. She could not help the fact that her little white fingers clutched the arm of her chair, or that her fair young face grew anxious and alarmed.

Lady Barbara looked as a Montgomery might have looked when panting messengers came rushing to the stronghold on the steep to tell how the bare-footed, white-mantled Welsh were spreading havoc through the country, marching in force on Castel Vavr. She had a full share of the courage of her race, and would have been ready then, with mangonel and arblast and falconet on

the strong stone battlements, to receive the onset of the furious clans from the West. We fight now with the help of paid advocates, not of paid men-at-arms, and in costly law-courts, not on fields of battle, over which hover, screaming and croaking, hawk, raven, and carrion-crow. But Lady Barbara was quite ready, in purse and person, for either contingency. She was the first to speak.

'You mean, Mr Pontifex——?' she said.

Mr Pontifex, who was secretly proud of having used a neatly figurative expression, and who had forgotten that ladies seldom or never enjoy a metaphor, proceeded to explain. 'I mean,' he said, 'that Miss Cora Carew and her legal adviser Mr Sterling have at last plucked up courage—if I may without offence employ so homely an expression—to commence formal proceedings in support of your Ladyship's sister's claim. Regular notice of action has been given, and the case in the form of a plea for ejectment, to be tried at the winter assize at Marchbury.'

'Why at Marchbury?' asked his youthful client, bending eagerly forward.

'Because,' answered the smiling lawyer, 'Castel Vavr—for the recovery of which, and of the rents, for life, accruing from the estate, the action is brought—lies within the compass of the circuit. We could get the *venue* changed, I daresay, on application to the judges who are to try the case; but I scarcely see why we should not fight it out, as I may say, on our own ground.'

So thought Lady Barbara, and so she said. Her warlike ancestors, ever loyal to the king, had ridden many a time into Marchbury with tramping horse and lance in rest, after defeating wild Welshmen or English rebels, and had possibly clattered through those stony and picturesque streets, with Cromwell's pursuing cavalry in chase; and the name of the ancient town was dear to her. The present holder of Castel Vavr was quite ready to submit to the opinion of Lady Barbara and of Mr Pontifex. But Lord Putney arched his delicately pencilled eyebrows into the pointed form, and peered through his gold-rimmed eyeglass somewhat anxiously at the lawyer. It had been that nobleman's ambition to be a butterfly, exempt from the common cares and troubles of coarse worldlings, and scarcely deigning to sip his share of nectar from the golden goblets that mantle and froth for Olympians such as he. But, for all that, the Right Hon. George Augustus had complicated affairs to attend to, a great London and Middlesex property, a large acreage of pasture and barleycroft in Hertfordshire, to drive in hand, so to speak; and had he not been a shrewder man of business than it pleased him to be thought, he would have been a far poorer lord than he was. As a rule, when a man professes to be a perfect child about money, it is as well to beware of that man, as of a wolf in sheep's clothing. But Lord Putney meant no harm. All his foibles were self-contained, and his besetting sin was vanity.

'Marchbury, then, let it be,' said Mr Pontifex, smiling; and indeed solicitors, like surgeons and dentists, have a trick of smiling when the moment of action draws near. 'We have secured, as was our duty, very high professional assistance: the Attorney-general, Sir Richard—whose reputation, I am sure, Lady Barbara, is known to you.'

'Sir Richard Savage is very clever, and a fine speaker, in and out of parliament, I believe,' said Lady Barbara approvingly.

'And he will have colleagues worthy of him,' cheerily rejoined Mr Pontifex; 'barristers less brilliant and renowned, but great in their own lines—Mr Mudford, Q.C.; Serjeant Flowers, always good for a jury; and that invaluable black-letter man, Mr Grubb, to whose dictum as to precedents and points of law their lordships listen with respect. We shall be well represented, you see.'

'Flowers—Serjeant Flowers,' repeated Lord Putney, as if consulting his memory. 'You know best, Mr Pontifex, and I have only a hearsay acquaintance with such topics, but is not that learned gentleman a bit of a buffoon?'

'Quite so, my lord,' answered Mr Pontifex, unabashed. 'But it generally answers, for cross-examination of nervous witnesses, to have a light comedian amongst the heavier metal of one's forensic artillery. And it is a point to make the jury laugh at some stage of the proceedings. Yes; we shall be strong, very strong. The opposite side, however, will not be weak. There will be a contest of eloquence, and, what matters more, of learning and of skill.'

Lady Barbara's strongly marked features wore an expression of deep disgust. 'I am surprised,' she said scornfully, 'that any but the dregs of the profession should be brazen-faced enough to come into open court and champion a claim so shameless, so monstrous, as this. I thought better of the Bar of England than to believe it possible.'

The younger lady grew perceptibly paler. Lord Putney said something, that was meant to be reassuring, to her in a low tone, and then pricked up his ears, as if eager to hear more. Mr Pontifex seemed to feel as though it were incumbent on him to extenuate the celestial ire of that haughty Diana, his esteemed client, Lady Barbara Montgomery, against the peccant barristers of England.

'It is a pity,' he said smoothly, and as though apologising for the delinquents; 'but professional etiquette does not allow a counsel to pick and choose. Sir Simon Skinner, my friend Mr Huddleston, Mr Beamish, and Mr Grouter, are against us. Sir Simon, a very eminent lawyer, I need hardly say, was Attorney-general of the late, as Sir Richard is of the present government, as I daresay Lord Putney will remember.'

Lord Putney, however, did not choose to remember. 'I know nothing of these subjects,' he said innocently. 'I was only once in my life in a court of law; and I was dreadfully bored, and I think I caught cold—indeed, I am sure I did—on account of a broken window. I trust they will be very particular as to draughts, if we are all to be personally present at the winter assize at Marchbury, which has a bleak, chilly sound of itself.'

After this, not much more was said relative to business, and Mr Pontifex shortly took his leave. He could not but notice that his pretty client was unusually silent, and that her eyes wore a dreamy look, as though her thoughts were far away.

'Your Ladyship leaves town to-morrow?' asked the solicitor, as he rose to go.

'No; the day after to-morrow,' replied Lady Barbara. 'We shall see you, I hope, at Castel Vawr.'

#### FRENCH CONVICT MARRIAGES.

WHEN an English criminal leaves a dock under a long sentence of penal servitude, it may be taken for granted that he has before him years during which, to use Lord Coleridge's expression, his condition will be that of a slave. He may earn some slight privileges by good conduct, and a ticket-of-leave after he has served three-fourths of his sentence; but his lot whilst he remains a prisoner will be a hard one.

In France, the case with a criminal is very different. His crime may be of the blackest; it may have revolted the whole country, and have goaded millions to clamour for vengeance against the perpetrator; and yet it may be that before the public outcry against him has ceased, the French criminal, convicted and punished with a long sentence, will be leading a life of ease as a free farmer with his wife and children in New Caledonia.

The new French system of transportation was inaugurated in 1872, when the fifteen thousand political prisoners sentenced for participation in the Commune had to be disposed of. At that date the old *bagnes* (seaport convict prisons) were abolished, and the government, actuated by a humane desire to undertake the moral reform of convicts, framed an entirely new penal code. The *bagnes* had been horrible dens, in which prisoners were treated like caged wild beasts; they were kept chained in couples, and there was no regular system of rewards by which well-behaved men could hope to earn a mitigation of their punishment and conditional release. When the National Assembly decided that New Caledonia should be converted into a convict settlement, it was resolved that criminals should be offered every inducement to behave well. It seems to have been thought that as they were to be transported so far from the mother-country, there could be no objection to letting them go free as soon as possible, provided they would labour industriously in their island home as husbandmen or mechanics. Philanthropists were not wanting who contended that crimes proceeded either from brain disease or from the cerebral agitation caused by the arduous struggle for livelihood in an over-peopled community; and that most criminals would be cured of their madness or wickedness, as the case might be, if they were set to live under healthy conditions. M. Jules Simon, who was Minister of Public Instruction from 1870 to 1873, had for many years been numbered among the most energetic advocates of prison-reform, and it was chiefly in accordance with his views that convicts were sent to New Caledonia, and became entitled to earn there by good conduct tickets-of-leave, grants of land, and the right to marry, or—if they were already married—the right to have their wives and families sent out from France at state expense to live with them.

An interesting Report has lately been published by the French Ministry of Justice, giving an account of the convict *ménages*—that is, of couples

who have been married in the colony, and of those who have merely been re-joined there. As to these last, the cases of some couples with children have been very pitiable. Government undertakes to transport the wives of convicts who have earned tickets-of-leave, and also their children, provided these are not more than eight years old. It has often happened, therefore, that a wife has had to choose between her husband and children; and the choice when once made in the husband's favour, cannot be retracted. The woman who goes out to her husband in New Caledonia does so with the full knowledge that she will never be allowed to leave the colony so long as her husband is alive, for he can only obtain a ticket-of-leave upon undertaking never to leave the colony. She is transported there on the understanding that she shall create a home for her husband, and she is debarred from taking out children older than eight, because they might thwart instead of assisting her in this design. It is obvious that children ought not to be introduced into a penal colony when they are of age to feel very strongly the degradation of a convict parent's position. It is judged, moreover, that if ill-bred boys and girls in their teens came out to the colony as free immigrants, they would look down upon children born in the convict settlement; and caste differences being thus inaugurated, perpetual quarrels would result. On the other hand, a humane order has been made that the grown-up children of a convict—daughters at eighteen, sons at twenty-one—might go out to their father at their own expense, either on a visit, or to remain permanently.

It speaks well for wifely devotion that a no inconsiderable number of women should have petitioned to be sent out to their husbands, and among these voluntary exiles were persons of all classes. It is believed that a change will take place in this respect when M. Naquet's Divorce Bill becomes law, for a clause of it provides that the consort of a person sentenced to ten years' penal servitude—which in France entails transportation—may obtain divorce as a matter of right by applying for it within one year of the sentence. However, it is mere conjecture at present to say that applications for divorce will be extensively made. So far, many cases of touching fidelity have come to light; for women who were only engaged, not married to convicts, have prayed to be transported, and have used every whit of influence they could set in motion to obtain this sad favour. It is generally refused; for bachelor convicts who get licensed to marry are required to choose their wives from among well-behaved female convicts; nevertheless, a girl will be allowed to go out to New Caledonia to fulfil a matrimonial engagement, if she can furnish unquestionable references as to character and pay her own passage out. She must also procure permission from her parents, just as if she were going to be married in France.

It should be mentioned, that married women who voluntarily undergo transportation are bound, before leaving France, to appoint respectable guardians for the children whom they may leave behind; and it must be proved to the satisfaction of the authorities that these guardians are able as well as willing to provide the children intrusted to them with a good education.

The marriages in which the bride and bridegroom were both convicts have exceeded six hundred since 1873. They constitute no actual innovation in prison-life, but are merely a return to the practice that prevailed before the great Revolution, when the French colonies used to be recruited with convicts, who had been released from the galleys on condition of their marrying women who had been inmates of jails. When the French were owners of Louisiana and Canada, a large number of married *forçats* were sent out yearly to settle in those dependencies; and not long before the beginning of the Seven Years' War, the Duke de Choiseul, who was Premier and Minister of Marine, requested the High Chancellor to direct that judges would sentence able-bodied young men to the galleys, rather than to simple imprisonment, whenever possible, 'because His Majesty's Plantations had need of fresh settlers.' In consequence of this, during the next few years young men were transported for the merest peccadillos, even for drunkenness and street-brawling. It became a rule to give the recruiting sergeant the first pick of youngsters who got into trouble, and to ship off the others to America with no loss of time. Young women were transported with an equal want of discrimination, when they brought themselves in any way under reproach. In the Abbé Prévost's painful novel of *Manon Lescaut*, we have a description of a convoy of female prisoners, none of whom were criminals, being conveyed to Brest in carts *en route* for America.

Nowadays, it is of course required of a convict-bride that she should have been—legally speaking, at least—a criminal of a very bad kind; no female prisoner is, in fact, eligible for transportation unless she shall have been sentenced to seven years' penal servitude. Twice every year, a notice is posted up in the workshops of the female convict prisons—of which that at Clermont is the principal—that any woman under thirty years of age who has served two years of her sentence, may petition to be transported, provided that on arriving in New Caledonia she consents to marry a convict. Obviously, women who have been sentenced for seven years only, and who may by good conduct obtain a remission of two years at home, have not much interest in getting transported during the third year of their punishment; so it is not unusual to offer such women the option of transportation within six months after their sentence. As a rule, however, those who put down their names on the transport lists have been condemned to very long terms. It is not said that any favouritism is shown in the selections, the number of candidates fulfilling all the required conditions being too few to allow the authorities much range of choice; but it is certain that the heinousness of a woman's antecedents is never held to disqualify her so long as she is young and strong; and this no doubt must seem hard to women who, owing to physical infirmities, or from being just over age, cannot claim the same indulgence as younger ones.

The *déportées* are treated with kindness on their passage out; they have new kits given to them; and they do not wear the regular convict garb, but a sort of peasant costume with an ample brown cloak and hood. On landing at Noumea, they are consigned to a house of detention for a month

or two, and during that time their marriages are arranged for them through the agency of officials, through the chaplains of the female prison and the male penitentiary, and through the wardresses, who are nuns. Nothing is done in a hurry or with any brutal disregard of a woman's feelings; indeed, many ordinary marriages of free people in France are projected with less caution than these convict unions. The Marriage Board (*Bureau des Ménages*)—consisting of the governor of the colony, two magistrates, two priests, and the matron of the female prison—make themselves acquainted with all the antecedents of the parties who are to be married; and they try as far as possible to plan matches between individuals whose tempers fit them to live together. To the credit of the authorities, it must be said that they are particular as to the tempers of the men whom they select for marriage, and never choose a man who is notorious for having a savage, ruffianly disposition, or for being addicted to drink.

When it has been decided, after due inquiry, that a couple—say A. and B.—may be united, it is sought to excite in each of the parties an interest in the other. A. is told all about the past life of B., and *vice versa*; they are also shown each other's photographs. Then, if the parties do not object to meet, an appointment is made; and they generally see each other in the parlour of the female prison in presence of the matron. As to this, however, the manner of interviews varies; for the matron and chaplains may arrange matters as they please, so that everything be done with propriety. The intended bridegroom is always in possession of a cottage and a plot of land; for he cannot marry until it is proved that he can maintain himself out of the produce of his holding, eked out by the wages he may receive as a labourer on public works. Naturally, he is not compelled to take the bride whom the authorities have designated for him. If she pleases him at first sight, he generally sees her two or three times more before a regular engagement is made. She goes to visit his cottage in company with a nun, or some employment is given her out of doors in laundry or dairy, where she may be seen in comparative freedom. When at last the engagement is concluded, the intended bride goes and spends a few days at the convent of Our Lady of Mercy, held by the Augustine nuns; and it is there that the marriage takes place with the smallest amount of publicity possible. If the parties cannot afford to buy a gold wedding-ring, a silver one is provided for them. After their marriage, the convict couple become probationary free colonists under certain conditions: they must dress in brown; they must not enter any establishment where intoxicating liquors are sold; and they must not leave their cottage after nightfall without a written permit. These and other restrictions are gradually removed in reward for good conduct—till at last the *libéré conditionnel* becomes a free settler and proprietor of his piece of land.

It takes about five years to attain full freedom, dating from the time when the convict got his first ticket-of-leave; and once free, he may engage in industrial or commercial pursuits, open a shop or set up a factory if he have the means. But he must never leave the colony. The children born of convict marriages are to remain in New

Caledonia until they are twenty-one years of age, at which time an inducement will be offered to the sons to settle definitely in the colony by exempting them from military service. But those who prefer to go to France will of course be allowed to do so, taking the chances common to all Frenchmen of being drafted by conscription for the army. At present, the oldest children of convict marriages in the colony are only in their eighth year.

It has happened more than once that female prisoners sent out to marry convicts have won the affections of minor colonial officials. The government Report states that within eight years more than twenty applications for leave to marry *déportées* were made by warders, army sergeants, dockyard inspectors, &c. The first of these applications threw the authorities into great perplexity. They saw that to allow a convict-woman to marry a free man was tantamount to restoring her to full liberty. On the other hand, it seemed unadvisable to them to let a prisoner wed a man who, by-and-by, when the first ardour of love had cooled, might taunt her about opprobrious by-gones. However, the first man who fell in love with a convict-girl was so much in earnest about it that he carried his point by signing an engagement to live subject to all the rules imposed upon ticket-of-leave men, and never to leave the colony. Similar engagements have been demanded since of all the men who wish to marry *déportées*, and in every case they have been subscribed to.

It is as yet too soon to predict anything as to the future of New Caledonia under its convict settlers; but this point may already be noted, that there is not a single recorded case of a convict having been punished during the two years immediately following his marriage—that is, during the time when he was forbidden to enter public-houses. All offences committed by married convicts—assaults, attempts at sedition, &c.—appear to have been perpetrated after their good conduct had earned them the right to re-enter the drink-shop.

## OUR GOVERNESS.

### IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

'I WONDER what she'll be like!'

'I hope she won't be stricter than Miss Simmons.'

'If she can't speak English, what fun it will be!'

These three remarks were the utterances of three pairs of children's lips upon the afternoon of the day fixed for the arrival of our new French governess. The three children were mine. I had kept the two girls from boarding-school on principle; and Bobby, the boy, was too young as yet, so I had engaged a French governess in the place of a certain Miss Simmons, who, being pretty, had captivated our curate, and had married him.

'If the children don't learn anything else,' I had said to my wife, 'they shall learn French; and from experience, I have found out that French can only be picked up at the fountain-head.' So, after much advertising and bother, Mademoiselle René Dulong appeared to possess



the necessary qualifications; and she was to come to my residence, Acacia Lodge, Hampton, straight from Paris.

I don't suppose that my children were much worse than those of other people, but they required to be held firmly in hand; and the late Miss Simmons' time had been so taken up with billing and cooing, that she had suffered them to get a bit more unruly than I cared to see them, so I made it a *sine qua non* in my advertisement, that candidates should be disciplinarians. In this respect, as indeed in all others, Mademoiselle Dulong's testimonials were unimpeachable, and I shared the feelings of the children, and anticipated her arrival with no little impatience and curiosity.

Long before three o'clock, when she was due, chubby fingers had been disturbing the symmetry of our Venetian blinds, and curious eyes had been peering through the apertures thus created, in the hopes of getting the earliest possible look at the new preceptress; and precisely to the minute, when a cab drove up with a modest heap of foreign luggage on the roof, the excitement culminated in a chorus of 'Here she is!'

Mademoiselle Dulong alighted from the cab, and was ushered into the drawing-room. Of course, I had pictured her previously in my mind's eye, and equally, of course, the real was as unlike the ideal as could be. Instead of a large woman with a square jaw and a determined brow, we were in the presence of a slightly-built, fair-haired woman of twenty-five, neatly yet coquettishly dressed in black, well gloved and well booted, as is usual with her country-women of all classes. There was none of the diffidence and timidity about her for which one might naturally look in a young woman landing for the first time on an alien soil. Without being in the smallest degree forward or bold, she advanced smilingly and shook our proffered hands with a confidence which seemed to insure future friendliness between us, addressed a few words to us in excellent English, and seemed determined to start at once by being at home.

As I got accustomed to her, I saw that delicate as her face was, it was full of determination. It was not a pretty face—there was too much chin, and the cheek-bones were too prominent; yet her face and figure were of the kind that, with a little mechanical aid in the way of good dressing, might pass for distinguished, and by many people might be deemed attractive.

I was curious to see how she would meet the children; and was delighted when she kissed them and spoke a few familiar words to them in French. 'For,' she said, 'I intend to enter upon my duties at once.' Even Bobby, who had not anticipated her arrival with any very marked signs of pleasure, was smitten, and declared that she was worth a dozen Miss Simmonses. By tea-time she had unpacked her things, and had settled down at Acacia Lodge as if she had been a member of the household for as many years as she had actually been hours.

The favourable impression that both my wife and I had formed of her at first was fully confirmed by better acquaintance. Not only did she prove herself an admirable ruler and teacher, but, my wife being somewhat of an invalid, Mademoiselle, as we called her, assumed the

reins of household management. Even the servants learned to respect and like her, which fact, when the usual attitude assumed by the British Mary-Jane towards governesses, especially foreign governesses, is taken into consideration, alone speaks volumes in her favour. The name of Mademoiselle became invested with all the influence hitherto associated with the name of Mistress. It was now: 'Mademoiselle says so,' 'Mademoiselle knows all about it,' 'Ask Mademoiselle.' But it must not be inferred from this that she was gradually usurping the position of an artful schemer; for there was no undue assumption of authority, there was nothing overbearing in her demeanour. Everything was done quietly and unostentatiously, and with the full consent of my wife, who was glad enough to deliver over a part of her duties into the hands of an efficient substitute. As for me, being a pottering old antiquary whose mind was wrapped up in the deciphering of inscriptions, in the tracing of Roman remains, in controversies concerning the age of flint and the age of bronze, I was perfectly content inasmuch as I was no longer bothered and disturbed by having to meddle with domestic concerns.

At the same time, there was a mystery about her. Her correspondence was extensive, and so far as handwriting was any indication, it appeared to be entirely from the opposite sex. She never alluded to friends or relations. We could find out nothing about her antecedents except from the testimonials she had forwarded in answer to my advertisement. She never seemed dull, but settled down into our grooves of life happily and contentedly. She had plenty of leisure, if she chose to make use of it; but I noticed nothing coquettish in her behaviour with my neighbours, though some of them remarked upon the 'pretty little Frenchwoman' staying with me. Nor did I suspect that she held personal interviews with any member of the opposite sex, until one or two circumstances happened which knocked the dust off my eyes a bit.

The first eye-opener was on a fine, bright April morning. Isalen, my second girl, came tumbling into my study as I was busy upon a paper descriptive of a certain Roman Camp, her great brown eyes opened to their fullest extent, and her face flushed with excitement.

'O papa!' she began, 'what do you think? Me and Awdrey was out just now on the green, and who do you think we should see talking to a gentleman under the trees in Maid of Honour Walk, but Mademoiselle!'

'Mademoiselle talking to a man!'. I repeated. 'Nonsense, child; you must be mistaken.'

'O no, papa; I'm not,' said the child emphatically, 'for we could see them quite plain, although they didn't see us. And the man was tall, and had a big fur-cloak on, and had black moustaches; and she gave him a lot of papers, and he seemed very pleased.'

'Perhaps it was Monsieur Cerise from the Grammar-school,' I suggested; but this was repudiated by Isalen, who knew Monsieur Cerise perfectly well by sight.

'Well, never mind,' I said; 'it's no business of ours; so run away and play, there's a good child; I'm very busy.'

At the same time, I was as surprised as was



the child. I tried to fix my attention upon my subject, but Mademoiselle and the stranger planted themselves in front of me at every line. Yet I don't know why I should have been so surprised; for Mademoiselle was young and striking-looking, if not absolutely a beauty; and young, striking-looking women do not condemn themselves to the life of a cloister unless they can help it.

However, she said nothing more to me about it, and other events drove it out of my mind temporarily, until another curious circumstance occurred.

Old resident as I was at Hampton, and familiar as I was with every nook and corner of the old palace and its grounds, I never wearied of it, and one of my keenest enjoyments was to play the part of cicerone to strangers. Often and often I would while away the sweet hours of summer mornings amidst the trim terraces and flower-beds planted by Dutch William, or under the shady old trees which, had they the gift of speech, could tell so many stories of old-world pageant and courtship. One morning I took the children into the gardens for a holiday, leaving Mademoiselle, as I thought, at home arranging domestic matters with my wife. We wandered about for a long time in the cool shade of the Wilderness, until we found ourselves in the Maze. I was a walking guide-book to every other part of the gardens, but I had neglected the Maze, as making too great a demand upon my otherwise occupied faculties, so that we were dodging and running against each other for a full twenty minutes ere we struck the direct path to the centre. Bobby was ahead, and just as we turned round the last piece of hedge, he stopped short, with his finger on his lips, and holding me by the coat-sleeve, pointed to the open space in the middle. There, on the seat, I saw Mademoiselle in earnest conversation with a man who answered exactly to the description given by Isalen some weeks previously; and they were so deeply absorbed, that they did not hear the sounds of our feet on the gravel. It certainly did not give me the idea of a love-scene; for the man was talking excitedly, although in a low voice, gesticulating wildly, and Mademoiselle seemed to be trying to put in a word without success. Between them on the seat lay a bundle of papers, and from the way in which they were frequently tapped and pointed to, it was clear that they formed the topic of conversation.

Unwilling to lose the scene, unwilling to intrude upon other people's business, I stood undecided. My children were for bursting forward and surprising Mademoiselle, but I restrained them; and in spite of my natural antipathy to anything in the shape of espionage and eavesdropping, endeavoured to catch something of the conversation going on. All I could make out were the few following words spoken by Mademoiselle: 'Very well. You want ten thousand francs. You must have it. I must see what I can do, as it is urgent; but I can make no promises.' That was all I heard, so, fearful lest my curiosity should betray me, I hurried back out of the Maze as silently and quickly as possible. 'What on earth does it

mean?' I thought, as we turned homewards. 'Ten thousand francs; that's four hundred pounds. How is she going to get such a sum?'

Mademoiselle appeared at the tea-table calm and collected as usual, without a token in her manner or appearance that anything out of the ordinary had taken place. I had a great mind to speak to her about what we had seen in the Maze at Hampton Court; but upon reconsideration, I was not sure that it was any business of mine, so I did not. As an antiquary, of course, my chief occupation and pleasure was the solution of mysteries, and here was one at my very door. As I walked in the garden that evening with my pipe, according to custom, I pondered over the matter; and the more I pondered, the more befogged I got. For what purpose was such a sum as ten thousand francs wanted, and who was the gentleman who so vehemently pressed for it? I think I had a right to know, after all, as Mademoiselle was for the time being a member of my household and under my protection. Had she been separated from a bad husband, whose plan of revenge it was to follow and persecute her for money? I walked up and down the gravel path for more than an hour, endeavouring to solve the problem, but without success. I was on the point of turning for the last time towards the house, when I heard a rustling amidst the thicket of laurel which separated my garden from a back road. There had been numerous burglaries in the neighbourhood lately, so that my first idea naturally was that an attempt was to be made upon my premises. I turned sharply round; and as I did so, the sound ceased. But I could see nothing. I am not a coward, but I confess to a feeling of uneasiness at this mysterious sound within a few paces of me. I was unarmed, too, so that to rush into the thicket would have been rash self-exposure. I determined to go to the house and arm myself, and had taken two paces in that direction, when I heard a voice ask in a foreign accent: 'Does Mademoiselle Dulong live here?'

I turned round and could make out a tall figure entirely cloaked, but it was too dark for me to see his face. 'Yes, she does. What do you want with her?' I replied; but ere I had finished my sentence, my mysterious visitor had disappeared.

I returned to the house more mystified than ever, and resolved to address Mademoiselle upon the subject the first thing next morning. Accordingly after breakfast, as she was going to the schoolroom as usual, I told her that I should like to speak to her alone in my study. She followed me thither. I began by relating what I had seen and heard in the Hampton Court Maze a little time before, and I noticed that as I proceeded, the colour on Mademoiselle's cheek deepened, and her manner became excitable and uneasy.

When I had finished, and was about to pass on to the event of the previous night, she said: 'I am very glad indeed, sir, that you have spoken to me about this. I have been longing to tell you ever since, but have not dared to; but since you have broached the subject, I can speak openly and without reserve. You heard mention of ten

thousand francs. That man who was speaking to me has been a terror to us for years. He alludes to an old debt owing to him by my father, late a colonel in the French army; and he persecuted me so for it, that I was obliged to come here. I don't know where I can get ten thousand francs or the quarter of it; and until I can satisfy him at least by a part payment, as he has found out that I live here, I can hope for no peace.'

She spoke with so much earnestness, and was so visibly pained by the confession, that I was moved.

'You see, sir,' she resumed, 'it will take me many years to save up ten thousand francs.'

'But,' I said, 'is there no other member of your family capable of working for a living?'

'Not one, sir,' she replied; 'my father is bed-ridden, and my mother has to be with him night and day. One brother was killed at Gravelotte, and the other is in Algeria.'

'And this man requires immediate payment?' I said.

'Well, sir,' replied the girl, 'of course the sooner I can get it off, the sooner my persecution will end.'

I walked up and down the room for a few moments, then went out and consulted my wife, desiring Mademoiselle to remain. When I returned, I said: 'Suppose I advance you this sum, what guarantee can I have that it will be—you must excuse my saying it, Mademoiselle, but business is business—that it will be applied to the end you mention? I should like, of course, to have a receipt from this creditor in person.'

'You shall see him,' said the girl with enthusiasm, 'to-day, in an hour, when you will. O sir, how can I thank you enough for this! But I will repay you—you shall see how I will;' and she threw herself at my feet, with such tears in her eyes, and such gratitude on her face, that had I been a few years younger, and had my wife entered the room at the moment, I could have pardoned her for being jealous.

After dinner, when I was in my study, Mademoiselle knocked and entered, bringing with her the man I had seen in the Maze at Hampton Court.

I certainly was not struck with his personal appearance when I came to be face to face with him; for, although he was well and even expensively dressed, his figure and features seemed to me better suited to a blouse and a clay-pipe than to broadcloth.

'You are the creditor of Mademoiselle,' I said, 'for the sum of ten thousand francs?'

'I am, monsieur,' he replied, with a bow which struck me as being half-insolent and half-obsequious.

'And you intend to give her no peace,' I continued, 'until you have wrung this large sum from her?'

'Pardon, monsieur,' he said; 'I am a poor man; the debt has been outstanding for ten years, and I have allowed both her and her father all the latitude a poor man can be reasonably expected to allow. This is the first time I have threatened Mademoiselle, and if I myself were not pressed, I should not do it now.'

'But surely,' I said, 'you can temper mercy with your acts. You know that Mademoiselle is a poor, hard-working woman, and that it must necessarily be a long time before she can hope to pay so large a sum. Why not let her pay you in instalments?'

'Because, monsieur,' replied the man, 'I have immediate need of the money. I am secretary of a bank, and I have borrowed the bank's money, and unless I can replace it before the half-yearly balance sheet is made up, I shall be disgraced and ruined.'

This seemed reasonable enough; somehow, I felt impelled to the transaction; so, after a little further conversation, I wrote him a cheque on my bankers for four hundred pounds, taking his receipt in full.

One part of the mystery about Mademoiselle, however, still remained unsolved—the nocturnal visitor in the garden. I asked her about him; but she knew nothing, saying that he was possibly an agent of her creditor, who had come to make sure of her place of residence. She seemed, however, a little uneasy ever afterwards, and was never so willing to go beyond the gates as she had been.

Summer drew to a close, and we had arranged to go for our usual outing on the continent; Mademoiselle and the children upon this occasion to accompany us. She was overjoyed at the prospect, and set to work at her preparations with alacrity.

About a week before our departure, my wife came in to me and complained of the continual presence of a man outside in the road, who seemed to be vastly interested in our house and all that went on there. The next day we were going out to dine, and were passing through the gates, when my wife said: 'There he is, that man leaning over the railings smoking a cigar.'

I saw a tall individual in a long cloak, and instinctively my night visitor of many weeks previous came into my mind. I do not know why, for I never saw the man's face, but there was something in the tall, heavily-draped figure of the lounge before me which recalled him.

The next day he was a little farther off. I gave information to the police the day before we started, and I heard afterwards that he disappeared. This new mystery now occupied me. I felt sure that Mademoiselle was in some way connected with it, and I went away full of it, and wondering what it would turn out to be.

## A PLEA FOR THE MOLE.

BY ONE WHO HAS STUDIED ITS HABITS.

IN introducing this much persecuted and, I believe, underrated little animal to the notice of your readers, I hope that my humble appeal in his behalf may have the effect of placing him and his family in a more favourable position than he has hitherto held in the estimation of the general public.

The mole is peculiar in its construction. Its body is thick and round, the fore-part being thickest and very muscular; and its legs are so very short that the animal seems to lie flat, and as

it rests in this position, the four feet appear as if they immediately lay sprawling from the body. The feet are furnished with five fingers, each surmounted by a strong nail or claw, and they are turned outwards and backwards, like the hands of a man when swimming. The shortness, breadth, and strength of the forefeet or hands, which are inclined outwards, answer the purposes of digging, serving to throw back the earth with great ease. The mole is furnished with what might be called an apology for a tail, so short, that we may acquit him of any attempt at swagger in wearing this ornament.

The snout of the mole is very swine-like, though his habits are not, and with the exception of one slight drawback, which militates against a desire for a close intimacy with him, he might be considered an eligible acquaintance. The little drawback is, that he has such a multiplicity of parasites upon his shoulders and back, that I think the most ardent entomologist would hardly care to examine, much less to count them. These are no doubt some of the ills that mole-flesh is heir to. With a wish to inform myself of the nature of these parasites, I endeavoured to scrape some of them from the back of a friendly mole without injury to him, for examination, but did not succeed, as they maintained such a hold upon his hair, that upon further prosecution of my investigation, he objected, and so far, that although we had agreed right well together for more than half an hour, he endeavoured to bite me. In this exhibition of ill-temper, he displayed a set of beautiful teeth, and being critical in my observance of them, I noticed particularly the strongly developed canine teeth in the upper jaw. Having frequently examined the jaws of dead moles, my belief in the mole being a carnivorous animal is very much strengthened.

It has long been believed that the mole is a worm-eating animal, and my own observations confirm this. One morning, in the month of April 1880, whilst walking over a small piece of grass land, I saw a mole upon the surface, and whether the strength of the roots of the turf whence he had emerged had prevented his making a re-entry, or whether he had an ambition to seek pastures new, I do not know, but I captured him with little difficulty, greatly to his discomposure, as I judged from the violent palpitation of his heart. I carried him for a short time in the hollow of my left hand, and endeavoured to allay his fears, by stroking his back with my right. My efforts to soothe his perturbation were successful, as by degrees the palpitation ceased, and the heart beat regularly. It occurred to me that a little refreshment might be acceptable to him, and a boy soon procured a quantity of good-sized earthworms. I offered my velvety friend one of them, which he immediately seized with his paws, and as he showed an inclination to sit down, I placed him upon the grass.

He sat down upon the turf as straight as a young boarding-school miss fresh from her back-board, in the presence of her schoolmistress. His tail, which was carefully arranged behind him, and reposed its short length upon the grass, gave him a most jaunty air. He ate seven large worms in quick succession, but metaphorically laid down his knife and fork when half through the eighth.

I have said that he sat perfectly erect during his meal, and in whatsoever way the worms were presented to him, headforemost, tailfirst, or sideways, he always turned each worm headfirst towards him, and killed it before eating it. This he did by biting it in what might be called the neck, where, in most earthworms, a kind of ring or elevated fleshy belt near the head is to be seen. Though the worm has neither bones, brains, eyes, nor feet, it has a heart, which is situated near the head, in or near the belt before spoken of. I noticed carefully that he bit each worm once only; and death was instantaneous. A worm having been killed, he commenced eating it, beginning at the head, and passing it carefully through his hands; thereby all earth was cleared from it, before it entered his mouth. He munched each worm with keen relish, treating each in the same manner, and I could distinctly hear a clear and crisp noise during his refection, similar, in a small way, to that made by a man eating celery.

A writer in a short article upon the mole in a popular periodical, says: 'Earthworms form the daintiest dinners of the hungry little fellow. But he is a bit of an epicure, objecting to eat the worms until they have been skinned. He is said to perform this operation for himself in the neatest manner.' This is certainly not the case. This same writer further says: 'During these nightly rambles, the mole is sometimes snapped up by a hungry owl, in want of a supper for herself and ravenous family. The owl and owlets have probably little cause for rejoicing; a severe fit of indigestion must surely be their fate after swallowing the tough skin of the mole.' This writer must be unaware that owls, as well as other birds that live upon lizards, mice, and such-like food, though they swallow them whole, afterwards always disgorge the skin and bones, rolled up in a pellet, as being indigestible.

The muscular strength of a mole is considerable, in comparison with his size and weight. A full-grown male measures six and a half inches from the point of the snout to the tip of the tail, the tail itself being three-quarters of an inch in length. His average weight is three and a quarter ounces, and his girth round the shoulders is five inches. The female is less. Moles feed twice a day—in the morning about eight o'clock, and in the afternoon about three, as long experience of their habits has shown.

The idea that the mole is blind is erroneous. He has a pair of brilliant black eyes, though very small, which, upon examination under a microscope, have shown all the parts of the eye

that are known in other animals. Anatomists mention that the mole possesses an advantage in respect to his eyes, which greatly contributes to their security, namely, a certain muscle by which the animal can draw back the eye whenever it is necessary or in danger. It is by the action of this muscle that the eye seems considerably less after death, it being drawn back into the head, and appearing merely as a small black point.

The sense of hearing in the mole is very acute, as is also that of smelling. A mole upon being disturbed by any noise, as can be seen by the attitude of listening that it assumes, afterwards sniffs in the direction from which the sound proceeds, as if to endeavour to judge by the aid of his sense of smell what may have been the object of alarm. Though the sense of hearing may seem more acute than that of smelling in the animal, the latter must be very strongly developed, as by it, in the midst of darkness, it seems to find its food.

The mole has few enemies that it cannot easily evade, except the human mole-catcher. One of the greatest calamities that befalls the mole is an occasional inundation of his dwelling, by which the young ones are frequently drowned. The old ones can save themselves by swimming; but at this a mole cannot be considered an adept, as an observer says it takes a mole nearly four minutes to swim six yards. A dry summer kills off many young moles, as the ground being very hard, they cannot work their way through it to obtain food, or find their way to the surface; and by his behaviour he marks changes of weather, as the temperature or dryness of the air governs his motions as to the depth at which he lives or works. This is from the necessity of following his natural and ordinary food, the common earthworm, which always descends as the cold or drought increases.

The mole is of much more use to the agriculturist than is generally imagined, being a vermicide—or worm-killer—a top-dresser, and a drainer. The Ettrick Shepherd made the following remarks on this subject more than forty years ago: 'The most unnatural of all persecutions,' he said, 'that ever was raised in a country, is that against the mole, that innocent and blessed pioneer who enriches our pastures annually with the first top-dressing, dug with great pains and labour from the fattest of the soil beneath. The advantages of this top-dressing are so apparent, and so manifest to the eye of every unprejudiced person, that it is really amazing how our countrymen should have persisted, now nearly half a century, in the most manly and valiant endeavours to exterminate the moles from the face of the earth.' I have myself frequently noticed mole-burrows doing excellent service as drains, that is, where the mouths of the tunnels have emerged in a ditch. Where the earth is moist, there the worms abound, and there the little pioneer and drainer follows, destroying them, and in their pursuit he so thoroughly tunnels the land, that a kind of natural drainage ensues. As a rule, the mole works from or to a ditch, his instinct governing him to the extent of leaving an outlet for the exit of the water from the ground in which he is working, which if not allowed to escape might accumulate in his tunnels, and thereby endanger his life.

Besides the drainage that is consequent upon these operations, a thorough aëration of the soil takes place with great fertilising effect.

Any careful reader of the late Dr Darwin's book upon *Worms* will understand their habits and manner of feeding, and can then imagine the amount of damage that might be caused by them in a field of young clover or wheat, as, besides eating the leaves of these plants, they consume the roots also. I must allow that the mole's action in pursuit of his prey, in wheat or clover fields, is injurious to the crops, as the roots are disturbed by him, and also his 'tumuli' smother and thereby destroy young clover and corn plants; and in these days of cutting hay and corn crops by machinery, I am aware that the mole-casts sadly interfere with the use of the mowing-machine. Nor is the presence of the little creature on lawns or cricket-fields desirable. But on old pasture-land, the advantages of the operations of the mole are very apparent; the results of the top-dressing—if the mole-casts be periodically spread by hand-labour over the surface of the grass—and the aëration of the soil itself, together with the destruction of worms, show very markedly the benefit conferred by them upon the farmer. It is my strong belief, from a long study of moles and their habits, that the good which the farmer, in the three ways before mentioned, receives at their hands, very considerably outweighs the little accidental damage he may sustain by them.

Many thousands of moles are killed annually in Great Britain. We know of one district, comprising, roughly speaking, eight thousand acres, and of which a great proportion is mountain-land, not arable, and little of it alluvial soil, which forms the beat of a district mole-catcher, who kills on an average above four thousand annually. In the course of sixteen years, as shown by the records he has kept, he has caught more than seventy thousand moles. In all this time he only once came across a family of light-coloured specimens, and they were far from being white. It is said, however, that white moles are not uncommon in Poland. The skins are of most value in the months of December, January, and February, when they fetch eighteenpence per dozen, delivered in London, after having been dressed on the leather-side with alum and salt-petre, and thoroughly cured and dried. A skin in this cured state measures about five inches in length by four in breadth. They are used by furriers for the lining of ladies' cloaks and jackets.

After what has been advanced in the foregoing notes on the mole, it may be allowed us to suggest that this little creature deserves something better than the persistent and deadly persecution to which it has hitherto been subjected. With moles, as with other wild creatures, it is necessary that some limits should be set upon their propagation; and we admit also that a mole in a flower-garden is anything but an agreeable assistant to the gardener. Yet when all has been said and done, there is evidence to show that moles, if restricted in their habitats to meadows and open grounds, serve various useful purposes, the chief of which is the throwing up of fresh subsoil and its exposure to the atmosphere, along



with the kind of natural drainage which is effected by their tunnelled ways. It might be well, therefore, for those who have hitherto carried out unrelenting war against this little underground worker, to reconsider the matter, and set some bounds to their destructive tendencies.

### IRISH HUMOUR.

LONDON itself can boast nothing of that sarcastic drollery and emphatic use of figurative speech, which it is impossible to walk in Dublin for half an hour without hearing; for the Irishman's wit is on his tongue, and himself an eloquent, an imaginative, and a humorous person. Even poverty appears no particular bar to his hilarity and good-humour, although a vast amount of characteristic indifference and recklessness is but too often prevalent amongst the lower classes. It is noticeable, too, that however much they may be attached to their native soil, they form, perhaps, next to England, by far the greatest portion of the human family who enter largely into the emigration movement. The facilities, however, for carrying out this laudable design some years ago appear to have had certain drawbacks in the way of ship accommodation; for we read that a jolly set of Irishmen, boon-companions and sworn brothers, had made up their mind to leave the 'old sod' and wend their way to 'Ameriky.' There were five in number—two Paddies, one Murphy, one Dennis, and one Teague. It so happened that the vessel they were to go in could only take four of them. At length honest Teague exclaimed: 'Arrah! I have it. We'll cast lots to see who shall remain.'

But one of the Paddies vowed that it was anything but 'jonteel' to do that sort of thing. 'You know, Teague,' he said, 'that I am an arathmatician, and I can work it out by subtraction, which is a great deal better. But you must all agree to abide by the figures.'

All having pledged themselves to do so, Pat proceeded: 'Well, then, take Paddy from Paddy you can't, that's very certain; but take Dennis from Murphy is easy enough, and you will find that Teague remains. By my faith, Teague, my jewel, and it's you that'll have to stay behind.'

Poor Teague was therefore bound to acquiesce in this remarkably novel decision.

When emigration has not been resorted to, we discover our enterprising neighbour equally anxious to take his place in filling up the ranks of the army, in fact, like young Norval, to follow to the field his warlike lord—with, however, this difference, if we may credit the following statement, to act differently on an emergency as the case might require; for we have it on record that an Irishman being about to join a company in the Confederate army during the last American war, was questioned by one of the officers: 'Well, sir, when you get into battle, will you fight or run?'—'An' faith,' replied the Hibernian, 'I'll be afther doin' as the majority of ye does.' It must not be understood by this that Pat is deficient in military courage; he merely acts under orders; leave him to his own moral resources, and the result is entirely different.

Although boxing, an English mode of self-

defence, is not promoted as a science in Ireland, we have it upon good authority that our Hibernian friend, out of pure love, will take an inward pleasure in occasionally knocking down his most intimate acquaintance by a different process, and even deem it an especial honour to be knocked down himself. Take the following: An Irish labourer who was in the employment of an English gentleman residing in Ireland, was on one occasion proceeding to a fair, held annually at a neighbouring village, when his master endeavoured to dissuade him from his design. 'You always,' said he, 'come back with a broken head; now, stay at home to-day, Darby, and I'll give you five shillings.'—'I'm for ever and all obliged to your Honour,' was the reply; 'but does it stand to reason,' he added, at the same time flourishing his shillalah over his head—'does it stand to reason that I'd take five shillings, or even five-and-twenty, for the grate bating I'll get to-day?' Darby could not forego such an excellent chance of getting stretched!

In repartee also, an Irishman is thoroughly equal to the occasion; the joy of retaliation being a marked feature so characteristic of their race. On one occasion, Judge Porter, a popular Irish magistrate, in pronouncing the sentence of the court, said to a notorious drunkard: 'You will be confined in jail for the longest period the law will allow, and I sincerely hope you will devote some portion of the time to cursing whisky.'—'By the powers, I will!' was the answer; 'and Porter too.'

At another time, a steamboat passenger not finding his handkerchief readily, somewhat suspiciously inquired of an Irishman who stood beside him if he had seen it, and insinuated a charge of theft. But afterwards finding the said article in his hat, he began to apologise. 'Oh,' said Pat, 'don't be afther saying another single word; it was a mere mistake, and on both sides too. You took me for a thief, and I took you for a jintleman.'

On the other hand, the evidence sometimes given in a court of law, more often than not, fully corroborates the old familiar saying, 'Hear one side, and you will be in the dark; but listen to both parties, and all will be clear.' An example will perhaps illustrate this.

'Pray, my good man,' said a judge to an Irishman, who was a witness on a trial, 'what *did* pass between you and the prisoner?'—'Oh, then, please your lordship,' said Pat, 'sure I sees Phelim atop of the wall. "Paddy!" says he. "What?" says I. "Here," says he. "Where?" says I. "Whisht!" says he. "Hush!" says I. And that's all, please your lordship.'

The following is an instance of that gallantry and politeness which is inherent in every true-born Irishman. It is pleasant, indeed, to record the fact that, so sensitive is his nature—often mistaken for pride—that he is said to feel every sensibility wounded, were those whom he had treated kindly to offer any remuneration beyond that of showing that they were grateful. A sudden gust of wind took a parasol from the hand of its owner, and before one had a chance to recollect whether it would be etiquette to catch such an article belonging to a lady to whom he had never been introduced, a lively Emeraldaler dropped his hod of bricks,



caught the parachute in the midst of its gyrations, and presenting it to the fair loser with a low bow, said: 'Faith, madam, if you were as strong as you are handsome, it wouldn't have got away from you.'—'Which shall I thank you for first; the service or the compliment?' asked the lady, smilingly.—'Troth, madam,' said Pat, touching the brim of his hat, 'that look of your beautiful eye thanked me for both.'

Again, when Pat undoubtedly sees his mistake, he is said to be one of the first to make an ample apology, as was evidenced by an Irish lawyer in a neighbouring county, who, having addressed the court as 'gentlemen,' instead of 'yer honours,' after he had concluded, a brother of the bar reminded him of his error. He immediately rose and apologised thus: 'May it please the court, in the hate of debate I called yer honours gentlemen. I made a mistake, yer honours.' The speaker then sat down, and we hope the court was satisfied.

Another instance may be quoted, in which a warm-hearted but rather irritable Irishman asserted that he had seen anchovies growing upon the hedges in the West Indies. An Englishman present said that was totally impossible.

'By the powers, but it is perfectly true, sir,' said he. 'But as you doubt my word, it is necessary that you should do me the honour of burning a little powder with me.'

They accordingly met with pistols; and the Englishman was wounded mortally, and as he lay dying on the ground, his adversary gently bent over his prostrate form, and whispered: 'By the blessed St Patrick, sir, and you were very right, and I am quite wrong; for I recollect now they were not anchovies, but capers.'

Occasionally, however, when Pat will not admit being in the wrong, he speaks his mind regardless of consequences. A story is told of an occurrence at a provincial theatre in Ireland where Macready was personating Virginius. In preparing for the scene in which the body of Dentatus is brought on the stage, the manager called to the Irish attendant—his property-man—for the bier. Pat responded to the call at once, and soon appeared with a full foaming pot of ale—but was received with a string of anathemas for his confounded stupidity. 'The bier, you blockhead!' thundered the manager. 'And sure, isn't it here?' exclaimed Pat, presenting the highly polished quart measure.—'Not that, you stupid fellow! I mean the barrow for Dentatus.' 'Then why don't you call things by their right name?' said Pat. 'Who would imagine for a moment you meant the barrow, when you called for beer?'

We might perhaps go to a considerable length with regard to travelling by car or otherwise, as public conveyances generally, no matter where, afford an extensive field for observation and amusement; but a ride on an Irish car caps the lot for boisterous fun. If we expect that gravity of deportment which so particularly distinguishes our own drivers, we shall possibly be deceived before we have accomplished the first half-mile of our journey; added to which, may be the probability that we are so tickled with the native humour of the driver himself, as he turns round on his seat to address us, that we may occasionally be shot lightly out by the roadside before reaching our proper destination.

'I engaged,' said a burly lawyer, 'a chaise at Galway to conduct me some few miles into the country, and had proceeded some distance, when it came to a sudden stand-still at the beginning of a rather steep incline, and the coachman leaping to the ground, came to the door and opened it.—"What are you at, man? This is not where I ordered you to stop. Has the animal jibbed?"—"Whisht, yer honour, whisht!" said Paddy in an undertone. "I'm only desaving the sly baste. I'll just bang the door; and the crafty ould cratur will think he's intirely got rid of yer honour's splendid form, and he'll be at the top of the hill in no time."'

These men, it is almost needless to say, seem to possess the blessing of an active mind and a marvellous range of faculties, which are invariably employed in giving wholesome enjoyment to others. On one occasion, a gentleman requested the driver of a jaunting-car to drive quicker. 'That's jist what I'll be afther doing at once, sir; for we are going through a rather lively neighbourhood; and if a few bricks and stones should fly about, or any scrimmage takes place, you immadiatly drop down quick behind me.'—'I certainly shall; but I devoutly hope that no such amusing pleasantries will take place, as I am on urgent private business.'—'Och! sure, thin, and it can be nothing but a love-affair; and may you soon see the beautiful creature smile on you like the streaks of a summer morning!'

It is related that in the days of sedan-chairs a very fat colonel coming one night out of a theatre, beckoned at once to two fellows, who immediately brought their chair to him; but while he was endeavouring to squeeze into it, a friend, who was just stepping into his carriage, called out: 'Colonel, I go by your door, and will set you down.' He gave one of the chairmen a shilling, and was going, when the other, scratching his head, said he hoped his honour would give them more. 'For what, you scoundrel, when I never got into your chair?'—'But,' replied Pat, eyeing him from head to foot, 'consider the fright yer honour put us in—consider the fright.'

Even for the pedestrian there is no escape; witty sayings, droll remarks, and sarcastic replies constantly hover around him. A modest fellow accompanied a traveller in Wicklow for upwards of a mile, and on bidding him good-bye, asked for a sixpence. 'For what?' inquired the gentleman. 'What have you done for me?'—'Ah, thin! sure haven't I been keeping your honour in disceorse?'

We will conclude these slight sketches by introducing an amusing blunder or two, proverbially termed 'bulls.'

On the edge of a small river in the county of Cavan, in Ireland, there is—or used to be—a stone with the following inscription cut upon it, no doubt intended for the information of strangers travelling that way: 'N.B.—When this stone is out of sight, it is not safe to ford the river.'

But before we laugh at our neighbours, we may remember that even the above is almost if not quite surpassed by the famous post erected a few years since by the surveyors of the Kent roads, in England: 'This is the bridle-path to Faversham. If you can't read this, you had better keep to the main road.' We are also reminded of a debate which took place in the Irish House of Commons

in 1795, on the Leather Tax, in which the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir John Plunkett, observed, with great emphasis: 'That in the prosecution of the present war, every man ought to give his last guinea to protect the remainder.' Mr Vandaleur said: 'However that might be, the tax on leather would be severely felt by the bare-footed peasantry of Ireland.' To which Sir B. Roche replied that 'this could be easily remedied by making the underleathers of wood.'

We take for another example the latter portion of an extremely affectionate poetical epistle, addressed to an Irish maiden:

I'm yours to command, both in weepin' and laughter;  
I'm awake all the night, that of you I may dhrame;  
I'd hang meself now, if you'd marry me afther;  
And though I may change, I'll be ever the same.

Then, again, a Dublin advertisement informs us that an Irish doctor has taken a house in Liffey Street, where the deaf may hear of him at all hours; but as his blind patients see him every day from ten till four, they must come at some other time.—And the following bill was once presented by a farrier to a tradesman in the town: 'For intirely curing your black pony that died, immediate payment is requested of one guinea.'

The gallant admiral, Lord Howe, amongst other matters makes mention of one of his crew, an Irishman. 'The fellow,' he says, 'was particularly brave, and a little too fond of a can of grog, yet never omitted to repeat this prayer every night before retiring to rest: "I never murdered any man, and no man ever murdered me, so God bless all mankind;" and Pat tumbled into his hammock, and no doubt slept none the worse for having the benefit of a clear conscience.'

An anecdote is also related of a Professor, whose pupils making too much noise, felt called upon to remind them of the fact, and said: 'Gentlemen, if every one of you will do me the favour of remaining perfectly silent for a few minutes, we shall be better able to distinguish who the individual is that is making the row;' which is quite equal to a medical report which began thus: 'There exists at the present time a great number of influential families in Dublin who have all died of the cholera.'

Even in the making of a will, these little peculiarities will occasionally present themselves: 'I give and bequeath to my beloved wife Bridget the whole of my property without reserve; and to my eldest son, Patrick, one half of the remainder; and to Dennis, my youngest son, the rest. If anything is left, it may go, together with the old cart without wheels, to my sincere and affectionate friend Terence M'Carthy, in sweet Ireland.'

It is without the shadow of a doubt that all the charms of the native is in his pure simplicity. Honest Murphy was going to his work early one morning, and was met by a friend, who knew that Murphy's married sister, with whom he lodged, was hourly expected to add another unit to the already overcrowded population. 'Well, is there any news of your sister this morning?' 'Oh, thin,' was the answer, 'indeed there is, I'm glad to tell you; and all's nicely over; thanks be for that same, anyhow.'—'And is it a boy or a girl?' was the eager inquiry. 'Och! by the

living powers, now,' said Pat, 'if I haven't forgotten to ask whether I am an uncle or an aunt!'

Another illustration is afforded by the reply of a young candidate for the office of teacher. Archbishop Whately was endeavouring to elicit the candidate's idea on the market value of labour with reference to demand and supply, but being baffled, the prelate put a question in this simple form: 'If there are in your village two shoemakers with just sufficient employment to enable them to live comfortably, or say tolerably, and no more, what would follow if a third shoemaker set up in the same village?'—'What would follow, sir?' said the candidate. 'Why, a fight to be sure!'—which was likely enough, but it was not the reply the reverend prelate looked for.

#### THE LOST CHILD.

The bairnie by the cottage door  
Had all the morning played;  
The sun shone bright as down the lane  
The wee bit bairnie strayed.

He'd go and catch the pretty birds  
That sing so clear and sweet:  
So down the lane and through the fields  
Wander the little feet.

And when the sun sinks in the west,  
The child is far from home,  
And tired, tired are the little feet—  
'O mammy, mammy, come!'

The pretty birds have gone to sleep,  
All nature is at rest;  
Ah! how this weary, wand'ring bird  
Longs for his cosy nest.

The bright eyes of the Night keep watch,  
And angels hover round  
His grassy bed; oh, weary head,  
Its pillow is the ground!

The angels spread their snowy wings;  
And as he sleeping lies,  
They bear him to his Father's home—  
He wakes in Paradise.

For two long days the mother seeks  
Her boy, in anguish wild;  
Three miles away from the cottage door,  
A stranger finds the child.

Oh! mother, dry thy weeping eyes;  
Thy bairnie's safe at Home,  
And thou shalt see thy boy again—  
'O mammy, mammy, come!'

RESEDA.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Fourth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No. 1024.—VOL. XX.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1883.

PRICE 1½d.

## A DAY IN A QUIET STREET.

It was very provoking, but there was no help for it. I had some special work on hand involving rather intricate calculations, which it was needful should be completed by a specified time. I had only got half-way through the task in question, when one afternoon it was intimated to me that next day my office would be taken possession of by certain whitewashers and paper-hangers, and that, consequently, my room would be preferable to my company. The arrangement had been of my own making; but I had forgotten all about it for the time being. What was to be done? I could neither put the workmen off till a future time, nor leave my own task unfinished. I might go to my friend Brown and ask him to find me office-room for the day; but Brown's office was a noisy place, with a perpetual swinging of doors and a ceaseless tramping of people either coming in or going out; while absolute quiet was essential for what I had to do. Suddenly, a happy thought struck me. Why not take my papers home and shut myself up for the day in my own little sanctum? I should be quiet enough there, in all conscience. It was an inspiration.

Like many thousands of Londoners who travel daily to and from the City, I reside in one of those new but not unpleasant suburbs which the spread of local railways has tended so much to develop of late years, which still impinge upon outlying green fields—but, unfortunately, will not long continue to do so—and have still some faint flavour of rurality about them. Our own particular street professes to be quiet and genteel. There are no shops in it, nor any public-houses. We who reside in it are steady-going, respectable, middle-class people. Five out of six of us are apparently 'something in the City,' leaving home with the regularity of clockwork in the morning, and coming home almost, but not quite perhaps, with the regularity of clockwork in the evening. We all keep one, if not two servants; we are duly waited upon each morning by our various

tradespeople; and some of us have visitors who occasionally call upon us in their own carriages.

I awake next morning with a sense upon me of something unusual. Then I recollect that for once I need not hurry to catch my train—that for once I can discard the black frock and chimney-pot hat of business respectability—that if I am so minded, I can sit all day in my slippers and garden jacket. There is a spice of Bohemianism about the affair that takes my fancy; I whistle softly to myself as I strop my razor.

Presently, I hear a voice in the distance, which gradually comes nearer, and then I recognise it as that of a milkman—of *the* milkman, in fact, from whom we obtain our daily lacteal supply. He announces his approach by a long-drawn dispiriting cry of 'O-oo, Ooo,' as though he were in a chronic state of low spirits. But scarcely has he turned the corner into our street, when from the opposite direction there advances a second milkman, whose cry differs from that of the first by one letter only and by being pitched in a slightly higher key. The cry of this second man is 'Coo-o.' But as if this were not enough, a few minutes later there enters on the scene milkman number three, who, in order probably that he may be distinguished from his *confrères*, announces his presence by a loud unearthly yell of 'Me-auk, meauk,' that can be heard a quarter of a mile away. 'Surely this must be the last of the tribe,' I mutter to myself. But I am mistaken. As I look out of the window a few minutes later, I see number four coming along. He has evidently a cold in his head this morning, and his cry is something between a wheeze and a whine.

I am down-stairs by this time, staring at my geraniums out of the front-window, and waiting for the call to breakfast, when, from the opposite ends of the street, two newsboys make their appearance. Each has his own distinct cry, with which he makes the street resound; but both are perfectly unintelligible. They gibe at each other, after the fashion of ingenuous youth,

as they pass on different sides of the street; then their cries gradually die away in the distance, and I see them no more.

I am just sitting down to breakfast, when a long-drawn doleful cry of 'Weep, Weep,' breaks the silence. Two minutes later, as usual, comes an opposition cry from the other end of the street. 'Sweep' cries the second man distinctly and sharply, as though he had no time to waste. Well, well, we housekeepers cannot do without the services of 'the harmless necessary' sweep now and then; still, it is a pity that they have not found out a more civilised mode of making their presence known.

I hurry over my breakfast, for the morning is creeping on. I have just opened my desk, and am about to sit down to my work with a quiet sense of enjoyment, when the street is invaded by greengrocer number one, accompanied by his horse and cart; but he is such a mild-featured little man, and cries his wares in such a subdued voice, as though he had come down in the world, and were somewhat ashamed of his occupation, that it is impossible to be angry with him. Presently, so far as I am concerned, he and his horse and cart vanish into dim distance.

I choose a fresh nib, and spread out my papers. 'Now for a start,' I say to myself. But hark! what noise is that which so rudely shatters the startled silence? I can make nothing of it at first, so I lay down my pen and wait till it shall come nearer. And nearer it does come, till at length I am compelled to stuff my fingers into my ears and groan in sheer desperation. Presently, I discover that the cry is a dual one, and that it proceeds from two leather-lunged fiends, who slouch along one on each side of the street, each one doing his 'level best' at intervals of a few seconds to outyell the other. Between them paces a horse, dragging a van laden with twenty or thirty small sacks of coal, which it is the business of the men to dispose of by retail. But their cry! It is the most ear-splitting, nerve-maddening, brain-softening, unearthly yell that it was ever my ill fortune to be compelled to listen to. It may be Welsh, it may be Dutch, it may be Zulu, for aught I know; but no combination of vowels and consonants with which I am acquainted would enable the reader to form any idea of its demoniac character. And then the insult to our street, to imagine that any of us would demean ourselves by having our coals in by a hundredweight at a time! I can set down the presence of these men as nothing but a piece of fiendish malignity.

A precious quarter of an hour utterly wasted, and my nerves still all a-flutter. Surely peace will be mine at last. Once more I dip my pen in the inkstand. But I have not written more than a dozen lines, I have not completed more than two of my calculations, when the fun begins to set in fast and furious. For the second time the street is taken possession of by the lacteal brotherhood, who now come round to collect the empty cans which they left full a couple of hours ago. Presumably they are the same men who favoured us with their company before breakfast; but if such be the case, each of them has learned a fresh cry in the interim. The first one who pays us a return visit makes the street musical with 'Oh-ow' in a shrill falsetto frequently

repeated. The next one cries 'O-hoo-hoo,' also in high shrill tones. The cry of the third is 'Bo-ow,' or something very like it. This is a sort of thing that may reflect credit on the inventive faculties of these worthy people, but is certainly no consolation to me.

It is now half-past ten, and my day's work is still all before me, and all before me it seems likely to remain. Ten-thirty-five brings a fishmonger with his horse and cart, who does not fail to let every one in the street know that he is in existence. Ten-forty-five brings an organ on wheels in charge of two brigands with ear-rings, who look as if they had not seen soap-and-water for months. They have evidently been here before, and know the houses at which they are expected. They make two stoppages in the street, and go through the whole of their repertoire at each house. I don't like to speak ill of my neighbours, but—All I can do is to lay down my pen in mild despair and light my pipe and wait. I presume there are some strangely constituted beings who call this sort of thing music, and derive pleasure therefrom.

Eleven o'clock brings a greengrocer with a wild cry of 'He-op,' as though he were a bare-backed rider in a circus. Eleven-ten, 'Old clo, old clo.' Melancholy, funereal even, as though he were begging for the garments of the dead, but not unmusical. Eleven-twenty, another milkman, whom I have not seen before, in a smock-frock and leggings, as though he wished you to believe that he had walked in direct from the country. He carries eggs and milk. He is evidently an artful individual, who contrives to put in an appearance just about the time the discovery is made that the remains of the cold joint will require to be eked out with a light pudding for the children. His cry is 'Co-oo, co-oo.' It is not an aggressive cry by any means; in fact there is something coaxing about it, as though he were driving his cows gently homeward through the fields. Eleven-forty-five, two more coal-fiends, who might be twin-brothers to those who went before. Their yells are enough to drive a man mad for a month. I flee to an inner room and shut myself in till their voices are a mere echo in the distance.

After this terrible experience, the cats-meat man with his short quick cry of 'Me-at, me-at,' makes quite a playful little interlude. Twelve-ten brings a greengrocer and a fishmonger, who enter the street at opposite ends at the same time. There is an inspiring rivalry between them as to which shall outyell the other. Pleasant for the listeners! I fancy the fishmonger wins the day. Twelve-twenty, man with paraffin and other oils. 'I-ill.' Twelve-thirty, another cats-meat man. 'Buy your meat-meat-meat.' Twelve-thirty-five, fellow with hand-organ and monkey. Most lugubrious. Organ very wheezy, evidently with chronic cold on its chest. One o'clock, two men and a cart. 'Dust-o, dust-o.' Nothing to complain of, so far as they are concerned.

Now comes luncheon, and a blessed interval of comparative quiet. The first to put in an appearance after I go back to my 'coign of vantage' is a man with a chair over his shoulder. His cry is 'Chaybasketome-end!' a cry only rendered intelligible by the burden that he



carries. Two o'clock brings a couple of demons with a donkey-cart; they are crying 'Onions, twopence a bundle;' and next to the coal-fiends, they are the worst infliction of the day. It is quite a relief, a little later on, to listen to the sad long-drawn cry of 'Water-creases.' Presently, the three merry milkmen appear once more on the scene and go through a repetition of their morning performance, each with his own particular cry, copyright it may be, and entered at Stationers' Hall. Scarcely have they cleared out, when up come a couple of Italian *pifferari*, who sing and dance—save the mark!—and drone on their pipes, and are in every way an intolerable nuisance. I cannot quite make out whether they are more picturesquely dirty or dirtily picturesque. In any case, this is the last straw. I snatch up my hat and flee. An hour in the open air may perhaps do something towards restoring my shattered nerves.

As I am turning the street corner, I nearly run against the muffin-man with his green-baize-covered tray balanced deftly on his head. If there is one cry more unobjectionable to me than another it is that of the muffin-man supplemented by the gentle ting-ting of his bell. It is not loud enough to be offensive, and there is a long-winded sadness in its tone that is suggestive of falling leaves, and misty, dim-eyed afternoons, and close-drawn curtains, and the first cosy fires of winter, and the pleasant hissing of the fragrant urn.

I return at the end of an hour, vitalised by the fresh air, and eager for work—I return to find the street in possession of a blaring German band—six stalwart fellows in blue, each of them blowing forth discord to the winds with all his might and main. Incontinently, I turn on my heel; I retrace my steps; I hurry to the nearest station, and there book recklessly for the wilds of Hampstead. The breezy heath claims me as its own till darkness begins to brood over the big city. Then I make my way home, light my lamp, and sit down to my long-neglected task. What though there be a piano to right of me and another to left of me each playing a different air; their notes reach me muffled by the intervening walls, and years of suffering from a similar cause have dulled the edge of pain. I stick manfully to my task, and finish it, fairly beat, at two A.M.

## ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOT.

### CHAPTER XXXII.—THE PROPOSAL.

It was the day following that on which Sir Pagan had paid his sister the rare compliment of dining at home, that 'Mr Talbot, My Lady' was announced. The visits of friends of either sex were very rare in that Bruton Street house, scarce, almost, as the proverbial visits of angels. Sir Pagan's friends knew where to find him, at the club that was his real domicile, and did not waste trouble in idle pilgrimages to Bruton Street. His unpaid tradesmen had grown tired of giving their imperative single knocks at the door of a gentleman who was never at home, and confined themselves to peremptory postal intercourse.

Very seldom did Sir Thomas Jenks, and excellent country gentlemen of his grade in society, trouble the groom-footman of their brother baronet as to whether or no his master was at home. And therefore the groom-footman was just then, in a striped waistcoat of yellow and black, like the body of an exaggerated wasp, hissing at the horses as he rubbed them down, in the mews adjacent; while it fell to the lot of a mere housemaid, in cap and apron, to usher in Arthur Talbot.

Very, very loyal were the Devonians of that impoverished household. The maid who showed Mr Talbot, in domestic parlance, in, would sooner have forfeited the fifteen pounds odd shillings arrears of wages of which she stood in slipshod need, than not have said 'My Lady' to her whom coarse outsiders spoke of as Miss Carew. Loyalty is a tough plant, and hard to eradicate.

Arthur Talbot wore a thoughtful, and perhaps a slightly embarrassed air. He had been thinking, long and painfully, and the result of his meditations was that it behoved him no longer to play the part of a mere watcher of events, a waiter upon Providence, as it was called when Oliver Cromwell ruled as Lord Protector over us, but frankly to offer to Clare the injured, Clare the wronged, his hand, and his name, and the shelter of his roof, down in leafy Hampshire. So far as our experience goes of disinterested wooers, four out of five lay no deliberate plans for a campaign matrimonial, but blunder, according to the chapter of accidents, into the position of engaged men. The fifth, we will say, of such honest swains, bides his time, and makes up his mind, and comes to tell his tale of love, more or less awkwardly.

'I thought I should perhaps find you at home,' said Arthur, with proper insular conventionality of diction.

'I am always here—if that is being at home,' answered Sir Pagan's sister, with a sad, patient smile.

'Then let me offer you a better and a happier home, at least, than this,' exclaimed the young man eagerly. 'Clare, dear, darling Clare, forgive me if I am abrupt and rough; but it half maddens me to think of you pining here, like a caged bird, alone, in this sad house. Yes; I have loved you, darling, long—but it was not till we were both in England again, and till Egypt, and the memory of our old intercourse there, seemed like a dream of the past, that I— But I am a sad egotist. I did not mean to distress you.'

She was weeping now, her face hidden in her slender hands, the beautiful golden head bowed low. It was not without a struggle that she presently, in a broken voice, made answer: 'You are very kind, Mr Talbot, and very generous. But I have no right to ask such a sacrifice from your friendship; I have no right to link your prosperous young life to such a one as mine.'

Very dejected was her attitude, very hopeless her tone, and yet, somehow, Arthur's heart leaped at the sound of her words, as that of any chivalrous suitor would have done. 'Friendship is one thing, and love is another,' he said, earnestly, rising to his feet. 'The more alone you seem, dear Clare, the blacker is the prospect before you, the more do I long to offer you the solace of a husband's love. Had you returned

to England in tranquil enjoyment of your own, the rich and courted young Marchioness of Leominster, I doubt if Arthur Talbot, either at Castel Vawr or Leominster House, would ever have found his tongue. You would have been wealthy, Clare, and I a mere petty Squire, and I should have felt ashamed of appearing to presume on former intimacy, and so, like a coward, I dare-say, have dropped into the background. But I should not have forgotten you.'

'You—you believe in me, then?' she asked suddenly, almost wildly, as she raised her tear-stained face and bent her eyes, timidly, upon him.

'As I believe in the heaven above us!' answered Arthur, flushing crimson. 'It is Clare whom I love—the widow of my dead friend—and it is Clare, robbed, wronged, and desolate, whom I long to take to my heart, and to call my wife, and to do what I can to shield from the hard injustice of the world.'

The girl looked at him for a moment trustfully, and then sadly shook her head. 'Mr Talbot,' she said, sorrowfully, 'you must not let yourself be led away by a noble impulse to do what your own relations, your own friends, would blame and regret. I have thought, often, as I sat solitary here, in this melancholy place, that I was as one of those who of old lay under the ban of the Church, to whom fire and water, food and shelter, the touch of a friendly hand, the sound of a friendly voice, were shudderingly denied, or came only by stealth, because men and women were more merciful than the cruel sway to which all had to submit. My own brother—and yet poor dear Pagan is kindness itself—will not listen to me. No one, except Mr Sterling the lawyer, and these poor servants here, and that terrible woman, Madame de Lalouve, seem to believe that I am myself—that Clare is Clare,' she added, pressing her white hands upon her throbbing temples. 'There are times, indeed there are, when I feel as if I doubted my own identity.'

'But I do not doubt,' returned Talbot gently.

'Do you not know,' she said, 'that, in a few short weeks or months, at the winter assize at Marchbury, my claim is to be urged—perhaps in vain. My adversary—ah, that I should have to speak of her by such a name!—has all the advantages on her side—possession, wealth, friends, and allies, and the dull reluctance of the world to believe in a story of wrong such as mine. I can see that even Mr Sterling has his fears for the result. Should the verdict go against me—what shall I be reckoned, throughout the length and breadth of England, but a disgraced impostor, a miserable counterfeit. And the gates of Castel Vawr will be for ever shut against me.'

'Let the door of Oakdene open, then, dearest, before that day comes, to receive its new mistress,' answered Talbot, as he succeeded in possessing himself of the little hand, that lay, cold and passive, in his grasp. 'Mine is a humble home, compared with yonder castle, or the London palace; but I will answer for it that those of my own blood, and all who are my friends, will take my view of the case, and greet my dear young wife with respect and honour, however lawyers may prate, or jurymen

decide. Come, come, dear Clare, it is you I love—not Castel Vawr, not your title, not your fortune—let them go, if needs must. There will still be enough for us two, and I should urge my suit, if I were poorer than I am, sooner than leave you to fret and fade in Bruton Street. But perhaps I am a vain fool,' he added, more dubiously, as she returned him no answer—'perhaps you care nothing for me—save as a passing acquaintance, and?'

'Arthur!' That was all she said, in a tone of shy reproach, and she looked up at him with her glorious eyes, glittering through the tears that clung to them. It was one of those moments when heart speaks to heart, and soul to soul, with a dumb eloquence that dwarfs all our oratory. Those two understood one another at last. And Arthur's arm was round Clare's waist, now—we may call her, for the moment, by the name that so true a lover used—and he drew her to his breast, and her fair head and blushing face rested coyly on his shoulder, yet with a delicious sense of protection found and a haven of security reached at last, such as only a loving woman, long lonely and unfriended, can feel. And for a time those two were very silent and very happy. But when they began to converse again, on one point Sir Pagan's sister proved firm, and no expostulations of Arthur's could shake her purpose. There must be no marriage, perhaps, indeed, it would be better, so she said, that there should be no public engagement, until after the trial at Marchbury.

'But I must speak to your brother,' urged Talbot, and the girl consented that 'dear old Pagan' should be informed of his sister's betrothal to the Squire of Oakdene. As for the rest, they must both be content to wait until after the winter assizes, and the trial at Marchbury.

'Should I win,' said Clare, with a quivering lip; 'there will be no disgrace to follow me to my husband's home. But, should it be otherwise—if I am held up to shame before all England as a baffled cheat, then, Arthur, if you still wish—'

He kissed her, and bade her believe that, though all England were against her, his faith would be unshaken.

#### PLANT INSTINCT.

As biological science advances, the observer is led to note that he can obtain glimpses of fields of thought the mere existence of which was practically undreamt of even a few years ago. Improved means of interrogating Nature, and wider views of the functions of living beings, have together proved the means of enriching our stores of culture. In no department of science has the advance in question been more plainly seen, perhaps, than in the field which the botanist claims as his own. The modern student of plant-life no longer regards the objects of his study as so many things which merely demand classification and arrangement, and whose history is exhausted as soon as a couple of Latin or Greek names have been appended to each specimen. On the contrary, the modern botanist seeks to unravel the mysteries which hedge about the living actions of even the humblest plant that decks a wall, or tints the stones with its delicate incrustation.

For him, the plant is no longer a kind of half-inanimate being, but stands revealed as an organism exhibiting sensitiveness, often showing likes and dislikes, possessing its own way of life, and governed apparently by instincts which, in their degree, are certainly as well defined as are the analogous traits in the existence of the animal.

As illustrative of the development of what we may legitimately term 'instinct' in plants, the phenomena witnessed in the 'climbing' movements of certain forms may be selected. That plants possessing weak stems may climb and support themselves in different ways, is a commonplace observation. We have only to think of the hop climbing by twisting or twining its stem around the pole placed for its support—of the ivy climbing irregularly over a wall or tree by means of its little 'roots' thrown out from the stem as it grows—and of the pea and vine climbing by means of tendrils—to become cognisant of the fact that the name 'climber' applied to a plant is at the most a term of very generalised nature. Again, a very slight acquaintance with elementary botany would show that whilst certain twining plants appear to climb in one fashion, others exhibit an opposite method of attaining the same end. For example, it has been ascertained that of plants which twist their stems around fixed objects, by far the greater number twine from left to right, or contrary to the direction of the sun. *Convolvulus*, French-bean, and many other plants wind, in this way, and thus resemble a 'left-handed' screw. On the other hand, the hop and honeysuckle follow the sun in their course, and imitate the hands of a watch in their movement, twining thus from right to left. More rarely, we may find plants belonging to one of the same group twining in opposite directions; and Mr Darwin has shown us the still rarer case of plants, each of which twines for so much of its length from right to left, and in another epoch of its growth twines from left to right. In these preliminary observations, we seem already to have discovered the existence of instincts in plants. 'Instinct,' if defined as blind habit, or as automatically carried out action, in which consciousness plays little or no part, would certainly appear to be the term most applicable to the causes which lie at the root and bottom of these curious plant movements.

Mr Darwin, in one of those researches which must remain for ever classic in its nature, describes in detail the features exhibited during the growth of a young hop-plant. When the young shoot appears above ground, the first joints of the stem grow straight, and remain stationary. As soon as the next joints are developed, however, they may be seen not merely to bend in a curious fashion to one side, but they also move round from right to left, as already noted. The average rate of this circular movement of the young hop-shoots is stated by Mr Darwin at two hours and eight minutes for each revolution in warm weather and in the presence of light. Furthermore, this revolving movement is continuous during the whole period of growth of the plant. These parts of the stem which have ceased to grow become stationary, whilst the revolution is continued by the young shoots which represent the extending growth of the plant. Now, it can be shown that

an essentially similar process is observable in all twining plants. As has been aptly remarked, the process of revolution resembles in its nature the coiling of a rope, which, after being swung round and round one's head, has been allowed to come in contact with a pole. The rope twists round the pole, just as the young and growing shoot of the climbing plant twines around the fixed support to which it has attached itself.

The peculiarities of twining plants are, however, by no means exhausted when the peculiarity just alluded to has been discussed. The explanation of these peculiar movements of revolution is a matter which naturally claims and demands the attention of the botanist. To comprehend the causes of these movements is an easy matter, if we attempt a very elementary study of certain features connected with plant-growth, in the first place. When a plant grows, its developing parts are seen to exhibit decided variations both in their increase longwise and in circumference as well. Thus, it is found that leaves grow far more rapidly below than above in their earlier stages of development; and as a result, the young leaf curves over and becomes concave. Later on, it is the upper side of the leaf that grows more rapidly, and as the leaf thus increases, the bud unfolds. The curves or changes in shape which thus result in plants from the processes of growth, are named 'nutations;' and in the case of the growing leaf we have just cited, it seems clear that the causes of the movements are due to internal conditions connected with the laws and processes of growth. Doubtless these laws themselves have been determined and initiated by external conditions; but as we see them illustrated before our eyes to-day, they would appear to originate from deep-seated causes, which, in truth, form part and parcel of the plant-constitution. But there are other 'nutations' to be witnessed in plant-life, which are more obviously dependent upon outside causes than the curvings of the young leaf. The movements of tendrils, for example, as we shall presently discover, fall under the latter category, and the remarkable movements of leaves, which are seen in certain plants—for example, the sensitive plants—may also be ranked in this second list of causes.

Now, if we turn from the simple case of a leaf, which, through unequal growth, curves first inwards and then outwards, to the case of a growing shoot, we may discover the cause of twining in plants. The end of the young shoot through alternations in its growth, comes to describe a circle. The 'nutations' becomes one of revolution; and as the youthful shoot is ever rising higher, owing to the increase of the part immediately below, the revolution, unlike the coiling of the rope around the pole, assumes the form of a spiral. The successive and repeated growth of all parts of the young shoot of the climbing plant, produces exactly those mechanical changes in its substance which result in the spiral twining of the stem around its support. The stem itself exhibits a twisted structure on its own account; or, in other words, shows the condition which the botanist terms 'torsion,' and as a rule the torsion of the stem follows the direction of the spiral in which the stem clasps the fixed object.

The explanation which modern botany gives

of the fashion in which twining plants climb, deals, it may be said, rather with the superficial aspect of their acrobatic life than with the deeper causation of their habits. But if, at present, we can give no certain or absolutely satisfactory reply to the questions, Why do certain plants climb and not others? and, Why do some plants climb by twining their stems around fixed objects, whilst others climb by aid of tendrils? we may nevertheless arrive at a definite enough conclusion regarding these curious phases of plant-life, by the aid of analogy. The consideration that plant-life does not lie outside the influence of those determined causes which we collectively term 'habit,' is at once a reasonable idea, and it is one, moreover, which each fresh discovery in the physiology of plants tends to support. Inherited and perpetuated instinct becomes, through repetition, the 'habit' of animals and plants. These instincts which in the past life of a species have proved to be most effective in preserving the race, and in giving the species a coign of vantage in the universal struggle for existence, must unquestionably have survived in the vital competition.

We may readily enough assure ourselves that it is to the effects of perpetuated habits that our twiners—our hop and bryony, our honeysuckles and beans, our convolvuli and aristolochias—have attained to the fullness of development which they exhibit in these latter days. If we throw overboard the theory of the existence and operation of an instinct in plants, as natural as that which leads the spider to fashion its web, or the sea-worm to form the sand-tube in which it lies ensconced on the beach, we leave unexplained not merely the question, 'Why do plants climb?' but well-nigh every other query which philosophical botany is continually suggesting to the earnest mind. While twining is thus known to be the result of a revolving nutation, of a continual succession of rapid growth-changes in a young stem, we cannot as yet proceed further and solve the problem of the differences which climbers evince. Except on the idea of variations in habit, induced by causes at present beyond our ken, we may not even attempt the solution of the question why one plant follows the sun in its coils, whilst another turns the reverse way, or a third shows a combination of both spirals.

One observation which we owe to the patient industry of Mr Darwin, serves to show that the explanation of the variations in habit which twining plants exhibit, may be found to exist in the circumstances—not always appreciable—under which the life of the species is or has been carried on. In other words, there must be a good reason for the particular fashion in which a given species climbs, and that reason is as likely as not to be found in the external features of the plant's life. The case in point is that of a plant known as *Hibbertia dentata*. Mr Darwin speaks of the perplexity with which the study of this plant at first invested him. Its long, lithe shoots were seen 'to make a whole, a half, a quarter circle in one direction, and then in an opposite direction; consequently when I placed the shoots near thin or thick sticks,' says Mr Darwin, 'or perpendicularly stretched string, they seemed as if constantly trying to ascend, but always failed. I then surrounded the plant

with a mass of branched twigs; the shoots ascended and passed through them, but several came out laterally, and their depending extremities seldom twined upwards as is usual with twining plants. Finally, I surrounded a second plant with many thin and upright sticks, and placed it near the first one with twigs; and now both had got what they liked, for they twined up the parallel sticks, sometimes winding round one and sometimes round several; and the shoots travelled laterally from one to the other pot; but as the plants grew older, some of the shoots twined regularly up thin upright sticks. Though the revolving movement was sometimes in one direction and sometimes in the other, the twining was invariably from left to right' (here a footnote details the fact that in a nearly allied plant the stem twines indifferently from left to right or from right to left); 'so that the more potent or persistent movement of revolution must have been in opposition to the course of the sun. It would appear,' concludes Mr Darwin, 'that this *Hibbertia* is adapted both to ascend by twining, and to ramble laterally through the thick Australian scrub.'

The latter sentence contains the gist of the explanation of the peculiarities of *Hibbertia*. Without a knowledge of its exact movements and predilections in the way of support, and without knowing its habits as it grows in its native country, the peculiarities of this plant would have presented an inexplicable mystery to the botanist. Conversely, we see how, with information respecting its life at hand, its habits receive due explanation, and the idea that, after all, the instincts of a plant are correlated with its life and ways, is seen to present itself as a rational theory of these features of plant-existence.

Very curious details await the reader who dips into the history of the habits and instincts of climbing plants. He will learn that the shaking of a plant by its removal from one place to another as it grows in its pot, will cause its twining impulses to be suspended for a time. Lopped off its parent stem, and placed in water, a young shoot still revolves, it is true; but its movements are delayed and its revolutions seem to lack vigour and strength. He will observe that the 'twiners' climb thin supports as a rule, that whilst such a climber as the 'ivy-green' will attach itself by its false roots to a thick stem, the hop, honeysuckle, and all true 'twiners,' affect supports of delicate calibre. Mr Darwin tells us that 'it would be injurious to the twining plants which die down every year, if they were enabled to twine round trunks of trees, for they could not grow tall enough in a single season,' he adds, 'to reach the summit and gain the light.' They would spend their strength uselessly. Here, again, the idea of an innate and internal instinct may, without straining any hypothesis, be believed to operate in the regulation of the life of these twiners.

Those plants which climb otherwise than by twining, as a rule grow upwards by aid of 'tendrils,' which, as every one knows, are usually altered and modified leaves or leaf-parts. The 'tendrils' has too long afforded a poetic simile for the affections of humanity, to escape plain understanding as a part or organ devoted to aid-



ing a plant's fixation and growth. We know of simple leaves which act as hooks, and which serve to support a weak stem in its upward march. Such an arrangement is seen in *Clematis viticella*. Here the leaf curls round the object it touches; and again we behold unequal growth of the leaf subserving the function of grasping, and adapting the leaf to the work of a holdfast. As the tentacles of a sea-anemone instinctively close upon the unwary crab that has stumbled against them, so the leaf-surface, instinctively, and by 'use and wont,' clasps the support. Wherever we find 'tendrils,' we meet with highly sensitive parts of plants, which, according to Mr Darwin, may be shown to possess selective properties and powers, in virtue of which they will prefer some objects and recoil from others. Only one side or surface—namely, the under or hinder one—is typically sensitive in the tendril. It is this surface which becomes arched or concave, and so coils round the fixed object in the fashion familiar to all. The tendril, moreover, is distinguished from the twining stem by its irritability or sensitiveness to touch or pressure; but they do not develop this property until they have grown to about three-fourths of their entire length. This latter fact would seem to indicate to us that the functions of tendrils were developed late in plant-history, and as a secondary attainment and modification in plant-habits.

The sensitiveness of tendrils varies greatly in different plants. In one of the passion-flowers, Mr Darwin relates that a bit of platina wire one-fiftieth of a grain in weight, gently placed on the concave end of the tendril, caused the organ to become hooked or curved; and this result also followed a similar experiment with a loop of cotton weighing  $\frac{1}{10}$  of a grain. In twenty-five seconds after being touched, the tendril in this passion-flower began to move. Occasionally, tendrils may be sensitive on all sides, and not on the under or concave side only. In the work of the tendril, we again meet with the 'revolving nutation,' through which the extremity of the twiner's shoot attains its end. Inherited instincts seem rooted in the tendrils, as in the stems. How, otherwise, may we explain why the tendrils in a species of *Bignonia* bend away from the light to the dark, as unerringly as the needle in a telegraph instrument answers the movements of the operator's hand? How, otherwise, can we explain why in the pea the tendrils seem absolutely indifferent to light or darkness?

Finally, from this brief consideration of the functions of twiners and climbers in plant-life, we may be led to still deeper questions of the philosophy of organic nature. Is there any evidence at hand of the order in which these habits in plants become developed? Were the twiners antecedent in time to the tendril-climbers, or are the latter the more primitive of the two types? Such questions deal with the origin of the habits we have discussed, and the answers to these queries are naturally important, as bearing on the fundamental problem which underlies all biology—the origin and development of the varied forms of life that people our globe. A graduated succession of types may be shown to exist in the habits of these plants. The plant which, taking advantage of the effects of light and growth, learned to utilise its growing powers as a means of twining

its stem around a fixed support, presents us with the simplest modification of habit we can find in the series. If the desire for light started the plant on its mission of twining, it is obvious that to utilise a weak, lithe stem, would prove a less complex act than to develop highly modified leaves or branches to form tendrils. After the pure stem-twiner, came the usage of leaves as aids in climbing; and after the unaltered leaves, came the modified leaves and branches forming the tendrils of to-day. The habit of revolving growth began the process, which deepening in intensity, has left its mark on very diverse plants in the shape of a fixed instinct or habit. Co-existent with the usage of leaves as holdfasts, must have been the development of that sensitiveness we see reaching its height in the tendril. Around us to-day, there are plants which, possessing all the necessary features of growth, may evolve new species of climbers and appear as the twiners of the future. At anyrate, there need be no halo of mystery existent around the nature of the climbing habit in plants. In this, as in so many other scientific pathways, the thoughtful journey which begins with a leaf, is found to expand at its close into a vista which involves and includes the whole scheme of animated nature.

## OUR GOVERNESS.

### IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

WE arrived in Paris in due course, and were comfortably settled at our hotel in the Rue de Rivoli. Although I had known Paris for many years, and could have shown a stranger over it as thoroughly as over Hampton Court, I always liked the gay old city, and no excuse was too trivial in my eyes for a visit to it; but its gaiety was not so great an attraction to me as was the mine of curious antiquarian wealth which lay hid amidst its dusky, out-of-the-way streets, and the odd nooks and corners known only to curio-hunters. So, whilst I allowed my wife and children and Mademoiselle to enjoy themselves to their hearts' content amongst the shops and gardens and palaces, I spent the most of my time in the odd world which breathes in the Quartier Latin, and amongst the strange wildernesses about Clichy and the Rue Saint-Denis.

Mademoiselle invariably accompanied the children upon their expeditions; and, indeed, often took entire charge of them when my wife was indisposed. She had quite regained the spirits which seemed to have deserted her latterly, and talked with an enthusiasm and animation upon matters political which in an Englishwoman would have appeared remarkable.

I was returning one afternoon from a raid upon the book-stalls of the Quai Voltaire, and was just turning into the courtyard of our hotel, when I came into somewhat violent collision with an individual who seemed to be coming out of it. Instantly, I raised my hat to apologise; our eyes met, and I recognised the mysterious watcher of our premises at Hampton. His keen gaze rested on me for a minute; I turned with the intention of speaking to him; but before I could do so, he was lost in the crowd of pedestrians. Mademoiselle took the children to the Cirque that evening,

so that I had an opportunity for talking to my wife about what I had seen. She agreed with me that from the evident fact of his being a Frenchman, he was watching Mademoiselle, and not us, and he had some potent reason for so doing from the fact of his following us over from England.

'I cannot believe that there is anything wrong about her,' said my wife, 'although there is a mystery. Depend upon it, it has something to do with the debt.'

'Or perhaps,' I suggested, 'there is a romance connected with her, and he is a rejected suitor.'

'But granting that,' said my wife, 'he must have known of this debt; and if he had been a real lover, he would have attempted to gain her favour by offering to pay it off.'

'Yes,' I said; 'but perhaps he couldn't, and from what I know of Mademoiselle, I don't imagine her to be the sort of woman whose love can be bought, so to speak. No; I don't think it's anything like that; it is something more unusual.'

'And something that will surprise us when we know it,' added my wife.

Another little circumstance deepened the mystery. The children had been out one morning for a walk with Mademoiselle, and came bursting into the room as usual full of the wonders they had seen.

'But such a funny thing took place,' said Isalen. 'I don't know where we were; it wasn't a very nice street—somewhere on a hill ever so far away; but we were walking along, Mademoiselle and I, and Awdrey and Bobby, when a lot of men and women came out of a shop where they sell wine, and when they saw Mademoiselle, they ran up to her, and laughed and talked and shook her hands, and said they were so glad to see her, and made such a noise about her that I thought we should never get away.'

'And did Mademoiselle seem pleased to see them?' I asked.

'Well, not exactly,' answered the child; 'for she pointed to us, and asked them to be quiet, and tried to get away, only they wouldn't let her.'

'And were they respectable sort of people?' I asked.

'Well, papa,' replied the child, 'they were clean enough, and all that; but they were common people, I think, because they all had those white or blue blouses on, and the women had no bonnets on.'

'And of course you couldn't understand what they said?' I asked.

'No; but I know they didn't call her Mademoiselle as we do,' replied Isalen; 'it was something else, I can't remember.'

This was very extraordinary, and the only way in which I could account for it was, that Mademoiselle had met some of her old friends, and I knew how foreigners vent their feelings by huggings and kissings even after ever so brief an absence. Yet her father was a colonel in the army, and her relations would not probably be of the blouse class, unless he had raised himself from the ranks.

A day or two afterwards, Mademoiselle asked leave for the afternoon, to see her father who lived at Passy, she said; so, of course, I assented,

merely stipulating that she should be home by nine o'clock.

After dinner, I strolled up with my cigar to the boulevard de Clichy, to cheapen a Montaigne, for which I had been bidding during some days. I was so absorbed in my errand that I did not notice the pace at which time was flying, and it was eight o'clock when I fancied it could not have been more than seven. I turned into a small café-restaurant to rest. There was nobody in the outer room abutting on the boulevard but the usual thin-lipped, gorgeously arrayed, knitting *dame du comptoir*, and the waiter, who was engaged with a newspaper; but behind a folding glass-door which divided the place into two parts, there seemed to be a social gathering of some sort or another going on, from the sounds of laughter and cheering which penetrated to where I was sitting. I remained for some minutes reading my newly acquired treasure and sipping my glass of wine, when I was startled by the sounds of a very familiar voice speaking clearly and distinctly amidst a dead silence. At the same moment, the mysterious individual in the long cloak slowly passed the door. His glance at the café was of the most careless and disinterested nature, but it seemed to take in everything. If he is not a police agent, I thought to myself, I'm very much mistaken. However, I rose, and peeped through the blind over the glass compartment, and to my unspeakable surprise, I beheld Mademoiselle standing and speaking earnestly with much gesticulation, her eyes flashing with enthusiasm and excitement, her arms agitated wildly, her foot stamping occasionally, her lips moving with the characteristic rapidity of an eloquent Frenchwoman. The glass partition prevented me from hearing what she said, but it was evidently upon a topic which completely absorbed the attention of her audience—an assembly of perhaps thirty respectably dressed men and women. At intervals she was interrupted by applause and cries of 'Très bien!'

I went to the *dame du comptoir* and asked her for what purpose the meeting was being held.

'Assuredly, Monsieur,' she answered, 'it is but a meeting of good citizens to welcome the Citoyenne Grellier back after a long absence.'

'And which is the Citoyenne Grellier?' I asked.

'She who is speaking now,' answered the woman.

'But,' I began, 'I have the honour to know the lady whom you call the Citoyenne'—

At that moment, the door of the restaurant was violently opened from without, and a mass of policemen precipitated themselves into the room. As quick as thought, the counter lady rushed into the inner room; the lights were put out, and there was a wild stampede from the inner room towards the door, followed by a tremendous struggle in the middle. Chairs and sticks were freely used, the anathemas and execrations were horrible, missiles flew about in all directions, and, as usual, I, the innocent visitor, came in for a goodly share of kicks and buffetings and pushes, and vainly endeavoured to make my escape from the scene. Then I

felt a stinging blow at the back of the head. When I recovered I found myself in a long, dimly-lighted room, surrounded by men in various attitudes of sleep. I sat up, and looked around, as if I had just awakened from a dream. What was the meaning of it? I looked at my watch. It was past midnight. Why was I not snugly ensconced in bed at Room No. 365, *Hôtel du Louvre*? Then my eye caught the gleam of a bayonet in the darkness at the other end of the room, and slowly, as the events of the evening dawned upon me, I realised that I was some sort of a prisoner. But upon what charge, I was completely ignorant. I must have received an ugly knock on the head, for my shoulder and waistcoat were covered with blood. I went up to the sentry, a stumpy, black-haired little *enfant de Paris*, who, although his rifle was many sizes too big for him, brought it to the charge as I approached. I asked him why I had been brought here, and who were my companions.

His answer was concise but not reassuring. 'Pig of a Socialist! You'll know to-morrow at ten o'clock. Go back, and sleep.'

Here was a pretty position for a respectable middle-aged British citizen of mild and inoffensive tastes to be in!

I looked about for Mademoiselle, but as there were no women amongst our *crêw*, it was evident that a distinction had been made. I thought of my poor wife and the children who would be waiting for me in agony at the hotel. I must let them know of my position somehow. I thought I would try my friend the sentinel again. So I scrawled a note upon a leaf of my pocket-book, and asked him how it could be sent to the *Hôtel du Louvre*.

The man did not even condescend to take it from my hand. 'Bah?' he said; 'if that note was to be taken, this place would be blown up with dynamite by some of your brutal agents. Wait till to-morrow, and then you can say more than you can write.' So saying, he turned away, and left me miserable and confounded.

What was to be done? The report of the raid upon the Socialist house would be spread abroad; the account of the struggle would be exaggerated; I should be described either as a monster of iniquity, or as seriously wounded, and the effect of either would be disastrous upon my wife. Still, unless Republican justice in France was more feeble than I believed it to be, I should certainly get off. The very Socialists themselves would speak in my favour, as would, of course, Mademoiselle. But the interval before such evidence could be given was terrible to bear, and seemed interminable.

I shall not soon forget that night. The heat, the vile odours, the company, were bad enough; but the thought of the anguish I was causing, and of the painful uncertainty into which those who loved me must be plunged, was worse. So I walked up and down amongst the heads and arms and legs of the prostrate sleepers, the eye of the sentry being fixed upon me all the while, as if, instead of being the most innocent of the gang, I was the most terrible and dangerous; and somehow the night passed, and gray dawn struggled through the barred windows.

At an early hour, a corporal's guard filed in;

the sleepers were rudely awakened with kicks and applications of chassépot butt-ends, and we were marched off to an open yard, wherein was drawn up a squad of women. Amongst them I soon perceived our governess. She wore a defiant jaunty air, which was so different from her usual manner, that any one not so intimately acquainted with her as I was, might have been pardoned for not recognising in her the same person. Directly she saw me, she sprang from the rank, and seizing the arm of an official who was taking down the names and occupations of the prisoners, said in a voice that every one might hear, whilst she pointed to me: 'That gentleman has no right to be here! He is an Englishman, and'—

What further she might have said was cut short by the official, who thrust her back into her place, at the same time telling her to hold her tongue. However, she nodded and smiled significantly at me, as much as to say: 'All right—never fear!'

When the man came round to me, I could not refrain from speaking: 'Monsieur,' I said, 'I am here by mistake'—

He silenced me with a wave of his hand. 'Of course you are. So are all this rabble of pigs. If they could have avoided it they would not have been here.'

'But,' I continued, 'I am an Englishman'—

'Yes,' he replied; 'and you have subscribed ten thousand francs to the funds of these braves.'

I started as if struck. The four hundred pounds I had paid Mademoiselle had been nothing more or less than a subscription for the propagation of Socialism. My position was indeed a serious one, unless any one who knew me should step forward and establish my identity.

'At Noumea,' continued the official, 'you can explain as much as you like.'

How I did regret the days when I engaged my new governess, lent her four hundred pounds, and came to Paris! But regrets, however bitter, were of no avail, and all I could do was to trust to the chapter of accidents.

When the inspection was completed, we were linked two and two, and marched off to a den similar to that in which we had passed the night, where some filthy coffee and black bread were served out to us. Most of the prisoners clutched at the untempting fare with avidity; but I, fresh from the good living of the Louvre, pushed it from me. In an hour's time, we were again marched off, now to a large room closely guarded by troops with fixed bayonets, and half full of people, amongst whom I vainly looked for my wife. As we entered, there was a loud murmur of execration, which was hushed with difficulty. The accusation against us was read, and we were evidently to be put upon our trial.

A tedious length of formality was gone through; the various police officers who had taken part in the raid gave their evidence, and the prisoners were asked separately what they had to say. One and all repeated the same formula—that they gloried in their principles, and that if they were free again, they would redouble their efforts to develop them practically. When René Dulong, alias Citoyenne Grellier, rose, there was an audible sensation. Our governess was evidently a person

of some notoriety. She spoke as follows, in a loud, clear, unwavering voice: 'What my fellow-prisoners have said, I say; but I should like to add something. There is a stranger amongst us who is implicated with us, and who will have to share our punishment unless some one defends him by speaking the truth. I can testify to having received the greatest kindness from him; for I lived in his house in England as governess for a year. I obtained the four hundred pounds from him under false pretences. He gave it to me out of his kindness of heart; he was not at our assembly, and I believe he came to the restaurant just as you, Monsieur le President, or any one else might have come, for refreshment. He has a wife and three children now in Paris, at the *Hôtel du Louvre*.'

'That sounds very well,' said the President; 'but how do we know that he is not one of your vile society? There are English Socialists as well as French Socialists, and it seems a very extraordinary thing that a man should pay a large sum like ten thousand francs to a woman about whom he knows very little, simply because she comes to him with a sorrowful tale. No; I must have further proof, and very convincing proof, before I can grant his discharge.'

At these words, my heart fell; for even while I did not doubt of ultimate escape from my unhappy position, yet it might be a matter of weeks or perhaps months before this was effected, during which I would have to suffer all the horrors of a vile imprisonment, and the base suspicion of being one of a band of criminals. Just as I so thought, there was a slight movement amongst the group of police officials standing near the dock, and a tall man in the uniform of an inspector of police came forward. Instantly, I recognised my mysterious friend who had haunted our gates at Hampton, against whom I had run at the entrance to the hotel, and whom I had seen passing before the restaurant a few minutes before the raid was made on the previous evening.

'Aha, Commissaire Jullien!' exclaimed the President. 'Well?'

'That gentleman is quite innocent, Monsieur le President,' he began. 'I received instructions some months since that the woman Grellier had gone over to England; and I discovered her address through the post. So I followed her, and kept watch; travelled incognito with the man who had received the money from her, heard all about the approaching expedition to Paris, kept my eye on all their movements, especially upon those of the woman Grellier, and caused them to be apprehended.'

'That is sufficient,' said the President to me. 'You may go, sir; and I hope the loss of your ten thousand francs will be a lesson to you in the future.'

'He won't lose it by us,' said a voice from the dock; and the man whose receipt I held, gave into the hands of an official the sum untouched.

I was surprised when I arrived at the hotel to find my wife and children waiting for me with cheerful, unclouded faces; but they explained it by telling me that at nine o'clock on the previous evening, Commissaire Jullien had called at the hotel, and had told them where

I was, assuring them that my release was but a matter of a few hours.

We missed Mademoiselle terribly at home for some time after this; but the next lady I engaged for their education was an Englishwoman.

## PAPUA, THE DARK ISLAND.

ALTHOUGH the subject of so much agitation and discussion of late in our Australasian colonies, it is doubtful if many people in this country know as much of Papua or New Guinea as to be able even to describe accurately its geographical position, much less to tell anything of its natural features and its inhabitants. The island has two names, by either of which it is spoken of indifferently. It was named by the Portuguese, Papua, a word said by some to mean 'black,' and by others to mean 'curled hair,' either interpretation being appropriate. It was named New Guinea by a Spanish explorer in 1545, because of some fancied resemblance between its coasts and the Guinea Coast of Western Africa. A later Portuguese explorer called it 'Isla del Oro,' a name strangely suggestive of the recent golden dreams of our Australian friends.

Papua is one of the least known islands in the world. It is found by recent estimates to be considerably larger than Borneo, its greatest length being fifteen hundred miles, and its greatest width four hundred and ten miles. Omitting the peninsulas forming its two extremities, its bulk measures seven hundred miles long, with an average width of three hundred and twenty miles. It is situated close to the equator, to the north of Australia, and is separated only by the breadth of Torres Strait—less than one hundred miles—from our colony of Queensland. Although the existence of this irregularly shaped and remarkable island has been known so long, an impenetrable veil of mystery has hung over it for ages. Many expeditions have visited its shores, but few have penetrated far inland, and none is authentically known to have crossed it. The published accounts of it have been scattered and meagre.

The Dutch were the first to attempt any trading with Papua, and their vessels are known to have frequently visited it in the seventeenth century. In 1828 they sent an expedition in the ship *Triton*, under the command of Captain Steenboom, to form a settlement. He took possession in the name of the Dutch government of all the territory from one hundred and forty-one degrees east longitude to the sea, and he built a fort at a place which he named Triton Bay, on the north-west coast. But although the scenery was beautiful, the district was unhealthy, and the settlement had to be abandoned in 1835. Since that time until quite recent years, very little has been done either to explore the shores or to penetrate to the interior of Papua, and what little was known was confined to the southern shore from west to east.

The first to penetrate to any distance from the coast-line was Signor D'Albertis, an Italian naturalist, who ascended the Fly River almost



to the centre of the island, a distance of some five hundred miles. In ascending and descending the Fly River he met with some hostile demonstrations, but no serious encounters ever resulted. The adventurous Italian had thus the glorious privilege of dwelling where the foot of white man had never trod before him, and of beholding what eye of white man had never before seen, the brilliant 'bird of paradise' living in its native haunts. Hitherto, these birds had been known only to the traders as 'dead birds,' for they were never seen alive. The natives brought them down from the interior in a mutilated condition, and always with the feet cut off, so that the story arose, to which Linnæus gave credence, that the 'birds of paradise' lived always on the wing. Signor D'Albertis was prevented by the mutinous conduct of his crew from doing all he intended, but he acquired stores of information about the mammalia and ornithology of the island. With regard to the former, it may be said to correspond almost exactly with Australia, thus affording probability to the theory that the two lands were at one time connected. The only kinds of animal which Papua possesses, besides the pig, are of the marsupial tribe; but there are some varieties unknown on the Australian continent, among them being a remarkable anomaly, a tree-climbing kangaroo. The birds of New Guinea are very numerous, and comprise those of the most brilliant plumage in the world. Besides the 'bird of paradise,' parrots and cockatoos of gorgeous appearance abound in all parts, so that it has been sometimes called 'the Land of Cockatoos.' The cassowary is also to be found, as also some large species of hornbill.

We owe a good deal to missionary enterprise for our knowledge, small as it is, of Papua and its people. There have been for some time past mission stations in various parts of the south-east, and the habits of some of the more savage portion of the inhabitants have been considerably improved by their influence. The principal missionary settlement is at Port-Moresby; and there are visiting stations at Manumanu and Redscar Head, both unhealthy spots; at Fairfax Harbour, where there are three large villages; at Boera, a large village on the coast; at Samoa, a healthy and beautiful spot, with a scattered population; and at various other points. The missionaries, however, have not been more fortunate than the explorers in penetrating inland, and their labours have been confined to a narrow margin of the shores. At the head of the London Missionary Society's station at Port-Moresby is the Rev. W. G. Lawes, who three years ago visited the previously unknown village of Kola, which he was surprised to find laid out in streets and squares of the most scrupulous cleanliness. There were, surrounding the town, fine groves of cocoa-nut and betel palm, and flourishing plantations of bananas and sugar-cane. 'We are all amazed,' he wrote, 'at the cleanliness, order, and industry which everywhere declared themselves in this model New Guinea village. The men are physically very fine, and the women good-looking.'

In the same year Mr. Macfarlane, in the missionary steamer *Ellangowan*, visited the coast at various points between Port-Moresby and the China Straits, in search of anchorages, and to look out suitable localities for native pioneer

missionaries. He found all the coast natives healthy, and both the climate and the people more desirable than further to the north-west. He also found two splendid harbours, and plenty of good anchorage all round the coast.

Captain Moresby, R.N., has, however, done more than any other single individual in exploring the shores of Papua. In a series of expeditions in H.M.S. *Basilisk*, he has completed the circumnavigation of the island, and surveyed and mapped out, if not in detail at least approximately, the previously unknown north coast of the eastern peninsula. The results of his expeditions he communicated to the Royal Geographical Society in 1873 and 1876, and his name will ever be associated with the island, as it has been bestowed upon its principal missionary station, now called Port-Moresby. In the *Basilisk*, Captain Moresby in his later expedition opened up an archipelago of about sixty islands near the eastern extremity of Papua, all of them rich in fruit and timber bearing trees, covered with luxuriant vegetation, and inhabited by peaceful and industrious natives. So friendly were these natives, that they not only supplied the explorers with food and shelter, but showed them over their farms, assisted them in traversing the country, and even took care of their clothes while they bathed. Captain Moresby gives us, here and there, little sketches which recall our old dreams of the islands of the South Pacific, where it is always one long sensuous afternoon, and where 'the Earl and the Doctor' enjoyed those experiences which they have so delightfully chronicled. 'I would I had the power to tell you,' says the Captain, 'of the glorious panorama which greeted us from the top of Glenton Island, the summit of which we had cleared with immense labour from its giant forest trees, that the tiny theodolite might sweep an horizon never before gazed on by our race. Six hundred feet below us, almost as the plumb drops, the light waves curled on a snowy coral beach. To the west, the wooded peaks of Moresby Island closed the view; but on every other side, island after island floated on the bosom of an intense blue sea, some volcanic, lofty, and rugged; others coralline, low, white, and covered with graceful trees, with every variety of form and tint of light and shadow in the nearest ones, whilst those beyond faded out as they distanced into dim shapes, faint clouds—very dreams of islands—giving one a sense of the profusion of creative power that was almost overwhelming.'

The *Basilisk* succeeded in finding many fine harbours, principally on the west and north coast, and her last work was a running survey of the unknown coast of north-east Papua, during which much interesting and valuable information was gathered. Skirting this coast, and taking bearings, observations, and soundings, up to Astrolabe Bay, she proceeded to Desson Island, and then on to the Dutch spice island of Amboyna, thus successfully completing the survey of 'the last unknown coast of the habitable world.' The natives of this newly-discovered portion of Papua are described by Captain Moresby as Malayan, as quite a distinct race from the Papuans of the south, the Arfaks of the mountainous portions of the north-west, and the pure Malays who

have settled on the north-west shores. This 'new race,' Moresby found to be everywhere friendly, intelligent, cleanly, and although without any apparent religious feeling, of considerable integrity. Their chief evil propensity seems to be an inclination for theft. The gallant narrator gives a number of interesting incidents illustrative of these characteristics. Their domestic relations appear to be good; the wives, although doing all the heavy labour, mix freely with the men; the children are affectionately treated, and immorality is unknown. They have no idols; and their only custom partaking of the character of a rite is to dash out the brains of a village dog in the presence of strangers, after which ceremony they invariably show perfect friendliness. They are successful cultivators; are plentifully supplied with food; and have several kinds of canoes, spears, clubs, swords, &c.—their weapons and tools being of wood and stone.

Mr Octavius C. Stone communicated in 1876, to the Royal Geographical Society, an account of an expedition which he made some distance into the interior from Port-Moresby. He found a greater variety of native character than Captain Moresby, on the north-east coasts; but on the whole, he found the natives intelligent and friendly. Mr Stone describes the country as broken up into hills, mountains, detached chains, and valleys—the chains usually running parallel with the coast. For the first twenty miles inland, the valleys are fairly fertile, the mountain-slopes less so; but further into the interior, the land becomes more fertile, and is cut up in various directions by mountain-streams and water-courses. After the twentieth mile inland, the character of the country totally changes; the gum-tree and the open country give way to dense forests of tropical vegetation, tall trees and undergrowth, which completely cover the hills with one impenetrable mass of foliage. The bird of paradise is then first seen. Cultivation is extensively practised by the natives. Each village owns the country surrounding it for several miles, and each family possesses a clearly defined plot of ground, as near as possible to its own home. Bananas form the principal item of cultivation, then yams and yaros. The bread-fruit-tree, betel, mango, and sago-palm, are indigenous; also sugar-cane and sweet-potatoes, which latter attain an immense size. Tobacco, chillies, cucumbers, water-melons, vegetable-marrows, and small purple grapes, Mr Stone found to be cultivated in the interior; while wild oranges grow in the vicinity of Yule Island, and the nutmeg-tree near the Fly River. There are eight indigenous varieties of the sugar-cane, and in the open land a cotton-tree is not uncommon. The natives of Hood Point make annual trading voyages from October to January to Anuapata (Port-Moresby), bringing cocoa-nuts from the south and sago from the north, which they exchange for earthenware pottery.

That indefatigable naturalist and observing traveller, Mr Alfred R. Wallace, resided for some months in 1858 with only four Malay servants, at Dorey in Papua. He has given to the world an account of his observations and experiences, in his own graphic and interesting style, in *The Malay Archipelago*, and also more recently in an article

in the *Contemporary Review*. In one respect, he differs from Captain Moresby and other explorers, and that is with regard to the origin of the races inhabiting the south-eastern portion of the island. He disputes the Malayan theory, and holds that 'the great mass of the inhabitants of New Guinea form one well-marked race—the Papuan—varying within comparatively narrow limits, and everywhere presenting distinctive features which separate it from all other races of mankind.' This opens up an ethnological question of great interest.

All the explorers we have mentioned, as well as others of different nationalities, agree in giving a favourable account of the character of the natives. They differ somewhat in localities, but in the main are of the peaceable industrious character which has been described. The accounts as to the nature of the climate differ somewhat; but in general it seems to be not very well suited to Europeans on the coasts. Inland, however, it is more salubrious, if the valleys, which are excessively humid, are avoided. The climate is pretty equable, the variation at Anuapata, found by Mr Stone, not being more than about seven degrees between the maximum temperature of any month, and about three degrees between the minimum of same period.

Papua is a splendid field for our cotton manufacturers, as at present the only clothing worn is a waistcloth by the men, and a short grass petticoat by the women. Both sexes tattoo their bodies more or less grotesquely, and considerable proficiency in decorative art is sometimes displayed. A Papuan swell must be a pretty sight. He has very small feet, and he ornaments his ankles with strings of shells. He braces in his waist tightly with black cord plaited with gold-coloured straw; he adorns his hair with bright-red flowers and berries; and he surrounds his neck with a red shell necklace, from which depends a boar's tusk. His face is painted red on one side, and black and white on the other; while from the ligatures and bracelets on his arms, the graceful pandanus-leaf, curiously embroidered, flows far behind. The women are said to be well formed and often pretty when young; they mix freely and on equal terms with the men, except that they have to do the bulk of the heavy work. Their dwellings are of peculiar construction, are invariably built on piles, and a number of them are connected together by a continuous platform of poles and bamboos.

The Australians have at different periods, during the last fifteen or sixteen years, mooted projects for the annexation of Papua; but these always fell through, for want of encouragement from the home government. Nevertheless, they sent various expeditions to spy out the land, such as that of Mr William Macleay and of Mr Goldie, both of whom went several times from Sydney. In 1878, it having been reported that gold had been found in the island, quite a number of expeditions were sent from Queensland, from New South Wales, and Victoria; and an active rivalry set in among the colonists as to who should have the honour of appropriating the land. Some of these expeditions have ended very disastrously, while most of them have been unsuccessful. The Queensland government also sent an agent to Port-Moresby, to report on the

country and to look after the Queensland prospectors. He reported very favourably; but, unfortunately, he was murdered in some dispute with the natives.

Sir Arthur Gordon, our High Commissioner for Polynesia, sent Mr Chester in July 1878 to represent him among the native chiefs. Mr Chester traversed a large section of the island, was well received, and was favourably impressed with all he saw. He mentions many instances of kindness shown by the natives to the distressed gold-hunters. Mr Chester urged the appointment of a government resident Commissioner, to adjudicate in disputes with the natives. In 1879, Mr Goldie paid another visit to the island, and examined a long line of coast; and in 1880, Mr Neville Chester, a son of the Mr Chester above referred to, also sailed for some three months along the coasts, and made an excursion inland for about two hundred and fifty miles. The published accounts of these expeditions are meagre; but the general character of the reports is not different from those given by preceding expeditions.

From the foregoing, which summarises all that is known of this remarkable and interesting country, it will be seen that, with many disadvantages, there are also many attractions for settlers. Even Signor D'Albertis thinks it will be a difficult country to colonise; but by adopting the right means at the beginning, he predicts splendid results. The right means, in his opinion, are amicable association with the natives, and a well-organised system of agricultural education, as without native labour the riches of the country must be withheld from the white man. The way has been prepared by the missionaries, who here, as in Fiji, have done such excellent work in the cause of Christianity and civilisation.

#### OUTWITTING A BULL.

A FEW summers ago, I was on a visit to an old school-companion in Perthshire, named John Grant, who was factor to a gentleman in the county. He had lately married a cousin of mine, and resided in a cottage picturesquely situated near the river Tay. He was a good-natured, kind-hearted fellow, and a great favourite with all who knew him.

I was, and still am engaged in business in Glasgow; but on receipt of my cousin's invitation—I usually called John, 'cousin'—I hurried away from its smoky purlieus, and was soon installed under his hospitable roof. We were both fond of fishing, and the proximity of the Tay afforded every facility for its indulgence. Some days after my arrival, I accompanied my cousin to see a recent purchase, a magnificent bull, brought home. All the people about the place had turned out to see the arrival. It was a large powerful animal of a brownish-red colour, with a pair of splendid horns. Two men led it with ropes, as it had already earned a reputation for fierceness. It was let loose in a field near the river, the fences of which were deemed sufficiently trustworthy.

One day not long after, my cousin had occasion to visit a neighbouring market-town, promising to be back early in the afternoon; and having seen him canter off on his favourite chestnut mare,

I repaired to the river-side with my rod, intending to kill time at all events, whether I managed to kill anything else or not. Sauntering down the footpath which skirted the field in which the bull had been quartered, I saw the animal quietly browsing at some distance. Having heard or read somewhere that bulls have an antipathy to the colour red, I determined to prove by experiment whether it was true. Standing on a projecting stone of the fence, on the safe side of which I stood, I unfurled my red silk pocket-handkerchief, and waved it in the breeze. It was some time before his bovine majesty noticed it; but after a little, he raised his head and looked at the fluttering rag. Presently, curiosity impelled him to take a closer view, and on he came at a smart walk, finally breaking into a run. When about fifty yards distant, he paused to reconnoitre; then, having apparently made up his mind, he bellowed loudly and charged at full speed. Not waiting the actual onslaught, I put the dangerous piece of silk into my pocket, and continued my walk. The bull followed me as far as the limits of the field would allow, and when interrupted by a fence, stood gazing at me as I retreated.

A short saunter brought me to the river, where I was soon engaged watching for indications of a nibble. At that point, the river was about fifty yards wide, and quite deep enough to drown one; while the rapidity with which leaves and bits of stick floated past, indicated a considerable current. About two hundred yards from where I stood was a boathouse, in which were usually kept a few skiffs, for fishing or crossing to the other side. I whipped the water as I slowly sauntered in that direction, but with small success. Lighting a cigar, I was about to make myself comfortable in a grassy nook of the bank, when a noise caused me to look round. To my surprise and dismay, I saw that the bull had somehow or other broken out of the field, and was moving towards me. Fortunately, he was yet about four hundred yards distant, and only walking, but evidently highly excited. I thought at first he did not see me, owing to the swell of the bank; but before I could conceal myself, a loud bellow warned me that I was recognised. Not wishing to excite the brute by a precipitate retreat, I began to walk slowly in the direction of the boathouse. My dreadful pursuer followed slowly at first, but gradually augmenting his pace, broke into a run. I saw at once that unless I ran also, my chance of reaching the boathouse first, was small. I therefore set off at full speed, thinking in such circumstances discretion was the better part of valour. I was, however, well aware that my hasty flight was certain to draw the enraged beast after me with even greater vigour than before; but I calculated on reaching my goal first, and jumping into the boat which usually lay there, push off, and thus escape being impaled on his cruel horns. Glancing over my shoulder, I found, to my dismay, that the brute was rapidly gaining on me; with couched head and elevated tail, on he came like a whirlwind. Flinging away my rod, I bent all my powers to the attainment of speed. Not daring to look round again, I heard the rapid thud of his hoofs gradually getting louder. Eighty yards from the boathouse! Frantic with apprehen-

sion, I strained every nerve. Fifty, twenty yards, and the enraged demon is close at my heels! I reach the boathouse panting and breathless. The door is shut—locked! There is no welcome boat lying at the side, in which I might have escaped. Having no choice and no time for deliberation, I plunged into the river. I waded in till it reached my neck, then turned, and looked at the bull. To my great relief, he had not entered the water, but stood glaring at what was visible of me, apparently astonished at the sudden diminution of my bulk. After giving vent to his disappointment by pawing the ground and bellowing fiercely, he stood eyeing me, evidently conscious that I was in a fix.

Thus we stood looking at one another for some time, the conviction growing stronger, as I felt the water chill me, that I could not remain long where I was. I trusted that some one might discover the escape of the brute, and, giving the alarm, come to my rescue. But minutes passed slowly without help appearing, and I was getting desperately cold. Once or twice, I fancied the brute was about to enter the water and attack me; but he always paused abruptly on the brink, apparently unwilling to trust himself farther. If I had been a swimmer, I might have crossed to the other side, and thus have escaped; but never having learned that useful accomplishment, I dared not venture beyond my depth. I was getting deadly cold, when a bright idea occurred: I would let my hat float down the river; perhaps the bull would follow it! Drawing a deep breath, I bent down till the water reached the rim of my hat, which was a felt one. Keeping it on with my hands, I moved slowly down the stream a little, then bending still lower, let the current float it gently away. I remained under till I felt acute agony from the want of breath. Not venturing yet to raise my head, I bent backwards so as to bring my profile on a level with the surface, in order that I might breathe without being seen. After what I fancied a long time, I raised my head cautiously, and looked to see where my terrible enemy was. My ruse had succeeded; he was following the hat at a considerable distance down stream. Fearful yet to venture out, I waited till he disappeared round a bend of the river, when, with feelings of thankfulness I cannot express, I waded ashore. I was deadly cold; my teeth were clenched, and I shivered violently. I could scarcely walk, owing to the benumbed state of my limbs; but pulling myself together, I moved in the direction of the cottage. On the way, I met a number of men looking for the truant bull. They were surprised to find me without my hat and dripping with wet. Having acquainted them shortly with my adventure, they continued their pursuit. I heard afterwards that considerable difficulty was experienced in capturing the brute.

My unusual appearance naturally caused Mrs Grant some surprise; and when I explained the cause of it, she was thankful I had escaped a horrible death. After having changed my clothes, I felt little the worse for my long immersion, and was able to welcome my cousin home in the afternoon. As the penalty of his escapade, the bull was consigned to 'durance vile' for some time, with the view of improving his manners in

the future; but perhaps my manner of outwitting an adversary so dangerous as a thoroughly roused bull, may be of service to others on a similar emergency.

### THE CATACOMBS OF PARIS.

At the mention of the word catacombs, our thoughts fly back to those early ages of the Church when the first followers of the doctrines of Christ hid themselves from the fury of the Roman emperors in caves and dungeons of the earth, since then known as catacombs, and of which many specimens are found in Rome. But the Catacombs of Paris mean nothing of this kind. It is comparatively of recent date—namely, under the Empire—that the removal of the bones from the over-crowded cemeteries and convent burial-places to these subterranean passages, earned for them the name of Catacombs.

These so-called Catacombs form but a small portion of the immense excavations or stone quarries which undermine a great part of Paris. These vast quarries, of ancient date, from the white stone of which rose the beautiful city of Paris, have been from time to time the rendezvous of thieves and smugglers, who marauded the capital, retreating to their dangerous hiding-place, where none dared attack them. A highly interesting novel styled *Les Catacombes de Paris*, written some years since, which, though somewhat coloured with the sensational excitement necessary to attract the interest of the public, graphically describes these gloomy vaults as having been for some days the prison of a young and beautiful girl, who was seized and conveyed thither on leaving the celebrated convent of Val-de-Grâce, under which these *carrières* extend. The lady is sought for in vain; and at length the distracted lover penetrates into these dark caverns, where he discovers his *fiancée* among a gang of counterfeit coiners, who for years have been the occupants of these gloomy dungeons.

During the period of the first French Revolution, numbers of people fled for safety to these vaults, to seek refuge as it were in the bowels of the earth from the political strife and crime at that time so fiercely contending in the gay capital. We see in the Catacombs the remains of the chapel and high-altar erected by these refugees, where, with sorrowing hearts, they attended daily the service of the mass. A little later, an alarm is given; the beautiful Palace of the Luxembourg, under which these quarries extend, has been seen to totter; and in order that the loved palace of the Medici may not be engulfed in the abyss upon which it has been discovered to stand, steps are taken to form a complete staff of workmen, whose sole duty consists in inspecting these ancient cavities and keeping them in thorough repair. Permission is not easily obtained to visit the whole extent of these *carrières*. Those only who have private interest can penetrate into these dark abysses, which for the most part are considered unsafe for the public. The portion, however, known as the Catacombs is visited largely on the first and third Saturday of every month by numbers of foreigners, who, attracted by the novelty of such sightseeing, go in crowds to await their turn of admission. Application having been made, either by letter or in person,



to the *Ministre des Carrières*, a card of admission is forwarded, requesting the visitor to be at the place of rendezvous—generally near the *Barrière d'Enfer*—precisely at 1.15 P.M.

On arriving at his destination, the visitor finds himself in a courtyard, facing the entrance, and one of a crowd of several hundreds of persons. Each awaits his turn of admittance within the little barred door, near which stand the ticket collector, the officer employed to count each individual who descends and duly register the total in his ledger, and the bright-eyed little Frenchwoman who provides each visitor, for a small gratuity, with the necessary *bougie* (candle), without which no one is permitted to enter; and though somewhat roughly fixed at the end of a long wooden handle, it helps to cast a ray of light into the darkness within the silent walls. There is a babel of voices all around; and it is some time before the crowd of visitors, with the guide at the head, holding aloft his flaring torch, are fairly launched into the *Catacombs*. After descending fifty or more stone steps, worn and slippery with decay, we pass through long narrow passages, apparently hewn out of the stone. We dare not linger, but must follow rapidly the long line of figures wending their way through these dark vaults. Here and there in the long corridors are passages barred off, and known as dangerous. At certain curves and corners, a sentinel, with torch upheld, stands to call out in deep sonorous voice: '*À droite toujours*' (Keep to the right); and we all, hurrying on to we hardly know what, find ourselves in a square vault of considerable height, along each side of which are stacked the bones of those long since departed. A weird sight! High-born descendants of noble houses may be here; yonder skull may once have worn the regal crown of France, forgotten and unknown, beside whose remains may rest those of the poor beggar-boy, who came to beg his bread at the convent door, and died there, tended by the Sisters' care.

The taste displayed in the arrangement of the bones is truly wonderful. There is nothing to offend the eye. In perfect order, not one out of its appointed place, the dreary spectacle of human nothingness is there presented; and as we pass from one spot to another along the almost interminable passages, the eye ceases to be shocked by the ghastly picture. Upon each side, from time to time, a tablet may be seen, describing the locality from which the bones were taken, and date. Others bear no inscription as to time and place.

After having wandered among these dreary vaults of death for two hours or more, we find ourselves at the point from which we started, and ascending the narrow staircase, rejoice once more in fresh air and genial sunshine.

#### EARLY SCOTTISH INDUSTRIES AND BANKS.

ONE of the banking corporations whose 'promises to pay' are well known in Scotland is the British Linen Company; and its name and history are associated with an important branch of Scottish industry. From the days of King David I. till the decease of Alexander III., there were in Scotland industrial occupations, such as the making

of corn into meal, and malt into ale, and also the manufacture of salt. During the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, however, no progress was made. The wools of Scotland were 'draped'—that is, manufactured into cloth—in Flanders; from the Low Countries came 'mercerie' and 'haberdasherie'; and among other imported articles were cart-wheels and barrows. Till after 1688, there was no change for the better. Dr Robert Chambers in his *Domestic Annals of Scotland* mentions that Nicolas Dupin, acting for a linen company in England, arranged in 1694 for the formation of a linen company in Scotland, with a capital of six thousand five-pound shares, one half of which were to be held by Englishmen, the rest by Scotchmen. This linen manufacture was established in 1696; and in 1698, bleaching was going on at Corstorphine, a village a few miles to the west of Edinburgh. Dupin about the same time established a factory for making paper, which went on prosperously under a joint stock company, producing good 'white paper.'

In 1695, the Bank of Scotland was established in Edinburgh with a nominal capital of one hundred thousand pounds; with a real capital of twenty thousand pounds sterling. Notes of one hundred, fifty, twenty, ten, and five pounds were issued; but there were no one-pound notes till 1699. Paper-money was little regarded, however, and of gold there was hardly any; the circulating medium being chiefly silver-money, pennies, and baubees, with a proportion of farthings and bodles. After the Union with England in 1707, there was a re-coinage of the Scottish specie, when it was found that the metallic currency in Scotland was under six hundred thousand pounds.

The Society of Improvers in Agriculture, formed in 1723, gave attention, among other matters, to the cultivation of lint and hemp. Their desire was, 'that all hands might be at work, no drones in the hive, and that none should have the least excuse for eating the bread of idleness.' A book was published concerning the preparation of land for flax and hemp, together with directions for the dressing of linen. From Ireland, information was obtained concerning the manufacture of linen; and in conjunction with the Convention of Burghs, the Society of Improvers secured the passing of an Act, in the thirteenth year of George I., regulating the whole process under heavy penalties. A letter from Holland appears in the Transactions, the writer of which begins by admitting that Lady Saltoun had made linen equal to that of Holland, only it was not so well bleached. Her Ladyship had gone to Haarlem, and having contrived to get into a bleacher's house, would have learned the secret, had she not been discovered, and forced to retreat under fear of being mobbed.

The Dutchman, however, claims little credit for his countrymen, except for perseverance and diligence. They bleached the linen carefully for two months, whereas, he says, 'I am told your laziness and impatience persuade you that your cloth must rot if it bleaches longer than six weeks; and yet the Dutch have theirs laid out all the night to partake of the dew, which

contributes to its whitening. This cannot be practised by your folks, where every one bleaches his own web, where a lazy hussy may more properly be said to attend to a solitary piece of linen all the day, than she could be said to bleach it; and for want of work enough to strike her fancy or rouse her spirits, does not take care of the little intrusted to her, but slumbers away her time in that lonely corner, in a melancholy posture, at the side of some murmuring brook, which serves more to indulge her heaviness than to bleach cloth, and where she contracts a habit of idleness which must influence her in every other work.' Instead of such a system, he suggests that public bleachfields, sufficient for half a county, be provided by the lairds, where 'two or three lusty fellows could do the work, and the maidens could be left free to spin or do other useful work.'

In the course of time, public bleachfields were provided. In 1720, the imports of white linen from Scotland into England were valued at one hundred thousand pounds; the imports of brown linen were about the same; the good qualities of the Scotch flax causing it to be preferred to that of Ireland and Germany. A Board of Trustees had been established at Edinburgh in 1727, with a small fund, under parliamentary encouragement, to promote the manufactures and fisheries of Scotland. Previous to that, on the 9th of December 1726, the Society of Improvers had adopted a motion by the Duke of Hamilton, 'that the Society for the Encouragement of Manufactures would resolve that they by themselves, wives, and children, should buy no linen, stamped or unstamped, for shirting, wearing-clothes, bed-linen, or any other household furniture, except such as were of the manufacture of Great Britain, and that they shall propagate as much as in them lies the wearing of home-made linen for all uses by all under their influence.'

On the 3d of October 1728, the Trustees advertised in the *Courant* newspaper for persons who would undertake to erect bleachfields; and on the 4th of June 1729, Mr John Lind arrived from Holland with some Dutch bleachers, to be employed by him in a bleachery newly erected at Gorgie, near Edinburgh. On the 17th of the same month, notice was given that the bleachers who had come from Haarlem were pleased with the water at Gorgie, and that Mr Lind had begun to bleach in the manner of Holland. Notice was also given that linens were printed and stamped all colours at Gorgie; the first notice of printing and stamping linen in Scotland. On the 15th July 1729, the first lint-mill established in Scotland was finished by Mr Spalden on the Water of Leith; and ample preparations were made for beating and switching flax. In 1728 and 1729, premiums for the cultivation of flax were given by the Board of Trustees; and on the 12th of September in the latter year, a competition took place in the borough-room of Edinburgh. The largest number of looms known to be employed in Edinburgh in the linen branch was about fifteen hundred: the number in 1780 was about eight hundred. Bleachfields were established at Lasswade, Glencross in Borthwick parish, and other places; and mainly through the exertions of the Board of Trustees, the manufacture of linen in Scotland was in a few years raised from two millions to more than twenty-five millions of yards. In Mid-Lothian alone, the yearly value

rose from one hundred and ninety-nine to thirty-five thousand eight hundred and eighty-three pounds.

One great difficulty in the way of progress in manufactures was the scarcity of money. A Royal Bank had been established in opposition to the Bank of Scotland; but the competition was mischievous, instead of being beneficial. In 1728, the Trustees informed the king that they had made little progress, owing principally to the scarcity of money and lowness of credit, occasioned by the disputes between the banks. In these circumstances, the British Linen Company's Bank was organised, and started in 1746, with a nominal stock of one hundred thousand pounds. By the introduction of more capital into the commercial world, the Company supported the weak and energised the strong. Thus the incitement of the Society of Improvers, followed by the Society of Arts, the assiduities of the Board of Trustees, and the efforts of the British Linen Company, all tended to prepare the people of Scotland for more extensive commercial activity, which became rapidly developed after the middle of last century.

#### ODE TO THE SWALLOW.

THE welcome cuckoo comes with spring,  
Enshrined in many a poet's lay;  
But blither song, for thee I sing,  
Swallow, that comest with the May.

Thou comest, Swallow, o'er the sea,  
When leafy woods with song are gay;  
And decked in gladdest greenery,  
All nature holdeth holiday.

Bird of the ceaseless wing and free,  
The summer follows in thy train;  
Thou bringest earth its jubilee,  
And fill'st my heart with longings fain.

When morning breaks in breezes cool,  
I hear thee twitter in the eaves;  
I see thee skim the dusky pool,  
When evening stirs the drowsy leaves.

Thy twitter, Swallow, brings me dreams  
Of fairer lands beyond my ken;  
Thy restless flight for ever seems  
Eager to seek those lands again.

O'er halcyon seas, where olives grow,  
Or where the palm-tree stately towers;  
Oh, who would bid thee such forego,  
For dull, uncertain skies like ours!

Sweet bird of passage—here or there,  
I will not grudge thy happy lot;  
Then take with thee my parting prayer,  
Thine still to find the sunniest spot.

A bird of passage, too, am I,  
But mine to cross a darker sea;  
Oh, may I find, when hence I fly,  
Eternal summer waiting me.

G. P. D.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fourth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No. 1025.—VOL. XX.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1883.

PRICE 1½d.

## UNCLAIMED MONEY.

THE 'agony column' of our leading papers is invariably a source of considerable amusement to many people, by the extraordinary and generally romantic character of the notices to be found there, amongst which may be mentioned the curiosities of next of kin; and one and all naturally and justly arrive at the proper conclusion, that there is unquestionably a vast amount of property lying at the present time unclaimed in England. Perhaps it is less difficult to find heirs, now that communication with the colonies is so rapid and constant; but for all that, the number of advertisements for next of kin proves that a difficulty still exists; and, in fact, few people are really aware how much unclaimed cash is still lying dormant, and how much has been appropriated by government.

In novels, people are often made to pick up fortunes out of a chance newspaper, and the incident is dismissed by the reader as entirely growing out of the author's imagination. What ought to surprise us is, not that fortunes are sometimes thus obtained, but that millions of pounds sterling should be going about begging for an owner, and advertising themselves to an incredulous and indifferent public, who scarcely ever take the trouble to inquire about the large sums locked up in Chancery, not to speak of unclaimed dividends, &c., still awaiting their proper owners. There are scores of people at present, belonging to a circle below that of the 'Upper Ten,' who have really fair grounds for expecting a change of fortune in the right direction some day, but they lack the necessary clue on which all their hopes turn. Others there are, both at home and abroad, who fancy they will in time come into something handsome. Meanwhile, they trust to chance, without searching for themselves.

While it is not the writer's intention to weary the reader's patience with an array of dry statistical accounts, the mention of a few monetary items may have the effect of spurring on to greater activity those fortune-hunters and

expectant legatees who are somewhat indifferent to their own immediate interests and future welfare. The heirs of persons in all stations of life are occasionally sought through the medium of what is known as a next-of-kin advertisement, and such announcements as the following are not uncommon: 'Charcoal Dick is wanted.' 'A good fortune awaits a certain cab-driver.' 'A son of a Lincolnshire draper will hear of "something beneficial."' 'A gentleman who left England a quarter of a century ago, is asked to come forward and claim a residuary estate.' 'It would be greatly to the advantage of a travelling herbalist to write to his wife.' And to J. B. the joyful intelligence is conveyed 'that he has been adjudicated bankrupt, and may return home without fear of molestation.'

Then, again, there are many persons who seem to have died without relatives. The amount of money thus reverting to the Crown is rarely made public; but it certainly oozed out in the notable case of Mrs Helen Blake, of Kensington, that the sum was not less than a hundred and forty thousand pounds, personalty. These 'Crown-windfall' cases are pretty numerous. The amount in dispute is not stated in the advertisement, nor are the next of kin informed, in the usual phraseology of such notices, that 'something to their advantage' awaits them. Unless these inquiries state concisely what the next of kin are wanted for, they have rather a discouraging tendency than otherwise; for instances are not unknown where a creditor of a deceased person has advertised for the successor, in order to get his little account settled.

A very considerable portion of the unclaimed army prize-money will doubtless remain in the hands of the government for ever, owing to the impossibility of the next of kin of many deceased soldiers being able to substantiate their claims from lack of the necessary documentary evidence. The reason is not far to seek. It was a more common practice in days gone by than now for persons to enlist as soldiers under assumed names; in the majority of cases, the assumed

names would be unknown to the relatives, and consequently all prize-money carried to such accounts would in the case of the soldier's death lapse to the Crown. This is shown by the 'Soldiers' Unclaimed Balance,' in which some of the amounts are considerable. In a recent number of the *Gazette*, a 'windfall' of this kind was announced, a corporal in the 1st battalion Worcester Regiment being the lucky person, and the sum five hundred and eighteen pounds eighteen shillings and fourpence. These announcements, however, ought to be made in newspapers likely to be seen by persons interested. Another reason is possibly to be found in the fact that great delay usually takes place in its distribution, so that many soldiers entitled to share in some goodly prize, die before the distribution takes place.

Many persons, too, are interested in 'unclaimed naval prize-money.' It was more common a century ago than it is now for the army and navy to act in concert, and in some cases the prize-money was considerable. Take, for example, the capture of Havana in 1762. The money, valuable merchandise, with the military and naval stores found in the town and arsenal, were valued at three million pounds sterling; and great discontent followed the distribution of this prize-money, the subordinate officers and the seamen receiving a very unequal reward for their services. The Admiral was awarded one hundred and twenty-two thousand six hundred and ninety-seven pounds ten shillings and sixpence; and the Commodore, twenty-four thousand five hundred and thirty-nine pounds ten shillings and a penny; other officers, much smaller payments; but the smallest of all to brave-hearted Jack and poor Joe the marine, who had doled out to them the insignificant sum of three pounds fourteen shillings and ninepence each; scarcely tempting enough for the deceased seaman's next of kin to incur trouble and expense to recover. A like sum was paid to the army.

Among other things not generally known is the fact that there annually lapses to the government of this country a very large sum from unclaimed dividends. A recent Parliamentary Paper shows that on 4th January 1882, the government dividends due, and not demanded, amounted to eight hundred and eighteen thousand nine hundred and nine pounds twelve shillings and sixpence; of which sum, there was advanced to the government seven hundred and fifty-six thousand seven hundred and thirty-nine pounds and ninepence. The sums thus advanced are applied pursuant to the provisions of certain Acts of Parliament towards the reduction of the national debt. A remarkable case came before the late Vice-chancellor Malins, in which it appeared that a lady died at Marseilles at the great age of ninety-eight, who, though entitled to fifty-six thousand pounds in the funds, and to more than twenty thousand pounds accumulated dividends, was constantly borrowing money from her relatives; from which fact, it may be inferred that

this large deposit had escaped the aged lady's memory.

In addition to unclaimed dividends, the Bank of England, doubtless, has large sums in the shape of unclaimed deposits. In fact, most Companies of long standing have on their books large sums in the shape of unclaimed dividends. For instance, the Royal Exchange Assurance Company some years ago had upwards of thirty thousand pounds thus awaiting claimants; and were a Parliamentary Return of the unclaimed residues of estates in the hands of trustees to be ordered, people would be startled at the totals it would reveal.

Then, again, the right or partial right of the Crown to treasure-trove is deemed by many persons to be a somewhat arbitrary one, and finders of these long-hidden treasures now and then try to dispose of them on the sly. Concealment of this kind in the 'good old times' was death; it is now fine or imprisonment. The right assumed by a lord of the manor to treasure-trove found on his estate may be exemplified by the following amusing anecdote: A West-end jeweller endeavoured to palm off upon a rich old gentleman an old-fashioned silver drinking-cup, by declaring that it had been found in a particular field near a certain town.—'Will you certify that in writing?'—The tradesman was only too ready to do so. Whereupon the gentleman, pocketing the certificate, and taking up the flagon at the same time, remarked: 'Thank you, very much; I am the lord of that manor, and I am glad to receive my proper dues.'

The mention of conscience-money, too, invariably provokes a smile; but perhaps some of us are ignorant of the fact that this last item alone has been estimated to swell the Chancellor of the Exchequer's budget by about fifteen thousand pounds a year, and sometimes more.

It is rarely that one reads of a person refusing to claim a legacy, but it has been known. An old lady was entitled to considerable property, and her advisers wanted her to go some distance and sign a paper, offering to take her in a post-chaise and pay all expenses; but being of an obstinate temper, she refused to stir; and persuasion being useless, the property disappeared, and has never been traced.

There are some persons who make it the rule of their lives to 'gather gear by every wile;' and amongst this class of monomaniacs may be classed misers. A prolific source of litigation often arises from their eccentric mode of disposing of their hoards. What has become of the many bags of gold often discovered hidden up a chimney, or planted behind the back of a grate; secreted in a cupboard or sewn up in a mattress; deposited amongst the lath and plaster of a ceiling; placed behind the shutters of a room, or even buried in the coal-cellar? One instance may suffice. In 1766, at a lodging-house in Deptford (London), an English lady died at the age of ninety-six. Her name was Luhome. For nearly half a century she had lived in the most penurious manner; frequently, indeed, had begged on the high-roads, when she went on business to the City. After her death, there were found securities in the Bank, South Sea, East India, and other stocks to the amount of forty thousand pounds and



upwards; besides jewels, plate, china, rich clothing; great quantities of the finest silks, linen, velvet, &c., of very great value, together with a large sum of money. To whom all this treasure reverted, does not appear.

It may have been a bold question, but evidently the gentleman who asked for 'a list of the funds paid out of Chancery during the last fifty years,' had but a faint idea of the magnitude of the transactions of the Chancery paymaster. Without entering into very minute details, one is fairly astonished to read of the dormant funds in Chancery. From the annual budget of the Paymaster-general, it appears that the receipts for the year ending 31st August 1880, added to the securities then in court, made up a grand total of ninety-five million five hundred and four thousand four hundred and eighty-seven pounds nine shillings and fivepence.

Though not generally known, it is perfectly true that very considerable sums of unclaimed money have from time to time thus accumulated; and, in fact, the Royal Courts of Justice have been built almost entirely with the surplus interest of the suitors' money, large sums of which have been borrowed, to enable the Chancellor of the Exchequer to carry through his financial operations; thus, in 1881, Mr Gladstone borrowed no less than forty million pounds for national debt purposes. It would appear by this that these unclaimed funds have been utilised to lighten the burden of taxation, it being impossible to divide the surplus interest among the suitors. By a Return made to the House of Commons in July 1854, the total amount of suitors' stock then in court amounted to forty-six million pounds. In the following year, a list containing the titles of such accounts, but not stating the amounts, was printed and exhibited in the Chancery offices, with the following highly satisfactory results, that many persons came forward and preferred their claims, and about one-half of the stock supposed to be unclaimed was transferred out of court to successful claimants.

At intervals, lists of these unclaimed funds are indeed published; but they are said to be lists which any man of business would be ashamed of; and until something more intelligible is published, many persons will continue to have fanciful claims on these dormant funds. And if we were to take the catalogue of spurious claimants, we should no doubt find it to be a long one; and perhaps it is not altogether to be wondered at, as they have rarely any difficulty in finding people ready to believe, not only in the genuineness of their claims, but also to find the money to assist in substantiating them.

On the other hand, it is easy for really just claims to arise, as the following paragraph will show: At a meeting of the Historic Society, held in Liverpool some years ago, the President referring to an interesting seal belonging to the family of Moels, stated that the last owner of the property had a dissolute son, who collected the rents of the estate to meet his extravagances. His father, vowing revenge, set out to find him; but whether he succeeded in doing so is not known, as, to this day, neither father nor son has ever been heard of; and the whole of the estate is now in the hands of the tenants, and would be claimable should an heir be found.

A passing reference might also be made concerning lotteries—by which the state has benefited to a great extent, their abolition having, it is said, deprived the government of a revenue amounting to nearly three hundred thousand pounds a year—if merely to show that not only lucky legatees, but others, do not always utilise their windfalls properly. Some one has written, and with much truth, that it is just as well that Fortune is blind, for if she could only see some of the ugly, stupid, worthless persons on whom she occasionally showers her most precious gifts, the sight would annoy her so much that she would immediately scratch her eyes out. An anecdote is related of a poor man who by a lottery ticket became the proprietor of several thousand pounds. He at once drove out in his carriage and began purchasing odd things right and left. Amongst other commodities, he packed into the interior a barrel of stout and some fitches of bacon; but to crown all, he bought an Alderney cow, and drove home with the animal hitched to the back of the vehicle. His relatives not unnaturally regarded all this with feelings akin to downright horror, and quickly commenced proceedings to have this lucky but amusingly eccentric individual judged insane. In this they succeeded.

Without a doubt, immense sums of money were raised by these state lotteries, and a great quantity of it remains unclaimed. The following entry occurs in an account published by the Bank of England and presented to parliament: 'Amount of balances of sums issued for payment of dividends due and not demanded, and for the payment of lottery prizes and benefits which had not been claimed, &c.'

Much litigation, too, ensues respecting whimsical wills and ambiguous bequests. It is recorded of a rich old farmer that, in giving instructions for his will, he directed a legacy of one hundred pounds to be given to his wife. Being informed that some distinction was usually made in case the widow married again, he at once doubled the sum; and when told that this was altogether contrary to custom, he said, with heartfelt sympathy for his possible successor: 'Ay; but look you here—him as gets her 'll honestly deserve it.'

Some years ago, an English gentleman bequeathed to his two daughters their weight in one-pound bank-notes. It is said a finer pair of paper-weights has never yet been heard of; for the eldest got fifty-one thousand two hundred pounds; and the younger and heavier of the two, fifty-seven thousand three hundred and forty-four pounds.—A gentleman left two legacies to lying-in hospitals which appear to have had no existence; claimants were sought, but we never heard of any having been found. A general invitation to such institutions is sometimes given, as in the following advertisement: 'Divers charitable institutions are invited to claim a share of a benevolent testator's residuary estate—including the temporary Home for Lost and Starving Dogs. Write at once to Mr Elsmore, Salt Lake City, Utah.'

And the mention of a will recalls the onerous duty of the executor; that is to say, the person intrusted to perform the will of the testator, and who rarely comes in for anything save worry

and anxiety. We give an exception, however, which deserves a passing notice. In 1878, an old lady died at Brighton worth eleven thousand pounds. She left legacies to the amount of two thousand four hundred pounds, but no directions as to the disposal of the residue. The executors were her doctor and solicitor. On her death, it turned out that she was illegitimate; and there being no next of kin, a question arose between the Crown and the executors as to the disposal of the residue—some eight thousand pounds. It was decided that the executors were entitled to it.

ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;  
OR, A HARD KNOT.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—AT SIR TIMOTHY BRIGGS'S.

SIR TIMOTHY BRIGGS was emphatically the right man in the right place. As there must be, in the natural fitness of things, auriferous sponges to suck up, if not actually to make, gold and silver, so, surely, there must be shower-baths or rain-clouds to redistribute it. Now, Sir Timothy was both a gold-absorbing sponge and a gold-scattering shower-bath. What his great starch-manufactory at Lambeth brought in—and it was very much, for all of us need a stiff smooth shirt-front, and the name of Briggs, of the Royal Starch Works, Prince Albert Street, carried weight with the retail trade—he was spending with a most liberal hand. Yet Sir Timothy was no spendthrift. His annual expenditure, large and almost lavish, was well warranted by his means. Two generations of the Briggs race before him had dealt in starch. He profited by the harvest of their toil, and of his own, for Sir Timothy, if not quite equal to his father Samuel, and his grandfather Ephraim, was a shrewd man of business. He had plenty of consols, plenty of railway debentures and preference stock, and could afford to please himself.

Sir Timothy had pleased himself in three ways—he had become a landed gentleman; he had got into parliament; and he had married a noble wife. His knighthood had come to him as a consequence of the first two of these advantages. He had bought, within six miles of Castel Vawr, a tidy little property, that brought him in, perhaps, four thousand a year, gross receipts, and cost him net, in model cottages, pattern piggeries, roads, bridges, drain-tiles, farm buildings, and general satisfaction, perhaps six. But he was quite content. He had never been ambitious enough to hope for a profit from his freehold, and then, had he not for consolation the remembrance of the many wagon-loads of starch that rumbled through the echoing gates of the Royal Starch Works—Briggs supplied Royalty as well as humbler customers—daily. What Sir Timothy wanted was popularity. He got it, of a sort. It is pleasant to see smiling faces around one, and, what with doles and alms, fancy wages for those who could work, and reduced rents for those who could pay, there were smiling faces enough around Sir Timothy.

The name of Sir Timothy's house was New Hatch. It was not a new house, being in date Elizabethan, and therefore, though he wished

that the old red brick manor-house, built about the time of Raleigh's glorious buccaneering, had borne any other name, he was too sensible to alter it. But he added to it, in doubtful taste, but at vast cost, and so as to secure the maximum of comfort, space, and splendour. Two Palladian wings, joined to the body of a gabled Elizabethan mansion, with a renovated front in the Queen Anne style, and plate-glass windows flashing back the sun, might set a scientific architect's teeth on edge, but as we live within our houses, not outside them, the result might be, as in this case it was, a congeries of luxuriously furnished apartments, with conservatories, aviary, aquarium, all that could be wished for. The gardens were a blaze of azaleas, roses, rhododendrons; the lawns were velvet; the park was overstocked with tame deer, the jealously watched preserves with tame pheasants, crying, so to speak, in their lazy way: 'Come, shoot me, for I am weary of my life, suffering as I do, under a plethora of indolence, mashes, chives, and barley.' Sir Timothy was wont to boast that every bird there stood him in a guinea and a half, yet he was unsparing when a battue was planned.

So much for the knight's local habitation. Now for his legislative status and his matrimonial felicity. Sir Timothy was M.P. for Tipton-on-Silvern, which said borough, picturesquely perched on the bank of the pellucid Silvern, was reputed as the paradise of freemen, and the town where no poor voter, with an election pending or probable, need ever be without half-a-crown in his pocket and beer in his mug—and had bought his seat, through two parliaments, as effectually though more discreetly than he had purchased his estate. He had bought his wife, too. Lady Juliana, certainly, was only the daughter of an Irish earl (Kilkerne), but she was a splendid woman, as Sir Timothy, who was a dumpy little man, twelve years her senior, often remarked in confidence to his inferiors. She was a very showy, ornamental wife to him, and, withal, sweet-tempered, patient, and conscientious, as these large, stupidish women often are. She had been, at first, very unwilling to marry Sir Timothy Briggs. She felt that a De Clancy—Lord Kilkerne's family were De Clancys—might look higher than Starch; nor had Sir Timothy the personal graces that find favour with the fair sex. But the out-at-elbows Earl of Kilkerne had come up to London, at an expense that, with his encumbered estate and nonpaying tenants, he could ill afford, expressly to marry off his daughters, and of the five big, dark-eyed, handsome, dull-witted girls, the Lady Juliana was the largest and the least talkative. So, when Sir Timothy offered splendid settlements, the earl stamped, threatening to convey his recalcitrant child back to Ballythunder, the prospect of the Bog of Allen, and hopeless celibacy, unless she accepted Sir Timothy.

Lady Juliana did accept Sir Timothy. They were married, and, as the dear old story-books say, were happy ever after. Or, if not, why not? At anyrate, they were blessed with at all events a reasonable share of felicity. Sir Timothy had an excellent digestion, and was a kindly husband. Lady Juliana was a pattern wife for such a lord. She really was a good creature, though lazy, and in her dull way tried to please her spouse, and

was superb at the head of his table, a quality which Sir Timothy valued above all virtues. He had energy enough for both. His great aim was to shine in society. To this end had he bought New Hatch, and converted it into a rural palace. To this end had he bought and smirked himself into the House of Commons. To this end had he espoused Lady Juliana De Clancy. There were no children in the New Hatch nursery, and therefore the well-assorted couple had nothing to do but to devote themselves to the cultivation of Society. Sir Timothy, in London, at his fine house in Devonshire Square, gave sumptuous dinners; and his wife entertained half London at a rout or two, and the master of New Hatch was indeed a proud man when guests crowded his hospitable mansion in the Marches. There it was that he concentrated his efforts to entertain in princely style. His stables were on a great scale. There was no mistake about his pheasants. The Hunt was able to give five days' sport, instead of three, owing to the more than liberal subsidy that came from New Hatch. The New Hatch cellars were gorged with wines of portentous vintages; and as for the French cook-in-chief, M. Achille Colichimarde, that overrated Gascon artist had been lured away from the employment of the Megatherion, and was now engaged, to bear sway in the New Hatch kitchen.

Sir Timothy was no fool. He knew the value of dry champagne and ortolans and battue-shooting, of mounts with the hounds and claret of Comet year vintage. He was, then, particular about the quality of his guests. 'I want fine folks for my money!' was his frequent remark, sometimes to his wife, but more often to some humbler confidant, house-steward, bailiff, or the like. He got fine folks, or at least fashionable ones, to some extent; and such pretenders as Mr Beamish or Ned Tattle had no more chance of coaxing themselves into an invitation to New Hatch than into getting asked to Sandringham or Chatsworth. But, as a rule, he only secured the company of those who, though they might bear titles, were near the rose, rather than the rose itself. Very great people, with dry champagne and overfed pheasants of their own, and yachts and grouse moors too, did not care to come to New Hatch. Stars of the second magnitude preferred other billets. The lions of the season chose to roar elsewhere.

It was a real treat to Sir Timothy when somebody told him in confidence that Lord Putney was dying to be asked to New Hatch—Lord Putney, who, notoriously, was soon to be married to the young mistress of Castel Vawr, Sir Timothy's grandest neighbour. There was an acquaintance between the magnates of New Hatch and Castel Vawr, and Lady Barbara was always gracious to Lady Juliana, but there was not exactly an intimacy. Such a friendship would soon ripen, were the elderly expectant bridegroom once a guest at New Hatch. Five miles—in the country—signify nothing. Now Sir Timothy had a very slight knowledge of Lord Putney, but he knew Sir John Heavilands, a baronet with an involved estate, who lived nearer to Marchbury, and at whose house the jaunty Viscount was just then staying. So he and Lady Juliana drove over, with the best liveries and the gray horses, to Heavilands, to visit their dear friends

Sir John and Lady Heavilands in their tumble-down old manor-house among rook-haunted elms, and came back well satisfied; for not only had Lord Putney proved most obligingly ready to join the company at New Hatch, but His Lordship had craved an invitation for his almost inseparable friend and kinsman, the Honourable Algernon March, a tall young Guardsman, with more muscular than cerebral development, who liked his cousin Putney, and was grateful for money lent and creditors pacified, and who was to be 'best man' of his senior when the wedding should come off.

A word about the company at New Hatch, which Lord Putney and his relative speedily joined. Seldom, outside of a chapter of the most noble order of the Garter, has there been such a betitled company. Sir Timothy never said to his wife, and perhaps not even to himself, that he would invite no one without a handle to his or her name. But that was the virtual principle on which he acted. He was the patron saint of impecunious Lord Alfreds and of needy Sir Harrys. One Lord George had brought his Lady George with him. But there was only one woman there who had been a peeress, and this was the Dowager Countess of Mildborough, who had been only too glad to bring her good-looking daughters, Lady Flora Vigors and Lady Celia Vigors, from her narrow and gloomy little Curzon Street house to roomy and splendid New Hatch. Poor old Lady Mildborough was as unhappy a chaperon as any in London, since her daughters were growing desperate in their hopes and testy in their tempers, after six seasons of useless hawking after that shy bird, the eligible and marrying young man of high degree. The girls themselves were well enough to look upon, but they must have had bad luck, or something in their manners that counteracted the effect of pretty features, since their contemporaries had been wedded, and they left unasked. Lady Mildborough herself had much to endure, what with her nerves, and her tendency to rheumatism, the late hours, the dunning tradesmen, the narrow income that was to provide carriages and ball-dresses. The late earl had been the poorest of patricians, glad of a guinea for his attendance at the Boards of City concerns where a titled director is worth his price. But Lady Flora and Lady Celia had dressed their faces in smiles, for they knew the advantage of being in a country-house where heirs to estates more or less worth the having were no scarcity.

Lord Putney and Algernon March came, accordingly, and, as Sir Timothy had shrewdly and accurately conjectured would be the case, there was soon a constant interchange of visits and of hospitalities between New Hatch and Castel Vawr. There was even a project, which, somehow, got postponed as to the execution of it until later in the season, as to a grand picnic in the midst of the finest and wildest scenery of the adjoining mountains, on the Welsh side of the border. But, in the meantime, the opportunities for intercourse, in the fine autumn weather, were very frequent, and Sir Timothy congratulated himself on the diplomatic foresight which had caused him to get the future husband of the Marchioness, and the future Master of Castel Vawr, lodged beneath his own roof. Lord Putney did his best, with practised skill, to make himself agreeable. It was

for him an easy task, where his host and hostess, and indeed all, were predetermined to be pleased with him. And the fact was that an odd sort of respect, in spite of the smiles that his foibles evoked, did attend Lord Putney. He was known to be the soul of honour, and had done many a kind act, without ostentation and without effort. His affectations were of a patent and notable kind, but, once forget them, and it was difficult not to feel a sort of liking for the Viscount. His henchman, the Honourable Algernon, really felt uncertain sometimes whether his jaunty patron and cousin were a young man like himself, or a shakely veteran giving himself the airs of adolescence.

That Lord Putney should be engaged to marry the young Lady of Castel Vawr was a wonder to some of those assembled at New Hatch, and the more so when they thought of the great trial to take place at the winter assizes, at Marchbury, and of the ugly doubts that rested, in some few minds, as to the lady's identity. But the very fact that Lord Putney was so staunch to his troth-plight appeared an indirect proof of the strength of her cause. Certainly, it was not for her money that he had sought her. Large as her rent-roll was, his own income was larger still. A suitor so rich was clearly above all mercenary motives.

'Put. doesn't want her money, not a sixpence of it,' said the Honourable Algernon, in the hours of confidential cigar smoking at Sir Timothy's; 'but I think he does care a bit for Castel Vawr. It is grand, isn't it, and Enderling is such a beast of a place, don't you know?'

Enderling, indeed, on the Middlesex bank of the Thames, chief country residence of Viscount Putney, damp, ugly, and dismal, was in truth a very undesirable abode as compared with majestic Castel Vawr.

#### QUEEN ESTHER FAA BLYTH AND THE YETHOLM GYPSIES.

Four years ago, I made my last visit to Kirk-Yetholm, the headquarters of the Border gypsies, which nestles sweetly among the pastoral fells near the head of Bowmont Water, and almost under the shadow of the Cheviots. I had frequently been at this place before; but on the occasion of which I write, I went specially for the purpose of introducing a friend to Esther Faa Blyth, the Queen of the gypsies. Driving from Jedburgh—where in bygone days not a few of the swarthy wanderers paid the extreme penalty of the law—we passed through a district full of historical associations.

The appearance of the village of Yetholm has been often described, but the description by Queen Esther herself is more graphic, and perhaps more truthful than any of the others. 'Yetholm,' she used to say, 'is sac mingle-mangle that ane might think it was either built on a dark nicht or sown on a windy ane!' Once seen, it can never be forgotten. Formerly, there was a picturesque street of old thatched houses known as Tinkler Row; but most of it has been taken down. One of the houses that

still remains is the Old Palace, now the abode of Princess Helen. But the royal residence occupied by the Queen was a detached whitewashed cottage of more improved construction, with ivy clinging to the walls, and flower-plot in front. Into this comfortable-looking though humble cottage we entered, and were immediately in presence of the veritable Queen Esther, or Ettie as she was familiarly called. While my friend was being formally introduced to her, she seemed to scan him from head to foot. This over, we were at once seated beside Her Majesty, and had a friendly chat about the weather and the crops, poaching, and similar subjects that never failed to interest her. Then we touched on the many changes that had taken place affecting her 'subjects'; the camping at St Boswells' and St James's fairs in former years; reminiscences of the old Roman Road, and the stringency of the Police Acts. She was, she said, a strict observer of the laws of the realm herself, and she wished all her people to be the same; but it was difficult for them to give up habits acquired in childhood.

The Queen had aged considerably since I had last seen her. Though she was over eighty years of age, her bright eyes had lost none of their lustre; but her step had become less firm, and the silvery whiteness of her hair was suggestive of the snow of winter. The dress which she wore was scrupulously neat; and her antique linen cap added in its own peculiar way a charm as great as ever did a diadem to any other crowned head. When seen in her palace, she assumed a dignity which was naturally wanting during her peregrinations in the country. But her courteousness never left her. The cottage contained several things of interest, which the Queen was kind enough to show my friend. I had seen them before. The chief of these—the regalia—consisted of the crown, made of tin by George Gladstone, blacksmith, Yetholm; the sword of state, which had been taken from an exciseman by the smugglers in a skirmish near Yetholm; and a sword found on Flodden Field. She also showed him a number of valuable gold rings that had been presented to her by noble ladies. These were greatly prized by her.

Thousands, including many persons of high rank, have made pilgrimages to see the Queen in her royal dwelling; but these will now be at an end. The old story must be told—the Queen is dead. She breathed her last on the 12th of July in a house known as 'The Castle,' in the town of Kelso. On the Sunday following, she was buried in Yetholm churchyard, where some of her kindred had found a resting-place. In keeping with the character of the deceased, the funeral obsequies were of the most unostentatious kind; but a large number of persons belonging to the district attended to do the last honours to the departed Queen. An appropriate wreath of flowers, sent by Lady John Scott of



Spottiswood, was placed upon the bier, and the plate on the coffin lid bore the following inscription: 'ESTHER FAA BLYTH, Queen of the Gypsies, died July 12, 1883.' The scarlet cloak which the deceased wore on state occasions was thrown over the coffin as it was borne shoulder-high to the grave.

It would appear that the gypsies first obtained a permanent settlement in Yetholm during the seventeenth century. Tradition says that at one of the sieges of Namur, in that century, Bennet of Grubit and Marlefield, who was also Laird of Kirk-Yetholm, was struck to the ground, and would have been killed, but for the gallant conduct of one of his followers, a gypsy named Young; and that, as a mark of gratitude, Bennet granted his deliverer a settlement in Kirk-Yetholm, the lease of his feu being for a period of nineteen times nineteen years. Another tradition is that Will Faa, 'the most genial of their long line of kings,' obtained a similar grant from Sir William Bennet, a friend of the poet Thomson, for recovering for him a horse which had been stolen by the Jacobite army in 1715. Will died in Coldingham in 1784, at a great age, and was buried in Yetholm. In the funeral train there were, we are told, no fewer than three hundred asses—surely no unfit procession for any eastern king. He was succeeded by his eldest son, 'Canny Wull Faa,' a noted athlete in his day and a man of a jovial disposition. He died in 1847, aged ninety-five years. Wull being the last in the direct male line of the Faas, was succeeded by his nephew, Charles Blyth, who died on 19th August 1861; and he in turn should have been succeeded by his son David; but this Prince not having any desire for kingly honours, waived his right in favour of Princess Helen, his youngest sister. The eldest sister Esther, who had never admitted her father's right to the crown, on the ground that he was not a Faa, now asserted a claim, and caused the following proclamation to be issued: 'I, Esther Faa Blyth, hereby notify and make known, that in consequence of the lamented death of my father, lately reigning King of the Gypsies, and in consequence of a pretender to the vacant crown having arisen in the person of my youngest sister, the question in dispute will be settled at Yetholm, on Tuesday, the 12th day of November instant; and I do hereby summon and command all the members of the various tribes to appear there on the day named; and at the same time invite all the inhabitants of these villages and neighbourhood favourable to my cause to come forward and record their votes in my favour; by doing which they will insure the promotion to royal honours and authority of the candidate possessing the rightful claim, bearing, as I do, the royal name of Faa, and being the eldest daughter of his late Majesty, King Charles, and earn the endearing gratitude of my royal heart.

ESTHER FAA BLYTH.

'Given under my hand and seal this first day of November, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and sixty-one years.'

This prompt appeal had the desired effect. Esther's claim was undisputed; and her coronation took place forthwith, and with befitting ceremony. A large number of the various tribes had assembled. The Queen was attended by Princes and Princesses of the 'blood-royal.' An account written at the time says: 'Her brother, Prince Charles, and nephew of the same name and title, and two of the Princesses, acted as equerries to Her Majesty; some of Her Majesty's grandchildren also being present. The Queen, mounted upon her palfrey, proceeded to the cross, where the ceremony was performed, the crown-bearer and crowner following. The procession having halted, the crowner stepped forward and placed the coronet upon her head, a Scotch thistle being a very prominent ornament upon it. The crowner, from a roll of parchment, proclaimed "Queen Esther Faa Blyth, challenge who dare."'

The Queen thanked her subjects for placing her upon the throne of her ancestors, and hoped that they would live at peace with all men. Her Majesty afterwards held a levée. Thus ended the ceremony in connection with the coronation of the last of the gypsy sovereigns.

Esther Faa Blyth in early life married one John Rutherford, belonging to Jedburgh; but he predeceased her by many years. There were twelve children of the marriage, eight of whom still survive—five sons and three daughters. The deceased Queen refused to name a successor, and it is unlikely that any of her family will aspire to the crown. She was in many respects a remarkable woman, with a deep knowledge of human character, and could with the utmost ease accommodate herself to her numerous visitors, whether high or low. A frequent remark of hers was, that she required to have 'a face for a minister, a face for a gentleman, a face for a blackguard, and a face for an honest man!'

It was seldom that she formed a wrong estimate of the character of her visitors, and she could suit her conversation to all. If, however, any one was tempted to make merry at her expense, her sarcasm was keen and of telling effect. Unlike many of her 'subjects,' she did not claim to have the gift of fortune-telling, though occasionally she indulged in it as a piece of good-humour. In this connection a story is told of an amorous clergyman who was about to approach the hymeneal altar for the third time. Shortly before the happy event took place, he visited Yetholm with his lady-love, and while refreshing themselves at the village inn, he was somewhat communicative on this subject, and added, that they were about to go to the Palace to see if the Queen could 'read the future.' A gentleman who was present took it upon himself secretly to inform Queen Esther of the intended visit and its object, so that when the happy couple called, she was able to acquit herself in the most satisfactory manner. Neither of them had ever seen Her Majesty before; but this interview impressed them so very favourably, that they were ready to admit that she was 'a most wonderful person;,' and the way she discoursed about the approaching union, left no doubt on their minds that she possessed the art of divination in no small degree.

She occasionally made what she called a

'voyage' to the houses of the nobility and gentry of the district, and was invariably treated with marks of respect, sometimes receiving presents of a substantial kind. Once, when visiting the Marchioness of Waterford, at Ford Castle, Queen Esther took part in a dance; and as the tunes played were not according to her fancy, she is said to have called to the musician to 'give them *Tullochgorum, Cuddle the Butler*, or some other tune that folk could understand!' Besides having quite a fund of stories connected with her tribe, she knew many of the old Border ballads; and to have heard her lilt *The Gypsy Laddie*, was something to be enjoyed and long to be remembered.

### POISONOUS LEAVES.

BESET as children and the ignorant are, says *Land and Water*, by dangers which they cannot measure, and can hardly be blamed for falling into, it is a wonder rather that they so seldom incur fatal consequences, than that they should sometimes eat leaves of an injurious character. The only safe rule for children to observe is, never to eat anything that they have not been positively assured is wholesome by their parents.

No doubt it is an excellent thing that children should be so well nourished as to remove to a large extent the temptation to eat wild leaves. Moreover, modern gardening has brought into perfection so many table vegetables, that we are enabled to enlist a natural dislike to the juices of uncultivated plants on the side of caution, as compared with the pleasantness of the wholesome green meat of home. But children sometimes will stray on a ramble, and become hungry when at a distance from 'shops' or home, and thus it cannot be useless to know what are the more dangerous kinds of leaves which must be avoided by all who wish to preserve their lives. The strongest barriers of prohibition we can erect should be placed to protect the young from their own heedlessness, which at times leads them to do all forbidden things, and to test all maxims and commandments, disobedience to which is supposed to entail divers pains and penalties.

Some of our most admired flowers, which we should least willingly banish from cultivation, are associated with green leaves of a very poisonous character. The narrow long leaves of the daffodil act as an irritant poison; the delicate compound leaves of laburnum have a narcotic and acrid juice which causes purging, vomiting, and has not unfrequently led to death. The narrow leaves of the meadow saffron or autumn crocus give rise to the utmost irritation of the throat, thirst, dilated pupils, with vomiting and purging. The dangerous character of aconite or monkshood leaves is doubtless well known, but each generation of children requires instruction to avoid above all things these large palm-shaped leaves, dark green on the upper surface. The utmost depression, often blindness, tingling all over the body, parching and burning of the throat and stomach, are some of the horrible symptoms which are preludes to death from this most deadly of

vegetable poisons. Almost equally desirable is it to avoid the large ovate leaves of the foxglove. The heart has been known to be depressed so exceedingly by the action of these leaves as to beat only seventeen times a minute, with the pupils of the eyes widely dilated. In a case of this kind, it cannot be too forcibly recollected that the sufferer should be kept strictly lying down, to save the strength of the heart as much as possible. The leaves of the pasque-flower (*Anemone pulsatilla*) and of various species of ranunculus (crowfoots) are to be named as being injurious, and belonging to attractive flowers.

Leaves of coarse weeds, however, provide an abundant quota of danger; but frequently their strong scent and bitter or nauseous taste give timely warning against their being consumed. Of all our British orders of plants, perhaps the Umbelliferous order contributes the rankest and most widespread elements of danger. The tall hemlock is everywhere known to be poisonous, and it is one of the most abundant occupants of the hedge. A peculiar 'mousy' odour can generally be recognised on squeezing the leaves, which are deep green in colour and trebly compound, the small lobes being lanceolate and deeply cut. It is said that the mousy smell can be detected in water containing not more than a fifty-thousandth part of the juice. Hemlock is both an irritant to any sore place and a general narcotic poison, producing headache, imperfect vision, loss of power to swallow, and extreme drowsiness, with complete paralysis of voluntary muscles and muscles of respiration. The water dropwort, too, a flourishing ditch-plant; the water hemlock (*Cicuta virosa*), fool's-parsley (*Ethusa cynapium*), must be ranked among our most dangerous poisonous plants belonging to the Umbelliferous order. The fool's-parsley leaves are sometimes mistaken for genuine parsley, but their nauseous odour and darker leaves should prevent this. The Nightshade order is another with dangerous and often extremely poisonous leaves. Indeed, no nightshade can be regarded as safe; while the deadly nightshade, with its oval uncut leaves, soft, smooth, and stalked, is in the highest degree to be avoided. Henbane and thorn-apple again, with their large and much-indented leaves, are conspicuous members of the 'dangerous classes.' Holly-leaves contain a juice which is both narcotic and acrid, causing vomiting, pain, and purging. Even elder-leaves and privet-leaves may produce active and injurious irritation when eaten.

The leaves of the arum or cuckoo-pint, large, arrow-shaped, and glossy, have often caused death. Two are sufficient to produce great pain, vomiting, &c. One of the very disagreeable symptoms is a great swelling-up of the tongue from the amount of irritation; children's tongues especially may become so swollen that the swallowing of remedies or of emetics is very difficult. In such a case, the administration of melted fresh butter freely has proved beneficial; and after vomiting has taken place freely, strong coffee should be given. Savin and yew leaves are both most poisonous, yew being narcotic as well as acrid, although it is vulgarly supposed that the fresh leaves are not injurious—a mistake from which some have suffered. With regard to treatment in cases of poisoning by leaves, if no doctor is at hand, produce vomiting till all offending matter is

expelled; and when considerable sleepiness or drowsiness has come on, give strong tea or coffee, and again bring on vomiting; then stimulate and rouse the brain in every possible way.

Finally, we would say, do not too readily regard leaves as harmless because you may know or hear of cases in which no injury has resulted from eating them. From the eating of almost every kind of leaf we have mentioned, repeated deaths have been occasioned, and none of them can be eaten with impunity.

### BY THE INN FIRE.

It was a wild night on the southern coast. The wind in its hurricane strength lashed the waters into billows, that piled themselves one upon another in their eagerness to wreak destruction upon something. They poured over the rocks in volumes of snow-white foam, and dashed themselves madly against the cliffs, only to be hurled back, a broken, seething mass of waters; or they rolled majestically into the bay, and broke with a noise of thunder upon the beach of Widemouth.

The cosiest spot to be found for miles round the coast that night, was the bar of the *Anchor and Binnacle*—the only inn which the village of Widemouth possessed. It was a snug little bar, with warm red curtains to the windows, inviting one to enter. Once inside, it required no little moral courage to go out again, especially with those portly little barrels of ale looking at you from behind the counter, and the rows of bright bottles on the shelves above. On this wild night, the bar was filled with the smoke of many pipes, the murmur of many voices, and a clinking of spoons and glasses; and as one's eyes became gradually accustomed to the atmosphere, several strangely habited forms appeared. In truth, the best part of the male population of Widemouth was gathered there—most of the fishermen, and a great many of the coastguard. Nearly all had heavy waterproof boots drawn on over their trousers, and reaching up to the knees; oilskin coats, more or less shabby, over their jerseys; and sou'-wester hats coming well down over their backs.

The wind swept round the *Anchor and Binnacle* as though it would wrench it from its foundations and carry it bodily away, dashing the rain furiously against the rattling window-panes, and moaning and booming mournfully in the chimneys.

'How it is blowin', to be sure,' said one of the coastguard, as a heavier gust than any which had preceded it, made the old house tremble.

'You're right there, mate!' answered a fisherman. 'It's blowin' big-guns to-night.'

'I thort sum'at o' the kind were comin',' chimed in another; 'there's bin a heavy swell rollin' in for these two days past, and the gulls has bin a-keepin' wonderful close in-shore too. Them's pretty sure signs as it's a-blowin' outside.'

'There an't bin such a gale as this near upon

nine year, I reckon,' says a third—'not since the time when the *Glenavon* went ashore off the Lizards, and all hands was lost.'

'That was the same winter as the emigrant ship got into the West Bay, and were lost on the Chesil, weren't it?' inquired the coastguard who had previously spoken.

'Ay, ay, the very same night,' was the reply.

'Ah, that was a wreck! Went to pieces ten minutes arter she took the ground. We managed to save three of those aboard her with the rocket-line; but all the rest—nigh upon four hundred—was lost.'

Just then, the door was opened, and another man entered, or, to speak literally, was blown into the bar, for the wind rushed in behind him, scattering the smoky cloud before it, cooling the grog, and making the gaslights hiss and flicker. The newcomer was evidently a fisherman. He was something besides. Ever since his boyhood, he had been knocking about at sea, and had only returned to settle down in his native village a few months before.

'Wild weather to-night, mates!' said he, as he wiped the moisture from his face, and shook the water from his dripping sou'-wester. 'I pities them as is beatin' down Channel to-night.'

'We was just sayin' as how there hadn't bin such a gale as this near upon nine year since,' said one of the men.

'No; I don't suppose there has,' he replied. 'Leastways, not on this coast, as I can remember. The wust gale as ever I was in was off the Scotch coast, and it was the only time as ever I was near upon bein' wrecked.'

'Let's have the yarn, mate,' said a coastguard.—'But before you make sail, fill your pipe, and let's have some more grog.'

The fresh supply having been obtained, and duly tasted and approved, and a goodly cloud rising to the rafters, the sailor commenced:

It's somewhere about five year ago, I should think. I'd bin home some six weeks from Calcutta, and havin' got through all my cash knockin' about Liverpool, I ships as bo'sen aboard a fine iron ship, about two thousand tons, called the *Tuscany*. She were lyin' at the mouth o' the Mersey in ballast, waitin' for fair weather. She were then to be towed to Glasgow, where a cargo was waitin' for her; and from there she were bound for San Francisker. The cap'en, he were part-owner of 'er; and as he'd bin a-layin' there two or three days, he were gettin' impatient. It had bin thick, dirty weather for a week or more, the wind veerin' from sou' to sou'-west, and there were a nasty lump of a sea outside the bar. Howsumever, as I says, the cap'en he were a-gettin' impatient; and the day as I joins, he and the pilot and the cap'en o' the tug as was to take us round, was havin' a palaver as to sailin'. O' course, I didn't know then what they was a-talkin' about; but I heerd tell arterwards as how the pilot and the cap'en of the tug were very strong agen goin' out. Not but what it weren't no bizness o' theirs, if the cap'en chose to make the passage. And choose he did; for soon arterwards the order came for'ad to heave about. About five in the arternoon, the tug called the *Gladiator* come alongside. We passed a good stout hawser out to her, heaved anchor, and cleared the river.

The *Tuscany* was precious high out o' the water, and so light, that she were just like a cork atop o' the waves.

There was only a moderate breeze blowin' when we got outside; but there were a nasty-lookin' lot o' cloud away to the sou'-west; the sun were gone long afore his time. When the pilot dropped over the side, he took all the fine weather with him. That night, the breeze freshened, and 'fore mornin' it were blowin' hard with a heavy sea. The tug kep' ahead well. Every now and agen, she were half-buried in the great green seas as broke over her; then she'd come up atop o' 'em like a duck, with the water pourin' through her paddle-boxes, and her paddles flyin' round like mad things every roll she give. We was makin' pretty heavy weather of it ourselves, though, bein' so high out o' the water, the seas didn't break aboard much at first. But we was half-drowned with the spray comin' over in clouds, and she'd dip her nose into it right up to the fo'c'sle deck. All that day, the tug held on, and the gale got worse, till it were blowin' nigh as bad as 'tis now. The cap'en begun to wish he'd kep' snug in port. Every minute we expected the towrope to part, or to get a signal from the tug that she was shippin' too much water, and must cast us off. But nothin' happened till about the middle o' the first watch that night, when a heavy sea struck us just for'ad o' the foremast, clearin' everythin' off the deck, and makin' the ship stop and shiver from stem to stern; and when we recovers, we found the towrope had gone—ay, lads, broke like a pipe-stem. Well, we burnt lights, to let the tug know our whereabouts; but when she answered, we found we were fast driftin' to leeward. It weren't a comfortable berth, mates, I can tell ye, blowin' half a hurricane, with a sea runnin' as high as the mainyard and comin' aboard every minute; the tug gone, and we driftin' just where the sea choose to take us. But there was nothin' to be done. There was hardly a stitch o' canvas aloft, so we could only hope the tug would try and pick us up agen. When daylight come, we looked everywhere for her; but she weren't to be seen—nothin' but the drivin' scud aloft, and a fierce sea surgin' all round us. All that day, we strained our eyes to get a sight o' some vessel; but not one did we see. We seed nothin' that day but the land, and we sighted that away on our lee about dusk. We thought the tug must ha' sprung a leak, and gone down in the night.

Thinkin' to bear off the land a bit, the cap'en give orders to loose a jib and tops'l. It were risky work up aloft with the vessel nigh dippin' her yardarms at every roll; and some o' the hands wouldn't venture. Howsumever, we got 'em loosed at last; but bless ye, they hadn't bin sheeted home ten minutes, when the jib were nothin' but ribbins, and the tops'l were blown clean out o' the bolt-ropes. Just as we was a-comin' down from the tops'l-yard, some one sings out: 'Light on the weather-beam.' At first, we couldn't see nothin', and didn't believe it; but soon she come up on a big sea, and then we made out what looked like a star, low down on the 'rizon. We didn't believe as how it could be the tug. But after burnin' lights for some time, we seed somethin' go up right away from

where we'd seen the light. Then we knew it must be she; but even then, it seemed a poor chance for us.

At the rate the *Tuscany* was driftin', a matter o' two hours more would ha' seen us on the rocks, and none would have escaped to tell the yarn. There was still a last chance; and the cap'en made up his mind to try it; so the order soon come to clear away both anchors and stand by to let go. Another hour passed, and still the masthead light o' the tug seemed as far off as ever. Would she ever get to us? we thought. The land were lyin' close away on our lee, when the order come to let go both anchors, and the chain flew out o' the hawse-holes. One parted almost directly; the other dragged, then held for a bit, and then parted, and we was carried on helplessly towards shore. I never wants to go through such another time, mates, as long as I lives. When them anchors went, we give ourselves up for lost. Some o' the men went clean mad, ravin' and cussin', and then sittin' down and blubberin' like great children. Some lashed 'emselves to the riggin'; and some, wi' eyes near out o' their heads, laughed and grinned and pintoed to the stretch o' black coast we was drivin' on. It weren't more nor a mile and a half away; and we begun to fancy we could hear the breakers above the roar o' the gale. And we clean forgot all about the tug; when suddenly, down she come close upon us to wind'ard, out o' the darkness. We could see the cap'en o' her standin' on the bridge, and hangin' on to the rails. We seed a man for'ad on the fo'c'sle, under the lee o' the capstan, with a coil o' rope in his hand. But how to get that rope were the next thing. Every moment was precious, and one mistake would ha' bin enough. With a sea runnin' like that, it were a nasty job. Now the tug would be down below us, in between two great rollin' hills; next minute, she'd be as far above us. But there weren't no time for thinkin' much, so every man followed her wi' his eyes, and stood ready to get that rope, or go to Davy Jones in the attempt.

The cap'en o' the tug brought her round under our stern, and come up to leeward o' us. He then passed ahead, as near alongside as he dare—might be the length o' this bar off—and then he waited for a lull in the gale. We was all gathered on the fo'c'sle and in the fore-riggin' and chains; and we seed the man on the fo'c'sle o' the tug come from under the lee o' the capstan and seize the weather-rails. There he stood until the lull come, which it did at last—such a lull as we could hear the beatin' o' the paddles, and the swish o' the seas as they tumbled one over the other. Runnin' in a bit closer, the cap'en o' the tug signalled the man on the fo'c'sle to heave. We hardly dared breathe, as the line flew from his hand; but a ringin' cheer went up as it lodged in our fore-riggin' and were secured. Then the tug forged ahead agen, while we hauled in that line, lads, as never a line were hauled afore. We soon had the stout steel hawser made fast; and then come another wait, near as bad as the one afore. The wind seemed to ha' got double strength after the lull, and seemed as though it were wild at our havin' got the line; for it roared and shrieked through the riggin' like a thousand devils. It was a fight, now, between



the tide and the tug; and for a bit we thought it were all up with both o' us. The tug buried herself so deep in the seas that we thought she'd be swamped; but she struggled in vain. We never moved. The shore were that close that we could see the foam flyin' up the cliffs, and see the rocks upon which both o' us seemed to be driftin'. But at last, after what seemed to us to be hours and hours, the ship's head turned seawards. The *Gladiator* had won; and when daylight broke, we were well out at sea agen; and the same day saw us moored in the Clyde.

At the conclusion of the narration, the sailor took a long pull at his tankard. The others had sat quietly listening throughout, only now and then interrupting by an exclamation of astonishment or assent. Now one of them asked: 'How came the tug to find you agen, mate?'

'Why, you see the cap'en of her knew pretty well the set o' the currents in them parts; and findin' he were not far off a port, he put in for a new towline, and then come arter us as fast as his paddles would bring him. He'd near given us up, though, when he seed our light.'

As he ceased speaking, a sound was heard above the roaring of the wind without, which caused the men to put down their glasses and glance inquiringly towards one another. One of them stepped to the door and opened it a little way. Scarcely had he done so, when the sound was repeated—the sound of a gun at sea. Instantly the bar was deserted, the men fighting their way down to the beach in spite of the fury of the gale, and regardless of the pitiless rain that beat upon their faces. They were soon joined by anxious and half-terrified women, with their hair blowing behind them, and their thin garments flapping in the fierce wind. The men of the coastguard went straight to their station and brought out the rocket-cart; while the fishermen ran along the beach, trying to pierce the blackness of the night. Again the gun boomed forth. It came from the western side of the cliff. There was no lack of willing hands to push the rocket-cart to the summit. Once there, it was with the utmost difficulty that the men could keep their feet, and they could not make themselves heard even by shouting in each other's ears. There was, however, very little need of speech. Each man knew exactly what to do. Beneath them, about a quarter of a mile from shore, they could see a large black object rolling about amongst the rocks. Every moment it was covered with foam, as sea after sea struck it. Soon one rocket was on its way; but the raging wind sweeps it to leeward far out of reach. Another follows. This time, a faint light appears in response, and the line begins to pay out. Suddenly it ceases. A huge sea comes roaring and tumbling shorewards, gathering strength at every yard, its white crest rising higher and higher. With a tremendous crash, it pours bodily over the ill-fated vessel, completely hiding it from sight; and when it has passed, nothing can be seen but a vast sheet of seething breakers.

The day following broke clear and fine. Only the long sonorous roll of the waves breaking upon the beach, and the rapid sailing of the fleecy clouds across the sky, betokened that there had been such a gale overnight. But the coast around Wide-mouth was strewn with wreckage; and as the tide

came in, the waves cast up many lifeless forms. Kind hearts and sympathetic hands tended these, washed the salt spray from the faces, and disentangled the matted hair. In the course of the day, a piece of timber came ashore, evidently the bow-plank of some boat, and upon it they found the word *Tuscany*.

#### THE DANELAND OF ESSEX.

FROM the mouth of the Thames at Shoeburyness, for a distance of eight miles in a straight line as far as Foulness Point, the coast is like the many-coloured pattern of a carpet, in which patches and uneven-shaped stretches of bright green fields and yellow cornland are woven with 'gores' and reaches, fords and patches of water, glancing brightly blue or dull and muddy as they are far from or nigh the shelving loamy shore. The shallow depth of these stretches of water leaves more or less extensive tracts of 'saltings' (uncovered land) beyond the sea-walls of these islands at low-water, which form fruitful spat or oyster-breeding grounds; the waters themselves yield an abundance of many kinds of fish; while land and water are the home and haunt of untold wild-birds. In this maze of diminutive continents and islands, oceans and rivers, only the skill of man has availed, by means of artificial sea-walls—beyond which the land lies two feet below high-water mark—to win a bit of arable soil and a dwelling-stead from the maw of the ever-grasping sea. The six islands which exist within this area range from two and a half miles to thirteen miles in circumference, and are called respectively—Rushly Island, Potton Island, Havengore Island, New England Island, Wallas Ey, and Foulness Island.

From the mouth of the river Crouch and Foulness Point to Sales Point, the features of the land are unlike the foregoing, the coast running in a straight line; but beyond and from Sales Point and the mouth of the Blackwater River, right away northward, the natural characteristics offer the same mingled outlook of water and land—long creeks and gores giving ready access inland; while two features distinguish all the eastern coast—namely, the extreme shallowness of the water, and the distance to which the tides recede. The eastern coast of England, indeed, gradually shelves away towards the Dutch coast, the greatest depth of water in mid-ocean being no more than one hundred and eighty feet. 'Broads' is the appropriate designation which the extensive tracts of comparatively shallow waters bear when the tide is in; while the vast expanses of sand or mud left bare by the outgoing tide are called 'flats,' through which run many clear water fareways, called 'swatch'-ways, by means of which the hardy fisher-folk wend a speedy course from point to point or from town to town; but woe betide him who is caught in them, unaware of their special dangers! When the tide is out, the landfolks on foot, and horses and carts, go from one part of the coast to another on the dry bed of the ocean; one such high-road, starting from Great Wakering and ending at Foulness Island, bearing to the modern Englishman the puzzling name of Great Wakering Stairs (from Anglo-Saxon *stæger*, a stair, used in the sense of a 'footway').

As one advances overland into this region, he unconsciously begins to feel that he is entering a strange district. Words occur here and there, in town names and folk-speech, which at once arrest the student of word-lore. In the name Wallas Ey he recognises the Anglo-Saxon for 'island of the strangers or foreigners.' Waker-ing (Great and Little) lies directly before him. What is the meaning of 'Waker-ing?' Surely the possession of the Waker or Vikings! and the mind instantly recalls the name of Hereward the Wake, or, as the Norman-French manuscript gives it, 'Hereward le Wake.' Wake, Wicking, and Viking are thus synonymous terms; and this is the description of the strangers indicated by the name of Wallas Ey—namely, Vikings or Danes.

Here, then, were settlements of the Vikings, and on the mainland too. One looks for traces of a fortification. There are none; the towns are plain, undefended and indefensible hamlets on a flat shore, their only protection the sea and a tidal river on two sides. Could this be the outpost of an invading force in a hostile country? No; it is not an outpost; it is a settlement, pure and simple. But traces of Danish forts are not wanting. Are there not away to the left at Shoeburyness the remains of a Danish intrenchment? and the Saxon Chronicle speaks of another, farther on in the same direction, at Beamfleet, between Southend and Leigh; while, still higher up the Thames, the remembrance of Cnut's peculiar dike-forts survives in the name of Gravesend (Dan. *grave*, to dig). To the right of us there is an intrenchment just beyond the church at Canewdon. Two miles farther to the west there are Ashingdon (*Assa-tūn*)—where Cnut overthrew Edmund Ironside—and Battle Bridge, and Beacon Hill, where traditions of intrenchments and battles are handed down to us; while ten miles from Canewdon, across the Roach, and twenty miles from the coast, beyond the Roman town of Maldon and within four miles of Chelmsford, there is Danbury—the 'burgh' or stronghold of the Danes, situated on one of the highest hills of Essex; not to speak of the many fastnesses along the coast northwards, such as the dike-fort at Dungeness; or Canewdon itself—the 'tūn of Cnut' (*Canuti domus*)—where the leader himself for some length of time held his court, and whence he directed the operations of his forces until he finally succeeded in ousting his Saxon rival and seizing the throne. Here, then, we are truly in Daneland!

Standing on the sea-wall of one of these islands—say Havengore Island—the eye instantly takes in the whole advantage of this mingled land and water 'biet' for such warfare as that of the Danes. This long 'gore' of water—Havengore—thrusting its wedge-like shape through these low lands, at this moment full with the risen tide, yielded a ready haven to the long ships of the Vikings, creeping shorewards from out the misty night-shades of the eastern sea, the land of the Angles still glinting with the beams of the westerling sun. The irregular banks of these islands—now uniformly begirt by an artificial sea-wall, then, more irregular still—shielded them from all outlook from the fastland; while among their hills and dunes, an army might lie safely hidden; there they could mature at their leisure their plans of

attack on the peaceful unsuspecting dwellers on the near fastland, or more distant expeditions inland up the Crouch or the Roach, as far as Rochford or Battle Bridge, or even beyond.

With the islands as so convenient a base, the Vikings were able to ripen something more than mere schemes of plunder; and thus we see they gradually spread inland, securing themselves with a 'burg,' 'bury,' or fort, here and there, commanding or overawing some town or district, such as Danbury, midway between Chelmsford and Maldon; or guarding their communication near waterways, as at Tollesbury, Canewdon, Ashingdon, and Beacon Hill. The systematic and thorough nature of their conquests is evinced by their thickly-strewn chain of forts, as also by the fact that Danish settlements and towns were able to grow up in the rear of these forts, their dwellers in some cases significantly distinguished by their appellations, as Great and Little Wakering (before mentioned); and Great and Little Wigborough; Wickham near Purleigh, and Wickham beyond the Blackwater; and Walsingham farther on along the coast. Others are only obliquely indicated as distinctively Danish, as, for example, Snoreham, Ulling, and Asheldham. But a large inblending of Danish blood must have taken place in all the towns taken by them, as well as, more or less, over all the between-lying open land, traces of which may even now still be seen in the strong survival of Danish surnames.

In the single long street which forms Canewdon, very little is seen to attest its former importance. 'It was, but is not,' is the fitting description of the town now, its greatest attraction being its church, the stone shields with royal leopards and the fleurs de lis adorning its chief front speaking to its former eminence. It was formerly a haven of some trade; but the reclaiming of land from the river has left it high and dry, and its trade has gone elsewhere—to Maldon or London, perhaps. Within the church, the bells of the year 1600, the fragment of a carved oaken seat-back stowed away in a corner, and the records of liberal bequests of charitable persons painted on the walls—most of them now, alas! diverted to alien uses or persons—tell the tale of former wealth and thrift; while a stray mullioned window in cottage and farmhouse here and there outside, affirms again the same tale. Few traces, if any, of the intrenchment beyond the church are to be found, the plough having passed over it, as well as over the steads where stood the rest of the former houses of the township. A tombstone catches the eye with the name of 'Swayne,' and from the tower and roof of the church, a fine view can be obtained of the country around. Ashingdon can be easily seen, not two miles distant—the stead where a bloody and decisive battle was fought between Cnut and Edmund Ironside; and the church of Hockley, just seen to the left, was erected by the former in commemoration of his victory.

As one nears Ashingdon, between seven and eight o'clock of an autumn morning, on the way to Great Fambridge, the 'tūn' stands up and out of the plain a steep truncated sugar-loaf, resplendent in rich emerald and gold, and darkly waving leafage of trees, with which it is overgrown. It is the highest ground for miles around, and not five minutes' walk in a straight line from

the Crouch River, which even at low-water presents an expanse as broad as the Thames at London Bridge.

We have followed the steps of the first conquests of the Danes, from an occasional visit to havens for harbourage in bad weather or in search of plunder, to their grasping of the inlets and islands, to their winning of a foothold on the fastland, to their steady advance towards their one prominent goal—the head town of the land. At the beginning, their first lonely visits and settlements were overlooked or despised by the Saxons, and their early advances only irregularly and weakly withstood; but their persistent advance, strengthened by ever-renewed reinforcements from the great Teutonic continent behind them, and partly helped by much in common in their Saxon kinsmen, at length ripening into a general attack, became irresistible, the outcome being the Danish conquest of England, which has moulded the national habits, tendencies, and speech more deeply than is commonly thought.

Save in the Roman colonies and other neighbourhoods, the landfolks in the length and breadth of the Essex seaboard bespeak the pure Teutonic type—stalwart, well set, fair-haired men and women, with fine profiles, Roman noses, clear blue eyes, and with an open and frank look, ready-speaking and cheery. Here also may be seen the antithesis of the fair men—the descendants of the primitive Celts, or more probably of the Romano-Celtic settlers; short, dark-haired, small ‘bullet’-headed men; some abnormally fat; in conversation dry and terse; a hasty and excitable race, bearing all the marks of their Celtic blood. This type is in a minority here among the islands and along this coast; but at the Roman stations of Chelmsford and Colchester they form nine-tenths of the population; and one, without much stretch of the imagination, can fancy himself in a continental town. But even in these, as we may term them, high seats of the Celtic race, such characteristic Teutonic names as, Harold, Seax, Kettle, Sibbald, Baldwin, Bond, Nevard (recalling Nefard of the prose Edda), Everard, Harvard, and Rand, point to the overlordship of the fair-haired men; while the occurrence of such diminutives as *lin*, *el*, *et*—Pamplin, Willet, Codlin, &c.—emphasises a bodily characteristic of the dark and subjugated race.

The peculiarities of dialect marked here betray, in the cases of individual words, as also in the particular utterance of common Teutonic words, a Danish influence. Thus, the Danish suppression of the initial *w* is shown in such phrases as—‘I ont’ (I won’t); ‘I n’ont yourn’ (I ne want yours), &c.; while the Frisian adverb and adjective ‘onebit’, ‘tweebit’ (once, twice) are represented in the phrase, ‘It was hanging here onebit.’

Seated at a common deal table in an inn not far from the Crouch River, in company, in true primitive wise, with the landlord and landlady and their customers—the one at one end discussing their ale and bread-and-cheese, and the other at the other end their cold fowl and the usual accessories of a plain breakfast—the talk of the farm-labourers with the landlord and among themselves, once commonly spoken all over this tract, if not—with modifications—over most part of England, sounds like a strange

tongue, until the ear becomes accustomed to it; it is not unmusical, though rough. ‘He waant t’ kna we’er he gan o’er’ (He wants to know whether he has gone over), alluding to the ferry and an absentee; and, ‘He got pied off ‘cos he didn’t prick the ground’ (He got paid off because he didn’t prick the ground—that is, work hard enough). The question as to whether one would take some further refreshments called forth: ‘Yant agoin’ t’ ha’ any mo’ (I ain’t agoing to have any more). A friendly offer was declined with: ‘I n’ont yourn;’ and ‘You stop here, oud chap.’ Presently entering into the talk, by asking the meaning of some half-understood words used, the landlord becoming the go-between, and by dint of heedfully shunning words of Latin origin, and helping myself with an occasional Norse or German translation, I presently earned the unexpected meed of praise from one of them: ‘You speak our speech wonnerful good, zur!’ which sounded to my ears more grateful than the praises of a Professor, and led me to repeat the question I have so often put to myself—Why should there be a gulf between the expressive Teutonic speech of our forefathers and modern speech, every day widening more and more?

Of individual words many are sufficiently striking. ‘My cabin is rather dinged,’ was the apology of the oyster-dredger as he ushered me into his yawl in Shelford Creek; and the coincidence of Dengie Flats at once occurred to my mind as correctly describing the *dirty* nature of the loamy shore at low tide, which is furthermore indicated in a second name given to it, namely, the Blackgrounds. Rey Sands and Rey Gut recall the Danish ‘reie,’ a shrimp, which is the exact description of the special yield of that part of the coast, and not, as might be supposed, the ray-fish, genus *raia*. ‘Gore’ is a narrow triangular stretch of water or narrow landpath.

Certain narrow fareways which seam the sands at low tide, and by means of which long round-about distances are saved, are called on the south side of the Roach ‘swatch’-ways, but beyond the Crouch ‘swash’-ways. The name is also applied to any sudden collection of water after rains, and undoubtedly answers to a Scandinavian word which is still represented in the provincial Norse *svakka*, and provincial Swedish *svasska*, both signifying to make a splashing noise as when one walks through water or mud. In the sound of ‘chipping’ [market, akin to ‘to chop’ (barter); ‘cheap,’ a market, ‘Cheapside,’ &c.], so often found in Essex, we have the softened form of the hard *k* still left in the Danish *kjøbe*, to buy, and in the native name of Copenhagen—Kjöbenhavn, which Professor Stephens, in the English books which he publishes at that place, delights to print on his title-pages as ‘Cheapinghaven.’

‘Went’ or ‘wont’ in the south of England, as is well known, is equivalent to ‘turning,’ and is from ‘wend,’ ‘to go,’ which originally meant ‘to turn.’ It is less often met with in Essex. Another word takes its stead. On asking my way of a wayfarer, just before entering Maldon on foot, I got the following answer: ‘Ye ga along here: ye coom to fower leats. T’ one gaes t’ toun; t’ other t’ Tendring Hundred; t’ other——’ I forget where. The word ‘leat’ at once struck

me, and recalled the beginning lines of Snorre Sturleson's Saga of Olaf Tryggvesson: 'Jomvik-ingar heldu liði sinu til Limafjarthar og sigldu thatan ut a hafit ok höfthu sextig skipa ok koma utan at Ogthum.' [Jomvikings held their leat (course) until Limeforth, and sailed thence out in the haw (sea), and had sixty ships, and came without to Ogthum]. This useful literary word still outlives in English in 'water-leat,' and perhaps in 'leet court' (perambulating court or circuit), and in a different dialect shape in lodestar, lodestone, lode (a course or vein of ore); Cricklade, Lechlade, &c. All these forms are directly from the A.S. *lād*, 'a way,' 'a path,' which is cognate with the Scandinavian *led*, of the same meaning, and with which our English verb 'to lead' is closely connected. The Icelandic 'haf-it'—the haw—mentioned in the foregoing quotation, is also present in Essex in the name of the town of Harwich—answering to Danish *Hav-vig*, and Swedish *Haf-vik* ('sea-bay'), and may be said to yield another link binding Iceland in the far north, England, and the Scandinavian continent, in one bond of kinship.

That old 'wears' die hard has been often said. But off Potton Island I lighted upon a small boat of unusual shape, the stem and stern posts ending in posts a foot or more above the gunwales. Such boats are still to be seen in use on the fiords and sounds of Norway; and representations of similar ones are depicted in the Bayeux Tapestry as made use of alike by the fleets of Harold and William. This particular boat may have been built only yesterday, or it may have seen hundreds of years of 'eld'; but its special shape indicated its origin, and pointed the finger over the eastern sea to that great Northland whence, eight hundred years or more ago, the forefathers of these island folk sought the island of Britain.

Such scattered and individually trifling jottings as these, picked up at random from speech, and customs, and circumstances, looked at independently, may be deemed of small or no worth; but gathered together link with link, form a chain of evidence enabling us to read the deeds and trace the footsteps of our Danish forefathers, even though sundered from us by the flight of nearly a thousand years of time.

#### CURIOUS MARRIAGE ANNOUNCEMENTS.

WELL might the newly married bride in the days of the *Scots Magazine*, as she cut up the last number, ask, in the words of Juliet: 'What says he of our marriage, what of that?' Would she be designated 'a charming young lady?' or would the amount of her dowry alone be stated? thus insinuating that she had no personal charms. Would her age and that of her husband be given, displaying their disparity? Would there be any reference to her former lovers or husbands? Or generally, what observations would be made about the ceremony, or criticisms offered of herself or husband? Such might have been the thoughts of a bride in the eighteenth century, as she scanned the List of Marriages, curious to see what account her friends had sent for publication. In many cases, no doubt, the brief paragraph sent by the bridegroom himself would be printed; but if any other account were sent containing some good-natured gossip about the event, we

may be certain the latter would have the preference.

A pleasing feature of these old gossiping notices is, that none of them contain any slanderous or malicious statements, although there was every danger of their doing so; and in no case, so far as our examination has gone, have the editors ever been under the necessity of apologising, or retracting a statement. In a few cases, the announcement of the death of some great personage is admitted to have been premature; but such mistakes occur even nowadays. Sometimes, no doubt, the publication of some of the facts may not have been very palatable to the persons interested, but being in all probability true, could not honestly be contradicted. No doubt, these marriage gossips were highly relished by the young ladies of the period, although not perhaps in every case for the reason given in a poem on the newspaper, which appeared in the *Edinburgh Courier* of January 16, 1826:

'I want some marriage news,' says Miss;  
'It constitutes my highest bliss  
To hear of weddings plenty;  
For in a time of general rain,  
None suffer from a drought, 'tis plain,  
At least, not one in twenty.'

All the extracts that follow are from the *Scots Magazine*, and we may state that we have selected some notices on account of the curious information they contain, and others as specimens of a quaint style of announcement no longer to be met with in this country.

Mrs Grundy has declared that May shall not wed December without incurring her severe displeasure. When such a marriage took place it was usually recorded in some such way as this: '22 August [1782]. At Bath, Capt. Hamilton, aged thirty, to Mrs Monson, a lady of rank and fortune, aged eighty-five.' There could scarcely be a greater distance between the ages of a married couple than eighty years, so we may copy the record that in February 1769 there was married 'Robert Judge, Esq., of Cooksburgh, Ireland, aged ninety-five, to Miss Anne Nugent, aged fifteen. He served in King William's wars, and received a ball in his nose.' Particulars of height, as well also as of age, fortune, and length of courtship, were often given: 'Dec. [1775]. At York, Mr Thomas, a grenadier in the Yorkshire Militia, six feet two inches high, to Miss Hannah Tennick of Clearlam, three feet two inches high, with a fortune of five thousand pounds.'

'5 April [1785]. At Ripley Church, Mr Robert Long, to Miss H. Reynard.' There is an equal disparity of age and size in this couple; the bridegroom being thirty-seven years of age, and more than six feet high; the bride twenty years old, and little more than three feet high.

The paragraph recording the marriage, in 1779, of a couple aged respectively eighty and eighty-five, concludes thus: 'And what is still more remarkable, there has been a courtship carried on betwixt them for more than sixty years.'

What Mrs Grundy said and did upon particular occasions, may be learned from the following: '22 Sept. [1783]. John Harrison, of Cowick, Yorkshire, aged one hundred and one, to Ann Hephonstall, aged ninety-eight; the bride's maid was seventy-four, and the bridegroom's man eighty-three. They were attended by the greatest



concourse of people to and from the church that ever was known upon such an occasion. The lady he has now taken to be his bride is the fourth wife within the space of two years and a few months.—'6 Dec. [1784]. At St Bees, Cumberland, Mr Jeremiah Rule, aged nineteen, to Miss Hannah Hodgson, widow, aged sixty-one, being the fourth time she has honoured the marriage register-book with her name. In the evening, several of the relations by her former husbands went to the apartments of the new-married couple to pay their respects to their young grandfather; a great number of the neighbours also attended on the occasion to congratulate him on the prudent choice he had made, loudly applauding that philosophic disposition which would prefer the ripened charms of threescore—which cannot possibly suffer by change—to the blooming beauties of youth, which are known to be as fading as any flowers in the wild field of nature.'

Sometimes a wedding has a more painful conclusion: 'Langholm, Jan. 28 [1776]. On Friday last were married at Billholmurn, near this place, William Duncan and Elizabeth Graham. There was present upon the occasion a very considerable company. The afternoon was spent in decent mirth, with the usual ceremonies on such an occasion. On the morning following, the friends came to visit them, and found them in perfect health and good spirits. But alas! how uncertain is every earthly enjoyment! The bride was seized with a colic about eleven o'clock, which carried her off about ten this morning. I dare not attempt to describe the bridegroom's situation, but shall leave that to readers of feeling.'

Compared with the tone of the above, there is a callous look about the conduct of 'an eminent farmer' and Miss Micklethwaite, who when at church getting married, 'at the same time ordered the sexton to make a grave for the interment of the lady's father, then dead.'

In our next example, it would appear that the extensive connubial experience of his neighbours is made the excuse for the reverend gentleman's 'fourth venture,' as the elder Mr Weller would have said: '5 Aug. [1751]. The Rev. Mr John Pugh, of Cardiganshire, married to his fourth wife. His next-door neighbours on each side are married, the one to his fifth wife, and the other to his third.' A different reason was given by one William Iven, who in 1778 is said to have died at the age of one hundred and fifteen. 'He was remarkably cheerful, and frequently heard singing. He married four wives, the last when in his one hundred and fifth year.'

Here is about an old man who could not remember a deceased wife's name. To him it was probably like the name of Southey's Russian general:

A name which you may know by sight very well,  
But which no one can speak and no one can tell.

'3 Nov. [1775]. At Dalkeith, David Wilson, journeyman gardener, to Catherine Craw, aged forty, his fifth wife. He is seventy-one years of age. His first wife was a Dutchwoman, whose name he has forgot; the others were Scots-women.'

Gretna-Green marriages, or those with a tinge of romance about them, have always been of

great interest to the fair sex. Here are several accounts of such matches. '22 Oct. [1784]. Charles Aplin Fowey, Esq., of Grosvenor Street, to Miss Englis of Worcestershire. The match was occasioned by a highwayman stopping a stagecoach in which the gentleman and lady happened to be passengers, and the gallant behaviour of the former won the heart of the latter.'

'Sept. [1781]. At Ostend, Capt. Roche, aged forty, to the eldest daughter of the late Sir George Wombwell, Bt., aged sixteen, just from a boarding-school, with an independent fortune of twelve thousand pounds in possession, and as much more in reversion on the death of her mother.' The next paragraph in the magazine records the marriage of a widow of thirty-eight to a youth of seventeen, who was heir to a fortune of one hundred thousand pounds. The ceremony took place at Gretna Green.

'On Saturday, October 28 [1775], arrived at Newcastle, from a matrimonial jaunt to Gretna Green, Edward Gould, Esq., of Woodham-Mansfield, Nottinghamshire, an officer in the 4th Regiment of Foot, and Lady Barbara Yelverton, only daughter of the Earl of Sussex, aged sixteen, with a fortune of forty thousand pounds. The next morning, the new-married couple set forward for the south.'

A novelist in want of a plot may get a few hints from the following condensed romance: '26 July [1775]. John Kerider, a labouring and married man, was impressed as a soldier in the year 1741; he became a French prisoner, but made his escape, and settled in Germany, where he married and buried two wives. After thirty-three years' absence, he came to England, and found his first wife by mere accident last week selling fruit in Oxford Road. She had buried two husbands in the time; and being both disengaged, they willingly renewed their former connection.'

The lady mentioned in our next quotation gave practical proof that she was perfectly free from sectarianism. 'Feb. [1785]. At Newcastle, Mr Silvertop, to Mrs Pearson. This is the third time this lady has been before the altar in the character of a bride, and there has been something remarkable in each of her three connubial engagements. Her first husband was a Quaker; her second, a Roman Catholic; and her third, a Protestant of the Established Church. Every husband was twice her age; at sixteen, she married a gentleman of thirty-two; at thirty, she took one of sixty; and now, at forty-two, she is united to a gentleman of eighty-four.'

In April 1782, there were married at Great Milton, Oxfordshire, 'two blacks, natives of India, and servants to C. Jones, Esq. The manner in which the wedding was conducted carried with it the air of Eastern grandeur; both arriving at the church in a very elegant carriage, and attended by a black servant; and what added not a little to the novelty of the scene, the bride, who was magnificently attired, was given away by one of her own countrymen, named Hyder Ally.'

In 1787, we are told, 'a rich Jew's wedding' took place in London. 'It was kept in state for seven days, during which time the bride and bridegroom, seated under a rich canopy, received the compliments of their friends for each day,

all which are to be returned in due form. The room at night was splendidly illuminated, and the bride sparkled in diamonds. The street was lined with coaches from noon till night. In the account of another Jewish wedding, it is stated that there was a ball in the evening; 'and perhaps a more beautiful assembly of the female part of the tribe of Abraham was never seen on such an occasion.'

Marriage announcements like the following are happily rare: '13 July [1772]. At Boston, Lincolnshire, Mr William Staines. He was so extremely ill, that he was obliged to be carried to the church in a sedan-chair. He died on the 16th, was buried on the 17th, and his widow was married again on the 30th.'

#### SNAKE-HANDLING.

AN Anglo-Indian who sends us the following notes on snake-handling says:

Apropos of Dr Stradling's interesting Snake Anecdotes in your *Journal* (Nos. 966 and 969), I send you a note illustrative of the danger of handling certain kinds of snakes. Out here, individuals of one sect of fakirs—religious mendicants—are frequently met with, wearing young and tame pythons as necklaces. One such animal took the fancy of an officer, and for a few rupees was transferred from the fakir's neck to his; and for some time both were on very good terms. One day our friend sat down to breakfast with the python round his neck, a thing he had never before done; the tail of the animal came across the arm of the chair, and instinctively coiled round it. The leverage thus obtained seemed to revive its memories of victim-squeezing, and in a moment the officer was in the pangs of strangulation, bound fast to his chair, and the awful coil of the python round his neck. But in that supreme moment of horror appalling, he retained his nerve; with his left hand he seized the reptile's head, and with his right grasped a table-knife, and was just able to inflict a gash behind its head; and then the suffocating coils fell slack. The officer was afterwards found prostrate on the floor in a dead-faint, from which he only recovered to be seized with brain-fever, the delirium of which was entirely occupied with encounters with monstrous serpents. In course of time he recovered; but no one could recognise in that pallid, grayheaded, and careworn shadow of a man, the once stalwart, hearty, and enthusiastic sportsman.

Another note to illustrate the extreme danger of handling even dead snakes. Major Dennys, a police-officer in the Central Provinces, was recently out shooting, and killed a large cobra. His companion asked to see its poison-fangs; and Major Dennys seizing the head with one hand, opened its jaws with the other to exhibit the fangs, which, in the approaching rigidity of death, closed on his finger. Aware of his awful risk, he sucked his finger, and hastened home. But all assistance was unavailing; he died in three hours.

I once kept and freely handled a snake declared to be innocuous; it escaped, and after much searching, could not be found. Presently my boy ran up with tears in his eyes, declaring that his three pet rabbits were all dead; and true enough, they were so, and quite rigid. Coiled

up in the hutch was the missing snake which my boy and I had so frequently handled!

The handling of snakes is often unavoidably forced upon us by the extraordinary, and oftentimes incomprehensible positions in which snakes are frequently encountered. We are apt to fancy that snakes are essentially *grovelling* creatures, forgetting that their ventral scales give them admirable facilities for climbing. Unless you recognise this fact, it is difficult to understand how snakes get into the roofs of up-country bungalows, which are supported by smooth and whitewashed walls and pillars; how you meet them on the upper shelves of your bookcases, or in other apparently inaccessible situations.

But when you meet snakes in the act of ascending trees, and apparently with nothing to hold on by, you are resigned to your fate, and are prepared for sanguine encounters anywhere and everywhere. If you are a lady, you must not be surprised—as my wife was—at a deadly snake dropping out of the sleeve of your velvet jacket, which your ayah was helping you on with, that jacket having previously hung from a wall-peg, leaving it three or four feet from the ground. Nor, if you are going out calling, must you be astonished if a cobra looks in upon you from the double roof of your brougham. How did the one snake ascend the smooth wall and get into the jacket? how did the other pass up the smooth and glass-like sides or wheels of the brougham and get into its double roof?

I might adduce illustrations by the score of these strange rencontres, and they show us how we must always be on our guard against snakes. Yet it is marvellous that, among Europeans, we very rarely hear of deaths from snake-bite, while the bare feet and legs of natives leave them frequently and fatally open to attack.

#### AN AUTUMN HOUR.

More than the glow of June was in the branch  
Whereon the low sun burned, yet here and there  
Lightly the brown leaf swayed in air and fell;  
And for sweet songs of summer not a sound  
Was heard save whispers of the wandering wind.  
An hour too bright for sorrow, yet too sad  
For exultation; where two Seasons met:  
Autumn, her basket full of golden fruit,  
At distance hailed by Winter's frozen beard;  
Like perfect life which sees the end not far.

Yet was the hour a joy, and what would be  
Dimmed not the present, nor destroyed the peace  
That filled all nature. When the high hill-top  
I climbed, all fair and wide the landscape showed,  
And the fresh wind chased darksome thoughts away.  
Up in the sky, snow-mountains of the clouds  
A mightier gale drove swiftly, while below  
Alternate fields were brightened and grew dim;  
And all the vales and gentle hills appeared  
Soft undulations of a heaving sea,  
Whereof some gay crests only caught the sun,  
The rest were swayed in shadow and green gloom.

Down from the summits and the wooded slopes,  
Through the rich forest, by the silent fields,  
I took my homeward way, with heart that praised  
The sweetness of the peaceful autumn-time,  
Which, after labour ended, breathes of Rest.

TATSIDE.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fourth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No. 1026.—VOL. XX.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1883.

PRICE 1½d.

## FAIMALI THE LION-TAMER.

THE subjugation of the great carnivora has always been one of the ambitions of man, as the last proof of his dominion over the brute creation. Nor is the modern lion-tamer without a royal prototype in his perilous career, if we may trust the story that Sardanapalus on one occasion asserted his authority over the monarch of the desert as successfully as over his human subjects. The beast-tamers of classical antiquity were generally Africans; but the first to rise to eminence in more recent times was a Dutchman of the name of Martin, an ex-sailor, a man of small stature, but firmly knit, who made a sensation in Paris in a piece called *The Lions of Mysore*. The great interest of these dramas is the narrowness of the line dividing the fictitious from the real tragedy, and the ever-present possibility of a terrible *dénouement*, occasionally realised. Such a catastrophe was enacted in presence of a London audience, when Van Amburgh's daughter, the unfortunate Lion Queen, was torn to pieces by an animal with which she was performing at the Alhambra. The Hippodrome of Paris witnessed a similar spectacle in the death of the Spaniard Lucas, who had the rashness to go into the lions' cage when excited by drink, and expiated his imprudence with his life. A lad of eighteen ventured into the inclosure and brought out his mangled remains; he was decorated by the Emperor, but lost his reason from the mental strain of the moment. Charles the lion-tamer, on the other hand, commonly reported as a victim of his art, died peacefully of consumption, the disease to which, strange to say, the greater number of those who follow this profession succumb.

It is a way of life which, despite its terrors, has a strange fascination for those endowed by nature with the exceptional organisation required for it; while it seems to have as great a fascination for the thousands who frequent 'wild-beast shows' for the purpose of witnessing the animals 'put through their performances.' The

adventures are narrated in an amusing little volume by Signor Paolo Mantegazza, who professes to have heard them from his own lips.

Faimali was the youngest of nine children, and was born at Groparello, a village in the province of Piacenza, on August 25, 1826, of honest peasant-folk. At a very early age he developed a passion for travel and adventure, which made the monotony of rural life intolerable. Some sense of duty, some feeling of filial attachment, struggled for a while with the restless spirit within him, and he plodded on through the same round of daily tasks, bounded by the same horizon, until the attraction of the vague possibilities that lay beyond, became irresistible to his childish imagination. He was but nine years old when the dream-world of the strange unknown drew him out of his real life to seek it somehow; and with six francs in his pocket, he left his home, and presented himself, a small wayfarer, to the syndic of Groparello to demand a passport for France. The syndic treated the request as a joke, and playfully threatened to send the applicant to the galleys, whereupon the boy replied that thieves were sent to the galleys, but that he was an honest fellow, and wanted a passport. When the syndic still refused to consider the matter seriously, Faimali declared that he would make a passport for himself; and with this defiance started on his travels.

He took the way of Piedmont, passing through Bobbio to Alessandria, and so, by the long defiles of the Val d'Aosta, up to the everlasting snows of the Great St Bernard; then down the Alpine steeps to the valley of the Rhone, and across Switzerland to Basle. Travelling always on foot, sleeping in barns, under trees, or beside hayricks, his six francs, little by little, were spent in buying bread alone, and eked out when possible by chance jobs for travellers. From Basle he followed the course of the Rhine to the French frontier, and here, for the first time, the want of a passport created a difficulty. But a piteous tale of a father who had gone on with a caravan of wagons, leaving the little laggard to follow as best

he could, softened the hearts of the gendarmes, and they relaxed their official vigilance for once in favour of so small a transgressor. His goal was reached; he was in France, and Colmar, his first halting-place in that mysterious land of promise, happened to be at the time in high carnival. The crowded market-place was lined with booths and tents, outside of which, gaudy placards in many colours represented the wonders to be seen within. Wayworn, lean, and ragged, the little pilgrim lurked near the canvas pavilion of the great circus, hearing from inside, sounds of music, and occasional bursts of applause from the audience.

The boy's resolution was taken; he asked to see M. Didier, the proprietor of the circus, and offered him his services as stable-boy or in any other capacity. The circus-master scrutinised him narrowly, saw something of promise, despite rags and starvation, in his sinewy frame and bold bright eye, and accepted him as a member of his troupe. Faimali's rise was rapid; for, having been promoted at the end of two months from a drudge to a performer, he distinguished himself by his agility in throwing somersaults on bare-backed horses; and during five years, in which he travelled through Austria, Poland, Germany, and France, his salary was gradually increased from zero to five hundred francs a month. He was fifteen when he surprised his employer, M. Didier, with a proposal to introduce a new artist into his company, whose unrivalled feats, he declared, would double the receipts of the establishment, but whose name and identity he refused to reveal until he appeared before the audience. The curiosity of the public was stimulated by extensive advertisements of the anonymous performer; but the mystery was cleared up when a Newfoundland dog, ridden by an ape, advanced into the arena. These animals the boy had secretly trained by night to personate a circus-steed and his rider; which they did with such success as to encourage their owner to set up as a showman on his own account.

He parted from M. Didier, and received considerable salaries for the performance of his four-footed actors at the principal theatres of Cracow, Warsaw, and Copenhagen. But the public favour shown to the little troupe drew down on them the Nemesis of overmuch prosperity, and Faimali's trained monkey died of poison, administered by an envious rival of his master's fame. But with the produce of his exhibitions, he was able to supply himself with a fresh stock of performers, and to purchase in Hamburg, for three thousand francs, two wolves, two hyenas, and fourteen monkeys. For this extensive collection, some mode of transport was required; so, with a pair of old wheels and a few loose planks, the indefatigable proprietor constructed a rude van, purchasing for a small sum a broken-down ass, to draw the vehicle. The wretched animal, however, proving unequal to the task, our hero did not

disdain to go in double harness with it, and biped and quadruped divided the labour between them. After travelling thus through some country towns and villages, earning enough to pay for the food of the troupe, they were nearing Bremen, in their usual fashion, when a gentleman passing in his carriage, pulled up at sight of this singular team and hailed the human half of it. He cross-examined Faimali as to his motive for leading such a life, warned him that he would kill himself if he persevered, recommended him to sell half his four-footed comrades in preference; and when the sturdy vagrant declared his determination not to part with one of them, finally wrote an order on a merchant in the town, which, on being presented, produced a strong draught-horse.

Faimali was now well started in his career; and the proceeds of his performances in Bremen enabled him to gratify a fresh ambition. For the sum of three thousand francs, he became the happy possessor of a brace of panthers; and though ignorant of the way of dealing with his new acquisitions, he boldly entered their cage, and acquired immediate ascendancy over them by his undaunted spirit. A lion and lioness were the next additions to his company, and proved at first equally tractable; but during a performance at Rotterdam, the lioness, suddenly taking umbrage at the noise and lights of the theatre, turned upon him, and fastened on the calf of his leg. Without betraying the mischance by the movement of a muscle, he quietly retired for a few moments, to change his damaged garments, and returned to continue the performance before the audience were conscious of any unusual interruption. It was Faimali's principle never to leave a rebellious animal finally victorious, however dearly he might have to earn his triumph over it.

In Brussels, he came into collision with a rival artist, a German of the name of Schmidt, and emulation urged each to redouble his efforts to monopolise public favour. Faimali was determined to come off victor in the contest, and announced that he would enter the cage of an old lion which had never been tamed, and was kept in his menagerie only for the sake of its shaggy mane and lordly proportions. In presence of an overflowing audience, assembled to witness the feat, he presented himself in the creature's den, having taken only the precaution of having it chained up previously. No sooner, however, did the lion note the appearance of an intruder on its premises, than it snapped the chain and rushed on him in fury. Horror seized the spectators, some of whom fled terror-stricken from the sight of the impending catastrophe, while others shouted: 'Enough! enough!' thinking the showman had given sufficient proof of his daring. But it was no such easy matter for him to leave the cage, as the lion intercepted his passage to the door; and it was only by the use of the heavy whip, and the exercise of his own catlike agility of movement, that he was able to elude the clutches of the beast and retreat unharmed. Thunders of applause ensued, but he was far from satisfied with the part he had played, and was determined to conquer or die. Having had the lion secured with a fresh chain, he again entered the cage, and not only confronted it, but leaped astride



on its back, and subdued its resistance by the iron grip of his knees. The nervous strain of this contest produced, however, a curious physical effect—the loss of his hair, which had before been particularly thick and abundant. The result as regarded his rival was conclusive; he not only left Brussels immediately, but fled before Faimali whenever he appeared on his track.

The next noteworthy adventure of our hero was a lion-hunting expedition to Africa, to replace some of his animals carried off by an epidemic. He was about six or seven and twenty when he started on this enterprise, making Algeria his base of operations, and securing from the French authorities the services of a gang of thirty desperadoes and outlaws, for the moderate payment of twenty-five centimes a day per head. In his wanderings in the Sahara, he was captured by a tribe of nomad Arabs and taken before their chief. In the course of Faimali's cross-examination by the latter, it transpired that he had been in Verdun; and the Arab immediately questioned him as to a certain white-haired man who kept a tavern in the market-place at that town. When it appeared that Faimali was on intimate terms with this worthy, and had often lodged in his house, the *sot-disant* Arab threw himself into his arms, declaring himself the son of the Verdun vintner; being, in point of fact, nothing more or less than a French deserter. He proved a valuable friend in the desert, not only giving his captive hospitable entertainment and a present of a pair of lions, but also furnishing him with a passport to secure the amity of other tribes.

Faimali, in a seven months' campaign, captured twenty-six lions, which were taken in pitfalls covered with loose boards, and baited with a live goat or gazelle. One night, an old lion was seen to fall in; but after one loud roar, there succeeded a dead silence, bewildering to the hunters, who thought their prisoner must have escaped. On reconnoitring carefully, however, he was found stone-dead in the trap, having doubtless received some fatal injury in the fall; but the Arabs explained the occurrence as a voluntary suicide, declaring that in grief and shame at being captured, he had dashed his head against the walls. Two of the native hunters were killed—one by incautiously crossing the line of fire of his employer's gun; the other, by approaching and setting his foot on a lion which had apparently succumbed to its wounds, but which had vitality enough left to seize and carry him off to the thicket, where no trace of either could be discovered.

Faimali on his return to Europe turned his desert experiences to account, by representing a piece in which, with appropriate scenery of palm-trees and yellow sands, he played the part of an Arab hunter giving chase to a couple of panthers. After the mimic death of one, he finished by rolling and flinging her apparently dead carcass about the stage; but on one occasion, slightly miscalculating the distance, he threw the beast upon one of his subordinates, and had a sharp tussle before, by the expedient of enveloping the animal in a blanket, he was able to detach it from the panic-stricken assistant.

But the most terrible of all his battles was fought on the 7th April 1863, when playing with a tiger at Bethune. One of the audience had the

imprudence to fling a piece of meat into the cage, and though the performer dexterously pushed it aside with his foot, it was too late, as the brute had smelt it and become unmanageable. Flinging itself on him with a savage growl, it tore off part of his scalp in the first onset; and though he wrestled with it, and succeeded in throwing it back, it came on again more furious than ever. A desperate alternative suggested itself to him—to present his left arm to its fangs, while with all his force he dealt it such a blow with the heavy whip in his right hand, as partially to stupefy and compel it to loose its hold. With wonderful presence of mind he escaped from the cage, and endured a thirty-five days' illness before the wounds healed. Yet, before he was recovered, still disabled, and with his arm in a sling, Faimali entered the tiger's cage again, and stood gazing at it with folded arms, as it prepared to spring on him. 'Here I am,' he said; 'devour me, if you like!' But his demeanour cowed the savage creature, and instead of attacking him, it crouched at his feet. In Amsterdam, shortly after, at the request of the king, he entered the cages of all the beasts at the Zoological Gardens, and appeared as much at home with them as with those of his own collection, receiving two thousand francs for this exhibition of his powers. A tragical circumstance occurred here, which caused him much self-reproach. A young man of eighteen, the son of the Director of the Zoological Gardens, importuned him so earnestly to let him enter the tiger's cage by himself, that he consented, first taking the precaution of experimenting on his nerves by accompanying him in a preliminary visit, and feeling his pulse when he came out. But the unhappy lad paid dearly for his ambition, for on venturing alone into the tiger's lair during the evening performance, and being greeted with a sullen growl by its inmate, he dropped instantaneously, and was taken out lifeless, the sudden shock having proved too much for his nervous system.

During his travels in his native country, Faimali was seen and admired by Victor Emmanuel, who presented him with several animals, and among others, with a fierce lioness, on condition of his promising never to enter her cage. Faimali gave his word, but broke it immediately, unable to resist the temptation of taming by kindness a creature whose disposition he believed to have been soured by harsh treatment. Knowing the king to have left Florence, and unaware that he had only gone to San Rossore, he advertised a performance in which he would appear with this untamable beast; but what was his dismay to see the royal party in plain clothes among the audience! He vainly remained in hiding behind the scenes after the exhibition was over, for the king sent him word he would not leave without seeing him; and crestfallen and guilty, he had to appear. Victor Emmanuel was seriously displeased, reproaching him with having broken his word; but eventually forgave him when Faimali explained that beasts, like men, were spoiled by over-severity; and the interview ended in the king's declaring him prince of lion-tamers.

It would be tedious to narrate all the hair-breadth escapes and perilous encounters of this modern gladiator, who bears the scars of battle all over his body. Having married, in 1872, a

fellow-countrywoman Signora Albertina Parenti, her persuasions induced him to retire into private life at the end of two years. He settled on a farm he had purchased at Pontenure, near Piacenza, when Signor Mantegazza published his book in 1879—though not without some yearnings after the perils and excitements of his former career.

Faimali declares that there is no empirical recipe for beast-taming, and that the great secret is, to fear nothing. No doubt, it is to a great extent a matter of nervous organisation; but the animals are probably also subdued by deprivation of sleep, not food, and by the administration of lowering drugs. And herein, in our opinion, constitutes the difference between the sportsman who boldly faces his carnivorous opponent in its native haunts, and him who seeks to further subjugate an already half-broken-in animal. It seems that the hyena is the least intelligent and most irreclaimable of all the carnivora; the leopard, the most affectionate and tractable; while the Cape lion is in this respect superior to his congener of the Sahara and Senegal. Individuals of the same species, however, show great differences in disposition. The lion is most easily tamed between three and four years old, while his character is, so to speak, in process of development. The young lion retains his infantine sportiveness, enjoying a game of romps or a roll on the floor up to six years old, but after that age becomes serious, and saturnine.

Care as to ventilation and cleanliness is much required for the health of the animals, which are more liable to suffer from heat than from cold. The lion refuses mutton, goats' flesh, cat and dog, prefers veal and beef, but will accept fowl, rabbit, and horse. The tiger, wolf, and hyena are less fastidious, and the last prefers its meat 'high.' The black bear eats bread, meat, and fruit, and can fast for a week without inconvenience. All the great carnivora have a passion for milk.

Though the wild animals will breed pretty freely in captivity, Faimali's experience was that the young are never vigorous or healthy; and of eighty lion-whelps born in his menagerie, we are surprised to learn that not one survived its third or fourth year. In most of the feline tribe, the maternal instinct requires to be assisted by a curious precaution—the total exclusion of light from the mother and her cubs during the first nine or ten days of their existence; otherwise, these fierce matrons would reverse the order of nature, by devouring instead of nourishing their offspring.

According to the authority quoted, an adult tiger is the most expensive of the carnivora, costing six thousand francs; but as much, or more, may be given for a chimpanzee. The lion costs an equal sum; but the lioness may be had for from twelve hundred to fifteen hundred francs. The price of jaguars varies from one thousand to two thousand francs; that of Java panthers, from two thousand to three thousand; and of lynxes, from six hundred to eight hundred; while leopards are sold for twelve hundred francs the pair. Wolves may be had at a very much cheaper rate; and hyenas from sixty to one hundred francs; but in Africa, the latter may sometimes be purchased as low as a franc.

Thus it seems that even the wild beasts of the forest are subject to the laws of regular commerce, and have their tariff—subject of course to fluctuations—with other objects of luxury, in the markets of the civilised world.

## ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOT.

### CHAPTER XXXIV.—SILAS IS BAFFLED.

AGAIN at *Budgers's Hotel*, in the stony retirement of steep and narrow Jane Seymour Street, Strand, hard, by the leaden-coloured Thames. Chinese Jack, jaunty in his shore-going clothes, as becomes the thriving merchant skipper, for a while out of employ, but with savings enough to justify a prolonged holiday, which landlady and waiters, boots and chambermaid, still firmly believe their freehanded captain to be, sits in his private parlour on the first floor, smoking the never-failing cigarette. He is not alone. On the opposite side of the steadily burning fire, for it is damp and raw and cold, now, on that autumn day, in that waterside neighbourhood, sits Silas Melville, virtual head of the Private Inquiry Office of which his foreign partner is the nominal chief. The American has an uneasy look, and fidgets restlessly in his chair, as if there were something irritating to his nervous temperament in the stoical composure of Chinese Jack, and in the sickly odour of his opium-flavoured cigarettes.

'And so,' said the tenant of Mrs Budgers's best apartments, after an interval of silence, 'and so you worked the oracle, Silas, and found it wouldn't work?'

The American winced as a satin-skinned horse winces under a sharp and unexpected cut of the whip. 'No man can command success, or insure it,' he said peevishly.

'Why, no,' answered the former associate of mandarins, with provoking coolness, as he watched the thin blue spiral of smoke that curled upwards from between his lips. 'An old-country poet of the last century put the same sentiment, rather neatly, into verse. You forget, though, old hoss, that you have, as yet, been talking riddles to me.'

'The whole affair,' returned Silas earnestly, 'has been a riddle to me. You remember, Jack, how sanguine I was, and how interested, apart from any mere question of dollars, I felt in the case, most unusual to me, who, naturally, get used to regard all such transactions according to the debit and credit sides of the ledger. But, out in Massachusetts, where I was raised, we have got a feeling still, that right is white, and wrong is black, we have, I kinder reckon.'

'Soon rubs off, that sort of feeling, like the thin crust of silver from a cheap spoon, don't it, comrade?' said Chinese Jack, as he lit another of his cigarettes. 'But you were always, in the Far West, of a high-faluting turn, yet as sharp as any chicken-killing skunk that hangs about a settlement, where there was a red cent to be earned. But let us get at the truth of the thing. You were sure of getting good, reliable evidence, such as can be sifted in a court of justice, against the Bruton Street girl, and now you find that it won't wash.'

'I wish you were lynched, Jack, with your

sneers!' broke out the American angrily. 'Here we are, in a hole. Money spent, time lost. You're not a Cæsus, I guess, and Time, to quote our Anglo-Saxon proverb, is cash to you; and yet there you sit and puff at your atrocious cigars, as if you were one of those Pawnees, Sioux, or Kiowas, whose rascally company you liked better than I did.'

'More finished gentlemen than my Red Indian acquaintances I should scarcely care to be likened to,' was the good-humoured answer of Chinese Jack; 'and I have known those calumets of theirs to be quietly smoked at the death-stake. Well, well, Silas, how fared you? If you, with your sharp wits, were foiled, the puzzle must have been past solving.'

'Of course,' said the Private Inquirer, 'my first and best reliance, the trump card in the game we were to play, was Madame de Lalouve—Countess, as she calls herself—and at the Russian, Austrian, Italian Embassies, they know her by that name,' added Silas, more respectfully to the absent foreign lady.

'Nothing like you republicans for valuing a title, even if continental,' remarked Chinese Jack. 'What did you screw out of the Countess?'

'Nothing,' was the short answer, as the New Englander's head dropped despondently upon his breast. He lifted it again, and stroked, with one lean, pliant hand, his long chin, while his quick, restless, sloe-black eyes scanned the imperturbable face of Chinese Jack. 'Do you know, mate,' he said, in a changed voice, 'that it has often struck me that you knew more of that foreign woman than you cared to tell.'

'Then you were wrong,' was the indolent answer of the English adventurer; 'for I am as ready to tell you what I know of Louise de Lalouve as of any woman I ever studied. She is as deep as a well, and as treacherous as a quicksand. That she has a right to her title, I believe. That she knows some influential people, I am sure. Of course, she is in the thick of this plot. Of course, she wants to feather her nest pretty warmly out of the pickings of the Leominster case. So do poor outsiders like you and me. Well, you tried her?'

'Yes, I did,' answered Silas Melville. 'But it seemed to me, Jack, as if the woman merely treated me as a cat does, that is ready to bring the dagger-pointed claws out of the velvet sheath whenever caprice dictates. She heard all I had to say for myself as politely as though I had just been introduced to her at Saratoga, and—Well, then, there was an end of it.'

'If you expected her to work for nothing?'—said Chinese Jack, languidly.

'But it was nothing of the sort,' interrupted the American. 'I took it on myself to make offers—magnificent in amount—on account of Lady Leominster. I knew, of course, through my scouts, that the Countess had been in communication, more or less, with Her Ladyship, though I am certain, since I have early intelligence, that she never once passed the gates of Leominster House. But, in spite of all I could urge, threaten, promise, she was as impracticable as if she had been of stone, instead of flesh and blood.'

'They called her the Sphinx yonder—haven't you heard of her Egyptian nickname? You can't

bribe a Sphinx, or bully one,' dreamily rejoined Chinese Jack.

'If you smoke that poison as you do, you'll lose the number of your mess some day, Jack,' snapped out Silas Melville.—'Well, to cut a long story short, I could make nothing of that odious woman, who, I am sure, holds the threads of the conspiracy in her hands. I suppose she has gone over to the other side; and if so, be certain that perjury will be rampant when the trial takes place at Marchbury. Well, I went down to Wales, and laid siege to Castel Vawr, to the servants' hall and still-room at least, for weeks, and—I must say, mate, that your British helps do whip the world for stolid, out-and-out aggravation.'

Chinese Jack tossed away his half-finished cigarette. 'I should have betted on you, Silas,' he said genially, 'in such a trial of wits as that. Grant that maids are pert, and gigantic footmen supercilious, with a stranger who asks questions. You know the world too well not to appreciate the virtue of a golden key for unlocking the tongue.'

'I tried silver, and I tried gold,' said the American ruefully; 'and beer, which my experience points out as the most magic mode of loosening padlocked lips among working-folks in this effete old country. But at last it dawned upon me that the pump wouldn't work, not because the mechanism wanted oiling, but for want of water. Even among the stable servants, Welsh to a man—and I had down a fellow of ours from London, formerly a groom, and who hailed from Llangollen, to worm information out of them—nothing could be learned.'

'Servants, as a rule, see more and hear more than masters and mistresses bargain for,' was Chinese Jack's comment.

'I tell you, these did not,' retorted Silas vehemently, as he clenched his supple hands and scowled. 'If I failed with the Frenchwoman, it was because she saw her way to a better market. But as for those lackeys and waiting-women at Castel Vawr, the truth of their reticence is, that they had nothing to tell. The young Marquis, after his marriage, and before the doctors sent him off to Egypt, to die there, brought his girl-wife to the castle for just a few days; but even then her sister was with her. The servants declared, with every appearance of sincerity, that, except when the two were dressed differently, they never could be certain, so wonderful was the likeness, not only in face and figure, but in manner and gesture. Then, too, the young ladies had a pride, as twin-sisters often have, in dressing alike; and the Marchioness, I was told, was averse to wearing jewels because Miss Carew had but cheap trinkets for her ornaments, so that even in that short time mistakes were often made—and laughed at, below-stairs. There was a confidential sort of maid, a steady, well-spoken young person, one Mary Ann Pinnett, who went with Lady Leominster to Egypt'—

'And what said Miss Pinnett? Her testimony might have been better worth having than that of the rest,' interrupted Chinese Jack.

'No doubt it might; but there, again, there was a vexatious disappointment awaiting me,' said the Private Inquirer, with a crestfallen air. 'All that her former fellow-servants could tell me was

that Pinnett, who was rather a favourite with her mistress, had suddenly quitted Lady Leominster's service, in London, just before the Marchioness and Lady Barbara went down to Wales, and that nobody knew what had become of her.

'Umph!' muttered Chinese Jack. 'Rats run from a falling house; but I never heard that maid-servants were gifted with so prophetic an instinct. Queer for an abigail in receipt of good wages and perquisites to throw down the apron of office, and scuttle from a capital place; unless, indeed, some pair of diamond earrings, some unconsidered trifle of a ruby brooch had got lost, as tiresome brooches and earrings sometimes'—

'No, no; not a bit of it,' broke in Silas. 'The young woman bore an excellent character to the last; and My Lady was sorry to part with her—something about a father dying, in Lowestoft or Yarmouth, was, I believe, the excuse for her sudden departure; but, though I tried the Norfolk papers and the local superintendent of police, Mary Ann Pinnett could not be traced, and did not come forward, in response to my advertisements. And with her, my last hope for the moment seems to be gone.'

A curious light came into Chinese Jack's glittering eyes. 'Still hold to your opinion, old hoss,' he asked, after a pause, 'that the true gold is at Castel Vawr, the counterfeit in Bruton Street?'

'I do, most positively,' was the dogged reply of the American, as he rose from his chair. 'I cannot prove it, as I had hoped; but it is for the enemy, at anyrate, to establish her claim. As for us two'—

'Why,' said Chinese Jack, as he and his former partner shook hands, 'we had better, at all events, suspend operations for the present. Well, good-bye.' And so they parted.

(To be continued.)

### SOME ODD INVENTIONS.

A FEW inventors achieve wealth for themselves, more than a few make other people's fortunes, and many die disappointed men, having wasted their time and their money upon wonderful things in which nobody else will believe or invest. They are, as a rule, a sanguine race, and rarely succumb to the heart-sickness that springs from hope deferred. One of them was so sanguine as to patent a device for preventing railway accidents from proving fatal, under the delusive idea that directors would pay liberally for its use; whereas they were as deaf to his charming as one government after another were to that of an ill-used genius who advertised—'To be sold, the invention of a Machine that will divide the Sewage from the Water, without poison; the latter to run away clean.' This invention was offered to Sir George Grey, in 1865, for twelve thousand pounds. Answer: 'The government had no funds at their disposal that could be applied to the purchase of any invention for the utilisation of town-sewage.'

Horses driven across an open country on a hot summer day suffer terribly from the heat, and if surprised by sudden rain, their tender skin is wetted through in a moment, and an instantaneous chill ensues, the occasional forerunner of fatal disease. Knowing this, Herr Buhlmann, of Frauenfeld, has invented a substi-

tute for the ordinary horsecloth, in his *Pferde-parapluie*, serving at once as a protection against sunshine or showers. The horse-umbrella is provided with different-sized handles, to fit different vehicles, and extends a grateful shade over the animal's head and body, opening and closing at the driver's will by means of a simple spring. All, then, that would be required to make the horse thoroughly comfortable would be a horse-refresher—that is, a hollow bit perforated with holes, and connected by a flexible tube with a reservoir in the vehicle; enabling the driver to give his horse a drink whenever he thinks one would do him good.

Consideration rather for man than beast impelled the invention of the Shade Attachment for Ploughs, an umbrella for shading the plodding ploughman from the sun's scorching rays.—It was to benefit man, too, that M. Martin, of the Jardin d'Acclimation, contrived his poultry-fattening machine—a revolving cage with a number of cells, in which the unhappy birds are immured. At feeding-time, the fatterer sits down before the coop, seizes the bird nearest him with his left hand, and injects a certain quantity of patent food into its throat by means of an india-rubber hose worked by a pump. In this way, some hundreds of ducks or fowls may be crammed in an hour, and made fit for the cook in eighteen days.

Poultry-raising in the States ought to be a very easy matter, if those engaged in that interesting industry only availed themselves of the ingenious devices intended to satisfy their special requirements; beginning with a false-bottomed nest, by which the credulous hen is made to disbelieve her own senses, and, under the impression she has not laid an egg, persevere in her endeavours to increase the numbers of her kind, until convinced she is the victim of a fraud, or compelled to give up from sheer exhaustion; and ending with an artificial incubator, giving forth such a natural 'Cluck, cluck,' that the chickens hatched by it never miss the presence of a living mother, and consequently thrive just as well as those favoured with proper maternal care. For the benefit of those who combine bee-keeping with poultry-rearing, an inventive genius has contrived a patent henroost, so constructed that the action of the hens opens the doors of the beehives in the morning, and closes them at night, safe against the intrusion of the bee-moth and other unwelcome visitors.

The *Scientific American*, a journal not given to joking, tells us that, pigs not being of an accommodating disposition, when it comes to getting a car-load to move along a narrow gangway, the first to start are apt to decline moving on, and so block the way for the rest. The cattle-yard men at West Albany, New York, have overcome the difficulty by inventing the Hog-bouncer—made by bringing one end of the gangway plank to a firm support, and placing under the other end two double car-springs, connected with a powerful lever and a spring catch. Before the car-door is opened, the platform is carried down so as to compress the springs by the lever, and the catch is hooked. The hogs are then allowed to pass along the platform; and as soon as a block occurs, the catch is sprung; one end of the platform flies three feet upward,



and a shower of living porkers shoots over the heads and upon the bodies of the drove. They are seldom injured, but vastly astonished, and the blockade is at once at an end.

Among a number of patents noted in an American newspaper, we find one that would have commended itself hugely to the author of *The Caxtons*, although sextons and custodians of burying-grounds would scarcely approve of its adoption. We presume, too, that it is meant for a vault rather than for a common grave. It is a simple affair enough—merely an open tube containing a rope-ladder, and furnished with a bell and cord. One end of the tube is inserted in an opening in the coffin-lid immediately above the face of the defunct, the other protruding above ground. Should the tenant of the coffin happen to have been buried unnecessarily, when he wakes from his trance, he can choose between rousing the neighbourhood with the clangour of the bell, and making his way back to the world by help of the ladder. If he does neither one nor the other within a reasonable time, then, by pulling up the tube, a glass plate is released and drawn over the opening in the coffin-lid. For those whose only fear is that they may not be permitted to rest undisturbed, another inventor provides a 'torpedo grave,' which, if meddled with, explodes instantaneously, and scatters the meddlers to the winds.

Not of such a lugubrious nature is the Courtship Clock, of Chicago origin, described by its inventor as a patent compenso-retarding-accelerating clock, for use in families where they keep unmarried daughters in stock. If the young man is of an eligible sort, the retarding attachment is turned on, and the clock compounds with old Time at eighty minutes to the hour, so that at one A.M. it only indicates 11.5 P.M.; and the young woman is justified in staying the young man, when he reaches for his hat, with, 'Oh, don't go; it's early yet!' If the visitor should be of the undesirable order, the indicator is pushed up; and by half-past nine, the clock's hands mark two in the morning, and the prudent damsel has fair excuse for giving him his dismissal. Certainly, where the American manner of courting is in vogue, such a time-keeper must be of inestimable value, and no family should be without one; unless, indeed, the head of it keeps early hours; then, doubtless, he would give the preference to the Lovers' Alarm Clock, which, as it strikes ten, throws open two little doors, presenting to view a little man, clad in dressing-gown and slippers, and holding in his hand a card inscribed 'Good-night;' a hint to the oblivious pair that it is time to cease billing and cooing for that occasion.

Maybe the sex would better appreciate the hair-crimping pin, invented by one of themselves; capable of serving also as a dress-supporter, shawl-fastener, bouquet-holder, paper-cutter, and book-marker; a combination reminding us of the machine presented to Lady Luxborough, of which Shenstone wrote: 'It goes into a coat-pocket, yet answers the end of jack for boots, a reading-desk, a cribbage-board, a pair of snuffers, a ruler, an eighteen-inch ruler, three pair of nutcrackers, a lemon-squeezer, two candlesticks, and a piquet-board. Can you form an idea of it? If you can, do you not think it must give me pain to reflect, that I myself am useful for no sort of purpose,

when a paltry bit of wood can answer so many? But, indeed, whilst it pretends to those exploits, it performs nothing well, and there I agree with it.'

A caterer for those among the lords of creation who have no idea of donning the blue ribbon, has produced a combined flask and whisk—the body of the brush being hollowed out, and a short handle joining the neck of the flask, so that the happy owner may take a nip while brushing his coat in the hall, and his wife be never the wiser, provided he can manage to be absent-minded enough to omit the customary kiss. Perhaps it would be as well for those who patronise 'the most innocent device yet invented by bibulous mortals for the surreptitious consumption of fluids,' to don the luminous hat of another benefactor of his species, 'which will preserve the wearer from being run over at night, and to some extent enable a saving to be effected in the lighting of streets.'

Housewives plagued with black beetles that refuse to be exterminated will be glad to hear they may rid themselves of their tormentors by using the Deadly Beetle Buster, an instrument constructed on scientific principles, and worked by an air-pump. All they have to do is to stop up every aperture in a room but one, and then fix the Deadly Beetle Buster. Upon exhausting the air in the receiver, a current of air will be produced, drawing all the vermin out of their hiding-places and through the air-pump into the hopper, where they may be dealt with as they deserve. Something similar in construction must have been that machine for increasing the draught of a chimney, which Mr Lowell's neighbour put in operation with such signal success. He put the machine on the flue of the breakfast-room, and himself outside the door, peeping through a crack in it to see the result. The first object he beheld was his revered mother-in-law, and then his beloved wife, mounting the flue like witches on a broomstick; and then he saw the family cat drawn backwards across the carpet, vainly clinging with her four paws, and disputing every inch of ground. This was enough for the watcher; he turned and fled. How he explained matters to the ladies afterwards, the American Minister did not inform his amused, and of course, believing hearers.

## A YANKEE OUTWITTED,

OR THE STRATAGEM OF THE GOODWIFE OF HERSTON.

It was during the American War of Independence, when the battle of Bunker's Hill was quite an old story, and the Colonials were beginning to think themselves in a position to dictate terms of peace to the mother-country, that, one fine autumn day, a group of fishermen mending their nets on the beach in the island of Burray in the Orkneys, were somewhat startled by the appearance of a suspicious-looking craft bearing down upon them. She was schooner-rigged, about five hundred tons burden, with a black hull and dark-coloured sails, and, considering her size, displayed a goodly number of carronades. The fishermen were puzzled what to make of her; for she showed

no colours, and except the steersman, not a soul was to be seen on deck. Suddenly the boat-swain's whistle was heard, and immediately thereafter the crew of the schooner swarmed on deck. They seemed an odd mixture; and the Burray men wondered more than ever what the nationality of this strange vessel might be. By this time, however, she had been brought to anchor. A boat was lowered and manned; and a personage, evidently occupying the position of commander, took his place in the stern. The sailors gave way with a will; and before the fishermen could make up their minds how to act, the boat was beached, the crew jumped ashore, and their captain approaching the islanders, asked, in an authoritative tone, who was the wealthiest man in the place, and in what direction his house lay.

The men stared curiously at their interrogator, deciding mentally that his appearance was as suspicious as that of the schooner. They might well think so; for the *tout ensemble* of Fighting Abe, as his men called him, was the reverse of prepossessing. He was tall and lean, with hair of a sanguine hue, and worn in a pigtail. To add to his charms, his eyes squinted both ways; nor did an enormous nose, of a Bardolphian hue lessen in any respect the repulsive character of his face. His dress consisted of a battered cocked-hat, dark-blue swallow-tailed coat, ornamented with brass buttons, dirty white-satin waistcoat, leather breeches, black-silk stockings, and buckled shoes. He carried a sword in his hand, while a pair of huge horse-pistols were stuck in a crimson sash encircling his waist. Altogether, the presence and deportment of the stranger warranted the doubts entertained by the fishermen regarding his honesty.

Receiving no answer to his query, he repeated it with an imprecation; when one of the men, plucking up spirit, said, before answering the question, his companions and he thought it necessary to ascertain the name and business of their interrogator. Hereupon the enraged captain of the schooner cut the bold fisherman over the head with his sword; and turning to his comrades, declared they should be served in the same manner if he did not instantly receive a satisfactory answer to his question. An indignant murmur burst from the men, as they glanced pityingly at their wounded friend lying groaning on the beach. The eldest of them, however, stepped forward and gave the brutal captain the information he demanded; adding, there was but little wealth in the island, and he trusted the stranger would be merciful and not deprive them of that little. This appeal was greeted by a burst of rude laughter on the part of the sailors; and their commander squinting more horribly than ever, gave his petitioner to understand that he and his friends might consider themselves lucky if they escaped with their lives. They did not seem to be aware of the man they had to deal with; but he made no doubt they had heard of the fame of Captain Abraham Wildgoose, the New Englander, who had cleared the seas of the cowardly Britishers. He was that Captain Abe; and on board his schooner were letters of marque signed by General Washington, empowering him to attack and destroy the merchant-ships

of the English. Now they knew who he was; and bestowing a parting kick on the prostrate form of his victim, the captain of the privateer put himself at the head of his men, and marched off to the farmhouse indicated by the old fisherman.

In answer to the thundering knock of the Yankee captain, the door was cautiously opened by a servant-girl, quite scared by the appearance of so many armed men. Pushing her aside, Fighting Abe strode into the kitchen, closely followed by the sailors. The apartment was untenanted, save for an old man seated in a straw-backed chair, staring into the fire with lack-lustre eyes. Shaking him roughly by the shoulder, the captain of the privateer bawled in his ear: 'Hollo, Methuselah! You'd better look alive, and tell me where you keep your gold.'

'Gold,' repeated the occupant of the chair gazing vacantly into the intruder's face. 'Ay, there was gold in the bright locks of bonnie Prince Charlie. It seems but yesterday since I fought for him at Prestonpans, when we made the redcoats run. But there's no gold in your hair, my man.' Uttering the last words with some degree of scorn, the old man resumed his occupation of staring into the fire.

'The old dotard!' muttered Captain Abe; and turning on his heel, passed into the next room, where he found the farmer's wife in bed, her two days' old baby in her arms.

Questioned about her husband, the poor woman answered tearfully that he was from home, and not expected to return for a week. Where did she keep her money? In the drawer of the table beside her bed, she replied. With trembling hands, she gave the key to the intruder, who ransacked the drawer, pocketed the little store of silver coins, and calling his men from the kitchen, ordered them to pack up everything of value the apartment contained.

The farmyard was next visited, and a cart containing poultry and pigs despatched to the schooner under charge of a sailor. Another cart, loaded with furniture, &c., followed in its wake, also driven by one of the rascally crew; and Captain Abe and the rest of his following set off to the next farmhouse.

It is needless to relate particulars of the outrages committed by the captain of the privateer; suffice it to say that nearly every house in the island was visited and laid under contribution.

Towards evening, when the Americans were returning to the schooner laden with the spoils of the last house they had robbed, they encountered a little girl herding a few cows by the roadside. To appropriate the fattest of the heifers was but the work of a few minutes, after which Captain Abe proceeded to question the little lass about her parents, vowing at the same time that he would roast her father and mother alive if she did not instantly tell him of a house worth robbing. He required money and plate; and money and plate he meant to have.

It was some moments before the girl could speak; then she told her tormentor that her Aunt Nancy—commonly called the Goodwife of Herston—who lived in the neighbouring island of South Ronaldshay, had great store of silver platters and trenchers, besides a stocking full

of gold and silver coins. Captain Abe smiled grimly, remarking sternly, she had saved her parents this time; but the chances were, he might return some day to put his threat into execution. Leaving the poor little girl half fainting with renewed terror, he took himself off with his men.

When the child reached home and related her story, the indignation of her father and mother knew no bounds. This American must indeed be a ruffian to take pleasure in frightening a little child. But something ought to be done to put Aunt Nancy on her guard. It was improbable that the privateer would weigh anchor before the morning, and much might be effected ere then. They talked the matter over; and that very night the father of the little girl crossed the ferry to South Ronaldshay, charged with a warning to the people to prepare for the coming of the privateer. Among those specially warned was the Laird of Hoxa, whose well-furnished house and herds of cattle might prove a tempting bait for Captain Abe. The Laird, a stalwart and courageous man, thanked his informer, remarking, that if the Yankee set foot on his property, he should rue the day he did so. The messenger then crossed over to Herston, which is a peninsula separated from the lands of Hoxa by an arm of the sea named the Bay of Widewall.

When Aunt Nancy understood the danger she ran of losing her goods and chattels, she wrung her hands and bemoaned herself. But she was a stout-hearted woman, and soon laid aside her sorrow in order to devise a plan for balking the American captain of his expected plunder.

We must now return to Fighting Abe. Darkness fell before the stolen goods were shipped and stowed away on board the privateer, which fact determined her captain to defer his visit to the Goodwife of Herston till the morrow. Next morning, the schooner left her moorings, and set sail for South Ronaldshay. Having learnt from a passing boat the exact locality of Herston, Captain Abraham Wildgoose steered his vessel round Hoxa Head, taking care to give that bold headland a wide berth, and presently cast anchor in Widewall Bay.

When the commander of the privateer landed at Herston with a score of his crew, he found all the cottages of the fishermen deserted—not a soul was to be seen. Pushing inland, he very soon reached the most pretentious-looking house in the place, which he rightly concluded was the residence of Aunt Nancy. The door stood open; and without the ceremony of knocking, the Yankee captain walked into the kitchen, where a singular spectacle presented itself.

The apartment was completely dismantled, there being nothing in it except an enormous heap of feathers, and beside the heap, what appeared to be a very old woman, rocking herself to and fro, and crooning a weird song, which made the intruder feel anything but comfortable. The plate and money, however, recurred to his memory, and he spoke sharply to the old crone, asking where her mistress the Goodwife of Herston was.

'I'm all that's for her,' answered the dame; adding: 'What's your will, sir?'

'My will is, that you look spy, good mother, and hand over your well-lined stocking, likewise

the silver platters and trenchers. I'm in a hurry, and I tell you plainly it's dangerous to keep Captain Abraham Wildgoose waiting.'

'Waiting!' repeated the woman. 'If you value your life, Captain Wildgander, you had better spread your wings and flee awa'. I tell you, man, there's plague and pestilence in these feathers.' And she stirred the feathers up till the room was thick with them, which mightily troubled the Yankee captain; for the idea of plague and pestilence was wholly repugnant to his sense of the fitness of things. Determined to bring matters to a speedy crisis, he commanded her to stop fooling and hand over her treasures, or he would put a bullet through her head.

'Fooling, forsooth!' retorted the dame scornfully. 'Had you seen what I've seen, you wad hold your whist about fooling. Seven as fine lads as ever you saw on a long summer's day, lay on these feathers, and died one after the other o' the black plague. And yet ye talk o' fooling, when the sickness hasn't left a living soul in Herston except Old Nancy! As for the siller, I sent it across the bay to my friend the Laird o' Hoxa. It's little o' this world's gear I need now, Captain Wildgander, for the plague is on me, as it will be on you ere the sun sets.' And again she applied herself to stirring up the feathers, causing Fighting Abe to retreat to the yard, where he found his men looking scared and crestfallen.

There was a ban on the house, they declared, and rather than enter it again, they would blow their brains out. Even now, the dreadful plague might be upon them; and each man eyed his neighbour apprehensively, as though fearful of beholding plague-spots appearing on his face.

Their captain was as apprehensive as they, but strove to hide his alarm by anathematising the old woman, and declaring she ought to be burnt with her feathers. He did not, however, offer to perform this humane action; and after consultation with his followers, it was agreed that the residence of the Laird of Hoxa should be visited and sacked. After this, the Americans made haste to return to and embark in their boat. Could they but have seen buxom Dame Nancy, now completely divested of her disguise, regarding them laughingly from her window as they rowed hastily away, and heard her valedictory address: 'Gang your ways, Captain Wildgander; ye ruffle it bravely wi' your sword and cocked-hat; but the Laird o' Hoxa and the Herston lads will clip your wings for you.'

Had the Americans, we say, seen and heard Dame Nancy, she might have run the risk of being burnt with her feathers, as their commander had threatened; but all unconscious of the trick which had been played them, they pulled across the bay, hailing their comrades as they passed the schooner, and in answer to inquiries concerning the plunder, said they were going to fetch it.

A quarter of an hour's hard pulling brought the boat to the landing-place. Leaving it in charge of a couple of men, Captain Abe and the others started off to the residence of the Laird of Hoxa. A few yards from the house, they met that gentleman, who asked what they wanted. They wanted everything, replied Captain Abe—money, plate, and provisions, including the treasure of

the Goodwife of Herston. At this the Laird called out: 'Thieves! robbers!' and from behind the barn, rushed sixty or seventy stout fellows, armed with flails, spades, and swords. 'Down with the Yankees!' shouted the Laird, and drawing his sword, led the attack against the enemy. Nor were his men slow to follow. Repeating 'Down with the Yankees!' they threw themselves on the intruders with hearty goodwill, cutting and slashing right and left. In less than five minutes the privateersmen were in full flight. Their captain was the first to fly, closely pursued by the Laird. But terror lent wings to the fugitive, for he gained the boat with eight of his followers, as swift of foot as himself, and pushed off before his pursuer reached the beach.

The boat hung about till she had picked up the stragglers, most of whom had thrown themselves into the sea, in order to escape the vengeance of the Ronaldshay men. But many of the fugitives had received ugly wounds, and it is handed down that more than one was mortally wounded.

Fighting Abe was completely cowed. As soon as he had collected his followers and boarded the schooner, he weighed anchor; and without even firing a gun, the discomfited Americans sailed away, with shouts of 'Hurrah for King George!' and 'Down with the Yankees!' ringing in their ears. Captain Abraham Wildgoose was seen no more in the north; and Dame Nancy's stratagem proved a complete success. Forewarned of the impending danger, she had resorted to the artifice of emptying the beds of their feathers, and under them she had secreted her valuables; and as Nancy used to say when telling the story, 'What could you expect from a Wildgander and his flock but that they should flee away directly they heard mention of plague and pestilence.'

#### THE STORY OF A WEST-INDIAN DOVE.

THE story of the Aberdeenshire wood-pigeon, which was published in this *Journal* on the 28th of April, has evoked much interest. Many inquiries have been made concerning the little creature, which our correspondent in Old Meldrum regretfully informs us has betaken itself to the woods, doubtless 'on amorous thoughts intent,' and has not yet returned to the keeper's cottage. The following story comes to us from Montserrat, in the West Indies, and shows that the almost human instincts of the dove tribe are widely distributed. Our correspondent says:

The Story of a Remarkable Wood-pigeon, which recently appeared in your *Journal*, has been so fully corroborated by my experience of a little West-Indian dove, that I am constrained to send you some notes regarding it, in the hope that you will give them a place, as confirming and supplementing that very interesting story.

We live in the island of Montserrat; and our house is situated in the midst of a lime-tree plantation, where, at certain seasons of the year, we are delighted with the sweet cooings of flocks of little brownish-red doves, which come down from the higher lands to build their nests. At such seasons, young pigeons are easily obtained. It was in this

way that our pet came to us, about this time last year; and for the next eight months it amused and interested us with its wonderfully quaint and curious ways. At first it was very shy and timid; but a few days' careful handling set it quite at its ease amongst us; and its delight at our approach would be manifested by the flapping wing and winning cry, so familiar to all keepers of pigeons. There was nothing about it, however, at this time to mark it out from the many tame doves of this neighbourhood; and it was not until it had assumed its full plumage, that it began to manifest those peculiarities which afterwards so strongly marked its character, and made it the especial favourite of all who knew it.

From the beginning, we accustomed it to its freedom; and as soon as it could fly, we used to take it out with us and leave it among the branches of some neighbouring tree, to test its attachment to us; and although it was surrounded by scores of its tribe, and could not possibly avoid seeing and hearing them on every hand, yet day after day it returned to our house, to be petted, fed, and caged.

Once or twice it brought home a wild-pigeon with it; and our hopes of a family of doves in our orange-tree ran high; but either its refined tastes, or its companion's disapproval of civilised surroundings, quashed our hopes in this direction. Like the Aberdeenshire wood-pigeon, it would follow us into the garden; and whilst we were busied with our plants, it would amuse itself in pecking and grubbing at our feet, and would seem so earnestly engaged in its work as not to miss us when we moved off to another bed. In a minute or two, however, it would discover our absence, and quickly follow, either on foot or wing—according to the distance—and having found us again, would give a delighted and triumphant coo of recognition.

Regularly fed at our meal-times, it came to look for its food as anxiously as any growing boy; and if by accident shut out from the dining-room, it would make its way round to the glass windows, and there coo and flutter until one of us rose to let it in, when it would at once fly upon the table, and having made a selection of its food, would coolly settle down to its repast, and resolutely beat off with wing and beak all who dared to interfere with its dish. But the thing that puzzled us most at such times was, how it managed to know the time we were about to sit down to meals; for in numerous instances the table would be set, the family seated, and the meal commenced, without any sign of the bird; when all at once, a flutter in the balcony, a coo at the dining-room door—which opens upon the balcony—and in walks Mr Dove, as sedate and collected as though he had not been a minute before engaged in a mild flirtation with some country cousin in the adjacent trees!

Two or three times whilst it was with us, different members of our family were confined to their rooms by sickness for two or three days at a stretch, and in each case, the first visitor to the sick-room was the pigeon. On such occasions it would fly on to the bed and nestle as close to its sick friend as possible. Nor was this a passing impulse with it; for in every case of sickness, it did precisely the same thing; and no matter how long the invalid remained in bed, the dove



resolutely abandoned its open-air life for the same time, and lovingly shared the quiet and solitude of the sick-chamber; thus giving us a wonderful proof of its attachment to at least three members of our family.

Strong, however, as its attachments were, its antipathies equalled them. A well-polished boot on the foot of any of us would drive it frantic with rage. No matter where it was, the sight of a 'shiny boot' would bring it down upon the offender in a towering passion; and nothing but the removal of the boot or the banishment of the bird could restore harmony. It positively would not stay in the room with a well-polished boot! A strange voice or step, too, would drive it into a state of terror; and if the way were clear, it would fly away into the plantation until the stranger had left. But if its egress were barred, it would dash about the room in the most reckless manner, until one of us took it up and put it in our pocket or bosom until the danger had passed; when it would come out and peck our eyelashes or hair as bravely as though it had never shown the tip of its tail to anybody.

It was this antipathy to strangers which was the cause of its leaving us at last; for when, at Christmas-tide, we went away to another part of the island for a change, and left our house in charge of a stranger, terror of the person overcame its attachment to the place, and after hanging about for two or three days, in the hope of our return, it at last flew away altogether; and is now doubtless the happy parent of some of those young pigeons which are trying their wings yonder, whilst we are consoling ourselves with a pair of young sparrow-hawks, which bid fair to excel our pet in daring, if not in loving.

The story of this West-Indian dove and that of the Scotch wood-pigeon form a very interesting chapter in bird-life, and prove very conclusively the power of kindness to overcome the natural timidity and develop the sweet and gentle dispositions of these very beautiful and affectionate birds; and I cannot but hope that many of your readers will be induced to make pets of some members of the pigeon tribe, and thus enjoy for themselves the many little peculiarities which these birds are capable of exhibiting under favourable circumstances.

#### THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE intrepid band of astronomers who, starting from different countries, undertook the journey to a remote island in the Pacific to study the late eclipse of the sun, were rewarded for their pains by experiencing conditions favourable to observation. Telescope, spectroscope, and photographic camera were all at work for the few precious minutes during which the impressive phenomenon lasted. Much valuable knowledge is reported to have been gleaned, and there seems to be some probability of previous theories as to the nature of the coronal light suffering some modification. The search for the hypothetical planet which was supposed to have its orbit nearer the sun than that of Mercury, was carefully conducted; and now we learn from New York that M. Trouvelot, the French observer of the eclipse, has consulted with Professor Swift of the Warner

Observatory regarding the identity of the strange red star which the former of these two astronomers and his assistant saw three degrees to the north-west of the sun. The result is the establishment with approximate certainty of the position of the hitherto supposed planet, whose existence has been suggested to account for certain movements of Mercury.

An interesting meeting took place at the Royal Institution, London, to hear from M. Naville an account of his recent explorations and discoveries in Egypt. It was stated that the Society formed to establish a fund for these explorations, under whose auspices M. Naville has been acting, has succeeded, at a trifling outlay, in discovering the remains of the historic city of Pithom, the true route of the exodus; and had placed beyond doubt that the Pharaoh of that time was Rameses II. Two of the monuments disinterred by M. Naville have been presented to the Society by the Egyptian government. These interesting relics will eventually find a home in the British Museum.

According to recent intelligence from South Africa, the gold-fields now being opened up in the Transvaal will rival those of California in importance. In the neighbourhood of Lydenburg, it is said there are quantities of gold lying ready to be worked. There is no hard quartz to break; for, by the action of the weather, the 'reef' has become rotten, or disintegrated. Nuggets weighing from twenty to thirty ounces each have been picked up in the 'rubbish;' and the precious metal is so plentiful, that diggers will throw away any quartz in which it is seen sparkling, if it gives them extra trouble to get at it. When proper machinery is erected, of course the output will be far greater than can be possible without it; and no doubt we shall soon see advertised innumerable schemes for growing quickly rich through the medium of Transvaal gold. We are led to this conclusion from the circumstance that the facts stated, savour very strongly of the inevitable prospectus.

The dangerous uncertainty attending balloons and their voyages has just received fresh corroboration from the adventure of two aeronauts who have, without intending to do so, accomplished that which so many have tried to do, and failed. These two gentlemen ascended from Courtrai in Belgium, with the intention of travelling perhaps as far as Liège. But they reckoned without their host the wind, which carried them over the Channel, and eventually landed them at Bromley, within a few miles of London. Their journey was by no means without risks, for at one time their position was extremely perilous.

In a sketch, lately published, giving some account of the strange work done by the French Post-office during the siege of Paris—from the pen of M. Steenackers—we learn a great deal about balloons and the useful work done by them at that period. In a space of four months, there left the city sixty-five balloons, carrying one hundred and sixty-four passengers, three hundred and eighty-one pigeons, five dogs, and ten tons of letters and newspapers. Seven of these balloons fell into the hands of the Germans; two were utterly lost, and never heard of again; the rest escaped with their cargoes. Both the pigeons

and the dogs were taken up for the purpose of finding their way back again burdened with letters for the besieged city. The pigeons proved better postmen than the dogs; for while three hundred and twenty of the former found their way home, not one of the latter returned to the city. These animals were well trained sheep-dogs, with hollow collars constructed to carry a number of despatches. The author of these interesting mementoes of the Paris siege incidentally mentions the many unsuccessful attempts made to steer the balloons on their course.

A voyage involving even greater risks than those faced by balloonists, has just been brought to a successful termination by William Johnson, a native of Christiansand, who succeeded in making an ocean-voyage of a thousand miles in an open boat only twenty-four feet in length. This little cockle-shell of a vessel, of the whale-boat type, is named the *Neptune*. It started from Drontheim, in Norway, on the first of June; and after coasting along the land for a little over a fortnight, set sail for the English coast. Eventually, Captain Johnson arrived on the third of July at London Bridge, much to the astonishment of all beholders. For two days he experienced a heavy gale in the North Sea, and on very few occasions was he able to sleep. However, he is none the worse for his trip; and his little boat, which seems far more seaworn than her owner, is shown at the Fisheries Exhibition in company with Grace Darling's boat, the *Eira*, and other small craft of great renown.

Another boat of a different kind has also recently made some sensation on the Thames. This is the new electric launch, the second of its kind, which owes its propelling power to a Siemens' dynamo-machine, driven by storage batteries. The boat is built by Messrs Yarrow & Co. of Poplar, is forty feet in length, and is made of galvanised steel. There is room in it for forty persons; for the whole of the machinery is under the flooring, and does not, as in an ordinary steamboat, occupy the best place in the centre of the vessel. The absence of smoke, dirt, and noise seemed remarkable to those used to ordinary boats; and there were many inquiries from on-lookers as to where the funnel was kept! Such a boat seems to be perfection itself, until we remember the necessity for recharging the batteries from a stationary dynamo-machine, at intervals of six hours or thereabouts. Some maintain that the system would be invaluable in warfare, where a noiseless boat is often of such importance. Such boats carried by men-of-war could receive their periodical battery charge from the dynamos which are now almost invariably carried by such vessels to feed search-lights.

At Portsmouth, there have lately been carried out a most interesting series of torpedo experiments, having for their object the settlement of debatable points relative to the resistance of various breadths of water, the lateral effect caused by the explosion of submarine mines, &c. To one of these experiments we will call attention; for it shows how the effects of torpedo explosion are extremely local, and resemble in that respect the behaviour of dynamite in air. A mine consisting of two hundred and fifty pounds of gun-cotton was submerged at a depth of thirty feet.

Moored at a distance of fifty feet horizontally from it was a steam-launch, in complete trim and with steam up. The mine was fired in the usual way by electricity; and a huge dome of water rising over the spot where it was placed, signalised the fact. But the whole energy of the explosion seems to have been expended in this upward direction; for the steam-launch close by was uninjured, and indeed hardly shaken. The experiments will be continued, and the distance between launch and torpedo will be gradually lessened, until the former is disabled. In another experiment, twelve pounds of gun-cotton were exploded two feet below the surface, and under a whale-boat with a dummy crew. The boat rose piecemeal in the air, and fell to the water in a rain of fragments.

The Naval Exhibition which was so successful last year at the Agricultural Hall, London, was organised by Mr Samson Barnett, a well-known engineer. In the same huge building there has just been held an Engineering and Metal Trades Exhibition, which owed its being to the same promoter. Previous to the opening of this Exhibition, Mr Barnett, in a paper read before the Society of Engineers, gave some figures which quite justified this undertaking, for he showed what immense strides have been made in the various industries covered by the word engineering, since the inauguration of the pioneer Exhibition of 1851. The patents taken out since that year have increased fivefold; and taking last year as exemplifying the enormous amount of work done in this country, we have the following figures: The coal raised amounted to more than one hundred and fifty million tons, representing a value of sixty-five and a half millions sterling. The amount of iron produced nearly equalled the output of all the other iron-affording countries put together. The iron and steel exports amounted in value to forty-three million pounds. The author of the paper further pointed out that a sum of eight hundred million pounds was invested in railways in the United Kingdom. With these figures before him, Mr Barnett considered that an Engineering Exhibition was a scheme which was justified by the large interests involved, and we trust that it has been as financially successful as it certainly was in every other respect.

The power of coolly collecting one's thoughts in the moment of danger, so as to be able quickly to decide what is the best thing to be done, is a very rare faculty; but it was exercised in a most remarkable manner the other day by the railway signalman at Llandudno Junction. He received a message from the signalman at Conway to the effect that an engine was travelling along the line. As the Irish mail was nearly due, he determined to shunt this engine, and with that view put his signals against it. To his surprise, the engine came thundering on, and utterly disregarded his signals. The truth suddenly flashed upon him—the men on that engine must have fallen asleep. In a moment, he wired to the next station: 'Engine coming; driver asleep; put fog-signals on line.' The detonators were laid on the rails just in time; the sleepers were awakened, their engine quickly stopped, and the terrible risk to the Irish mail obviated. How many terrible mistakes in the world's history might have been

avoided, if those in responsible positions had possessed the forethought and decision owned by this humble signalman.

During a hurricane in the neighbourhood of Bologna the other day, a black cloud was seen apparently settling upon the wooded sides of the adjacent hills. Bursting not long afterwards, it ejected a countless number of leaves and tiny twigs, which the fury of the wind had torn off the trees. In addition to this strange burden, the wind had also carried up a quantity of small toads, which fell, a living rain, from the sky.

It is difficult to estimate the good work done by Lord Powerscourt in Ireland, who has for some years been doing his best to re-afforest that country. The system followed has been much the same as that by which, on a far larger scale, unproductive land in Scotland has been utilised. A certain portion of the hillside is first of all inclosed by a rough wall, and in the districts covered by the operations in Ireland, granite for the purpose happens to be plentiful. When this has been done, the natural streamlets are widened and deepened so as to secure good drainage; and where their course is obstructed by the wall, openings are provided, furnished with hanging gratings, through which pieces of rock washed down from above can pass without hindrance. The little plants are from nine to fifteen inches in height when put into the soil; but previous to this, they are carefully tended in a nursery, where they are exposed to much the same vicissitudes which they afterwards experience on the hillside. They are planted in a very simple method by the notching spade, and consist chiefly of Scotch fir, larch, spruce, &c.

The total cost per acre of inclosing and planting is between four and five pounds; and the plantations, owing, it is thought, to the virgin soil, grow at the most rapid rate. Unless any unforeseen difficulty occurs, they will in about forty years' time acquire a value of fifty pounds per acre; but long before this, they will begin to make a return for the capital employed. Lord Powerscourt, who has published an account of his progress in this great and useful work, supervises everything himself, and evidently makes it the study of his life.

A wonderful pedestrian achievement has been accomplished by Mr Ernest Morrison, who, alone and unarmed, has walked across the continent of Australia from north to south. His starting-place was the Gulf of Carpentaria; and Melbourne, two thousand miles away, was his goal. Caught by heavy rains, he had for many miles to wade and swim almost as much as he walked. Moreover, the heavy floods to which the interior of the country is subject leave behind them a viscid black mud, which, however fertilising to the soil, is very bad for the pedestrian. The journey was concluded in one hundred and twenty days; and it is to be hoped that the fatigues and privations undergone by the plucky traveller will not have any untoward effect upon his constitution.

A perfect substitute for gutta-percha, which claims to be far cheaper than that useful material, has been patented by a German chemist. The process of manufacture may be briefly described as follows: Powdered gum-copal and sulphur are mixed with about double their bulk of oil of turpentine, or petroleum, and are well heated

and thoroughly stirred. After being allowed to cool to a certain temperature, the mass has added to it casein in weak ammonia. Once more it is heated to its former temperature, and is then boiled with a solution of nut-gall or catechu. After some hours' boiling, the product is cooled, washed in cold water, kneaded in hot water, rolled out, and finally dried. If, as stated, the manufactured article cannot be detected from real gutta-percha, and will answer the same purposes, it will have wide application, if only for the insulation of electric wires and cables, and for the making of golf-balls.

It seems rather hard that we should some of us have to pay such an exorbitant price for water, which is so abundantly provided for us by nature. The dispensers of this first necessary of life have had parliamentary powers conferred upon them which enable them to charge, not according to the amount actually consumed in any particular building, but upon the value of the building itself. In some metropolitan districts, the value of property has increased so enormously, that the Companies supplying water to them have grown very rich indeed; each share in one particular Company actually representing a considerable fortune to its possessor. How long this state of things is to last, it is impossible to say; for the public is long-suffering, and contents itself with many a grumble as to the way in which it is fleeced.

In the meantime, such an invention as the improved water-meter, patented by Mr Mounteney, is interesting as showing that it is quite as easy to automatically measure several gallons of water, as it is to weigh a pound of butter. The merits of this particular meter are many. It is cheaper than other water-meters, and will do what several of them will not; that is to say, it will measure the liquid when the supply is a mere dribble, quite as effectually as when a large head of water flows through the apparatus.

We have also an improvement to record in gas-making. Our readers are aware that when gas first issues from the retorts it is loaded with impurities; in fact, it is much in the same condition as those little whistling streams of smoke that issue from the coals in our grates, and which fitfully break into flame. By passing this raw gas through lime, in so-called purifiers, the bulk of the foreign matters is intercepted, while of course, in the form of tar, other matters are deposited. Mr Walker of Leeds, who is a practical gas engineer, has patented a gas-purifying material, which consists merely of lime mixed with an equal quantity of breeze, or firepan ashes. It would seem that the action of the breeze is purely mechanical, separating the particles of lime from one another, so that each does a greater amount of work than if clogged together. The system has already been tried at more than one gaswork with good results. The lime is economised, and the almost useless breeze is rendered serviceable.

Colonel Fosberry, in a lecture lately delivered at the Royal United Service Institution, described and exhibited a rifle which had been constructed at Liège on a new principle. It is fired by an electric current from a small accumulator or secondary battery, which can either be contained in the stock of the gun, or can be carried inde-

pends in the pocket of the rifleman. The battery is said to last for two thousand rounds. We fail, however, to see the advantage of an accumulator for such a purpose, as many of the older forms of battery cell could easily be adapted to the work.

A steam-launch made of paper three-eighths of an inch thick, which is said to be proof against a revolver bullet even if fired close to it, is perhaps the last novelty in ship-building. However, the material must be very different from what is commonly understood by 'paper,' for although it was exposed to the action of water for a space of eight months, and was quite unprotected by paint or any other shield, it remained without the slightest sign of disintegration. The boat is twenty-four feet long by five feet broad, and is to be fitted with a Westinghouse engine of six horse-power.

### BOOK GOSSIP.

THE sonnet has long been regarded, for various reasons, as one of the forms of English verse in which it is most difficult to excel. It is so far an artificial product. It is under limitations as to space and rhythm and rhyme, which may almost be regarded as purely mechanical. It must contain fourteen lines, neither more nor less; it must be in the heroic measure—that is, ten syllables, or five iambic feet, to each line; and its rhymes generally follow, with more or less variation in the last six lines, a certain recognised order of sequence. The sonnets of Spenser and Shakspeare are, in form, an exception to the general rule. The highest expression of English verse in this form has been attained by Milton and Wordsworth; while Coleridge, Keats, and almost all succeeding English poets, have attempted the measure, and not a few of them with remarkable success. Whether Mr Swinburne's recent book of *Rondels* will render this latter form of elegant trifling fashionable, remains to be seen; but it is not at all probable that the rondel will ever take the place of the sonnet in the estimation of writers of verse.

These remarks serve to introduce to our readers a little collection of *Sonnets*, by the Earl of Rosslyn (Blackwood & Sons), the production of which would seem, from the dates attached to them, to have been a labour of love with his lordship for the last thirty years. 'There is a pleasure in poetic pains, which poets only know,' and the appearance of these sonnets, or of any verse in print, must not be regarded as the culminating pleasure of the writers. The delight of the true artist is in his work, rather than in his reward. These sonnets bear throughout the marks of spontaneous thought, called forth by the particular subject of each, and thus carry in them traces of the original fire and feeling which animated the author's mind in their conception. If they do not rise to the highest standard of sonnet-writing, they never fall to the region of commonplace. They bear the impress of the writer's individuality, and are not mere rearrangements of conventional forms of verse. We shall quote one of the sonnets, not as a specimen of the best in the volume, but as one which strikes us as embodying a beautiful picture of family life, set in words graceful in

their simplicity, and having a certain roundness and completeness of thought which specially becomes this form of verse. It is entitled

#### BEDTIME.

'Tis bedtime; say your hymn, and bid 'Good-night,  
God bless Mamma, Papa, and dear ones all !'  
Your half-shut eyes beneath your eyelids fall,  
Another minute you will shut them quite.  
Yes, I will carry you, put out the light,  
And tuck you up, although you are so tall !  
What will you give me, Sleepy one, and call  
My wages, if I settle you all right ?  
I laid the golden curls upon my arm,  
I drew her little feet within my hand,  
Her rosy palms were joined in trustful bliss,  
Her heart next mine beat gently, soft and warm  
She nestled to me, and, by Love's command,  
Paid me my precious wages—'Baby's Kiss.'

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Those readers who take up *Aldersyde, A Border Story of Seventy Years Ago*, by Miss Annie S. Swan (Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier), may be inclined to lay it down any time during the first third of the story; but if they do, and fail to resume the narrative, they will do an injustice to the book, and an injustice to themselves. The opening is doubtless somewhat bald and juvenile; but the story gathers strength as it proceeds, and before long the reader becomes quite interested in the fortunes of the two Miss Nisbets, their friends, and their neighbours. Perhaps the one great drawback to the story is the kind of dialect which Miss Swan has unfortunately chosen to put into the mouths of her interlocutors. The Misses Nisbet talk broader Scotch than any modern milkmaid; and a baronet, Sir Walter Riddell, has a form of expression which few Border shepherds could parallel in rusticity. Compared with these speakers, Dandie Dinmont was a thorough aristocrat in the matter of speech. Besides, while the scene is laid in the Scottish Borders, and the characters have Border names, they none of them speak the Scotch of the Borders, but the Scotch of Fife and the Lothians. Those who are familiar with the peculiar locutions and grammatical inflections of Border speech, will fail to find any of them here. This blemish, in so far as it destroys the verisimilitude of the story, will be fatal to its permanency, though it otherwise possesses merit of a high kind. The descriptions of natural scenery are finely phrased; and while there is no humour in the book, there are here and there pathetic passages in which readers may find their eyesight become suddenly obscured with a tender suffusion. The chief character in the story is Miss Nisbet, who represents a power of self-denial and self-sacrifice not so uncommon in life as is sometimes supposed. She is not on this account the most skilfully drawn character; the Laird of Ravelaw is, in our opinion, the most successful portraiture in the book. His native selfishness and disregard of others is by natural processes rendered repugnant even to himself; and his later repentance, his appreciation of the character of the woman whom he had once made love to and slighted, his self-imposed journey to Paris and return with the orphan baby, and his vindication of Miss Nisbet's character as against the detractions uttered by his own unlovable wife, all render him an object of our sympathy and interest, and better



than anything else in the book demonstrate Miss Swan's power of artistic analysis and depiction of character. The story has many of the faults peculiar to young writers; but few young writers are able to lay claim to so many beauties both of thought and expression.

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The very successful Fisheries Exhibitions which have of late been held in Norwich, Edinburgh, London, and elsewhere, have drawn renewed public attention to the condition of our coast-towns and their fishing populations. A valuable contribution to this field of inquiry has just been made by Mr James G. Bertram, in a little book entitled *The Unappreciated Fisher Folk* (London: William Clowes & Sons), price one shilling, and which is issued by authority as one of the hand-books in connection with the Great International Fisheries Exhibition now open in London. Mr Bertram is the author of *The Harvest of the Sea*, a book which contains an immense amount of valuable and original information as to fish and fisheries; and he has frequently enriched the pages of *Chambers's Journal* by his contributions on this and cognate subjects.

In the little book under review, Mr Bertram gives such details of fisher folks in Scotland as will be a surprise and a pleasure to many readers. 'It is certainly,' he says, 'in Scotland (and in Cornwall as well) that the life and labour of this hardy and industrious class of persons can be studied to the greatest advantage, and in some places even yet their daily round of existence rolls on much as it did a century ago. In Scotland, the patriarchal system of work is still largely maintained; in many Scottish fishing villages the family fishing-boat is as much an institution as a family walnut-tree is in France. In the number of the English fishing-ports the mode of business is somewhat different from what we see in Scotland; there is less of sentiment, and comparatively little of the superstitious element; but at Holy Island, Cullercoats, and some other places, the fisher class are much the same as we find them in Scotland or Cornwall. In Scotland the fisher communities seldom receive any accession of new blood, and fathers and sons go on succeeding each other for many generations.' The fisher folk, he tells us, also intermarry in their communities, and so preserve those traditions of labour and the observance of those social customs which have become stereotyped among this order of people.

This intermarrying among themselves is a marked feature of their customs, and 'no fisherman would think of bringing home a "stranger woman" to be jeered at by his friends and companions.' 'The fisher folk,' Mr Bertram says—and we have no doubt that he speaks from full knowledge—'taking them all over, will compare most favourably with other classes as regards the labours of the men and the virtue of the women; their humble homes, as a rule, are clean and tidily arranged, and in some villages a profane word is scarcely ever heard. The hospitality of the fisher folk is proverbial; and their charity at times when a boat is wrecked, and the breadwinner of a family is drowned, is active and unbounded. In not a few of our fishing villages there may be seen in the houses of different families little boarders who have found a home

with the other children of the place, their fathers having gone down in the waves on the occasion of a storm overtaking the fishing fleet and wrecking some of the boats. There is much that is heroic in these communities; and deeds of charity have many a time been done, which, had they been blazoned by the press, would have excited the unbounded admiration of the people.'

This testimony to the virtues of our humble fisher folks is intensely gratifying; and to those who wish to know more of their habits and customs, their methods of working and ways of doing business, their contracts and bargainings, with the advantages and drawbacks of their lives and pursuits, we can heartily recommend Mr Bertram's little work as full of valuable and well-digested information.

## OCCASIONAL NOTES.

## CROWN WINDFALLS.

A PARLIAMENTARY Return just issued shows that during the year 1882 no less than one hundred and forty-one thousand and seventy-seven pounds ten shillings and eightpence was received by the Crown's nominee in respect of the estates of persons dying intestate, or in other words, those who have died and left no Will, and without known next of kin. At the beginning of the year, the balance in hand was one hundred and seventy-seven thousand three hundred and eighty-four pounds five shillings and tenpence. After divers payments for debts, costs, grants to persons having claims on the bounty of the Crown, &c., there remained in hand two hundred and sixty-six thousand seven hundred and thirty-nine pounds twelve shillings and tenpence. The printed Return costs one halfpenny, and in its present form is of little value to the public. It might, however, be made to subserve a useful purpose by giving in an appendix (1) The names, addresses, and descriptions of the intestates; (2) the amount of each estate; (3) particulars of estates finally disposed of; and (4) a list of estates awaiting distribution. Information of the kind indicated is already accessible to the public with regard to Indian intestates, so it would be difficult to assign a valid reason for withholding like information as to the estates administered by the British Treasury.

Since the passing of the Treasury Solicitor Act (1876), the receipts have been as follows:

	L.	s.	d.
1877.....	127,876	19	11
1878.....	139,769	9	3
1879.....	140,879	3	5
1880.....	56,448	13	11
1881.....	64,827	5	10
1882.....	141,077	10	8

Many persons would doubtless be personally interested in these funds, hence the necessity for the proposed Appendix to the Parliamentary Return. The Appendix should also be published annually in the leading newspapers.

Further reference to this subject will be found in an article on 'Unclaimed Money' (p. 513); but it cannot be too widely known that these estates are held by the Crown only till legitimate claimants appear. In 'Mrs Mangin Brown's Case'—finally adjudicated on by the House of

Lords in 1880—five Italians—absent abroad at the death of the intestates in 1871—succeeded in establishing their claim to two hundred thousand pounds.

The evidence of the late Queen's Proctor as to how these estates are ordinarily dealt with, is very interesting and instructive. The following is the essence of it: 'I take out letters of administration, and get in all the money for the government in connection with the estates of intestate bastards and *bonâ vacantiâ*. I recommend the Lords of the Treasury as to the disposition of the balance of the effects. The Solicitor of the Treasury is appointed administrator. I am known all over the world, and I correspond with solicitors and the people interested. I ascertain what the effects are, either at the Bank of England or with various public bodies. Mr Stephenson gets in the effects. Sometimes there are large and heavy pedigree cases. In a heavy case, a short time ago, I fancied it was rather a fraudulent case on the part of the party who set up the claim. I got the facts together, and took Counsel's opinion. I went on and won the case, and a large sum was recovered. I have a lot of administrations going in shortly, and among them is one estate worth thirty-five thousand pounds. Occasionally I have much heavier amounts even than that. All these estates are vested in the Crown; they belong to Her Majesty in right of her royal prerogative. When bastards die, there are always plenty of people only too ready to seize hold of their property and get wills made. In one case, there was a Commission to America. It was an estate worth seventy thousand pounds, I think. In ordinary cases, the procedure is this: I receive a letter stating that A. B. is dead; that he had such and such property; that he was a bastard, or has left none but illegitimate relations. I then ascertain the facts, and find out who the next of kin are, or the persons to whom the Crown should make grants, and I recommend accordingly. As regards personal estate, *the difficulty is to find out who are the next of kin*. I take out from forty to fifty administrations in a year. Some are large amounts—one hundred and twenty thousand pounds, and sums of that sort.'

#### THE RAILWAY DOG OF ENGLAND.

We have frequently had occasion to publish instances of remarkable intelligence on the part of man's most faithful friend, the dog; but it is seldom that we are enabled to record instances of the animal crossing the seas on an errand of charity. From the *Times* we learn that the Scottish collie 'Help,' which collects funds in almost every part of the kingdom for the orphan fund of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, returned early in August to its headquarters at the chief office of the Society, City Road, from a trip to France, where he had been getting money for the orphans of railway men. Introduced by Mr Raggett, chief officer of the steamship *Brittany*, to the vice-consul at Dieppe, the 'Railway Dog of England' received in a short time one hundred and thirty-eight francs; on his journey back to England, 'Help' got seventeen shillings and ninepence and twenty-six francs; while at Newhaven and on board the steamer he collected three pounds one shilling

and ninepence. The general secretary of the society, Mr E. Harford, has now on hand numerous invitations to the animal, distributed over the leading railway systems. 'Help,' trained by Mr John Climpson, guard of the night-boat train on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, is expected to be the medium of collecting some hundreds of pounds for the orphan fund during the present year.

#### YOUTH AND AGE.

I SANG a song, when life was young,  
A song of glory, strength, and fame;  
I dreamed a dream, spring leaves among,  
That in worth's roll I'd carve a name.  
The spring leaves darkened; life grew strong;  
The rose's bloom said—Summer's here;  
And clustering duties grew along  
My path, and I began to fear  
That fame was ill to find.

O sweet, sweet were the summer hours,  
And blue the sky which with them came.  
I met my dear wife 'mong the flowers  
Of leafy June—nor cared that fame  
Should pass me by, and onward press  
Her glittering way—the loving light  
In Lizzie's eyes, the golden tress  
Of Lizzie's hair, were far more bright  
Than aught on earth beside.

Then little children reverence gave—  
A something grander far than fame;  
And when we laid one in the grave,  
We whispered low the Father's name.  
Small was the hand which beckoning led  
Our hearts far from earth's glittering wiles;  
Pure was the soul which from us fled,  
To find a home where Jesus smiles,  
And summer never ends.

Now winter comes with falling snow;  
We gather round the bright home fire;  
We feel no lack of fame's gay show,  
For rest is all our hearts desire.  
I clasp a dear, dear hand in mine;  
My Lizzie's hair is silvered now;  
Her eyes with love still constant shine;  
Her children's blessings crown her brow;  
And sweet content is ours. A. W. G.

#### ERRATUM.

The name of the translator of His Majesty the King of Sweden's narrative, 'My First Chamois,' which appeared in last month's *Journal*, was accidentally spelt Carl Siemers instead of Carl Siewers.

The Conductor of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL begs to direct the attention of CONTRIBUTORS to the following notice:

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Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR  
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fourth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No. 1027.—VOL. XX. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1883.

PRICE 1½d.

## DEFERRED PAY.

THE principle of deferred payment is one which in many forms is familiar to us all. With the military economist, the phrase denotes a varying sum deducted from the daily pay of men in the ranks, to be repaid at the end of a term of service. In another sense, an annuity, or other periodical payment, is said to be 'deferred' when it falls due only after the expiry of a certain number of years—thus forming perhaps a prudent provision for old age—or it may be only receivable after the decease of a relative, or conditional on the occurrence of some future event. These are instances, upon which we need not here enlarge, of some of the ordinary uses of deferred payments; and, generally speaking, the phrase has much the same signification when otherwise employed, usually denoting a postponement to some future period, often at present sacrifice, of some existing resource, in order to secure a corresponding benefit afterwards. It is, in fact, the abstract principles of self-denial and forethought reduced to a concrete form, and adapted to the ordinary transactions of life.

There are many persons, however apparently unconcerned with deferred payments, in the ordinary use of the term, who are unquestionably entitled to them, although the consideration they hope to receive may not in every instance take the shape of money. Indeed, apart from the classing of all education as, properly speaking, a provision for future returns, the higher training and early career of many of our best and most gifted men is little else than prudent forethought in this direction. The principle, in fact, may be traced deeper still, and may be found to underlie all our national industry and enterprise. It is as ancient as the civilisation of which it is one of the distinguishing marks—this system of present endeavour, the suffering and endurance, perhaps, of toil and hardship, the working-time of life with its sparse opportunities for leisure or recreation—in short, the training undergone for

the sake of the future recompense which forms the deferred payment.

The expenditure involved in some individual cases, either of actual toil or of its equivalent in patient waiting, is often greater in proportion to the reward obtained, than in others. In the race of life, some men are heavily handicapped by hindrances in social position, or lack of opportunities for training; for, although there is no royal road to learning, the approaches to it are often blocked by what, after all, are but adventitious circumstances. The ambitious student born and bred in the humbler ranks, coming to the university city to train for professional pursuits, makes large payments, in kind, to carry out his cherished scheme. His has been arduous preparatory study at home, perhaps under great disadvantages. The contest for the much-coveted bursary has been a hard one. Even with it secured to him, the struggle in town-life to make ends meet, and to maintain a respectable exterior, the scanty meal, and the prolonged study—all these form his provision for the deferred payment of the college Diploma which shall enable him to enter on his professional career. Nor can it be said that his reward is gained even then. The self-denying spirit has to be carried forward far into his future life. Such a one may fairly be said to have more than earned his deferred payment. And yet it is only one instance out of many of the same kind of self-denying discipline for a certain end, and that perhaps without promise of the highest rewards. The prospect aimed at throughout may be only that of middle-class distinction, with a social position and emoluments of a very ordinary kind, and yet such may be the *summum bonum* of the aspirant's hopes.

There are, however, loftier ambitions cherished by the few who will not be satisfied with mediocrity in attainment, even though it should be accompanied with affluence. We have at this moment in our recollection the instance, amongst many others, of a barber's boy—'not a barber,' as he himself said, 'but only a barber's boy'—

whose aspirations were not satisfied until his name was inscribed on the roll of England's peers. The instances we could easily adduce are of men who started with little or nothing in their favour, and succeeded; others, whose hearts were perhaps as high, and who had better opportunities, failed; or not attaining the highest honours, were at least fain to be content with what lay within their reach. But in this our moral lies—that there must necessarily have been, even in examples of the most brilliant and unqualified success, no small amount of careful provision, of payments into the Bank of Futurity. Many of the pleasant and harmless enjoyments which lie around us all, and which moderate means and station might have secured, and the easier attained success which would have satisfied others—all these must have been foregone and disregarded, in looking to the larger prize ahead. It was a strife, doubtless, in each case against a cold and unsympathising world—against rivalry, competition, and professional jealousies; but it was also a victory over a self-satisfied contentment with the lesser, so long as the greater prize remained in view, and so far, therefore, it was a self-denial for the present. Then all the obstacles proved surmountable, and the present enjoyments capable of being resisted, and the looked-for payment, long deferred, came at last.

Even in those exceptional instances when so-called Fortune proved propitious, and where favourable opportunities may be said to have gained half the battle, there has doubtless been throughout much postponement of contentment and ease to future years. There may have been, perhaps, much to endure in an early and uncongenial lot, before the golden opportunity presented itself, and ere the future career was made plain; for although 'the labour we delight in, physics pain,' the burden of a thoroughly distasteful occupation, to an ambitious mind, is an uneasy and galling yoke, hard to bear.

Then there is the dark side of the picture—the payment, hardly earned, which, if it comes at all, comes not in expected measure, or too late, to be a solace only at the very ending of life, or to hang its laurels upon the tomb. The deferred payments of posthumous fame, the too long delayed tribute to merit and genius, form some of the saddest pages in history.

All we have said, however, concerns instances where deferred payments previously provided for were actually due, at some time or other. But, in addition to the truism, that opportunities neglected seldom or never return, we can add this one, drawn from our subject—that if there be no timely provision, there will certainly be no store for after-drawing upon. If there be no self-denying labour, there will be no future recompense. 'Does he work?' inquired Ruskin, when told of the great abilities of a contemporary; and we may be sure the question was asked with a view to estimate the success the individual would probably achieve. If there is no work, there is no reward.

For if our virtues go not forth of us,  
'Twere all alike as though we had them not.

It is quite possible, even in this busy world, for a man so to shirk and shun work within his

range, or to content himself with the measure of it which may suffice for daily necessities, as, practically, to make no provision for coming days. He will be entitled to no deferred pay. His later years may indeed be secured from want; perhaps, through no efforts of his own, he may even have an abundance; but the rapture of achievement, the satisfaction arising from a task well done, will not be his to possess.

All perseverance of patient effort for the highest ends, all the 'taking of infinite pains'—which we are told is the best definition of genius—is but the deferred payment system adopted in daily life, being the storing-up of present available resources, including those of patience and endurance, for the securing of future benefit. And when the end is once accomplished, the efforts expended will not be grudged or mourned over—will scarcely be remembered.

## ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOT.

BY JOHN B. HARWOOD.

### CHAPTER XXXV.—MAN AND WIFE.

LOWNDES PLACE, Eaton Square, is a very respectable, and indeed fashionable place of residence; but, as regards its outlook and general surroundings, it is a little dull. The square of which it is an adjunct is so far off that ingenuous country cousins wonder, sometimes, what can be the connection between the two. The very houses have a slack-baked look, as if the stucco were damp and raw, and organ-grinders, fern-sellers, and noisy vendors of hearthstones and Bath-bricks, working-cutlers, and ballad-singers, riot there unchecked by the police. Yet the rents and the rates in Lowndes Place, Eaton Square, are believed to be high, and the houses are tenanted by occupiers of a very superior description—retired Indian generals, junior partners in West End banks, fundholders, and married Civil Servants of Her Majesty's government. Only at No. 6 could furnished apartments be found, and at the door of No. 6, with the knocker raised in his right hand, yet hesitating to knock, stood tall, lithe, and sun-bronzed Chinese Jack.

It was very rare for Chinese Jack to hesitate. He did so now, and there was something significant in his attitude as he thus stood, keeping the knocker poised between his deft, strong fingers; as though it were a blazing linstock, one touch of which would fire a train of ready gunpowder and blow up the magazine. Standing so near the door that he was himself screened from observation on the part of any person who might be peering from the windows, the lately returned exile took a comprehensive survey of the aspect of Lowndes Place. 'About the last sort of nook,' he muttered to himself under the shelter of his thick moustache, 'in which one would expect to find a foreigner domiciled. And therefore, as things always do turn out contrary to what one expects, here she lives. But Louise was always an enigma, even to me—even to me,' he added softly, and with a curious sort of smile on his flexible lips.

It may be remembered that when Chinese Jack, or Captain Rollington, as it pleased him to be



called, paid his first visit to the Private Inquiry Office and intrusted Silas Melville with the task of discovering the whereabouts of Countess Louise de Lalouve, and, by proxy of one of his satellites, dogging her footsteps through London, he had spoken of the first part of the enterprise as an easy one. Madame de Lalouve had not just then any especial motive for concealing her address, while she was pretty certain to be heard of at the Russian Embassy. That she lived in Lowndes Place had been ascertained long ago. But this was the first time that Chinese Jack had deemed it expedient or prudent to present himself in person on her doorstep. After a brief pause, he knocked. The door was opened by a stout man, dressed in black, wearing a white cravat, and with 'butler' written as plainly on his broad face as if it had been tattooed there in Roman characters. Retired man-servants who marry the housekeeper, and do not set up in a public-house, are pretty sure to let lodgings and to play henceforth at being the attached family retainers of the birds of passage who roost beneath their roof. 'Madam,' said the landlord of No. 6, 'is at home, I think.—What name, sir, shall I say?'

'You had better say a gentleman from abroad,' returned the visitor, speaking with a slightly foreign accent. 'Or, stay,' he blandly added, as he saw a shade come over the ex-butler's brow, for nothing so much arouses suspicion in a Londoner's breast, especially if a servant, as any hesitation as to giving a name, 'stay—you had better announce me, at once, as the Chevalier Rollington. Madame knows me *de longue main*, and my appearance will be a pleasant surprise.'

The ex-butler made a butler's bow, and preceded the visitor up-stairs. Chinese Jack was careful to follow quickly on his heels. What he had schemed for was to obtain the interview he sought without parley and delay, or possible stubbornness on the part of his hostess. Once he got in, he could trust to his own well-practised skill to become master of the situation. And now he should get in, and what was more, his entrance would really be as sudden as though, like a fiend on the stage, he could have risen through a trap, encompassed by a lurid glow of red or blue fire. He knew perfectly well that the landlord could never pronounce the name of the Chevalier Rollington, mouthed as it had been with ultra Gallic oiliness of diction, and would content himself with uttering some conventional parody on the mysterious sounds. So it proved. Madame de Lalouve was writing at a side-table. She lifted her head as the landlord opened the door and murmured something unintelligible. A moment more, and the door was closed, and Chinese Jack stood, bowing, with grave politeness, in the middle of the room.

Madame de Lalouve was surely well used to the reception of visitors, even if unexpected visitors. Nor had Countess Louise any excuse to plead on the score of deficient toilet. The Russo-Frenchwoman was always dressed for the occasion. If her tightly fitting costume of olive green velvet and olive leaf-coloured gray silk, did not come from the *ateliers* of M. Worth, it was at least cut on Worth's lines, and by some pupil of that illustrious man-milliner. Her heavy black braids of hair were draped in statuesque fashion around her grandly shaped head. She wore few orna-

ments, but all were rich and solid. Altogether, she was a superb specimen of a woman of rank, of sense, of the world, and as such had made a profound impression on the minds of the butler-landlord, and the housekeeper-landlady, of No. 6 Lowndes Place, Eaton Square.

'Demon—wretch—from what fiery pit have you come, hateful man, to vex me!' exclaimed the Countess in queerest medley of languages, not as the words have been set down here, but with a vehement intermingling of French, English, German, which testified to the confusion of the speaker's wits. The Sphinx, in Egypt, Naples, Monaco, Paris, had been renowned for her strong nerves. They were shaken now. Chinese Jack grimly scored the first advantage to his own side in the struggle. But he knew the world, better than the cleverest woman can know it, and he knew her.

'My dear,' he said, quite affably, 'here am I—come back to you. After so many trials and sufferings, so much of the ups and downs of life, here we are again, reunited, never to be sundered more.' Chinese Jack spoke in French, and his accent was so Parisian, and his grammar so faultless and his manner so declamatory, that Parisians themselves would have taken him for an actor at a minor theatre, such as the Odéon, perhaps.—'A husband is a husband,' he added, after a pause.

Madame de Lalouve gathered herself up, like a serpent about to strike. 'Wretch, monster, traitor, demon!' she hissed out, showing her white teeth like a she-panther, while her right hand, like that of Lady Macbeth, clutched an airy dagger.

Chinese Jack surveyed her with unruffled composure. With her, of course, it was a bout of nerves, such as these sensitive Frenchwomen always have when a disagreeable thing occurs. Had she been a slim, wasp-waisted little woman, of course she would have sunk shrieking into a chair, and kicked with her high-heeled shoes at the floor, for ten minutes or so. As it was, she looked as though she wanted to bite, and as though she would like to stab him. Chinese Jack had had experience of those who really tried both methods, but he had wrested the dagger away in one case, and avoided the teeth in the other. Here was a civilised foe, to be managed otherwise. 'My poor Louise,' he said, gently.

The adventurer was very well dressed. He was no longer the merchant captain whom Mrs Budgers of Jane Seymour Street was proud to lodge. His clothes were as well made as any Bond Street tailor could make them for a valued customer. Gloves, hat, necktie, cane, and trinkets were such as might befit a man of fashion and of taste. Chinese Jack knew women too well to neglect anything which a fair outside and the semblance of prosperity might insure. Madame de Lalouve seemed to have eyes for nothing but his face, yet he was perfectly convinced that she had criticised the cut of his coat and the style of his turquoise-headed scarf-pin. Presently she spoke, with a kind of sob, but more coherently. 'How, how,' she asked, 'had he dared to present himself before her, after his base, vile, odious, and perfidious conduct. Did he not know that she hated him?'

'I know nothing of the sort, my dear Louise,'

answered Chinese Jack, with unruffled urbanity. 'You are an ill-used angel, of course—so are all of your charming sex—and I am a monster. Yet I am your husband, my love; and husband and wife should pull together, especially when there is so big a fish to haul ashore as the fortune to be made out of this Leominster business. Nay, never open those fine eyes, my dear, as if I had astonished even you. When there is so much to get, of course there are many fingers in the pie. But you and I, between us, might secure the daintiest and most toothsome morsel. Yes, I, too, as well as yourself, have a hankering for the flesh-pots of Egypt, or at least for the harvest to be reaped by those who were on board the good ship *Cyprus*, homeward bound, when Countess Louise and her interesting young friends were passengers.'

'You were not on board of her,' said the Countess decisively.

'Wasn't I?' retorted Chinese Jack, with his peculiar smile, and with a flash of those glittering eyes of his, at sight of which even Madame de Lalouve winced. 'That remains to be proved when I give evidence at Marchbury assizes. Yes, I was there. Come, Countess, I know what I know, and you know what you have done, and very clever of you too. I also am mixed up in the affair, and I begin to feel as though, hitherto, I had made a mistake in backing the side I did. The gold-mine, I suspect, is in Bruton Street, not at Leominster House; or you, Louise, would not have espoused what seemed at first a beaten cause.'

'I am for truth—and the right,' sententiously answered Madame de Lalouve, opening her eyes very wide.

'Still the same Louise as ever,' said Chinese Jack, with a light laugh. 'Come, come, my dear, you and I are people of the world, and need not, when alone together, declaim to the gallery, as French actors say. Injured innocence is all very well when there is a fortune to be made by befriending it, and iniquity is hateful when niggard of blackmail. *Allons!* it must be peace or war between us two, and, for both our sakes, it had better be a strict alliance, offensive and defensive. Let us sit down, and talk coolly.'

A wicked man has this much advantage over a wicked woman, that he usually sees, as it were, not merely through but round her, and surveys her position from a loftier stand-point. He is benefited, too, by the masculine habit of speaking out, instead of suppressing a portion of what he would fain say, as custom and timidity induce women to do. And then Madame de Lalouve, fearless in general, had always been a trifle afraid of her husband, the only man who seemed to read her like a book. So, somewhat to her own surprise, she obeyed, and reseated herself, while Chinese Jack drew up his chair, and soon this strange couple were chatting on friendly terms.

The conversation of Chinese Jack and of Madame de Lalouve turned almost exclusively on business matters, and had reference to the Leominster case and the disputed identity of the two sisters. After a little while, during which the Countess devoted herself to ascertaining that her long-lost husband really did know something, beyond what mere rumour might have told him, of the affair in hand, the talk of the lately

reunited pair became confidential, and almost cordial.

'*Malin*, who would have dreamed that you, of all the men in the world, should have been behind the boat, when Mademoiselle Cora and I discussed our little projects, so guilelessly, on the wet deck of the *Cyprus*, on the morning after the storm! Had I but caught a glimpse of you on board, rely on it, I should have redoubled my precautions,' said Madame, with playful reproach.

'My bare feet made no noise, and my turban and my garb constituted a disguise that few, with eyes less piercing than yours, my Louise, could have penetrated. You are sure about the proof that you have hinted at to me, and which I too, as you are aware, can confirm by evidence within the reach of none but myself now living?'

'Yes, I am quite sure,' said Madame de Lalouve; 'and, in addition to this, I have—here under this roof, here in this very house, the lady's-maid who accompanied Miladi and her sister to Egypt, and returned with them to England.'

'A lady's-maid, especially a discharged one'—began Chinese Jack, shaking his head in dis-  
paragement.

'She was not discharged—she voluntarily, at my persuasion, gave up service at Leominster House, and came to me,' said the Countess, a little nettled. 'Five hundred pounds, which I have promised, are as a dream of untold riches to her, who wants to marry some one she knows, and set up a shop. Rely on it, she can be very useful at the hour of need.'

'And you really believe the tenth of a million, or anything like that enormous sum, will be forthcoming, in the event of success?' asked Chinese Jack half carelessly.

Of that, Madame was quite convinced. Sir Pagan's sister in Bruton Street was splendidly generous by nature. And she would keep her word.

'With such a sum as that, my own Louise, and your knowledge, and mine, of financiers, Jewish and Christian, and of the world, *ciel!* how you and I could play on the Bourse of Paris, and the Stock Exchange of London, as on the keys of a piano,' said this model husband, as he kissed his wife, and took his leave. 'Here is my card,' he said, as he put it into her hand; '*Budgers's Hotel* is but a mean place, and, as you observe, I am the Capitaine, and not the Chevalier. Rollington, as I told you, *chérie*, when I was a bachelor, was my mother's name, and I bear it now. My true name, which is yours, Countess, we will keep dark, if you please, till the trial comes on, or the money is earned. And so, my sweet, *au revoir!*'

## WORKMEN'S HOMES AND PUBLIC- HOUSES.

BY A LONDON ARTISAN.

WHEN such huge organisations as the United Kingdom Alliance and the Order of Good Templars go on working with unflagging energy year after year, and still gin-palaces thrive, principally on the patronage of the working-classes, the student of social problems may well ask himself the question: Are the enthusiastic advocates of Permissive Bills and total abstinence working in the right direction? They deplore

the evils that exist; and their united intelligence has suggested the simple panacea of abstinence. Unfortunately, simple remedies are not always capable of conquering virulent diseases. To the drunkard; to the man or woman who perhaps has been driven to find forgetfulness in drink by trouble and sorrow such as few of those who talk of temperance in comfortable armchairs have ever known; to the man or woman who has drunk to excess for many years, until the craving for drink has become as uncontrollable as the ambition of a Napoleon or the patriotic frenzy of a Louise Michel—to such as these, the temperance advocate offers his panacea of total abstinence. To the working-man who is not an habitual drunkard, but who spends too much time and money in the public-house, the apostle of temperance appeals with the same cry: 'Give up the drink.'

To any unprejudiced observer with an intimate knowledge of the inner life of our working-classes, such advice savours of thoughtlessness, even if it does not betray a want of heart. Men who are penned up in close workshops from morning until night are—to their credit, be it said—not devoid of social feeling. They love to mix with their fellows when the day's work is over; to exchange ideas; to relate experiences; to give a certain amount of publicity to thoughts that appear to them of value. This yearning for social intercourse exists among all classes; but in the facilities for satisfying it, some are more favoured than others. The rich man is able to enjoy the pleasures of congenial society at his own house, at his club, or at the houses and clubs of his associates. The poorer classes of our great cities are not so fortunate. To most of them, home is far too uncomfortable a place for a friendly chat with a mate from the workshop. Home often means one small room in an evil-smelling house, scantily furnished, minus comfort, plus baby's cries. The one being who alone could make even such unpromising surroundings as these bright and happy, may happen, through lack of education and moral training, to be totally incapable of properly fulfilling the offices of wife and mother.

This is no unjust, sweeping condemnation of the wives of the working-classes. Many of them possess qualities of devotion, courage, and perseverance which, if they were only properly trained 'when the heart is young,' would make the workaday world much happier than it is at present. But the majority of them are slaves to their scrubbing-brush and needle; they clean and mend in season and out of season; they are always complaining that their work is never done. And that is just where the mischief comes in. The woman never knows when to change her rôle of housewife for that of the loving friend and companion of her husband. She is capable, perhaps, of sewing on shirt-buttons with dexterity, and can hold her own against most of her sex in the manufacture of steak-puddings; but she would as readily think of attempting to square the circle as to intelligently discuss with her husband the particular political or social problem that to him is of vital interest. He may leave off work at night feeling that nothing would be more enjoyable than a chat with some congenial spirit over the latest phase of some agitated question, and knowing that his wife is the most unlikely

individual in the world to take an interest in any such matters, who can wonder at his turning into the public-house frequented by his fellows? The people who may be shocked at any attempt to excuse such an act, have perhaps never tried the experiment of working hard nine hours per day in an unsavoury workshop, and living with wife and family in one or two small rooms.

The large class of philanthropists, with fat cheque-books and benevolent hearts, who flatter themselves that they thoroughly understand the working-classes, have long since come to the conclusion—as mischievous as it is erroneous—that all the workmen in our great cities who spend too much time in public-houses are led to do so simply from a demoralising craving for drink. While those who have it in their power to help their poorer brethren are content to labour with such a hypothesis constantly before them, they will find it impossible to do much real good. A chain is no stronger than its weakest link. A few thousands of men, women, and children may be induced to sign pledge-cards, don pieces of blue ribbon, and abstain from all intoxicating drinks, and tobacco too; but these examples of sobriety will pose in vain before their fellows while the keystone of industrial life, the workman's home, retains its present unattractiveness. The home and the family circle should be the fountain from which all life's happiness and joy should flow. All pleasant associations should be connected therewith; it should be the centre of each man's little universe, however humble his position in life may be. How can it ever be so, while it consists of one or two close, inconvenient rooms in a too thickly populated street, court, or alley? So long as the workman's home is what it is at present, so long will public-houses find plenty of customers.

The ranks of the Temperance party are filled with earnest, well-meaning men and women, capable of doing good work for their fellows: let them cast aside their Partingtonian mops of pledge-cards and blue ribbons with which they now strive to sweep back an ocean of misery; let them wade out into the deep, and build up breakwaters that shall defy the beating of every social storm. One well-appointed coffee-palace, and one block of pleasant, convenient, soundly-built dwellings, are worth ten thousand platform speeches and a million testimonials to the evil influences of alcohol. If the energy now used in condemning 'beer and baccy' were turned in the direction of training young girls to become thrifty, prudent, intelligent wives, the millennium of a sober nation would be the nearer at hand, and we might live to see the wives of working-men the ministering angels of their little homes, and not merely household drudges.

The members of the Temperance party too frequently confound causes with effects. They bewail the fact that so many young men, and even boys, spend great part of their leisure in public-houses, and to remedy the evil, they cry: 'Down with the licensed victuallers!' But the cause of young men and boys drinking more than is good for them is not to be found in the public-house, but in their homes. If home was an attractive place, where an apprentice might invite his fellow to spend an evening with him, where the mother and father would be found willing to do all in

their power to entertain the visitor, the young man would certainly not prefer to stand in a noisy, uncomfortable bar, and imbibe beer and spirits at the expense of the little pocket-money his parents can afford to give him. Unfortunately, the father entertains his friends in the tavern because of the uncongenial atmosphere of home, and the sons follow his example. Would the closing of public-houses put an end to this sad state of affairs? Every practical man whose judgment on the subject is unbiased, knows that worse evils would arise. The demand for drink would still exist; and not all the vigilance possible on the part of officials would prevent a dozen sly drinking saloons springing up in the place of every public-house. The people who pin their faith on what is termed permissive legislation have yet to learn that it is one thing to put difficulties in the way of obtaining drink, and another thing altogether to teach a nation habits of sobriety—to destroy the social ulcers that drive men and women to obtain drink at any inconvenience to themselves.

Many clergymen of all denominations are doing practical temperance work in providing the people in their respective districts with a good musical entertainment at least one night every week. They might, however, do much more. There are few churches and chapels that are without a decent-sized room, disengaged on week evenings. Or, there are the school-houses. Why are such not thrown open in opposition to the uncomfortable gin-palaces and public-houses? A good fire in the winter, and a supply of newspapers and magazines, would not break the purses of the community. A cup of coffee, fit to drink—the decoction sold at most of the London coffee-palaces is unfit for man or beast—might be supplied for the price of half a pint of beer; and many a man who only wastes his hard-earned money at a public-house because he has to go there if he wishes to have an hour's gossip with a friend, would hail with delight such a loophole for escape from habits which have long since become distasteful. Of course, such a suggestion will meet with nothing but contempt from the large class of philanthropists who firmly believe that working-men frequent public-houses simply for drinking's sake; but it is to be hoped that a few who are not quite convinced that the working-classes are hopelessly depraved, will attempt the experiment.

But what about habitual drunkards? Is it too much to hope for, that when these find their more moderate companions visiting the public-house less frequently, they, too, would wend their way to such little social halls as might be thrown open in every parish and village in the kingdom? And after all, it must not be forgot, that habitual drunkards are but a small minority of the population, and useful reforms need not be set aside simply because they do not meet the case of this small but unfortunate class.

If the clergy and the Temperance party, who have it in their power to do real good, would only recognise the fact that the drinking habits of the masses are mainly an effect and not a cause, the redemption of the thriftless, the thoughtless, and the demoralised, might be effected even in our own time. The energy now devoted to abusing the liquor traffic and inducing men, women, and even children, to sign pledge-cards should be turned

into a more practical channel. If the advocates of temperance wish to see the people leading moral, sober, thoughtful, useful lives, they must bring all their zeal, earnestness, and enthusiasm to bear in the direction of providing every family with a shelter less like a dungeon, and more like a sweet, lovable home than the majority have to 'pig it' in at present. Above all, let them take the young women of our great towns in hand, and teach them the duties of wife and mother; strive to imbue their minds with loftier ideas of marriage than they now possess; instruct them in the arts of making home a place of happiness and comfort, however humble it may be. Leave the idle cursing of strong drink to those who are capable of no higher task; but let each noble soul who has the welfare of his fellow men and women at heart devote himself to some practical temperance work, for until the home-life of our workmen is improved, the liquor traffic will flourish.

## POOR LITTLE LIFE.

### A FAMILY EPISODE.

Poor little life, that toddles half an hour  
Crowned with a flower or two, and there an end.

#### I.

PERCHED on the lofty watch-tower of the Company's wharf, Kingston, Jamaica, 'Sir Lord Nelson Esquire' had been occupied since daylight in looking out for the English steamer. The owner of this self-bestowed and patrician appellation was an old negro of uncertain age, with leathery skin, grizzled wool, bandy legs, and bare feet, and whose powers of vision verged on the miraculous. Long before the steamer was visible to the most experienced nautical eye armed with one of Dollond's best glasses, Lord Nelson had seen the tips of her masts rising above the horizon. Nay, it was popularly supposed that before she was actually visible even to him, he was able to prognosticate her approach by certain signs in the sky itself, whose secret he guarded as if it had been hidden treasure.

'Coming, boy?' inquired the clerk at the foot of the scaffolding.

'Yes, massa; him coming, fe true. Him pass Morant Point now, an' de passengers dey land at nine-thirty.'

'All right, then. Hoist the flag!'

And up went the red flag on the top of the Gazebo, giving notice to all Kingston that the anxiously expected *Rhone* was in the offing.

'Cho! dese steps is mos' distressful,' said the old negro, descending the ladder backwards.

'It's you that's getting old, Nelson!' said the clerk, shaking his head. 'A man can't live for ever, even an old sinner like you. Come down quickly, and go and tell Captain Roberts. You'll find the superintendent in his office.'

'Dat bery true, what you say, Massa De Souza,' retorted the negro with a grunt. 'But if you tink I is gwine to die to oblige you, sa, you is bery much mistaken. Hi! after my fader lib till he couldn't lib any longer, do you tink me is gwine to die, jus' becauseing you say I is getting old. Cho! it 'tan too 'tupid.' And the old man, having thus clenched the argument, retired with many a sniff and snigger and chuckle of satisfaction to obey Mr De Souza's commands.



Seven miles away, in the upper piazza of one of the largest 'penns' in the Liguanea plains, a group of fair girls were seated over their morning coffee. Clad in loose white muslin dressing-gowns, with long dark hair floating over their shoulders, and sprigs of myrtle or oleander in their bosoms—chattering, yawning, indolent, and altogether delightful—they formed a charming picture of tropical grace and beauty.

'The flag's up!' cried Evelyn, suddenly starting to her feet. 'Mother!' she called to a lady extended on an Indian wicker-work chair in the inner apartment—'mother! the steamer's signalled. George will be here in about a couple of hours.'

There was an instant rush to the jalousies. The shutters were thrown open; glasses were produced; and the whole family, struggling, shouting, leaping, dancing in the wild frenzy of their excitement, craned their necks to catch the first glimpse of the eagerly-looked-for mail.

'Yes; there she is!' exclaimed Evelyn.

'Where?' cried Sibyl, the youngest of the trio, peering on tiptoe over her sister's shoulder.

'There—look! passing the Palisades. You can just see her smoke over the tops of the cocoa-nuts at the lighthouse.'

'No; it's only the mist,' said Eleanor.

'Mist? Nonsense! It's the steamer's smoke. —There! I told you so, Eleanor,' added Evelyn triumphantly, as the flash and the smoke of the signal-gun announced her arrival at Port-Royal.

'You've no time to lose, girls,' said Mrs Durham, approaching her daughters. 'Go and bathe and dress. I'll tell Tom to get the carriage, and you can all drive down and meet your cousin. I'll stay at home to welcome him to Prospect Gardens. You will make my excuses for not coming to meet him. But the drive in the sun would knock me up for a week; and besides, you know there would not be room for all of us.—Now, Evelyn, you are the eldest. Try and keep these riotous sisters of yours in order.—And, children, mind your cousin has no sisters of his own, and is not accustomed to the madcap ways of three witless pickles of girls.'

'All right, mother!' said Evelyn, with a saucy toss of her head. 'I won't disgrace the family, never fear. I'll be dignity and discretion itself. I'll be as stately as Lady Longton when she's receiving company at a Queen's House Ball; and if he offers to kiss me, I'll hold up my fan and say: "O fie! you naughty man!"'

'But she'll let him do it, all the same,' added Eleanor.

'Go along with you, you silly girls! You'll be too late, if you don't be off to your bath at once;' and acting on their mother's monition, the three bright maidens flew down the marble steps and across the courtyard to the bathing-house, and were soon all three splashing and swimming and laughing amidst the cool and crystal water.

Mrs Durham of Prospect Gardens was the widow of a high official in the colony. Her husband had been Attorney-general of Jamaica at a time when that office was even of more importance and influence than it is now. Herself a Creole—a person born in the West-Indies, without reference to what are called in Jamaica 'complexional' distinctions—and belonging to one of

the oldest families in the colony, she still retained much of the pride, perhaps more of the prejudices of the old plantocracy; the haughtiest, the most conservative, and the least pliable of aristocracies, yet, notwithstanding all its faults and shortcomings, one of the most generous and the most ill-used. But the influence of her husband—an Englishman—had toned down some of the more conspicuous of these prejudices; at anyrate, it had eradicated from her mind that jealousy of imperial influence and imperial institutions, which was, and perhaps still is, one of the most obstinate obstacles to the prosperity of the colony. She had frankly accepted the new constitution, when in 1866 that 'unutterable abomination,' the House of Assembly, had decreed its own extinction. She had sided with the adherents of Governor Eyre during all the long and bitter struggle which had succeeded the suppression of the so-called Jamaica rebellion. She had extended the hand of hospitality to the succession of governors, colonial secretaries, judges, and officials of all grades who had been imported into the colony from England, with the happy result that she had consolidated her social influence and established her social position upon a basis which preserved for her the respect of all but the most irreconcilable Creoles, while it procured for her the esteem and the friendship of all the inner circle of the administrators of the new régime. Hence an introduction to Prospect Gardens not only secured to the favoured stranger the *entrée* to the best society in the colony, but opened to him the door of one of the pleasantest houses in new Jamaica.

The late Attorney-general had been a man of very considerable means. He was also well connected. His elder brother, Sir George Durham of Deepdale, was one of the largest proprietors in the west of England. But the baronet had died within a year of his brother; and the title was now held by his son and only child, whose arrival it was that the family at Prospect Gardens were now expecting with such noisy demonstrations of delight. He had come out to spend Christmas with his cousins, and to make the acquaintance of his aunt, whom he had never seen. To Evelyn he was already known; for Evelyn had been at school in England, and her holidays had been spent at Deepdale. But two years had elapsed since she had returned to Jamaica; and within these two years, the thin, delicate slip of a girl, whom George was accustomed to tease and torment all through the summer day, had expanded into a lovely and elegant woman, whose powers of inflicting torture on the other sex were at least equal to his own.

As for Eleanor and Sibyl, they shared their sister's beauty, without perhaps sharing her peculiar sunniness of disposition. They were at that objectionable age when the child has not yet become a woman. Eleanor was fourteen, Sibyl was nearly twelve. They had all the inconvenient outspokenness of children, and all the coquetry of more advanced years. They were adepts in the theory, though not in the practice of flirtation. But they were full of promise, and bade fair to be in due time, like other true and charming women, at once the delight and the torment of the opposite sex.

Certainly, when the three fair girls, in the bewitching light attire of tropical climes, armed with fans and parasols and green veils to protect them from the vertical sun, had been packed into the family coach, their mother might be pardoned the sigh of satisfaction with which she regarded her children, as they drove down the long avenue of mango and tamarind trees on their way to town. 'They would be thought beauties even in England,' she said to herself; 'and they're as good as they are pretty. Now, if George'—But she did not finish her sentence. She smiled, and shook her head sadly, and returned to the house to give orders for the preparation of her nephew's breakfast.

'I wonder if George will recognise us?' said Eleanor, as the carriage rolled into the grimy courtyard of the Company's wharf.

'Recognise us!' said Evelyn. 'Recognise me, you mean. I'm the only one of the family he has ever seen; and besides, you don't suppose he would take the trouble to notice such chits as you! But keep your eyes about you, girls! Look out for the handsomest young man you ever saw—even in your dreams; with blue eyes and a fair moustache. I hope we're in time. The passengers have begun to leave the ship already. Look! there's some of them having their luggage examined at the custom-house shed.'

Down they came from the landing-stage, one after another, in a continuous stream—passengers male and female, young and old, white, black, brown, and yellow—English and Creoles, Cubans and Yankees, 'true Barbadians born,' Jews and Gentiles—a variegated and cosmopolitan crowd. Grinning negroes shouldering portmanteaus; Englishwomen laden with handbags and flower-pots; one or two coloured clergymen tricked out after the latest fashion of High-Church man-millinery; Cuban ladies with lace mantillas on their heads, clamping along on shoes whose high heels clattered like pattens; half-a-dozen planters or so with black alpaca coats and bearded faces; a few young men of the Howell and James type, come out to be 'assistants' in some Kingston store; a couple or more stolid, square-faced, sandy-haired Scotch book-keepers, consigned to sugar-estates in Trelawney or St Ann's; and the ubiquitous, travelling English member of parliament, spectacled and aggressive, determined to investigate to its hidden depths the whole bearings of the intricate Colonial question. But no George, nor any one that looked like George.

Already the work of coaling the steamer had begun; and a long line of men and women, coal-'boys' and coal-'girls'—black as the coals they carried, chanting a wild recitative, and walking with that peculiar dorsal swing which is characteristic of the black race all over the world—were trooping up the gangway, to empty their baskets into the hold.

Still no George, nor any one that looked like him.

At last, when the patience of the girls was all but exhausted, and their spirits had sunk to zero, there appeared on the landing-stage an unmistakable Englishman. He was young—about four or five and twenty. He was dressed in light tweeds. He had a pair of tan-coloured gloves on his hands. He wore a short, trim beard, of a shade between gold and auburn; and in

defiance of all the Company's regulations, he was smoking a cigarette. A bedroom steward at his heels carried a portmanteau and a travelling-bag. He sauntered slowly down the stage and across the courtyard to the shed where the custom-house officers were at work upon the passengers' luggage. As he passed the Durhams' carriage without even so much as a glance at its fair occupants, Evelyn muttered a timid 'George!' but he took no notice, and held on his leisurely way.

'If that isn't George, I'll eat him!' cried Evelyn in her vexation.

'Look, sissy!' said Sibyl; 'there's the steward with his luggage; and see, it is George! There are his initials, G. D., on his handbag.'

'O please!' said Evelyn to a white-coated constable who happened to be standing near her, 'run after that gentleman and tell him to come here. I want to speak to him. Look! he is just going out through the gateway.'

'Yes, miss,' said the constable, saluting, and starting off at the double.—'You, sa! Hi! you, sa! Lor!' him don't hear me. Hi! you, sa!'

The gentleman turned, and waited till the constable made up to him.

'Well, what is it?' he inquired.

'You see dem. missy in dat buggy, ya!' he said, pointing to the Durhams' carriage.

'Well?'

'Dey want speak wid you; dat's all!'

Sir George turned sharply round, and throwing away his cigarette, approached the carriage. 'By Jove! it can't be—Evelyn!' he said.

'Yes; it is I, George.—And here's Eleanor; and this is Sibyl.'

And then handshakings commenced all round, and a series of cousinly salutes, which the girls submitted to with equanimity.

'But he kissed Evelyn twice for our once,' said Sibyl to Eleanor afterwards.

'I told you she wouldn't object,' remarked her sister.

'And as for me, I had never any intention of objecting,' remarked Sibyl.

'O you; you're a child; it doesn't matter for you. But Evelyn—humph! I'll have to keep my eye upon her!'

'Tom has engaged a dray for your luggage, George,' said Evelyn, after these preliminaries had been adjusted. 'Here's one of the clerks coming with your keys. Mannie—that's one of our boys, George; that whity-brown nigger over there with a white puggree round his wide-awake—will come out with it. It will be at the penn almost as soon as we are.—Tom!' she added, addressing the coachman, 'have you got the ice from the ice-house?'

'Yes, missis.'

'And the pine-apple and the naseberries?'

'Hi! yes, missis. Dem all in dere;' pointing to the boot of the carriage.

'Very well. Tell Mannie to call at the post-office for the letters. And that's all, I think. Let us go home.'

Never had George enjoyed a merrier or a more interesting drive. Everything was new to him, everything was strange to him. He did not know which interested him most, his winsome companions, with their ceaseless flow of musical chatter, and all their bright, happy, girlish,

cousinly ways; the beauty of the crumpled, verdure-covered hills; the graceful forms of the tropical vegetation; the quaintness of the gaily-painted, jalousied, toy-like wooden houses; the street scenes; the broad grins; merry faces, and marvellous get-up of the peasantry. He told Evelyn it made him think he was looking through a kaleidoscope, so sudden were the changes, so brilliant the combinations of colour which met his gaze at every moment.

'I did not believe there were so many niggers in the world,' he remarked, as the carriage drove slowly past the entrance to the Sollas market, and looking in through the open gateway, he saw the busy, noisy, chaffering crowd, packed as close as herrings in a barrel.

'What! does the heathen Chinese live in Jamaica!' he exclaimed, as a blue-jacketed, pig-tailed, grave, and ginger-coloured Celestial elbowed his way through the throng.

'Lots!' said Evelyn. 'They keep all the little shops in this part of the town; and when they have saved up money enough, they die; and their friends pack them up in boxes, and send them home to China to be buried.'

'And Coolies too, I see!'

'Yes, any number. The estates couldn't do without them; and as for us, we should have no gardens, if we had not them to rely on as gardeners.—But here we are at the Racecourse at last. What a relief to be out of that hot, nasty, dusty town.'

'Is there anything going on to-day?' asked Sir George, astonished at the number of vehicles he met on the road.

'It is market-day. That accounts for our meeting so many of the country-people.'

'But all these carriages.'

'Oh, it's only our swells—officials and judges and merchants and shopkeepers—going down to Kingston from their country-houses to their work. No one that can afford it lives in town, you know. We all live at penns—that is, country-houses, in the hills or in the plains at the foot. Look! that is Queen's House you can just see through the trees. That big white house, that looks as if it were right at the foot of the hills, though it's a long way off, is Longwood, where the Colonial Secretary lives; and that one a little to the right, standing on a slight elevation, is Prospect Gardens.'

'And that's *our* house,' interjected Sibyl.

George here diverted the conversation by inquiring who was the swell with the red liveries, whose carriage, enveloped in an accompanying cloud of dust, was rapidly approaching them.

'Oh, that is the Governor,' said Evelyn; 'and Lady Longton is with him. He's not popular; neither is she. But Lady Longton is very nice to her friends, and dresses beautifully; only some days, you know, she has no backbone, and does not seem as if she could be bothered with callers or company. But Captain Hillyard, the aide-de-camp, is a dear man, and so good-looking! And then he's so clever too. He sings beautifully, and can do all sorts of conjuring tricks; and he draws the funniest caricatures you ever saw. He did one the other day of Sir William drawing a cork. It made Lady Longton laugh till I thought she was going to take a fit. Oh, speak of angels—there he is! see!—riding down after the

Governor's carriage with little Maud Longton. There must be a Council or something going on to-day; that accounts for our meeting so many swells all together. You'll have to leave your card at Queen's House, George. You ought to do it this afternoon; that's the etiquette, you know. But if you're very tired, I daresay it will do on Monday.'

They had branched off from the main-road now, and were driving along a shady lane, edged with a hedge of prickly-pear, over which trailed wreaths of graceful creepers—*convolvuli* and *ipomæas*, the liquorice vine, and the Circassian bean. Negro huts lined the road; and at the doors, amongst the pigs and the goats and the poultry, gambolled the little black obese picknies, sucking huge joints of sugar-cane, and saluting the occupants of the carriage with the broadest of grins upon their ebony faces.

'Look here, Cousin George,' said Sibyl, pointing out a low one-storied building with an open piazza, and a great guinep-tree covering it like a huge umbrella—'that is one of our grog-shops. You can buy rum there and bitter beer, and soap and paraffin oil and salt fish. You see that group of draymen at its side; they are playing nine-holes, and the man that loses will have to stand *quattie* drinks all round.'

'What is a *quattie* drink?' inquired her cousin.

'Not know what a *quattie* drink is, George?' said Sibyl. 'A *quattie* is a penny-halfpenny.'

'And the smallest coin the negroes acknowledge,' added Evelyn. 'They won't use the new nickel pennies and halfpennies at all; so the shopkeepers sell them a halfpenny-worth of soap, and charge them three-halfpence for it; and that's very convenient for the shopkeepers.—Look, George; that is a *quattie*,' she added, taking a tiny silver coin from her purse; 'and a very pretty little thing it is too.'

'It must be a very expensive country to live in,' replied George, 'if everything is paid for in the same proportion.'

'Well, not exactly. Of course, you pay a dollar for things you could get at home for one or two shillings. But then you get lots of things so cheap—meat and fish and turtle and poultry and vegetables; and that makes up for it, you know. But see!—here we are at the foot of the avenue, and there's Prospect Gardens. You can just see the shingled roof of the house through the trees.'

'If you will stand up, you can see one of the windows; and that's *my* room, George!' added Sibyl proudly.

#### THE ADVANTAGES OF KEEPING GOATS.

To get milk for nothing is not perhaps possible, except in countries where the 'cow-tree' grows in forests; but many folks, as we hope to show, might have milk for only a little trouble. Any one who has a garden of even small extent may have milk for a trifling preliminary outlay. Of course, labour and money are convertible terms, and in that sense all must pay for what they get. Still, hundreds might have a supply of this almost necessary food for next to nothing.

Wherever milk is used plentifully, there the

children grow into robust men and women. Wherever its place is usurped by tea, we have degeneracy swift and certain. Dr Ferguson, a factory surgeon, who has devoted a large share of attention to this subject, has ascertained from careful measurements of numerous factory children, that, between thirteen and fourteen years, they grow nearly four times as fast on milk for breakfast and supper as on tea and coffee—a fact which shows the benefits of proper diet. No diet is so suitable for growing children as well-cooked oatmeal porridge and milk, long the staple food in Scotch families, but now, in many instances, abandoned for diet very much inferior. Owing to its easy digestibility, it is of equal benefit to invalids, and more especially dyspeptics, who often regain health and pick up flesh at a wonderfully rapid rate on milk, or milk and good bread.

Milk may always be had in towns by those able to pay for it; but not always in the country, especially in winter. In consequence, country children among the labouring classes are in many cases not so well fed as they might be. This might be changed if the advantages of goat-keeping were generally known and acted upon. Some people have a prejudice against goats' milk, just as Scotch people have against eels, and perhaps this is one reason why so few goats are kept. Excepting that goats' milk is considerably richer than that of cows, there is no difference in appearance or taste; and this difference can be rectified by a liberal addition of water, for one quart of goats' milk is equal to one and a half of cows'.

Good as cows' milk is for children and invalids, the milk of the goat is much better; and it often happens that persons will thrive and grow strong on the latter, who could not digest the former. For this reason, goats' milk is largely prescribed by the faculty, and would be more so if it were more plentiful. So much in demand is it for children and invalids, and so limited is the supply, that it commands in London from two shillings and sixpence to five shillings a quart. Dr Pye Chavasse, in his *Advice to a Mother*, says: 'The finest, healthiest children are those who, for the first four or five years of their lives are fed principally upon it.' He also states that asses' milk is more valuable for delicate infants; goats' milk, for strong ones. Dr Wilson, in a lecture before the Society of Arts, said: 'I say nothing regarding wet-nursing, because I am strongly of opinion that, should the mother be unfit to nurse her child, a trial ought to be made, first of all, of artificial feeding.' Again: 'The great advantage of using goats' milk is that, even in towns, the animal may be brought to the house, and the freshness and genuineness of the milk thus be put beyond question.' Most people are aware that doctors prescribe the milk of *one* animal only; but only the few are aware of the frequently disastrous consequences which follow the

ignoring of this rule. In truth, to the majority of people, its observance is an impossibility. But when the milk of the goat is used, no difficulty need occur on this point. Mr Holms Pegler, the highest authority on the subject, says that goats' milk is so much richer than cows' milk, that 'in tea or coffee it may be taken for cream; in cakes or puddings, it reduces the needful quantity, if, indeed, it does not entirely take the place, of eggs; and, finally, it goes much further, and is easier of digestion, than that supplied by the milkman.' When to these advantages of goat-keeping we add that hardly any other animal will thrive on so many different and even inferior kinds of food, we have surely made out a strong reason why goats should be more numerous kept, and their milk supplied to townspeople as regularly as that of the cow.

Possibly, it might not pay farmers to keep goats, and perhaps this is one reason why they have been neglected while every other breed of domestic animal was being improved. We understand, however, that a trial is being made in the south of England, which will prove whether it is worth a farmer's while taking to the keeping of goats; and in the meantime we would advocate the pursuit among cottagers and others whose accommodation for ordinary stock may be too limited for keeping even the smallest of cows. As to whether it will pay a country labourer to keep one or two goats, there can be no doubt at all, if he only possesses a small garden, and has access to a piece of waste ground; for he will thereby be enabled materially to add to his income whether he use or sell the milk.

A good deal depends on the kind of goat, whether goat-keeping will be a failure or not. Scotch goats, compared with some other kinds, are hardly worth keeping. Irish goats, though not so neat and handsome as Scotch ones, are often found much superior as milkers; and as the former are often brought over from Ireland to this country in large flocks, opportunities frequently occur of securing a good goat for a pound, or even less. But an English goat, if from a good stock, surpasses both the Scotch and the Irish.

Some goats will barely give more than a quart of milk a day; but others, by careful breeding and selection, are so much improved as to yield four quarts. Such animals rank with the horses and cattle that bring fancy prices. A goat giving four quarts of milk daily would certainly bring ten pounds, if indeed the possessor would part with it. In England, there is a Society working for the improvement of the breed of goats, and also to secure to cottagers the benefits to be derived from keeping these animals. Philanthropists could hardly devise a better plan for 'helping the poor to help themselves' than by such means, and by bee-keeping. It is to be hoped that Scotland may no longer lag in the good race, but either establish a Goat and Bee



Society on her own account, or, better, in connection with those formed in England. Individual effort can do very little in matters of this kind; united effort can do much; and in few ways could our country gentlemen and clergymen better the condition of the poor so cheaply as by this means.

And not alone for its milk is the goat valuable; its skin furnishes us with kid-leather, and its flesh with food. Cashmere shawls are made from its fleece in India; and Captain Burnaby in his *Ride to Khiva* mentions shawls of goat-hair 'as fine as gossamer, that could be drawn through a finger-ring,' and yet are remarkably warm and of large size. Those from ordinary wool were, though very fine, much less elegant, and not nearly so beautiful. What kind of goat produced the fleece, we have no means of knowing, Captain Burnaby not having made any inquiries. Even in our own country, silk-like cloth of excellent quality has been made from goats' fleeces. The most noted goats for the production of mohair are the Thibet, Angora, and Cashmere; and some people are sanguine that we may yet bring to market a class of goat that will unite the best milking qualities with meat and mohair producing powers. It is possible, nay, likely, that when the goat gets the attention it deserves, we may have a new textile industry superior to every one but that of silk.

We now proceed to show how such results are to be secured at a merely nominal cost. First, we would observe that the goat, though a very hardy animal, is well worth being properly protected from the storms of summer and winter. This is hardly the place to give directions as to the best kind of house, or how to erect one. All we need say is, that the house should be large enough to allow of the attendant doing what is necessary without discomfort; that it should be dry and airy; that dry earth should be used as flooring, and firmly beaten down, so that it may act as a deodoriser as well as an absorbent of moisture; and that ventilation and light should be provided. A house with all these qualifications may be erected very cheaply in most country districts, where slabs of wood and sawdust can be had for walls, and straw, or even broom, for thatch. Even turf will do for walls. But make sure of comfort, and you will be repaid.

As for food, there is hardly any green thing a goat will not eat; indeed, it is rather too omnivorous; for if not tethered with a collar and short chain, it will eat the bark of any tree or bush it can reach, and so destroy it. As a substitute for this bark, of which it is very fond, it will accept and make a good meal of the hedge-prunings of beech and thorn. It is also exceedingly fond of the young growing points of gorse, which is a capital food for all kinds of cattle, as are the other members of the Leguminosae, in which are included peas, beans, lentils, vetches, and other plants—all noted as being among the most nutritious of vegetable substances. Indeed, gorse ranks high as a fodder-plant, and has been largely used for cattle-feeding. There is hardly a plant that grows

by the most neglected of country roads that the goat will not convert into milk. Even the grasses and herbs that grow on the most sandy and gravelly of soils, plants unfit for cows, will be greedily eaten by goats. There are not many country labourers that have not access to such food, which costs nothing. It is a statutory offence to graze any animal on the sides of public highways, though the grass may be gathered there; but the sides of farm and other private roads, as also railway slopes, bogs, commons, &c., are available for such purposes as we are now considering. The fodder to be obtained on roadsides is far from being in all cases poor; for ditches generally skirt such old roadsides, and as these ditches are often filled with the water from the manured fields adjacent, the grasses are fed with the essence of plant-food, and are consequently luxuriant and nutritious. Here the thrifty cottager may find grass enough to cut to serve for winter as well as summer provender. For bedding, the coarsest grasses, rushes, fern, or sedges, from bogs or river-sides, will do well; and with such a stock of fodder and bedding, coupled with garden and household waste, there need be no difficulty in the ordinary cottager keeping a goat, or even two; and this we advise, for the attendance and house accommodation are not much greater for two than for one. For a continuous supply of milk, one is insufficient.

As goats may be turned out with advantage every mild day in winter, a great store of hay is not needed. By judicious management, a small garden may be made to yield a large amount of food for goats; and to make the most of a garden, two crops should be taken yearly, and this may be done by following the directions below. Instead of planting ordinary potatoes late in spring, plant 'Beauty of Hebron' early, and manure heavily. Your goats will provide the manure. You will thus have an excellent crop of potatoes much earlier than usual—and that means money. As soon as they are fit for use, they should be dug up to make room for turnips. If food be scarce or the weather bad, it will be found that the goats will eat potato-tops readily. As soon as the potatoes are lifted, rich manure should be liberally forked into the surface, and 'Chirk Castle' turnip sown in rows, eighteen inches apart. This will be accomplished in July; but August is not too late. Turnips raised then will be of the best household quality; the tops will make good greens for the goats in winter, as will also the parings of those used in the house. The turnips will keep till March, when green food is scarce, and with the store of hay, potato-parings, cabbage-leaves, &c., will keep the goats in the best of provender. Pea-straw, if cut green, makes excellent fodder, and pea-shells are much relished by goats. Alternately with each cabbage, a bean should be planted, and, unless wanted in the house, will prove of great advantage in producing milk in winter. Besides beans and peas—oats, Indian corn, linseed and rape-cakes, barley-dust, and indeed anything used for cattle-food, will, judiciously given, pay well. As the manure will enable the cottager to double his crops on even a large piece of ground, and as he may have a kid or two to dispose of annually, he will find his reward.

When goats' milk is plentiful, and no cows' milk to be got, he may often get a good price for the former. By this means the cottager will become a richer man; his home will be more comfortable, himself and children stronger; the individual benefitted; and the community enriched. The best books we know on the subject are *The Book of the Goat*, price one shilling, and *The Advantages of Goat-keeping*, price sixpence (London: The Bazaar Office, Strand), in which all necessary information will be found, and which may be had from any bookseller.

## THE WHEELWRIGHT OF SENNEVILLE.

A TALE OF NORMANDY.

It was not congenial weather for a walk when I started from Fécamp for the village of Senneville, upon a certain autumn afternoon. The sky was cloudy, the wind cold, and a drizzling rain beat in my face. The road to Senneville, ascending almost imperceptibly all the way, takes a zigzag direction among the hills, varying the scenery at every step. At one moment you are looking at a steep wooded slope, which you imagine will have to be climbed, but around which you gradually pass; at another moment, a deep valley meets the eye, with many valleys and hills beyond. Then, suddenly, without turning the head, you find yourself staring at the distant port of Fécamp far below; and then away out among the hills and the valleys once more.

The hills, on this autumn afternoon, were thinly veiled with a white mist, drifting inland before a strong sea-breeze. It was a mysterious sort of mist, which moved at a fixed level, never descending into the valleys, but sweeping always over them, and touching only the higher points of the land like a passing shroud. The reddening leaves upon the trees shivered and dripped and shivered again with a sound which seemed so melancholy, that I was fain to quicken my step, and look about for a house or some human being along the road, in order to remove the feeling of sadness which crept over me. But there are no houses to be seen along this route, only a chalet here and there half-hidden in a grove of fir-trees; and not a single person did I meet coming or going.

It was therefore with a sense of considerable relief that I presently came upon the broad highway, stretching straight as a dart across a flat extent of country, where isolated farms, surrounded snugly with trees, were to be seen looking like groves planted in well-defined squares. Some paces back from the road, close at hand, was the old village inn for which I was bound. Beside this *auberge* at Senneville, there are two or three cottages; and there is, between them and the inn, a wheelwright's house and shed. This group of buildings stands alone on the main road. The village, which is composed of scattered dwellings opposite to the inn across the fields, extends in the direction of the sea, above the cliff; but it is partially concealed behind trees where the church steeple rises up, the only prominent object on this misty afternoon.

As I approached the inn, and was passing the wheelwright's, I heard angry voices, as though in dispute, and as I came nearer, I saw two figures

standing within the shed: a young man, whom I recognised as the wheelwright; and a girl, the daughter of the *aubergiste* next door. The man had a forbidding face; and at this moment, when his small black eyes were flashing with anger, and his thick jaw firmly set, it was the face of an imp of darkness. He was short, almost dwarfish, and in his hand, with his powerful arm uplifted, he held a large hammer. 'Jealous!' said he, striking a heavy blow on the iron hoop of a wheel at which he was working. 'Have I not good reason to be jealous? He is always coming here.'

'That is not true, Faubert,' said the girl quickly; 'he seldom comes near Senneville.' She cast at the man an indignant glance, and her large eyes filled with tears.

'Ah,' said Faubert, with another heavy blow, 'I don't know that. You meet him—that's evident. I saw you at Fécamp, in the marketplace together, last Saturday. Is not that true, Marie?'

Marie folded her arms, and raising her handsome face, replied: 'What then? There is no harm in that.'

The wheelwright answered in a passionate tone, though too low for the words to reach me. At the same time he struck heavy blows upon the iron hoop one after another, in a manner which bore significance in every stroke. Then looking up, he caught sight of me, and his angry expression softened as he slightly raised his cap.

The girl turned and welcomed me with a smile struggling through her tears. 'Good-evening, Monsieur Parker,' said she. 'Come into the house, sir. You look cold.' She led the way as she spoke towards the *auberge*. I followed; the sound of the wheelwright's hammer still ringing in my ears as I stepped into the inn.

On the left-hand side of the entrance, there was a café, with wooden tables and chairs ranged round the walls, where I saw through the glass door some workmen, talking loudly, drinking, and playing dominoes. The room on the opposite side, which I now entered, was half-café, half-kitchen. A long table stood under the windows; and at the end of this table, nearest to the fire, was seated, with a cup of coffee and a glass of cognac at his elbow, a youth in a fur overcoat, with his legs stretched out towards the fire, smoking a cigar.

'Still raining, Marie?' said he, touching his small pointed moustache.

'Yes, Monsieur Léonard,' said Marie; 'still raining.'

He blew a cloud of smoke gracefully from his lips. 'Abominable!' said he, with a gesture of impatience.—'Is it not, Monsieur?'

I seated myself near him at the table. 'Do you return to Fécamp to-night?' I inquired.

Marie, who was stooping over the fire to serve me with coffee from an earthen pot upon the hearth, looked up into his face anxiously for the reply.

'Yes,' said he. 'The fact is, I must be back in Fécamp before seven o'clock. We have some old friends coming to dine with us; and,' he added, 'the worst of it is, I must walk.'

'Not pleasant,' said I. 'The night will be dark. The road is dangerous.'

'Dangerous?' said he, with surprise.

'Yes, Monsieur Léonard,' said the girl, pouring out my coffee; 'it is dangerous.'

'In what manner?' said he. 'I never heard of highway robbers in these parts.' He cast, as he spoke, an involuntary glance at a diamond ring which flashed on his little finger against the bright fire.

'I mean,' said I, concealing my thought, though half tempted to express it—'I mean that the road is not safe at night, because'—

'Because?' he repeated inquiringly.

I refrained, I know not why, from mentioning what I actually feared, though I seemed to see the wheelwright's angry face, and to hear his passionate voice. 'Because,' I continued, 'the road winds about distractingly among the hills. One might easily step over the sides, which are steep, and so come to harm.'

He burst into a pleasant laugh at this answer.

It was a somewhat weak one, I confess. But if I told him my true reason for dissuading him from leaving the inn that night, he would, I thought, have laughed perhaps still louder; so I made no reply, though I followed Marie's uneasy glance towards the windows.

Without, it had grown almost dark; but the room, which was warmly lighted by the log-fire, was only in shadow near the walls. We sat smoking and sipping our coffee in silence.

Suddenly, Marie, turning her head towards a corner near the door, uttered a low cry. 'Faubert!' she exclaimed, 'is that you?'

The wheelwright was seated at a table near the entrance. We had not heard him come in. The light from the fire flashed across his dark face as he looked up quickly at Marie and said: 'Café noir.'

Marie hastened to supply the order. As she filled the little glass with brandy for his coffee, I thought her hand seemed to be trembling; certainly her face had a troubled look. As I was seated in a shadowy corner, I could regard the wheelwright without attracting his attention. I was tempted to observe him closely; for there was a cruel expression on his face. He did not once glance towards me. His dark angry eyes were fixed constantly upon the face of Monsieur Léonard, who sat with his back half turned towards him, looking thoughtfully into the fire. The wheelwright remained, however, only a few minutes. Finishing his coffee quickly, he went out of the house as quietly as he had entered it.

Meanwhile, Marie had lit the candles, and was moving about the kitchen, occupying herself in various ways, though with a remarkably serious face.

Presently, Monsieur Léonard rose from his seat and stood before the fire, buttoning his coat tightly round him. 'A light, if you please, Marie,' said he, selecting a cigar from his case.

Marie brought him one, her hand trembling very visibly now. 'What is the matter, Marie?' said Monsieur Léonard, gently placing his fingers round her wrist and looking earnestly into her face.

'Nothing,' said she, turning away—'nothing.'

He held out his hand to her, and said in a soft tone: 'Good-night, Marie.'

She went with him to the entrance of the *auberge*, and I thought that I saw him bend down

and kiss her; but it was dark out there, and I may have been mistaken. They spoke a few words together in a whispered tone; then Marie called her father, who was playing dominoes in the other café with his customers; and the *aubergiste* came and shook hands warmly with the young man, and stepped out into the road with him, after which Monsieur Léonard started off quickly and disappeared in the gloom; for it was night now, black night.

Taking a Fécamp newspaper from my pocket, I settled down to read, while Marie made preparations for the evening meal. The cheerful log-fire, in this old Normandy inn, blazing away in the centre of a large open chimney, was a picture which should have raised my spirits after the damp chilly walk which I had just had. But I could not regain my usual easy and contented state of mind. The forbidding and cruel countenance of the wheelwright troubled me more and more; the fierce blows of his hammer, his angry tone of voice, as he stood in the shed with the daughter of the *aubergiste* beside him, had aroused my worst suspicions. I had no confidence in the man; he appeared to me capable of committing crime.

At the back of this wide hearth, behind the blazing fire, was an iron tablet with two blackened figures in bas-relief, struggling in a desperate encounter for their very lives. The flames threw a constant change of light and shadow on their faces, seeming to increase at moments the expression of enmity depicted there.

The voice of the *aubergiste* roused me from meditations which these figures had called up. 'Voyons, monsieur!' said he, from the opposite side of the table—'souper.' The *aubergiste*, who was a chubby-faced little man, with gray whiskers and watery eyes, politely held out his snuff-box as he spoke, as though it were part of the repast. He offered, as far as I could judge, a pinch to every one who patronised his inn. He was dressed in a blouse over his coat. He kept on his cap as he sat at table; for he wore that, I observed, at all hours and at all seasons, indoors and out.

If the supper was not sumptuous, it had the merit of being, as far as it went, equal in quality to any that could have been provided. The soup was excellent; the cider was the best to be had in Normandy, the land of cider; and my landlord gave me a glass of Burgundy, and some wall-fruit, fresh from the garden, which an epicure would have praised.

When I had smoked a pipe with the *aubergiste*, and had chatted a while with his pretty daughter, I bade them both good-night, and went to my room, above-stairs, in a more genial state of mind.

Some hours after I had retired to bed, I was awakened by a knocking at the front door; and then I heard voices in the road, talking loudly. At first, I took no heed of these sounds; but as the noise prevented me from sleeping, I gradually began to grow curious to ascertain the cause of such a disturbance at this late hour; for, on striking a light and referring to my watch, I found that it was past one o'clock. By this time the visitors had gained admission; and I now recognised the voice of the *aubergiste* speaking in his loud tone with some men at the entrance to the

inn. My curiosity was roused. The incident of the afternoon again recurred to me; again I was haunted by that repulsive face of the wheelwright. Could this visit have anything to do with him, or with Monsieur Léonard? I dressed hastily, and descended. As I reached the bottom of the staircase, I encountered Marie, looking frightened and as pale as death. Without uttering a word, she beckoned to me to enter the kitchen. I followed her.

The fire in the hearth had burned out. A small heap of white ashes lay there; and behind them, the blackened stone tablet with the wrestlers struggling with each other in their desperate embrace. Those were the objects upon which my eyes fell as Marie placed a candle upon the table, and clasping her hands, exclaimed: 'Monsieur Léonard!'

I demanded anxiously: 'What of him?'

'He is lost!' cried the girl.

I looked into her face for a clearer meaning to her words. 'Who says this?'

She pointed towards the door. 'The two gentlemen who have just arrived.'

'How do they know that he is lost?'

'They have been dining,' said she, 'at his father's house. He had not returned home when they left Fécamp, an hour ago.'

I tried to reassure the girl. 'But,' said I, 'that does not prove that he is lost. There may be many ways of explaining his delay in reaching home.'

The girl burst into tears. 'No,' said she—'no. There is only one.' Her desire to overcome the grief and the terror which had evidently taken hold of her, was painful to witness.

'Tell me,' said I, as soon as she became calmer—'tell me what it is you fear. Perhaps I may be able to render you some assistance.'

'Indeed, you can,' said she, looking up gratefully into my face. 'The two gentlemen who are now in the café with my father, who are resting here on their way home, have evidently been drinking; they cannot take a serious view of the affair. But I, who know the truth, am confident that Faubert is the cause of this trouble. He swore to me this afternoon that he would take the life of Monsieur Léonard to-night.'

I uttered an exclamation of horror. 'Why,' said I—'why did you not mention this before?'

'I did not believe it,' said she. 'But I do not doubt it now.'

'Why not?'

'I have been to his house,' said she. 'He is not there.'

'Are you sure?'

'Absolutely.'

I moved quickly towards the door. 'The matter is serious,' said I; 'not a moment must be lost.' As I spoke, a loud burst of laughter came from the café opposite. I glanced through the glass door, and perceived two men drinking at a table with the *aubergiste*, as though they had forgotten the existence of their missing friend.

Marie looked at me in despair. 'They do not know,' said she.

'I will enlighten them at once,' I replied, placing my fingers on the latch.

I felt her hand upon my arm. 'No,' said she; 'I implore you.'

'But'—

'My father,' said she—'I am afraid of him. If he knew of this, he would blame me. I am engaged to be married to Faubert.'

'To that demon?' I exclaimed with surprise.

'It is my father's wish,' she explained. 'Oh, how I hate the man!' she added.

Another burst of laughter reached us.

'Quick!' said I—'some lanterns. Leave all to me.' Assuming as calm and polite a manner as I could under the circumstances, I entered the café, and addressed the two men. 'I understand, gentlemen,' said I, 'that your friend Monsieur Léonard has not returned this evening to his father's house at Fécamp. This fact is not perhaps in itself very alarming. But I have reason to believe that he has met with foul-play.—I will explain myself,' I added, as the men began to question me, 'more clearly presently. If you will accompany me along the road which Monsieur Léonard told me he should take to-night on his return to Fécamp, we can talk as we go along; for I think we ought to lose no time in starting on this search.'

The men readily agreed to my proposal. My manner was earnest, and my words sobered them. They soon showed as much eagerness to depart on the errand as I could have expected.

At my suggestion, we proceeded on foot each with a lantern of his own. It had ceased to rain; but the night was intensely dark and misty. I selected one side of the road, while my companions searched along the centre and upon the other side. Halting constantly for consultation, we marched in a line, flashing our lanterns at every point and at every object in our course.

After I had briefly related to these two friends what I had seen and heard at the inn, we spoke no word, except when we stopped to examine a spot in the valley or on the slope, when one of us never failed to shout out 'Léonard!' in a loud tone. The echo of his name which sometimes resounded in our ears, seemed to me like a voice from the dead, and made me shudder. It was altogether a ghostly errand. The two men, each in a circle of light from his lantern, resembled phantoms as they moved along with a cautious step; and frequently, haunted as I was by the face of the wheelwright, I imagined I saw Faubert's dark eyes distinctly in the night beyond my lantern, and could only chase away the vision for a moment by closing my eyes.

We had gone a mile or more along the road in the manner described, when suddenly some object, scarcely larger than a glow-worm, flashed distinctly against the light of my lantern. 'What's that?' said I to my companions, pointing towards the spot. But without waiting for a reply, I cautiously descended the hill. 'A hand!' I cried, 'and upon it a diamond ring.' The light of my lantern at the same moment fell upon a ghastly face. It was Monsieur Léonard! At first, I believed him to be dead. But placing my hand upon his heart, I found that it was still beating. A wound above his forehead, from some blunt instrument, told a dreadful tale. We carried him back to the *auberge* without uttering a word. He lingered between life and death for days. Marie nursed him with a care which proved how deep a love she bore him. She saved his life.

About a year after this event, Monsieur Léonard



was married to the daughter of the *anbergiste*. The wheelwright has never been seen at Senneville since. Monsieur Léonard declared that he saw nothing and heard nothing before he was struck down. The house and shed where Faubert lived and worked are still to be let, but no one seems anxious to succeed him as the wheelwright of Senneville.

## MOOR-BURNINGS.

THE hoar-frost lay thick and white all over the grass; but the sun was rapidly creeping up and turning the powdery rime into dewdrops. On the river the white foam-bells were chasing each other in and out among the rough stones which broke the smooth surface, till they came to the pool, where, eddying to the further side just under the cliff, crowned in summer with slender waving birches, they formed a thick mass of foam, which would presently break up into small patches, and float down the still reach of water beneath. Far down the Scottish valley, great white clouds of mist hung like a curtain, shrouding the range of the Lowther Hills; but to the north, the circle of hills lay clear and bright in the sunshine of a glorious spring morning. Every smoothly rounded hill-top, every rugged scur, was pronounced and distinct; while on the great shoulders of Cor-sencon, which slope down into the valley of the Nith, every pleasant field and farm seemed as if it were but half a mile off.

The clear fresh hill-air, exhilarating in its keenness; the little birds singing to each other from every bush; and the grouse calling on the moorland—all gave a well-remembered character of their own to the place and season. But what was it above all that marked it out as a March day among the moors? Was it not the subtle aroma which pervaded the atmosphere, and which bespoke the annual process of burning portions of old heather for the sake of clearing the ground for young grass? Was there ever a child who lived among the moors and the hills who did not love the moor-burnings? And was there ever man or woman either, who had loved them as a child, and had come back again, especially from far lands, without feeling the strange unreasoning thrill of joy which had possessed them in days of yore? The aromatic scent of the morning grass acts like the smoke of the incense used by magicians of old to conjure up visions. The intervening years roll away; the cares and anxieties of middle life fall from their weary shoulders; the old childish joy in the air and the sunshine rises afresh; and more than all, the faces and the forms which shared their joy long ago come back to them with a vividness and reality which seem to bring the very dead to life.

It is a day to be lived out of doors as much as possible, and so we wander along the quiet country road, watching the leaves budding on the hedges and the currant-bushes in the cottage gardens; and after crossing the old stone bridge over the river and climbing the hill, we turn

off across the moor and down into a glen. Though it was quiet and still and sunny out on the high-road, there were yet some signs of life and daily work. The coal-pit steamed and clanked down in the valley; trains might be seen winding in and out by the curves of the river; ploughmen were plodding behind their teams; the surfacemen were at work on the line; and 'tramps' in quite unusual numbers might be seen on the road. But out on the moor, where the little burns, brown as amber, gurgled among the stones, 'syne lichtit in a linn,' and where the sun shone so warmly in sheltered nooks as to make it seem more like June than March, or down in the glen under the trees, labour and civilisation alike seemed to be a hundred miles away. The stillness in the glen was only broken by the voices of the burn and of the birds. Out on the moor in the sunshine the blackcocks were calling, and surely that was the quick sharp *gok, gok!* of the grouse. The green moss, in lovely tender patches, might be seen every here and there under the trees; while gray lichens and silvery birch stems and the brown fir needles gave a contrast of colour which heightened the subdued beauty of all. Not a fern could be seen; but a month later, that bank by the mineral well will be covered with dainty oak and beech ferns, while all through the wood others will rise in graceful crowns of foliage. We cross the burn by impromptu stepping-stones, scramble up a brae through a plantation, and soon are out on the moor again, a good deal higher up than where we entered the glen. The moor melts into 'hill' so gradually that it is hard to tell the meeting-point. Just on the ridge we see two gray figures, the shepherd and his son busy moor-burning. From one dry tuft to another they go, wreaths of thick white smoke marking their progress. Sometimes the flame catches too quickly, and spreads too far down the hill, where it is not wanted; and then young Sandie hurries to the spot, putting it out in one place, fanning it in another. Who that has ever tried it, does not know the delight, the excitement, the feeling that this playing with fire *must* be a half-forbidden pleasure; and then the smoke-blackened faces and hands, the forgetfulness of time, the keen appetite induced by the fresh moorland air and exercise!

Lovers of Wordsworth know how the song of the thrush brought wondrous visions to poor Susan amidst London streets—

Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,  
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

And so the pungent smell of burning grass on a railway embankment brings a vision to the dwellers in cities still, of wide-spreading moorland, and smooth green hills, the sunny stillness of the glens, and the wild cry of the curlew.

As we go slowly down the hill, a wonderful panorama rises before us; the morning mist has cleared away, and the two ranges of the Lowther Hills, rising one behind the other, stand out clear and distinct before us. The moor-burnings are going on all around, and the wreaths of smoke rise and fall amongst the hills in the most fantastic fashion. A peak just in the foreground has been burned black, while volumes

of thick white smoke rise up all round it; and every here and there, black patches are to be seen on the hillsides. As the sun sinks westward, his rays strike more strongly on the little gray church. Down in the village the girls' voices ring out shrilly as they play at skipping-rope, and merrily take their turns one after another. The postman goes off with his bag, containing who knows how much of weal or woe; and in striking contrast to the sunshine and the childish merriment are the quiet homes where age and sickness have their abiding-place, and where weary eyes look forth on a world that soon will know them no more.

The day has passed only too quickly. Great masses of crimson clouds show where the sun has sunk behind yonder hill; the young moon is rising, and the clear stars shine out from a blue and frosty sky. As the darkness gathers, the moor-burnings show in another aspect. They are no longer merely wreaths and clouds of smoke; great tongues of flame seem to rise up and run along the hillside; every here and there, a hilltop is crested with fire; and far away down the valley, a dull red light is flickering and glowing. They seem apart from all human influence, and yet, watchful hands and eyes are ever at hand to guide the course of the fire, or put it out if need be. Where the flames are to-night, only black disfiguring patches will be seen to-morrow. They preach us a sermon in their own way, and tell us that after the purifying fires have cleared away all that is useless and barren, the soft grass will spring up with a more tender grace than before, and delight the sheep-farmer with its enriched herbage.

#### MODERN TRIAL BY ORDEAL.

A GENTLEMAN, who some years ago acted as surgeon to several friendly societies in the county of Durham, relates the following anecdote, which occurred between him and one of his rustic constituents. A member of an Oddfellows' lodge came one evening for advice at the usual hour of consultation. The symptoms were duly detailed, and the surgeon prescribed a mixture which contained two grains of tartrate of antimony in eight ounces of water. The patient on arriving home took a dose of his medicine, but was annoyed to find that it had so little taste, and that moreover it presented no solid material to be shaken up. On submitting the bottle to his wife, she also, on tasting, pronounced it to be 'nowt but wetter.' He then took counsel with some of his brethren, who were not very favourably disposed towards the doctor, and, yielding to their advice, entered a complaint to the lodge. In due time, the doctor received from the secretary a notice to attend and answer brother Jones's charge to the effect that he had been supplied with water instead of medicine. In reply to this notice, the surgeon asked the secretary to intimate to the aggrieved brother that it would be necessary to have the medicine produced, in order that he might have a fair chance of rebutting the charge.

When the night arrived, there was a goodly attendance of members, and the lodge having been formally opened, Jones was asked to stand forth and prefer his charge against the doctor, which he

did, alleging that the bottle produced was given to him for medicine, and contained nothing but water. After he had finished his statement, the surgeon proclaimed to the meeting that if Jones was sincere in his belief that there was nothing but water in the bottle, he could have no objection to drinking the contents at one draught. The chairman and brethren thought this a reasonable proposition, and put it to Jones accordingly. Jones was evidently not quite prepared for this crucial test of his belief, but could see no way out of it. After a little hesitation he consented. The contents of the eight-ounce mixture were transferred to a tumbler, and he quaffed them off. The doctor then intimated to the chairman that he might proceed with any other business, until the medicine had time to take effect. After the lapse of about half an hour, Jones began to exhibit signs of internal disturbance, and a basin was brought in for his convenience. It soon became manifest to the brethren that there must have been something more than water in the mixture. The doctor submitted that he had effectually upset both Jones and his allegation, and quitted the lodge in triumph.

#### YESTERDAY COMES NOT.

I HAD a diamond ring,  
Radiant with love's bright promise long ago;  
But ah! it could not bring  
Fulfilment—love and life alike lay low!

I gave it to a friend—  
Its sparkle seemed so mocking 'mid my tears—  
A tried and faithful friend,  
And lived a dim gray life through lonesome years.

Then lately hope began  
To throb within me feebly once again;  
Each morrow had its plan,  
And memory was not altogether pain.

And with this new-found life  
Came a great longing for the radiant ring;  
My fancies aye were rife  
With what of olden joy it yet might bring.

My friend the wish had guessed,  
And sent it back, right generous, to me.  
How shall I tell the rest?  
Look at my hands; their story you may see!

With widow's toil rough grown,  
The ring could clasp my finger now no more;  
Ah, youth and joy have flown!  
And earth can never hopes once lost restore!

The past comes never back!  
Thank Heaven for the old glamour—though 'tis  
o'er—  
Something the days to come must lack;  
The ring will fit the finger nevermore!

HYACINTH.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fourth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No. 1028.—VOL. XX. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1883.

PRICE 1½d.

## COURTSHIP.

COURTSHIP, like most other matters relating to love and matrimony, may be said to present abundant scope for eccentric and original developments. It is a course of proceeding which is regulated by no fixed principles or general formulæ. The symptoms are as variable as the weather, and neither precepts nor examples are of much avail, because the policy which may in one case prove eminently successful, may in another result in the most lamentable failure. There is no definitive rule, even on such a fundamental point as whether the initiative and active negotiations shall devolve upon the lady or the gentleman. There are fortunate individuals of both sexes whose fate, we confess, fills us with envy.

According to popular tradition, it is the special prerogative of the fair sex to be wooed and won; but this is not by any means an invariable rule. It has many exceptions; and some who profess to speak from personal experience as well as extensive observation, go so far as to declare that in the majority of instances it is really the ladies who do the courting, though the initiative and other formal steps may ostensibly lie with the enamoured swain. A good deal might no doubt be said in support of this theory. Women have far more tact in the management of such affairs than men, who invariably evince a remarkable propensity for 'putting their foot in it.' The subject, moreover, is one in which the ladies are supposed to be more nearly concerned. As Byron says:

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,  
'Tis woman's whole existence.

While a man may have a hundred different objects and ambitions in life, and may leave his matrimonial fate in great part to chance, there is seldom any object which bulks so largely in a girl's prospects as that of being well matched, and, as the phrase goes, 'comfortably settled' as partner in a good matrimonial firm. It need, therefore, be no matter of

surprise that our fair sisters should so often be found angling in the waters of the social world for what their luck may bring them in the shape of a husband; and there is considerable common-sense, as well as piquant humour, in what the heroine of a popular new comedy has to say to her girl-friend as to the responsibility which devolves on a dutiful young lady of paving the way and 'leading up' to a declaration and proposal.

We remember listening to a remarkable address on this subject by an oratorical Quakeress, who seemed strongly disposed to assign to man the place of the wooed, rather than that of the wooer. 'My friends,' she observed, 'there are three things I very much wonder at. The first is, that children should be so foolish as to throw up stones, clubs, and brickbats into fruit-trees, to knock down fruit; if they would let it alone, it would fall itself. The second is, that men should be so foolish, and even so wicked, as to go to war and kill each other; if let alone, they would die of themselves. And the third and last thing I wonder at is, that young men should be so unwise as to go after the young women; if they would stay at home, the young women would run after them.'

Notwithstanding this lucid train of reasoning, it is to be hoped young men will not do anything so ungallant and unmanly as to stay at home and neglect what has all along been their peculiar privilege. A man may be so highly favoured by fortune that his rank, wealth, genius, or personal qualities enable him to outshine all rivals, and to regard wooing and winning as for him almost synonymous terms; but to allow any such considerations to influence his conduct in a matter of this kind, would not only be an evidence of the worst possible taste, but would be a flagrant outrage on all the laws of chivalry. On the other hand, a man may be so bashful and awkward in the matter as to require so much encouragement, that all the courting may very fairly be said to come from the other side. But in both cases—apart from

psychological subtleties and too-curious matter-of-fact observations—the man's proper and natural place, in our view at all events, is that of a humble and respectful suppliant at the shrine of beauty, grace, and virtue.

The inauguration of a courtship may occur in a thousand different ways. In some instances it can be traced back to the innocent companionship and confidences of early childhood; in others, it springs from the sudden inspiration of what is called 'love at first sight.' We have before us a curious old-fashioned *Letter-writer*, which seems to supply epistolary prescriptions for almost every exigency of human life. A section of the work is devoted to showing how letters ought to be written on matters relating to love, courtship, and marriage. One of the most interesting specimens—especially as showing how a courtship might have been initiated in the less conventional days of our grandfathers—purports to be 'From a young man suddenly captivated at the playhouse.' 'The charms of your person,'—says the 'young man suddenly captivated'—'which appeared to such advantage last night at the playhouse in Covent Garden, have totally deprived me of my heart. I flatter myself my glances were not altogether disagreeable, as I did not perceive any token of disdain. I am therefore encouraged, though a stranger, to make this humble acknowledgment of my love; and, if you will honour me with an interview, in the presence of any relation, will satisfy you, and those whom it may concern, with respect to my parentage, connections, profession, and all other matters that should be known previous to an allowed familiarity. Presuming, unless a fatal pre-engagement prevents, that you will comply with my request, seeing that my designs are apparently honourable, I remain, waiting with the utmost impatience for an answer,' &c.

To this epistle, the young lady's papa replies, the prescribed form of his answer being so far favourable as to arrange for an interview. All this is delightful; but it is hardly considered quite proper nowadays for a young lady at the play to treat the 'glances' of strange young men with anything else than 'disdain,' or, at all events, apparent unconsciousness; and the chances are ninety-nine to a hundred that such an epistle would now be instantly consigned to the fire or waste-basket. The illustration, however, recalls the story of a certain celebrated actress who on one occasion received the following original declaration, which, one may safely presume, was certainly not copied from a *Letter-writer*: 'MADEMOISELLE—I am only a poor worker, but I love you like a millionaire.' While waiting to become one, I send you this simple bunch of violets. If my letter gives you a wish to know me, and to answer to the sentiments of my soul, when you are on the stage to-night, lift your eyes to the gallery; my legs will hang over.'

The compiler of the *Letter-writer* above referred to displays a singular amount of ignorance with regard to the attitude generally assumed on such occasions by the 'stern parent,' who, even in the

'good old times,' very seldom met the advances of those who, though utter strangers, presumed so to seek his daughter's hand with such agreeable courtesy. The difficulty of securing the consent of the young lady's parents has always been one of the greatest obstacles in the course of true love. In order to overcome that difficulty, or to find opportunities to carry on the courtship in spite of it, many a singular device has been resorted to. Here are two rather entertaining illustrations.

A young gentleman fell in love with the daughter of his employer; but the different social status of the pair seemed to preclude all hope of a successful issue, the young lady's papa sternly forbidding any further progress in the matter, and denying the young man the privilege of continuing to visit at his house. The situation appeared almost hopeless; but feminine ingenuity rose to the occasion. The old gentleman was in the habit of wearing a cloak, and the young couple made him the unconscious bearer of their correspondence. The young lady would pin a letter inside the lining of her father's cloak, and when the old gentleman threw off the garment in the counting-house, her lover would take the earliest opportunity to secure the valued missive and to send back his reply in the same manner. Love and ingenuity were finally successful. The other case was that of an American young lady whose friends refused to ratify her choice and approve her betrothal. The expedient she hit upon was simple, but effective. She just went to bed, declaring her determination to remain there till her parents gave their consent, which occurred in less than a fortnight. It was found by that time to be less expensive and more agreeable to call in the lover than the doctor.

So much for what may be called the parental difficulty; but what about the success of the lover in finding favour in the eyes of his adored? The pleasures of courtship are no doubt very great, but they will become as ashes to the palate if they end in final rejection. As a transatlantic poet pathetically remarks:

'Tis sweet to love; but, ah! how bitter  
To love a gal, and then not git her!

It is often extremely difficult to know exactly how to achieve success in love. We cannot all be great, or beautiful, or even supremely good; but next to realising all these conditions in one's-self, it is important to believe, or, at all events, to make the young lady believe, not only that she herself is beautiful and good, but that she possesses those qualities in sufficient plenitude to make up for your manifold deficiencies. Even in this direction, however, there is danger; and the lover will do well to bear in mind the experience of an abandoned suitor, who, when asked why he had been rejected, replied: 'Alas, I flattered her till she became too proud to speak to me.'

Touching this same subject of flattery, a lady was asked on one occasion why plain girls often get married sooner than handsome ones; to which she replied, that it was owing mainly to the tact of the plain girls, and the vanity and want of tact on the part of the men. 'How do you make that out?' asked a gentleman. 'In this way,' answered the lady. 'The plain girls flatter the



men, and so please their vanity; while the handsome ones wait to be flattered by the men, who haven't the tact to do it.' There have been cases, however, in which the situation presented here has been reversed, and plain, even ugly men have succeeded in making themselves so agreeable to young ladies as to become their accepted suitors. Here is a case in point. When Sheridan first met his second wife, who was then a Miss Ogle, years of dissipation had sadly disfigured his once handsome features, and only his brilliant eyes were left to redeem a nose and cheeks too purple in hue for beauty. 'What a fright!' exclaimed Miss Ogle, loud enough for him to hear. Instead of being annoyed by the remark, Sheridan at once engaged her in conversation, put forth all his powers of fascination, and resolved to make her not only reverse her opinion, but actually fall in love with him. At their second meeting, she thought him ugly, but certainly fascinating. A week or two afterwards, he had so far succeeded in his design that she declared she could not live without him. Her father refused his consent unless Sheridan could settle fifteen thousand pounds upon her; and, in his usual miraculous way, he found the money.

Those who have read George Eliot's *Felix Holt* will remember how Felix, though himself a rough unpolished workman, gained the love of a refined and delicately reared young lady, not by flattering, or even attempting to please and gratify her, but by chiding, depreciating, and almost despising her because she read Byron, and knew nothing of the heavy mental pabulum on which he himself was wont to feed. She at first was dreadfully vexed and offended; but by-and-by she came to believe that Felix had a grand moral ideal, beside which her own was frivolous and insignificant; and striving to emulate his exalted motives and views of life, she made him her *beau idéal*, with, of course, the usual result. In theory, or in a novel, this is no doubt all very fine; but in everyday life the mode of procedure adopted by Felix Holt would be, to say the least, decidedly risky, and would very probably end disastrously. It is always safer to risk a little flattery.

Happy is the wooing  
That is not long a-doing,

says the old couplet; but a modern counsellor thinks it necessary to qualify the adage by the advice: 'Never marry a girl unless you have known her three days, and at a picnic.' In this, as in other matters, it is always desirable to hit the happy medium. Marrying in haste is certainly worse than a too protracted courtship; though the latter has its dangers too, for something may occur at any time to break off the affair altogether, and prevent what might have been a happy union. It may always be concluded there is a screw loose somewhere if Matilda is overheard to say to her Theodore, as they steam up the river with the excursion: 'Don't sit so far away from me, dear, and turn your back on me so; people will think we're married.'

A friend of Robert Hall, the famous English preacher, once asked him regarding a lady of their acquaintance, 'Will she make a good wife for me?' 'Well,' replied Mr Hall, 'I can hardly say—I never lived with her!' Here Mr Hall touched the real test of happiness in married life. It is

one thing to see ladies on 'dress' occasions and when every effort is being made to please them; it is quite another thing to see them amidst the varied and often conflicting circumstances of household life.

## ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOT.

### CHAPTER XXXVI.—THE MOUNTAIN PICNIC.

THE Mountain Picnic, long projected, and of which some of the ladies at New Hatch had prattled as of a dangerous expedition into Wild Wales, at last came off. It had been delayed for some time by the uncertainty of the weather. Atlantic winds have it for their mission to convoy black rain-clouds; and blue peaks, and sharp saddle-backs, and curved corries fringed with dwarf-oaks and feathery ash-trees, ivy-grown, have a knack of attracting a downpour. But at length there came three glorious days, worthy of the Italian climate at its best, and all the preparations were made for an *al-fresco* banquet at Glyn Llewelyn. A lovely spot was this, high up on the mountain-side, yet accessible by an excellent road, girdled in by rocks, shaded by rowan-trees and hazel and alder, with its tinkling stream bordered by maiden-hair ferns and rare mosses, its tiny tarn, and a distant view of the waterfall of Gwent Pistyll, a puny cascade compared with Alpine or Norwegian cataracts, but respectable in Wales, and with Tor Coch and Combe Dhu rising in their sullen majesty overhead. All the landscape, all in sight, crag and peak and tableland, formed part of the Leominster estate. The red rocks of Tor Coch and the gloomy heights of Combe Dhu were just as much a part of the Castel Vawr property as were the fat cornlands and rich green pastures on the English, or, according to local parlance, the Saxon side of the March.

Sir Timothy Briggs was anxious still, in spite of the fine weather, which was enough for his more sanguine guests; just as captains of New York ocean steamers are miserable until they are round Cape Race, and safe from blinding fogs, drifting icebergs, and headlands of ruthless granite. Sir Timothy felt as if his reputation as a successful entertainer very much depended on the manner in which this particular festivity should go off. It was very late in the autumn for a picnic, certainly; but then the weather was remarkably warm, as it is often warm, at unseasonable times, in Wales, where the breath of the Gulf Stream tempers the bleakness of the air. Yet Welsh weather is fickle to a proverb. Sir Timothy was always tapping and scrutinising his barometer in the outer hall; but the aneroid, like its master, appeared to be puzzled by the caprices of the Cambrian climate. Nor did his native gardeners and stablemen settle his doubts, when he sounded them as to the future. 'It is a clever day, quite, Sir Timothy, if she stops so,' was all that he could wring from the Ancient Britons around him.

Yet the carriages, a handsome array of them, set merrily off from New Hatch, sweeping swiftly between the dense nut-hedges on the English side of the border, and climbing the well-made road, that ran, steeply but smoothly, up the Welsh hill-sides, with their crofts and fences of dry stone

and wattled cottages, and patches of oats growing high aloft among the rocks, and being tardily reaped, until at last the scenery grew wilder, more rugged, and more picturesque, and Tor Coch, like a natural fortress, with red turrets and battlements flaming in the sun, rose up resplendent; while the sable loftiness of Combe Dhu frowned on the intruding pleasure-seekers. There was a little vapour hanging stealthily, as it were, about the ravines and wooded hollows of Combe Dhu; but otherwise, not a cloud was to be seen. The blue sky overhead might have been Tuscan or Roman, so bright and unsullied was its spotless azure. There was hardly a breath of wind. Far off, on the distant summits, here and there, a red-berried mountain-ash might be seen to toss its boughs, now and then, as if a gust had passed by; but the air was warm and balmy.

'How charming—how delicious!'—'We are fortunate, indeed, in our day.'—'Your own weather, Lady Juliana.'—'You are always lucky, I think, Sir Timothy.' Such were the cooing and complimentary comments of several of the ladies of the party from New Hatch.

Sir Timothy, who had grown suspicious, during his residence on the Border, looked askance at the filmy curtain that clung to the hollows and bushes of Combe Dhu, and, remembering previous disappointments, sincerely wished the day might end without spoiling of dainty hats and damage to elaborate toilets, and complexions more artificial still.

At last, just before Glyn Llewelyn was reached, a turn in the rocky road revealed the Leominster carriage, with the well-known liveries, and following it, a couple of breaks or *fourgons*, laden with servants and the materials of good cheer. For there are picnics and picnics, some of them, perhaps the blithest and the happiest, very scantily provided with creature-comforts, and rough as to accommodation; others, of which the commissariat arrangements leave nothing to be desired, but which may or may not be really mirthful merry-makings. On this occasion, we may be sure that only too bountiful preparations had been made, when two such caterers as Sir Timothy Briggs and Lady Barbara Montgomery had undertaken to labour for the common weal. And this would be a white-day in the memory of many a poor crofter's family, to whom the fragments of the feast afforded a luxurious treat, by contrast to the goats' milk and oatcake of everyday life. From high-lying hovels, the thatch of which needed to be kept in place by great stones, because of the furious winds that so often prevailed, and from huts that nestled in gorges of the hills, appeared a troop of juvenile rustics, children, some shepherd-lads and sheep-tending lasses, the rest barefooted very often, eager to carry a basket, or to fill a pail at the brook; or, more shyly, to present a tuft of wild-flowers; but all with hungry eyes, meekly expectant of eleemosynary remains of pies, and residues of joints, and half-eaten fowls, and bottles of wine half-empty, and white bread, to carry home with them.

One picnic is, after all, very much like another in some respects, and especially when it takes place in keen mountain air and at a considerable distance from home. The guests are sure, like emigrants at sea, to be most unromantically

hungry; and so it proved on this occasion. The champagne corks popped like a crackling discharge of musketry at a Volunteer Review; and the clatter of knives and forks, and the clink and clatter of plates and glasses, almost overpowered the dulcet strains of the music which it had been one of Sir Timothy's bright ideas to provide. As it was, the little orchestra had been established behind a thicket of rowan-trees and hollies, and the musicians blew and twanged their best; while the owner of New Hatch felt as if, should the day, according to the ambiguous dictum of his Welsh servants, remain 'a clever' one to the last, the Glyn Llewelyn picnic would ever be an agreeable landmark in the memories of his visitors.

The one member of the company who seemed sad and silent was the youthful mistress of Leominster. She could not attune her mind, with all its melancholy thoughts, to the concert pitch that came so naturally to the rest; and towards the conclusion of the meal, she contrived to slip away unperceived, and to ramble slowly down the rugged path that bordered the brook, until presently she reached a spot where, in the midst of a ring of rocks—of fantastic shape, some of them—was a circle of emerald turf, starred with daisies, and bordered by broom and dwarf hazels. A narrow path crossed this grassy arena, and disappeared at the angle of a red rock, thirty feet high, that presented some quaint likeness to a human form, and was locally known as the Old Shepherd. Here she seated herself on a mossy knoll, listening, half-heedlessly, to the babble of the mountain stream as it leaped, a thread of silver, from one dark pool to another, on its swift downward course from the highlands to the river and the sea. Very, very unhappy, now that she felt herself secure from prying eyes, was the expression of her young face. There was wistful regret in her sad eyes, as, careless of what she saw, she turned them slowly from one object to another, almost as the blind do. It was plain that her thoughts were far away.

'It must go on, I suppose,' she murmured to herself dreamily—'it must go on, this marriage, on which I have received congratulations, more or less sincere, since first the engagement was made public. I shall feel the safer; and yet—ah, that I were back in Egypt again, with the tall reed-banks of the Nile around me, and the palms, and the blue lupine fields, instead of Welsh stones and Welsh heather; and that she—and I—— But we cannot live our lives over again, or alter the past,' she added with a mournful smile; and then grew pale and uttered a faint cry, as of alarm, as from behind the red rock called the Old Shepherd there suddenly appeared the figure of a man. Chinese Jack lifted his hat with ceremonious politeness.

'Forgive my awkwardness, My Lady Marchioness, if I was so unlucky as to startle you,' said the adventurer as he drew near.

'Why are you here?' asked the other as she lifted her eyes to meet those bold ones that belonged to Chinese Jack.

The man laughed. 'You ladies,' he said, in that strange tone which he was apt to use, and which perplexed his auditors as to whether he spoke seriously or not, 'might sometimes teach a lesson to diplomatists of the male sex, so

admirably do you dispose of wearisome preliminaries. I will try to give a straightforward answer to your Ladyship's direct question. I am here, Lady Leominster, because it is necessary that I should know whether it is to be peace or war—whether I am to be your champion, or to fight under the hostile flag. Either cause is good enough for a Dugald Dalgetty like myself.

'Can you not leave me—can you not let me rest in peace?' asked the lady piteously.

'Now, My Lady Marchioness,' expostulated Chinese Jack, in really the tone of an injured man, 'the suggestion is too unreasonable. It is not often that poor buccaneering fellows like your humble servant see such a prize before them, in these prosaic days, as that which shines before me now. I have no preference, no bias at all; I am perfectly impartial. But I must, in obedience to the purest principles of political economy, sell myself to the highest bidder.'

Something in the cynicism of the man's speech, in his mocking voice and glittering eyes, galled the Marchioness into an outburst of anger. 'Wretch!' she exclaimed. 'I could almost believe, as I listen to you, that I was hearkening to, and looking on, the Fiend himself! How dared you'—She hesitated here, and her eyes drooped.

Chinese Jack laughed with unperturbed good-humour. 'As for what I dare, My Lady, Jack Rollingson has proved that before to-day,' he answered; 'and as for my being here now, it is motived by two causes, both cogent enough. The first is, that you are about to be married to Lord Putney. I wish you joy. But then the wedding will be so very soon, that it does not suit my plans to wait for it. It would make a difference, My Lady. Were you not still Marchioness of Leominster, you would at least be Viscountess Putney. My Lord has great influence. It would be used on his wife's behalf, and perhaps Jack Rollingson would be left in the lurch. The second is, that you have promised me nothing.'

'You have had money,' said the girl wearily.

'What you call money, Lady Leominster, I have had,' was the polite answer of Chinese Jack; 'a trifle, a flea-bite, from a masculine standpoint; though ladies, I am aware, dread parting with every sovereign, as though it stood between them and starvation. On the other side, a hundred thousand pounds—no beggarly alms flung to a beggar, but a fortune—awaits my acceptance. All rests with me. I am not a moral sort of man; but it would save me trouble to deal with the party in possession. For ten thousand more than I am already promised by the opposing party, I will make you as safe from your sister'—

'I refuse! I will have none of your help; I will buy none of your counsel, none of your aid!' was the almost sullen reply.

Chinese Jack laughed gently. 'I have paid you, My Lady, the compliment of the first offer,' he said mildly. 'But there is a storm brewing.' He pointed to the sky, over the blue of which a dim haze, streaked by filmy threads, had been drawn, while above Combe Dhu were massed formidable banks of cloud. 'I know my native mountains, outlaw and exile as I am,' continued the adventurer bitterly; 'and every Welshman in your hire would tell you the same. Before long, there

will be dazzled eyes and draggled gowns. Even those chattering geese, your guests, see the mischief coming, for I hear their silly voices above, as they seek your Ladyship. Now or never! Am I to have the stake?'

'I refuse!' she answered, almost mechanically, like one who has learned a lesson by rote.

'Is that your last word?' demanded Chinese Jack, with a menacing frown.

'It is—it is! But I hear my friends' voices. Pray, leave me!'

'Certainly, My Lady. But now I shall know what to do,' answered the adventurer; and in a moment he had turned the corner of the red rock and disappeared; while, an instant later, fluttering feminine apparel, and choice hats, and huge embroidered parasols, became visible on the rocky pathway above, as Lady Flora and Lady Celia, and the Honourable Emily Tollemache, escorted by as many gentlemen, came hurrying down to express the alarm of the company in general, and of Lady Barbara and Lord Putney in particular, at the disappearance of the lady whom Chinese Jack had but that moment left alone. 'And especially with a dreadful thunderstorm coming on, dear Lady Leominster, and in such a place! Poor mamma, you know, dreads thunder so awfully.' And indeed the Dowager, who feared most things, was almost as much afraid of lightning as she was of importunate creditors.

The Honourable Algernon March was also of opinion that there was no time to be lost. 'I, for one, never expected a ducking; but in Wales here, as in Lorn or Skye, you can be sure of nothing,' he said.

The young lady allowed herself to be led away by her friends, as passively as a strayed sheep permits itself to be brought back to the flock. 'I was foolish to ramble as I did,' she said, with a wan smile. When the place of the picnic was reached, much bustle prevailed. Horses had been hastily bitted, traces made fast, and curb-chains linked, and carriage after carriage advanced to take up its load; while those who were ill off for wraps looked enviously at neighbours better provided with shawl and mantle, for barouches give scanty protection in such a downpour as was momentarily expected.

Of course Lord Putney was ready to place his affianced in her carriage. 'Truant!' he whispered tenderly, as he pressed the little hand that lay in his. 'How uneasy your absence has made me, dearest! I was about to scale'—

But before Lord Putney could enumerate the mountaineering exploits which he had been prepared to undertake for the recovery of his missing betrothed, a blinding flash, that made the horses swerve and rear, was followed by a deafening crash that seemed to shake the very earth, while every splintered rock sent back the deep diapason of the thunder. The wind shrieked. The heavy rain, mingled with arrowy sleet and jagged hailstones, came roaring down, as if in resentment on nature's part for the recent frivolous invasion of her fastnesses. The storm had burst in its strength. This was no time for delay, no time for pretty speeches. Off dashed the carriages down the steep road, the drivers anxious enough, with their hats pulled down over their knitted brows, and coat collars turned up, peering through the blinding rain and gathering gloom, and keeping the

frightened horses well in hand. Flash after flash, peal after peal, rang out and flared forth the symbols of elemental war; while every brook and rivulet swelled, with hoarse roar, into a turbid torrent, that here and there overflowed the road, causing the hoofs and wheels to scatter froth-bells and peat-stained water as they went. It was a confused rout, rather than an orderly retreat, guests, servants, musicians, snatching up what was nearest to hand, and scrambling in many cases for places in the vehicles, the impatient charioteers of which could scarcely restrain their scared steeds until the living load was in its place. On, on, through the drenching rain, the dazzling lightning, the growl of the thunder, and the scream of the gale, sped the fugitive revellers, some making for Castel Vawr, and the majority for Sir Timothy's mansion of New Hatch, as fast as wheels could hurry them. It was a thing to be remembered for years to come, that Mountain Picnic, and its abrupt and inopportune ending.

### ORCHIDS.

BY A PRACTICAL GARDENER.

THE peculiar family of Orchids is a very scattered one, members of it being found in almost every quarter of the globe. From Siberia to the equator, from the equator to Port Jackson, all climates and situations seem to suit them. In grassy meadow and swampy bog; on chalky down and arid tableland; by the side of meandering stream and on the face of rocky precipice; clinging to the topmost branches of Brazilian forest-trees, and on the summits of Peruvian mountains; in the jungles of Borneo, and far up on the Himalaya, these interesting plants are to be found. The latest calculation of the number of distinct species of this family of flowering plants is stated to be no fewer than six thousand. With the exception of composite plants, which include eight thousand species, orchids are the most numerous family in the vegetable world. Pea-flowered plants come next with four thousand seven hundred species; and then grasses with four thousand five hundred.

Orchids are peculiar chiefly on account of their inflorescence, a peculiarity shared in alike by all the members of the family. In addition, many of the exotic kinds have roots and stems of eccentric construction. These peculiarities, however, do not detract from their beauty as flowers, many of them being regal in their charms. Some are of the most brilliant colouring, others are of softest rose. Some have the hue of apple-blossom; others are white as sea-bleached shells under the charm of frost.

On account of their unrivalled beauty, probably strengthened by a certain amount of difficulty attending their cultivation, many persons have taken a special delight in orchids. Perhaps yet another reason for attracting the attention of wealthy florists has been their comparative scarcity in this country up till a not very distant period; the only means by which their increase was appreciably effected being by the difficult and uncertain process of collecting the plants in their native habitats and importing them in a condition of impaired vitality. To the gardening public, therefore, alike with the botanist, the homologist, and the evolutionist,

this unique tribe of plants is one of commanding interest.

Till about twenty to thirty years ago, the cultivation of these flowers was confined to a very limited number of gardens; but within the last ten to twenty years, the number of cultivators has been wonderfully increased; and not only so, but the number of plants brought together and grown by a given cultivator at the present day, could hardly have been realised a quarter of a century ago. If at that time a garden contained in its greenhouses one or two hundred orchids, it almost amounted to a phenomenon to be amazed at. Now, a single variety is grown by the hundred. One gentleman has of *Odontoglossum Alexandræ* alone, the astonishing number of twelve thousand plants! At that time, again, orchids were cultivated in hothouses in company with other exotics. Now, it is common for separate structures to be devoted to orchids alone; and sorts remarkable for their beauty are housed by themselves in specially fitted hothouses. Specialists trained to grow these plants have *carte blanche* as to their assistants for the carrying out the details of their own particular course of treatment. At the same time, no expense is spared in purchasing new or rare sorts, in order to keep the 'collection' up to date.

At Stevens' Natural History Salerooms, London, thousands of plants are weekly sold by auction during the seasons of importation. At these sales may be seen trade-growers or their representatives; on occasion, a lord, smitten with the desire to form a collection; with baronets, bankers, lawyers, and City-men, some of them accompanied by their 'growers'; besides several followers of the honourable and ancient craft of gardening, intent on picking up a bargain. Before the hour of sale, these experts examine any lots they may intend to purchase, and know exactly what they want before the sale commences. Then, the auctioneer in a few words having directed the attention of his audience to distinguishing features of the plants to be sold, the sale begins. A slight difference in the colour of the flower, or in its shape or size, may result in the plants being sold for a few shillings each; or, on the other hand, in running them up to pounds. These plants are technically known as 'imported.' People unacquainted with them might well term them lifeless, so dried up and shrivelled is their appearance.

Though not a common occurrence, still it does occasionally happen that individual plants purchased at these sales, possibly for two or three half-crowns, turn out, on flowering for the first time, to be distinct in some important particular from all others of the same kind. When this happens, it is a windfall; and should the fortunate possessor wish to part with the plant, there are plenty of purchasers who would be anxious to secure the prize, at almost any price. It is quite a common thing to pay twenty, forty, and sixty pounds for some species which are always scarce; while as much as one hundred, one hundred and forty-seven, and in two or three instances, two hundred pounds, has been asked and received for certain rare varieties. (At a sale held during the past spring, one hundred and eighty-five and two hundred and fifteen guineas were paid for two



varieties of *Cattleya triana*—four hundred and twenty pounds for two plants!) It must be understood that these long prices are not realised because of the magnitude of the plants as such, for most of these very dear morsels could easily be stowed away in the crown of one's hat. Neither is it because they surpass all others in beauty. Their value is acquired almost solely on account of rarity in the number of plants known to exist of the particular variety. In fact, it is no uncommon occurrence for a species to fetch guineas one year, and in the one succeeding, to become almost a drug in the market, to be bought at any price. Considerable speculation has of late years attended the culture of orchids. A man forms a collection, gets a name for it, and, in the course of a few years, advertises and sells his plants. The investment as an investment proves, generally, to be a paying one; and for that reason the practice is spreading.

The necessity of importing orchids to supply gaps made by decay and death, and to form and add to collections, is a recognised one. To-day it may almost be said to have resolved itself into a science. Many British, continental, and American nurserymen keep as part of their staff trained collectors, who ransack the forests of Mexico and Brazil, the highlands of New Granada and of India, the jungles of the Malay Peninsula, and the arid valleys of the Australian continent, in search of popular kinds, buoyed up with the hope of stumbling across some unknown beauty, which might in itself prove a treasure. Cargoes are weekly arriving in the great central port of London from North and South America, from South Africa or from Southern Asia, to be distributed in their thousands amongst those who, having the means to purchase, have also the will to cherish them.

Of the thousands of species known to science, only some thirty-five are found in this country. Kent is their chief habitat, that county being as noted amongst botanists on account of its orchids, as it is among the agricultural community for its hops and its extensive fruit-farms. Among these Kentish orchids are some of the most curious-looking flowers in existence. Here are the names of a few, descriptive enough to suggest something of their general appearance. Thus: the Fly Ophrys, the Bee Ophrys, the Spider Ophrys; the Man, the Toad, the Lizard, and the Butterfly Orchis; and, though not a Kentish orchid, the Ladies' Slipper. Of these, the last-named is the only kind possessed of beauty of appearance. Some of the common orchids indigenous to Great Britain are, however, beautiful flowers. A few years ago, in the course of a botanising ramble on the north-east coast, a group of these came on us as a very delightful surprise. After wandering over some miles of sandy, rush-grassy 'links,' destitute of all flowers save the pretty white bedstraw, partial to heathy ground, we at last reached cultivated land, and soon thereafter, a wet slip was stumbled on, where was the Broad-leaved Orchis (*Orchis latifolia*) growing in scores on the face of the banks. One of their number we could not resist transplanting, to consort with the bravest and gayest in our garden of hardy flowers. The same day, when passing down a damp and grassy lane, a colony of the Spotted-leaved Orchis (*O. maculata*) was discovered. They

possessed flower-spikes of extraordinary length, some being white, or nearly so. One of these is also to be found amongst our home flowers.

But it is to the exotic species we must turn to find the most gorgeously appressed of Flora's subjects. Our native kinds, though some of them are beautiful in a quiet and unobtrusive way, are altogether eclipsed by the denizens of other countries. The Ladies' Slipper (*Cypripedium spectabile*) of the North American swamps is of an unapproachable tint of rose on a setting of clearest white. High upon the tree-tops, in the land of the Incas, the 'Flower of May' (*Lelia majalis*) appears as a nebulous cloud of grayish satin. The monkeys of Brazilian forests swing and leap and chatter in the midst of twisting, drooping orchids—yellows to be dreamed of, wonderful chocolates, and the most delicate of lilacs. Numerous large-flowered *Cattleyas* and *Lelias* dispute with these the clothing of the forest-trees, and cover the forest-paths with a floral canopy, which, dripping in the morning with rain-like dews, by mid-day forms a pleasant shade from the burning sun—a conservatory of Nature, with the sky for its roof. India is the home of wax-like *Vandas* and of many of the *Dendrobies*, the showiest of the tribe; some thyrsus-flowered in white or gold; some panicles of glorious shades; and some with drooping stems, wreathed from base to tip, with two or three flowered spikelets. From Java and the Philippine Islands come the exquisitely lovely Moth orchids (*Phalaenopsis grandiflora* and *P. Schilleriana*); and so we might continue to write of the large-lipped *Sobralia macrantha*, of the curiously constructed *Masdevallias*, of the orange-crested *Calogyne*, of the Indian crocuses, the loveliest of variegated flowers, and any number of others equally worth mentioning.

Since the theory of the necessity for cross-fertilisation of plants has been established, the singular modifications in the flowers of orchids are explained at once. The structure of the flowers is such that it is impossible for an insect to introduce its proboscis into the nectary without its head at the same time coming in contact with the viscid disc to which the anther is attached, and which immediately glues itself to the insect. By a wonderful arrangement, the base of the filament supporting the anther depresses itself, and the anther along with it, so that the next flower visited by the insect receives the pollen masses immediately into the stigmatic disc, which is also viscid, and to which the pollen is at once attached. In some species, the most singular provisions for securing the cross-fertilisation of the plants are found to exist. As instances, the *Angraecum sesquipedale* of Madagascar has its nectary at the base of a horn-like pouch, measuring nearly a foot from its mouth to its lower end. A species of moth has been found possessed of a proboscis long enough to extract the sweets from this elongated receptacle. To secure the safety of this rather awkward appendage, the moth coils it up in rings, and hangs it up, as it were, out of the way until again needed. Many orchids have the lips hinged, in order to allow large insects to effect an entrance to the nectary. In the *Masdevallias* the sepals and petals are confluent, and insects can gain an entrance only by a small hole in the centre of the flower. *Mesospiridium sanguineum* has the

various parts of the flower so close together that only a very small aperture is left for the entrance of an insect. Many kinds have ridges on the lips, the only apparent meaning for these being that they act as guides to insects crawling up the lip. In addition to the size of many of the flowers and their attractive colouring, orchids are in many kinds deliciously scented; indeed, they bear very much the same relation to flowers with regard to odour that the mocking-bird does to other feathered songsters in the matter of voice. We have them with the scent of violets and other popular flowers. Even the odour of hay is to be found in all fidelity to the original. They have also odours of their own which no stranger intermeddles with; the well-known vanilla being procured from an orchid.

Great numbers of orchids grow on the trunks and branches of trees. It must be understood, however, that although thus growing on the branches of trees, they obtain no portion of their sustenance from their nurses. They thus differ entirely from parasitical plants, which root into the substance of the plant itself and extract sustenance therefrom. Common examples of parasitical plants in this country are the mistletoe, found commonly on the oak and apple; the dodder, on clover; and the ergot, on grasses—the last-named parasite, however, being a fungus, and lately attracting some attention on account of its supposed authorship of the 'loupin'-ill' in sheep. No orchids of this kind exist in Great Britain, unless we except the Bird's-nest Orchis, which grows amongst dead beech-leaves. Even in this case, it would require some imagination to class it with the above.

We have only another matter to note in connection with this wonderful tribe of flowers, and that is their great capacity of seed-production. A single capsule of a *Maxillaria* has been found to produce the enormous quantity of one and three-quarter millions of seeds; yet, as a family of plants they are comparatively rare.

In conclusion, it may be noted that good collections of orchids are to be found in several Botanic Gardens; notably in Kew Gardens, London; in the Edinburgh Botanic Gardens; in the College Gardens, Dublin; in the Glasgow Botanic Gardens; and in the Old Trafford Botanic Gardens, Manchester. In and around all centres of population, private collections are now common, their owners as a rule being very willing to allow visitors interested in the plants to inspect the flowers.

## POOR LITTLE LIFE.

### II.

'WHAT a charming house!' said George involuntarily, to the undisguised delight of his cousins, as the carriage drew up at the door of Prospect Gardens.

It really was one of the finest houses in all the Liguanea plains. It was two stories high, and square in shape. But its somewhat inelegant form passed unobserved, so occupied was the eye in regarding the beauty of its site, its environment of gigantic trees, the grateful coolness of its luxurious verandas, and their lavish adornment of plants and flowers and creepers. The upper and lower piazzas were closed in with jalousies, to

fend off the tropical sun. A square porch, paved with white marble, with two broad flights of steps of the same material, projected in front; whilst its roof, supported by wooden pillars, and surrounded with a graceful iron railing, formed a terrace from which a magnificent prospect could be obtained of all the flat, well-wooded, Liguanea plains, with Kingston and the coral reef of the Palisades in the middle distance, and the waveless Caribbean Sea—golden or peach-coloured or rose-red or silver, according to the hour of the day—for a background. The pillars of the porch were wreathed with jasmine and the wax-plant. Orchids of brilliant hue and uncouth shape, crimson and white, orange and chocolate-brown, hung in wire-baskets from the roof; and on each of the strides of its marble steps stood a couple of gigantic flower-pots of blue Indian china, filled with eucharis or bletia, maiden-hair ferns or dwarf-palms, myrtles or sweet-scented lilies. The terraced drive in front of the house was hedged with stephanotis; whilst a belt of sweet-smelling trees and shrubs—the frangipani, the tree-mignonette, the lime, the orange, and the Martinique rose—with a couple of fountains placed in the midst of its umbrageous greenery, shut it off from the extensive pastures and fields of Guinea-grass, without which no Jamaica penn would be complete.

Entering from the porch, the visitor found himself in a spacious piazza, fitted up with hat-racks and tables, something after the fashion of an English hall.

Underneath the porch, holding a large, white, lace-edged parasol above her head, was Mrs Durham, ready to receive her nephew. She looked like a picture, as she stood waiting there, in the midst of the flowers and the creepers. Although she was nearly fifty years of age, she might easily have passed for thirty. Time and Fortune had dealt very gently with her. Her figure was still as lithe and willowy as a girl's. Her features were regular and refined. Her eyes were dark and of unwonted brilliancy. She was dressed in some soft cream-coloured Indian stuff, with bows of cardinal at neck and wrist.

'Welcome to Prospect Gardens, George!' she said, in that clear low voice which was one of her chiefest charms; and then she kissed him, just as his mother might have done.

He thanked her, still retaining her hand. 'I would have known you anywhere, aunt,' he remarked. 'You're just like Evelyn's elder sister.'

Sibyl clapped her hands. Eleanor made him a stately courtesy. Evelyn blushed, for her mother had been a famous toast amongst the planters in her younger days; and George, as he entered the house with these four fair women clustering round him, felt he had gained the hearts of the whole family by his simple and unpremeditated remark.

'Now George,' said Mrs Durham, after she had shown him his room, 'breakfast is ready, and I daresay you are hungry. But if you would like a bath first, we could keep it back for twenty minutes; though,' she added, laying her hand upon his, 'I would not advise it; I think you had better wait till the afternoon, when you're cool. You must wait till you're acclimatised, before you take liberties with yourself.'

George said he would wait for his bath.

In a few minutes they were seated at one of those bountifully spread tables which make a West Indian breakfast a thing much to be remembered by the traveller in after-days. The long square mahogany table, with its snowy cloth, its flowers, its fruits, and its antique silver, groaned under a profusion of dishes all new to George, who failed not to do ample justice to the inviting repast. In addition to such ordinary fare as spatchcock, salmon cutlets, and the regulation ham and egg, there was a fricassée of chickens with tomatoes, which George declared it was worth while coming to Jamaica to taste. There was calapiver roe—the salmon of the tropics—which melted in one's mouth as if it had been some delicious sweetmeat. There was a prawn curry, to which George insisted upon helping himself twice. There was a dish of soft-skinned turtle eggs, nestling in a bed of the greenest parsley. There were half-a-dozen different sorts of 'bread-kind'—roasted plantains, bread-fruit, the purple Indian yam, the delicate chestnut-tasted sweet-potato. There was a salad of lettuce and water-cress, fresh and crisp as if plucked that morning from some shady garden in rural England. There was the avocado or alligator pear, the only known vegetable substitute for, and in the opinion of some, superior to, butter. For the fruit-course, there was a dish of sapadillas, just lifted from the ice-chest; a Ripley pine, than which the glasshouses of an English millionaire could produce no finer. Grapes there were, and oranges with the green leaves on their stems just as they came from the trees. Iced claret was principally used to wash down this plenteous repast. But tea and coffee were on the table; and chocolate made by Cubans in Jamaica.

'And now, George,' said Mrs Durham, leading the way to the veranda, when breakfast was over, 'sit down on that rocking-chair, light your cigar, and tell me about your mother.'

### III.

The day passed like a dream. About the hour of four, callers commenced to arrive—the Colonial Secretary, his wife and daughters; half-a-dozen officers from Up Park Camp; the Commodore from Port-Royal; Captain Hillyard and little Maud Longton; heads of departments with their womenkind—the best and pleasantest society of which the colony could boast.

At five, came afternoon tea; and then about six, the carriage was ordered round, and Mrs Durham and her daughters started with George for their evening drive. They got back just in time to bath and dress for their eight o'clock dinner, which was a repetition, on a still more lavish scale, of the bountiful feast of the morning. After dinner, the ladies sat out on the terrace, George smoked his cigar, and Evelyn sang in the dark drawing-room beyond. By half-past ten, the whole family were in bed; and by eleven, all but George were asleep. But for him slumber was out of the question. Despite all the instructions which he had received, he had not succeeded in managing his mosquito net. One bloodthirsty tormentor had entered with him inside the curtains, when he had made his quick and crafty plunge; and now, exulting in its triumph, it was

determined to exact from him the full fruits of its victory. It was not every day that it got a feast of fresh English blood. Whirring, booming, buzzing, 'pinging' around him, now settling on his forehead, and darting its maddening fangs into his flesh; now rotating wildly about his head in search of a still more juicy morsel; now tauntingly humming behind his ear; now derisively careering throughout the length and breadth of the bed; now resting, though not yet satiated, far out of reach of his handkerchief, on the very top of the curtains—it goaded him almost into frenzy. It was his own fault—that was the worst of it; for Mrs Durham, anxious to secure for her nephew a good night's rest, had offered to send the butler to tuck him in, and to brush out the curtains after he was himself in bed. But with English self-confidence, he had scornfully refused it. It was not the loss of actual sleep that he so much begrudged, though to a young and healthy man of his age this was an unwonted and disagreeable position. He would have been content to lie still, outside his single sheet, and calmly review the events of the day. He would have gone over again in memory his merry drive from the wharf, his warm reception at Prospect Gardens; have thought over all his aunt's quaint negro stories, all the children's odd remarks; oftener than all, he would have conjured up Evelyn's fair face, and reproduced to its veriest jot and tittle every word of his conversation with her during the day. But even this resource was denied him. More cruelly tormented than a prisoner under sentence of death, he was not permitted to indulge in the luxury of reflection. Surely the tortures of a captive in the dungeons of the inquisition, with a single drop of water falling at regular intervals on his shaven head, were nothing compared with the malignity of his unseen tormentor.

Fortunately for him, the heat was not excessive. All the windows of his chamber were open; and through the chinks of the closed jalousies the night-winds came rushing down from the hills, filling the room with their cool, balmy, refreshing breezes. Towards four o'clock, he rose, threw open the jalousies, and gazed out upon the scene. The sky was cloudless, clear, and lit up with an infinity of stars. The Southern Cross was right above his head. The full fair moon poured down a flood of silver light upon the sea. He could see the black hulls of the ships-of-war at Port-Royal. The outlines of their masts and rigging were distinctly visible against the luminous background of the water. The cocoa-nut trees on the Palisades stood out like Corinthian columns against the glistening sky. The lighthouse, like the eye of a cyclops, cast a lurid glare over the harbour.

As he gazed, a stillness as of death seemed to fall upon the scene. Not a sound was heard; not a leaf stirred; even the myriad voices of the tropical night were for the moment hushed. Suddenly a faint light appeared on the eastern sky; then a rosy flush, like the sudden outbreak of a great conflagration, illumined the landscape. The moon-paled—one solitary star retaining its brilliancy long after that of the others had gone. A gentle twittering of birds was heard. A white screech-owl flapped heavily across the pastures on its way to its hiding-

place in a neighbouring cotton-tree. And then, like an exiled monarch returning to his kingdom, uprose the glorious sun, and it was day once more.

He bathed his face and his hands, returned to his couch, and had an hour or two of refreshing sleep. When he awoke, the torrid sun was pouring into his apartment; and by his bedside, looking the very incarnation of coolness in his white jacket and white trousers, stood John the butler, with a cup of fragrant coffee and a plate of crisp cassava cakes on a silver salver in his hand.

'Missis hope you hab slep' well, Sa Garge! an' if you will please to get up, you will fine de young ladies in de piazza.'

There was considerable excitement in the church of Halfway Tree, when the party from Prospect Gardens, with the young English baronet in its train, put in an appearance at service that morning. The news of his arrival had spread abroad; and from the rector in the reading-desk, to the smallest negro girl with bare feet and starched petticoats who sat round the steps of the font, the eyes of the congregation were fixed on the stranger. As for George, the quaint little church and its occupants were objects of interest as attractive to him as he was, without knowing it, to the remainder of the congregation. Never before, he thought, had he said his prayers in such a heterogeneous company. All official Jamaica was there, from the Governor to the humblest clerk in the Colonial Secretary's office—official Jamaica, clad in white hats and black frock-coats, with blue or scarlet or bird's-eye neckties, patent-leather shoes, and white umbrellas. All the Christian beauty of the plains was there, dressed after the latest English fashions, with green veils to shade its charms from the sun, and palm-leaf fans to protect its somewhat mixed complexion from the heat. And all the negro population of the district was there, every man looking, to Sir George's unaccustomed eyes, the counterpart of the other; and all, males and females alike, displaying an unction and a fervour of devotion, conjoined—to judge by appearances—to an absorbing love of dress.

The service was short, plain, and impressive. The briefest of rectors, in the briefest of surplices, gave the briefest of sermons. The music was good, and would indeed have been excellent, had the choir not been drowned by the strident voices of the negroes. One feature of part of the service particularly attracted the baronet's attention, and that was when the rector amplified the well-known petition in the litany into 'from lightning, earthquake, and tempest.' This, coupled with the many references to fever, pestilence, and hurricane on the mural tablets on the walls, far more than the differences of colour and feature which he saw around him, convinced George that at last he was really in Jamaica.

When the service was over, the most of the negroes collected in the churchyard to see the gentry drive away. The square in front of the church was crowded with buggies and carriages; and whilst their vehicles were being brought up, the gentry themselves, clustering in groups under the shade of the trees, exchanged salutations with one another, discussed the sermon or their neighbours, or made appointments for Badminton and lawn-tennis parties for the remainder of the week.

'It puts me in mind of the vestibule of Her Majesty's Theatre on an opera-night,' said George to Evelyn. 'Do you remember, Evelyn, when my mother took you and me to our first opera?'

'Yes. It was *Faust*. I thought I had never seen or heard anything so beautiful.'

'Oh, there's the Governor got mother in tow!' exclaimed Eleanor, breaking in upon their conversation. 'They're talking about you, Cousin George.—Look! there's mother beckoning to you. You'll have to go. I would not like to be you; he's such a cross old thing, is the Governor.'

But His Excellency was all complacency in the presence of the young English baronet. He introduced him to Lady Longton; and her Ladyship, as an especial mark of favour, let the tips of her lemon-coloured glove rest for a moment in his hand.

'I was sorry Lady Longton and I were out when you called yesterday, Sir George. It was not a visiting-day, as perhaps Mrs Durham may have told you; but we should have been glad to have seen you. I hope, however, to do myself the pleasure of returning your call in person at an early date; and I trust that during your stay in Jamaica, we may have the pleasure of seeing a good deal of you. I had the honour of your father's acquaintance—the late Sir Arthur Durham—I hardly like to say how many years ago. We were boys at Eton together; and though your uncle had ceased to be Attorney-general before I came to the colony, I have had occasion, more than once, to express publicly my sense of the invaluable service he rendered to the island. I hope Mrs Durham or some of your charming cousins will often bring you over to Queen's House. I shall tell Hilary that we shall always be at home to you.'

'Aunt,' said Sir George, as they drove off from the churchyard gate, 'what am I to do? I have not brought a court-suit with me; I had no notion it would be required.'

Mrs Durham laughed.

'I told you Sir William was not popular,' said Evelyn. 'You can understand the reason now.'

But whatever exception George might be disposed to take to His Excellency's high sense of his own importance, he had no reason to complain of Sir William's want of civility.

The next day, the Governor called on Sir George. He had scarcely gone, when an orderly arrived with an invitation to dinner for the following evening.

'It is not a "command" this time, George,' said Mrs Durham. 'I think we had better go. The Queen's House little dinners are always pleasant, though I can't say the same for the official ones. You'll meet some of the nicest people in the island. The Chief Justice and Lady French are sure to be there; and General Short, the Director of Roads; and very likely the Commodore.'

It turned out as Mrs Durham had predicted, a very pleasant little party. All the persons whom she had mentioned were present, and in addition, a couple of rich planters—non-official members of the Legislative Council, and as such entitled to the colonial distinction of being styled the Honourable—one of whom, a Mr Da Costa, was accompanied by two very pretty young Jewesses, his daughters, to whom the Commodore paid assiduous attention.



When dinner was announced, Sir William gave his arm to Lady French; Lady Longton followed with Sir George; and then the rest of the company in the strict order of precedence. Captain Hillyard and Evelyn brought up the rear.

'I hope, Sir George,' said the Governor, addressing him across the table, 'you intend to make the round of the island. You cannot say you have seen Jamaica, if you don't. Kingston is no more Jamaica than London is England. Every parish in the island—a parish with us, you know, is the same as a county in England—has its own distinguishing characteristics. Even the patois of the peasantry is different in Westmoreland from what it is in Portland, for example.'

'I should like to do so very much, Sir William, but my stay is limited. I must leave for home the first mail after Christmas; and I believe November is a bad time for travelling in Jamaica.'

'Yes; we have our autumnal rains—our "seasons," as we call them—then. Still, this is only October. You might do it all before the rains commenced, if you started at once.'

'But that,' said Mrs Durham, joining in the conversation, 'we cannot allow my nephew to do. He has come out to make the acquaintance of his relations, Sir William, and he has not had time to do so yet.'

'Ah! my dear Mrs Durham,' replied the Governor gallantly, 'that alters the case entirely. Interesting as an extended study of our social peculiarities would undoubtedly be to Sir George, he has an infinitely more charming study nearer home;' and he bowed to Mrs Durham with the grace of a courtier.

'Nevertheless, your Excellency,' broke in Mr Campbell, the Custos or Lord Lieutenant of St Ann's—a shrewd Scotchman, who prided himself in keeping up the old Jamaica traditions of hospitality—'nevertheless, if Sir George Durham could spare time to take a run over to the North Side, I'm sure he would be both delighted and amused.—We have the finest estates, sir,' he continued, addressing himself to the baronet, 'in our parish. It's called the Garden of Jamaica—and the best lot of negroes in the island. If you want to know what Quashie is really like, you must go to the sugar-estates. Your Kingston nigger is a poor creature—a poor feckless creature. But for the real article, you'll have to go to the country.'

'I always thought the finest peasantry were to be found in Manchester,' said the Governor. 'At anyrate, they are the most money-making and the most independent. When I was in Manchester last, I was shown a negro who had saved two thousand pounds, and had bought a large coffee-piece besides. It is not often one meets with a thrifty negro.'

'It's because they distrust your government savings-banks, Sir William,' replied the planter. 'They think their money can be seized for taxes. If you would get that idea out of their heads, they'd be as saving as the Coolies. The negro hoards, though he does not save. The Coolie saves, but he does not hoard. But the truth is, the one is quite as fond of money as the other.'

'I should not have thought they were a saving

people,' interposed Sir George. 'They must spend a great deal on their dress.'

'So they do—so they do, Sir George,' replied Mr Campbell; 'far more than they have any business to spend. And no negro would condescend to take care of his clothes; he would think that niggardly. Don't you see the way the women go about the streets, sweeping up the dust with their long starched petticoats? If any of them was to hold up her dress, she would be sneered at as a "mean somebody."'

'I wonder,' interposed the Commodore, 'what a negro's ideas of beauty are?'

'I am sure I don't know,' laughed the planter. 'But I do know that no one in the world is vainer of her appearance than a negress.—If you notice, Sir George, you'll see that every second girl you meet has one or two of her front teeth out.'

'I have; and wondered whether it was from eating sugar-cane or anything of the sort.'

'Nothing of the kind. She's had them pulled out to improve her looks.'

'You do not mean that seriously?' exclaimed the baronet.

'Indeed I do,' responded the planter; 'in England, the loss of even one front tooth fills a girl with dire alarm; but here, the loss of two is quite the thing! There's no accounting for taste.'

'Do you employ Coolies as well as negroes on your estate, Mr Campbell?' inquired the young baronet.

'We're obliged to,' was the reply. 'We use them as a sort of decoy-ducks to induce the negroes to work. If we could dispense with them, we would gladly do so; for they're very expensive, and need a lot of coddling and looking after; and all that takes up both time and money. Besides, they're not half so strong as the negroes. They can't do axe-work, and they're always in hospital. But we can't do without them. Since the abolition of slavery in 1838, Quashie has become so lazy and independent that he's not to be relied on. He works only when and how he pleases. Still, we're glad to get him almost on his own terms. It's a sort of secret of the trade, Sir George, and you mustn't betray us if I tell you; but the best-paying work on every estate is reserved for the negro. If he did not get that, Quashie wouldn't come near us at all.'

'But I thought your Coolies were physically a fine body of men,' replied the baronet.

'The scum of the earth, sir—the scum of the earth. The women come from the bazaars; the men are fellows who have committed some offence against the laws or the caste prejudices of their countrymen. Many of our Coolies were sepoys during the rebellion. I don't believe it is entirely the fault of our immigration agents in India. They would get us better if they could. But respectable Indians can't be got to cross "the black water," and hence our estates are recruited from the offscourings of our Indian population. However, if you're interested in the subject, you've a fine opportunity for studying it. The *Hampshire* has just arrived with a fresh consignment of Coolies on board. It's that has brought me to town. I'm going aboard her to-morrow with the Agent-general of Immigration; and if you would like to go over a Coolie ship, I'll get you permission to go with us.'

'Pray, do, Mr Campbell; I shall be very much obliged; there is nothing I should like better,' said Sir George.

'Very well; that's agreed then. We'll meet at ten to-morrow at the Agent-general's office.'

### CATS: THEIR HUMANE AND RATIONAL TREATMENT.

BY DR GORDON STABLES, R.N.

CATS deserve far better treatment than they sometimes receive at the hands of those who own them. This more often than not is the result of a want of knowledge of what is necessary to keep pussy alive and comfortable. Many people have an idea that anything is good enough for a dog; but alas! a cat is supposed to be able to maintain existence without even a share of whatever may be implied by that word 'anything.' Some people look upon poor pussy as simply a kind of clever invention for catching mice, an animated vermin-trap, a creature that never requires any food except that which she herself may capture, and no attention or kindness of any kind. Thanks to her wonderful nature and instincts, even a neglected cat will manage to support life after a fashion; but there is as much difference between a well-fed and properly cared-for puss, and a mere mouser, as there is between a hungry wolf of the wilds, and the honest 'bawsent'-faced collie that sleeps on the hearthrug, or accompanies its master in his walks abroad.

Any one who wants to find out what a gentle, affectionate, and grateful animal a cat really is, has only to make the following experiment. Let him get a young one, not a kitten, but a cat of about a year old, that has been starved and ill-treated and regarded as a kind of wild beast, or kept about some barnyard merely on sufferance, in order to keep the mice away. Let him begin by feeding this cat regularly, talking to it, and using it kindly; let him bring it into the house every night, and give it a bed of some kind to lie on in a warm corner, and teach it by gentle means habits of cleanliness, &c.; let him do this, and he will be surprised at the difference in the poor creature's manners and appearance even in the space of a month or six weeks; and before a year is over, he will be as fond of that cat, as any human being can be of one of the lower animals. And pussy will be just as fond of her master, and have never a thought in her heart but how to please him.

Now, I do not mean to waste space in giving many anecdotes illustrative of pussy's tricks and manners; but one is so fresh in my mind at the present moment, and altogether so strange, that I cannot refrain from penning it. I was told the story when in Jersey, judging a show of dogs, cats, and rabbits, and have every reason to believe it is strictly true. Two cats belonging to a gentleman in that island had kittens at the same time; the young ones were destroyed, with the exception

of two, one being humanely left to each mother. During the night, a kitten died; but its parent had carried it to the other part of the room, where her companion was, and exchanged it for the living one, which she was found suckling. To make certain there had been no mistake, the dead and the living kittens were restored to their respective mothers. In a short time, the exchange was again made; and the same thing occurred a third time; but now, instead of going back to her own bed, this eccentric pussy escaped to an outside hayloft with her living freight, and there she reared it.

I have proved over and over again that, properly cared for and properly trained, cats are cleanly and regular in all their ways—that they are wonderfully sagacious—that they are quite as wise in their own way and as high in the scale of animal existence as dogs are—that they are tractable and eminently teachable—that, indeed, they can be taught tricks like a poodle—that they are honest, and not thieves—capital vermin-killers, very fond of other animals as playmates, such as dogs, guinea-pigs, rabbits, and birds—that they are very fond of their young, very much attached to children—that they *like* their homes, but *love* a kind master or mistress. But a badly used or thoughtlessly treated cat is quite the reverse of all I have described, though for the sake of humanity I will admit that most of the bad usage to which our pussies are subjected is the result of want of thought.

Cats are liable to a good many ailments; but most of them are preventable by careful feeding and kind treatment. Let us see, then, what pussy really needs to keep her well and happy.

Strange though it may appear to some, she requires food every day of her life, and preferably twice a day. Now, although people who keep and breed what may be called show-cats, splendid Persians and Angoras, &c.—for the kittens of which they easily obtain prices ranging from two to ten pounds or more—make food for their favourites separately, this is not necessary where only one or two cats are kept in a family. Here the mistake usually made is that of supposing the bits thrown to the cat during the family meal-time by those she solicits are quite enough for her. Give her morsels by all means, if she begs prettily for them; but immediately after the family have breakfasted or dined, pussy's dish ought to be well filled with something really edible, something she cares for. This may be bread and milk, or potatoes mashed up in milk, or preferably in gravy; but meat of some kind she ought to have once a day at least. Cats depend more on meat even than dogs do. Boiled lights are very good; but it should be remembered that this kind of food looks more than it is; it is light by name and light in nature, so a good share must be given. It should be cut up fine and a little milk put over it.

Fish is a great treat for a cat; in many cases of illness, they will eat this when they can take

nothing else. Horse-flesh, when it can be had, is good occasionally, but it has a laxative tendency. Nice tripe or cowheel is excellent; but indeed nothing comes amiss that one eats one's-self, only we must be careful to give bread and vegetables as well as meat. Raw beef minced finely is often given to cats when ill; so are boiled eggs and cream. Milk seems to be one of the necessities of life to a cat; let it be good and abundant.

Few people know that cats cannot be kept in health unless they be supplied with water. If a cat does not get water, she will have to help herself to it. This in the country she has generally a chance of doing, but not in towns. A saucer should be always kept in a corner for pussy, and the water ought to be fresh, and fresh every morning.

Another thing that cats do not thrive well without, is grass. Herein, again, the happy country cat has the advantage of the feline dweller in cities; nevertheless, grass may be pulled for a cat. I have known it placed between two bricks in the corner of the scullery, where it would keep fresh for a week, and be always handy when the little creature wanted it.

There is no domestic animal in our possession more fond of cleanliness in every way than puss. Habits of cleanliness in the house are very easily taught; and a well-cared-for and properly treated cat will even teach her kittens to be cleanly. But pussy's food ought always to be nice and clean, and the dish that contains it should be washed every day. Putting fresh food among that which has been left from a former meal, is a sure way of preventing a cat from enjoying, or even touching it.

If well fed, a cat's coat is beautifully soft, thick, and sheeny, and she seems to take a delight in keeping it so. When ill or neglected, the coat becomes rough and thin. It is usually after a meal that puss sits down contentedly to wash herself and pay attention to her personal appearance; and those who breed beautiful cats, take advantage of this, and give the animal a tiny bit of butter after her dinner, or put a little cream on her paws. She requires no other incentive to cause her to proceed forthwith to groom herself all over. The oil of the butter and her own saliva seem to form a kind of soap, which acts like magic when applied by means of her rough tongue to the coat. Sometimes a cat requires to be washed. The water should be lukewarm, the soap the mildest procurable, and the towels with which she is dried very soft; and after the operation, she ought to be put into a clean room until thoroughly dry, or, what is better still, placed in a clean empty cage near the fire.

If the owner of a cat cares anything for it, or has any regard for the comfort of his neighbour, he will do, all in his power to keep it in the house at night. This is best accomplished by making a practice of feeding the animal late in the evening. A late dinner makes pussy very regular in her habits, especially if she is always sure of getting it at the same time.

The possession of property involves certain duties; when that property is a pussy cat, we have a duty to perform not only to our favourite but to our neighbours as well. To kill cats in gardens by means of traps or poison is extremely cruel as well as cowardly; but at the same time

the temptation to do so is very great when one finds his beautiful flower-beds torn up by the claws of nocturnal marauders; or his valuable pet pigeons, or even his chickens, killed and carried away. If people would only feed their pussies well at home and keep them indoors at night, such things would not happen.

There are many wanton cruelties perpetrated on cats, that I hardly care to mention. For the mere love of mischief, or sport as it is erroneously called, these harmless necessary animals are often hunted and torn in pieces by dogs. Again, there are those who capture and destroy cats for the sake of the skin, which fetches a good price at the dealers; but, for the sake of humanity, I trust I am mistaken when I add that, under the notion that it retains the gloss on the coat, the unhappy creatures are sometimes skinned ere dead.\*

Kind though her owner may wish to be, puss may nevertheless suffer from her owner's thoughtlessness. It is cruel not to feed a cat abundantly, regularly, and with food suitable for her wants. It is cruel not to give her plenty of fresh water daily, and an allowance of good sweet milk; and it is foolishly cruel to keep from her the necessities of life, with the idea that it will make her a better hunter; for mouse-catching needs patience, and only a well-fed cat has that. It is cruel to turn a cat out at night against her will, and a person who makes a practice of so doing has no right to own one. It is crueler still to 'wander' a cat that you do not wish to keep, and have not the courage to mercifully deprive of life.

Another species of cruelty to be avoided is that of destroying all a cat's kittens at once. One should always be left, and for this little thing a good home should invariably be provided. It is cruel, on the other hand, to keep more than one or two alive; for, as it is next to impossible to find homes for them all, they are sure to turn out starvelings, and add to the list of homeless wanderers.

But the worst form of cruelty of any is that cold-blooded species of cat-murder—I can call it by no other name—which consists in leaving the poor creature to starve at home while the family is gone on the annual holiday. There is no excuse for this; for cats are capital travellers, and if they love their owners—as, if well used, they invariably do—they will take kindly to the new abode even in a day. If, however, it be thought too much trouble to take pussy to the hills or the seaside, surely a kind neighbour could be found to take charge of the animal in the absence of her owners. In Edinburgh, where, we regret to say, the habit of allowing the cat to shift for herself while her owners flit to country quarters, has been lamentably prevalent, such cases are now taken cognisance of by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

When a cat gets too old to be of any use, and is even a burden to itself, then it ought to be destroyed in as humane a manner as possible. I have tried all plans. A very large dose of morphia causes death speedily; but often, instead of falling at once into the sleep that precedes extinction of life, the animal has a fit of delirium. A cat, however, if placed in a box from which the air

\* Let the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals take note.—Ed.

is excluded, and a spongeful of chloroform placed in one corner, quickly succumbs, and moves no more. Drowning is somewhat cruel, in my opinion.

If cats are properly treated, they seldom ail. As a rule, they can treat their own complaints far more scientifically than either a vet. or a doctor knows how to do. Grass is their principal medicine. This acts in one of three ways, according to the quantity taken—in large doses, being an emetic; in medium, an aperient; and in small doses, an alterative and antiscorbutic. When a cat is very ill, she gets away of her own accord into a quiet dark corner, and abstains from taking food, although she may come out now and then to drink water. It is evident, then, that she knows the value of *rest*.

When a town cat falls sick, and is seen looking miserable and strange, with a staring coat and injected eye, and if she has no appetite, and wants to hide away out of sight, it will be real kindness to place her in a clean attic or some unused room, letting her have plenty of fresh water to drink, and giving her also a dose of medicine. A grain or two of sulphate of zinc repeated at intervals of ten minutes, will act as an emetic. When the stomach settles, give her a small tea-spoonful of warm castor-oil, and leave her alone for four-and-twenty hours.

There is far more difficulty in giving medicine to a cat than to a dog; the animal is more suspicious, and also more difficult to handle. A cat will not, as a rule, bite intentionally; but she can make terrible use of her claws. The medicine to be administered may be in the form of a liquid, a powder, or a pill. If the first named, puss must be wrapped in a rug or shawl, and held by one person, while another opens the mouth, and, little by little at a time, pours down the medicine. Care should be taken not to soil the fur. A pill is given more quickly; but the upper jaw and under jaw should be kept well apart, and the pill put far down, while the finger must be clear before the mouth is permitted to close, or a very ugly not to say dangerous wound may be the result. Sometimes it is as well to rub the medicine to be given, on pussy's paws; she will set herself to clean them, and so the physic will be licked up. Tiny pills or powders may be given in raw meat, and tasteless powders placed on the tongue.

Cats are subject to many illnesses of the digestive canal. Chronic inflammation of the stomach is by no means rare, usually caused from something the creature has picked up or eaten. Poisoning is often suspected, but it is rarely indeed that a cat eats poison. When ill, she ought to have free access to grass, which she will use as an emetic. A mild dose—small tea-spoonful—of warm castor-oil should be given to commence with, or twice the quantity of salad oil, and this should be repeated about twice a week. Feed only on milk-food, and put three times a day on the tongue, two or three grains of the trisnitrate of bismuth. Keep her warm and at home.

Diarrhœa and dysentery are diseases from which cats suffer. Careful nursing is needed and warmth, and the least irritating kinds of diet; and for medicine, we must trust to chalk-powder, and opium or morphia. Half a grain of solid opium may be given twice or thrice a day, or the solution of muriate of morphia in three-drop doses every two hours.

Bronchitis or severe cold is one of pussy's ailments. I direct hot fomentations frequently to be applied to the head, a mild diet, rather low at first; followed by strengthening food, if she begins to lose flesh—beef-tea, raw meat, eggs, and a little wine, &c.

Cats are subject to many kinds of fits. These, however, should not be looked upon as diseases, but as symptomatic of a diseased system. In the fit, little more can be done except keeping puss from hurting herself and letting her have fresh air; or the nose may be lanced with a very sharp penknife, just enough to let a few drops of blood be squeezed out. Afterwards, it may be as well to give a worm-powder. Areca-nut fresh grated is best; and the dose would be about ten or twelve grains mixed with butter or lard, on an empty stomach, following up in an hour with a dose of castor-oil. If fits recur again and again, try by every means to get her into good condition, not fat, and give a grain each of the iodide and bromide of potassium three times a day. Cod-liver oil may also be given; and whenever it is, a dose of castor-oil should be administered once a week.

When a cat takes jaundice, it seldom gets over the disease. I advise the use, to begin with, of Glauber salts, a small tea-spoonful diluted with plenty of water, and given gradually. If it makes the cat vomit, it can do no harm; if it acts as an aperient, it will do good. Give the following pill thrice a day: Creosote, three drops; aromatic powder, five grains. Make into ten pills with bread-crumbs. Give a grain of calomel every night; but watch the symptoms. It is not intended to purge too much. If she gets better, diet carefully, and give cod-liver oil, and a quinine pill made of one-eighth of a grain of sulphate of quinine and a very tiny bit of conserve of roses. This is a handy conditioning pill in many ways; but if half a grain of rhubarb and a grain of ginger be added, it makes it all the more effectual. Give it thrice a day for a fortnight.

Mange is caused by a skin parasite. The pussy must be washed; she must be well fed; and all red or irritable places must be rubbed with an unguent composed of the green iodide of mercury ointment and the compound sulphur ointment, twice a day. Wash three times a week. Feed very well, and keep extra dry and warm; and let her have a little sulphur in the food, and a dose of oil once a week.

Ulcers or sores must be kept very clean, and occasionally touched with nitrate-of-silver lotion, if they seem sluggish in healing. Wash every day with water in which a few drops of carbolic acid have been well mixed. If an ointment be needed, there is nothing better than that of the benzoated oxide of zinc.

If the eyes are inflamed, bathe them frequently in lukewarm water, remove all dirt, and use an ordinary eyewash.

Never take a cat's kittens all away at once, else she may have milk-fever. Bleeding may be required; but, at all events, aperients are necessary, and a little fever mixture, as for a child. This any chemist can prepare.

Never use harsh remedies to a sick cat. Let the ailing one have a good soft bed, plenty of water, and grass within reach; and remember



in treating her, that she can hardly be kept too warm and comfortable, if the temperature is an equable one, and the air in the room fresh and pure.

'LETTING THINGS DOWN.'

WE were fortunate enough to know and love a good couple, who, years ago, lived in a comfortable mansion, and had all the surroundings of elegance and affluence. These considerations, as well as the kindness shown to us collectively and individually, made us rejoice when our holidays allowed us to visit the said abode, which seemed to our moderate views a very palace of delights. There was a large old garden; a hothouse full of fine grapes, usually very much at our service; a carriage we could use when we liked; a pleasant host and hostess to receive us when we returned tired from our drives or wanderings through the delightful meadows which lay round the house. There was no end of felicity at Eaglehall; and the interior of the house was as nice and well ordered as the outside was trim and prettily arranged. There were peace, plenty, and prosperity; young, happy faces beamed about us all day; and there seemed no end to the solid comforts and enjoyments then to be met with.

In the course of years, however, this system of things went on slowly but steadily deteriorating. The children of the house grew up and went out into the world—some successfully, others the reverse; the hand of change fell, not disastrously, but naturally on the good old host and hostess; things by little and little 'went down.' There was no want of money, only a want of heart or apparent interest in things. The place was no longer quite so pleasant to visit; and the last time we set foot within its doors the shadow of the last awful change was hovering over the kind old mistress, and the ancient faithful domestics had gone away, and others, rude, vulgar, and greedy, had come instead. We thought sadly, as we turned away from the familiar scene, that much of the discomfort prevalent came from things being at first allowed to 'go down.'

Now, we have been thinking a good deal upon this subject lately, and we would, as older folks, advise our young friends to avoid as far as in them lies that indifference of spirit which allows things to fall into disuse, disrepair, or disregard, merely for want of a little 'keeping-up.' It has been pithily said, 'that though money be scarce, soap and water are always abundant'—a fact surely not known to the world at large, judging from the way in which people, from sorrow, indifference, poverty, or other causes, allow even their outward appearance to 'go down' perseveringly.

'W—— is surely hard up,' said one lately, in talking of the apparently prosperous head of a flourishing firm. The man referred to was in the prime of life, usually tall, erect, and well 'put on,' and well known to have the best business in the place. For some little time it had been observed that he no longer walked with his usual air; his clothes looked shabby and soiled, and his hair and beard were badly kept. His manner, too, had become reserved and sour;

so when a new Company opened in the same town, with offices whose plate-glass windows and freshly painted doors invited attention, people went away from W——, and he lost several excellent orders, which naturally he would have got. Nothing, all this time, had happened to cause W——'s deterioration but a want of energy and determination to keep himself 'up to the mark;' so the result was that people thought he had 'gone down' in money matters, and so left him, causing him in a few months to 'go down' altogether.

'Rub up your brasses, Sally,' said an energetic husband to a wife, who being, when first married, clean and orderly, was degenerating into a slattern, and failing to 'keep up' the interior of the pretty cottage. So we may all in our several ways find plenty 'brasses to rub up;' and if our own spirits are gloomy enough at times, we may at any rate keep the externals about us bright for the sake of others. He is a poor-spirited being who, because things go contrary to his wishes, gives himself up to the despondency that would induce tawdriness in house or garden, or personal self-reverence; and the brave soul that looks well to the comfort of those around, and works on steadily, with perhaps a breaking heart, is worthy of the highest veneration.

'Brush your hair, Betty, and then things won't look so bad,' was the homely advice given by an old friend to a woman whose husband had lost money by the failure of a bank, and who could not see the force of the wife sitting tawdry and dishevelled, with unswept floor and untidy hearth and unprepared dinner, because this calamity had happened.

We all know how in the very presence of death itself, externals help to make the pangs of friends and watchers scarcely so keen as discomfort and penury would do. 'All was done that could be done, and the family is well left,' is often the comfortable reflection of the survivors after a death. The same thing could not be said if everything had been allowed to 'go down' only because the malady was hopeless.

Some people took a dull house which had been allowed to 'go down' by former tenants. They found everything as bad as possible—paper hanging off the walls, grates rusty, drains all wrong, and a general look of decay about the place, though it had been inhabited for years and just newly vacated. In a week, all was changed: there were fresh but inexpensive papers for each room, the grates were well rubbed and polished; soap and water, and windows opened for fresh air, did the rest, and the house was no longer dull. The former tenants had not cared to 'keep things up.' It is much easier, by care and very small expenditure, to 'keep things up,' than it is to 'let them down,' and then institute a thorough reformation. An old house with which we were familiar, a mere shell, with thin walls and tottering floors and rat-eaten woodwork, was yet the very prettiest abode in our memory, simply because it was well 'kept.' A coat of paint nearly every year, carpets fresh and new, good order and cleanliness in every corner, and you forgot its age, and perhaps its decay.

The same system should be pursued with regard to mind, habits, and cultivation, as to houses or gardens. Let all young people carefully 'keep

up' the accomplishments learned at school; let them as far as possible cultivate every talent. We have seen men and women, careful to preserve in all things the habits of youth, retain a freshness in middle-life and old age which was perfectly astonishing. There is no need whatever for any one 'going down'; a high standard of excellence placed before us at the first may lead to that nobler and better life which grows brighter and brighter 'even to the perfect day.'

### THE RESUSCITATED IRISHMAN.

A GALWAY gentleman was wont to tell the following humorous story of unexpected resuscitation: 'That many people are buried alive, is beyond a doubt. I know an instance that I will relate to you, which I may say happened in my own establishment, for our huntsman, Jack Burke, was the subject of it. Jack had a dangerous illness—a fever, I think it was—and, to all appearance, died. He was duly coffined, and as duly waked; and such a wake and funeral were never remembered in Galway; for Jack was a universal favourite, a character and a wag, and crowds came from far and near to the burying. The bewailing cries were so loud as the procession moved along the road, that they could be heard a mile off; and by the time they reached the churchyard, all were hoarse with crying. It is the custom in these parts to carry the coffin three times round the church, after which it is laid by the side of the open grave. All present sink upon their knees in prayer, the men reverently uncovering. The immediate relatives of the deceased close round the remains, and for some minutes there is total silence. The contrast between this death-like hush and the loud cry of the funeral wail is striking, and the appearance of the motionless kneeling crowd very impressive.

'On the present occasion, the path round the church was rough and stony, and the ground uneven with graves; so that poor Jack, while being carried his three rounds, was sadly jolted in his coffin.

"A rousing leap we had to take, surely, when we came to Tom Grady's tombstone," said one of the bearers afterwards. "Enough to wake the dead, it was. We couldn't put our feet upon the new clean grave, and the dacent man not a week inside; so there was nothing else but to hop it."

'Whether or not consciousness was jolted into Jack by this "hop," is uncertain; but certain it is that the dead silence customary after laying down the coffin was broken, not by the usual smothered sobs, but by vehement thumpings at the lid! It was quickly opened, and Jack sat up. After staring round with an air of comical bewilderment on his astonished friends, a great-coat was thrown over his graveclothes, and he was helped up on a jaunting-car, and in this plight driven home.

'The old woman who had been left behind to keep the house when all went to the funeral, and who was telling her beads over the kitchen fire, was nearly frightened out of her senses at the apparition. There was some difficulty in persuading her that it was Jack himself, and not his ghost, she saw.

'Meantime, Jack had drained a bowl of milk that was on the dresser, and now looked wildly about.

"Is it wanting anything ye are, my poor fellow?" said his friends. "Lie down now, and compose yerself. A drop of spirits, with a bit of nourishment and a stretch on the bed, will do ye good, after the start ye got, finding yourself—God save us!—in the coffin. There now, be aisy, do!"

'But Jack would not "be aisy." He kept glaring about him and searching for something; staggering here and there, looking behind doors and shutters, and peering into cupboards.

"The saints be good to us!" whimpered the old woman; "his mind is gone—gone with the fright. Masther, darlint, what ails ye? Is it the hunger, the long fast that's putting ye astray? Sit down, for the love of the blessed Vargin, and I'll fry you a shave of bacon, and mix a tumbler of punch in half a second, to rise your poor heart and put life into you. Do now, avic!"

"Arrah, will you get out of my way, and lave me alone," cried Jack. "It's my stick I'm looking for—my stick, for my wife, bad luck to her! when she comes home. And if I don't give her such a lambastin' as never mortal woman got before, my name isn't Jack Burke, that's all!—Look here!" he exclaimed, plucking at his shirt—which had seen better days—while he panted with rage and weakness. "Six brand-new shirts, whole and sound as the day they left the weaver—without tear or rent, patch or darn—I left behind me; and look at the rags she dresses up my poor carcase in! making a fool of me in the coffin when I'm dead and gone, and bringing me to shame before the neighbours and the country. Ah! the stingy one! to grudge the dacent linen to the boy that owned her! Only let me catch a hold of her, and see if I don't make her four bones smart for it!"

'With much difficulty, poor Jack's wrath was calmed, and he was got to bed by his friends, Mrs Jack in the meantime wisely keeping out of the way. He never forgave her the ragged shirt—to him, the feature in the affair.

'To "make an appearance" at their burial is the ambition of the lower orders of Irish. They will undergo privation, sooner than pawn or wear the sacred under-garment laid up to "dress the corpse in." Thus it was that the indignity to his remains was so paramount in Jack's mind, that ever after, it completely set in the background his narrow escape from the dreadful fate of being buried alive.'

### SUMMER TERM.

1882.

Few months have waned, few days gone by, since we  
Walked hand in hand beneath a summer sun,  
And watched the silver-rippled Cherwell run,  
To join fair Isis, hurrying to the sea.

We laughed and loved, nor could for pure joy see  
How longest laugh is laughter well-nigh done,  
And sweetest love, love better not begun,  
How brightest days will ever swiftest flee.

The summer days are fled, and Cherwell's stream  
Flows sad beneath white banks and branches bare,  
And I stand lonely, 'twixt the white and gray,  
Like as some mourner waking from a dream  
All filled with melody and faces fair,  
Mourns music dead, and fairness passed away.

J. DE K-HANKIN.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fourth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No. 1029.—VOL. XX. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1883.

PRICE 1½d.

## MISTAKES IN NURSING.

BY A MEDICAL MAN.

To minister to the sick is one of the noblest ambitions of the present age, as evidenced by the number of people who voluntarily devote themselves to such duties, independently of the calls of affection or considerations of reward. To be a good nurse requires a rare combination of excellences in the same individual—intelligence, physical strength, a kind disposition with firmness, a light hand and foot, courage greater than that which animates the soldier on the battle-field, and, above all, untiring patience. Given these, and the nurse becomes more than half the remedy; not only inspiring confidence on the part of the patient, but of the surgeon or physician also, who can rely that his instructions will be carried out with implicit obedience to the letter. Such a paragon, however, is rarely to be met with, except as an emissary from one or another of those admirable institutions where ladies are trained under skilful management for this work; and in the vast majority of cases, an invalid is placed in the hands of his immediate friends or relations, who, with the best intentions, it must be confessed often prejudice his comfort and retard his recovery by the very over-anxiety which is bred of affection. The object of this paper is not to convey the instructions necessary for the education of an accomplished nurse—a difficult task—but to enumerate a few small points which should be avoided, as tending greatly to the discomfort of the patient, and for the guidance of those who, without previous experience, find themselves suddenly thrust into this most responsible position.

Quietude is a great thing, of course; but real quietude means the absence of all excitement, and it must be remembered that anything out of the common will tend to excite the mind of a sufferer. Do not, therefore, walk on tiptoe, for this, in addition to its unusual elaboration of the gait, invariably causes a certain amount of creaking. Speak in low tones, but don't whisper;

a whisper will often awake a sleeper who would not be disturbed by ordinary conversation; and never say 'Hush!' Let your clothes and foot-covering be of as noiseless and unobtrusive a character as possible, and instead of gliding and tottering about like a rickety ghost, do not hesitate to walk. If you have occasion to say anything in the room, say it so that the patient can hear it if he wishes, and do not let him be aware of your conspiring privately with the others, especially at the door. That door has much to answer for. If it be visible from the bed, people open it cautiously, put their heads in, and slowly withdraw again. If, as is more frequently the case, it is screened by the bed-curtains, mysterious openings and shuttings are heard, unattended with any apparent ingress or egress, and *sotto-voce* colloquies go on outside. When you enter, do so honestly and at once; do not spend five minutes in turning the handle, like a housebreaker, thereby producing a series of irritating little clicks, finally terminating in a big snap, with which the door flies open. If the latch be at all rusty, a handle that is slowly wound back in this way will often stick, and either require to be rattled back into position, or, if left as it is, may start back suddenly, after a time, of its own accord with a report like a pistol-shot! It is always well to recollect that it by no means follows that a sick person is asleep because his eyes are shut; he may be acutely conscious of all that is passing in the room, though unable or unwilling to make any sign; and nothing can be more maddening, under such circumstances, than to have people hush-sh-shing, and whispering around, and creaking about on the tips of their toes. We have all sympathised in our hearts with poor Sir Leicester Dedlock when his tongue was smitten with paralysis, with his sister constantly bending over him with clasped hands and murmuring, 'He is asleep!'—till, goaded to desperation, he makes signs for his slate and writes, 'I am not.'

Never stand at the foot of the bed and look at the patient. While talking to him, it is better

to sit by the side of the bed, and as near the pillow as possible, so that you may converse easily, while your face and body are turned in the same direction as his. By this means, you can make all necessary observation of his features without enforcing the arrest of his eyes to your own, which is so embarrassing and disagreeable to one lying in bed, and is almost unavoidable when facing him. Keep him in as comfortable a position as possible, by all means, but don't be too demonstrative in smoothing the pillows and little offices of that sort. Fidgety attentions will worry him, and do him more harm than downright neglect.

When you are sleepy, it is better for your charge, as well as for yourself, that you should go to bed at once, and get that repose in slumber to which you *must* succumb eventually, however strong your devotion may be, and however great the interests at stake. It is not necessary to dwell here on the prudence of economising your strength, that you may be capable of greater or prolonged exertions, should the need for them arise, or to look at this detail from the point of view which affects yourself. But, in any case, you can be of little or no service, worn out with fatigue, and in a condition more akin to somnambulism than vigilance, and the spectacle of a nodding, dozing nurse is neither soothing nor reassuring to the sufferer; while, if you be one near and dear to him, he will be tormented with anxiety lest you should impair your own health on his account. In such a case as this, you cannot do better than lie down comfortably on a sofa or bed where he can watch you, and there have a good nap—for his sake.

Some people have a great notion of 'tempting the appetite' by the suggestion of all manner of eatables and drinkables, or by bringing them ready prepared to the bedside experimentally. This, no doubt, is very well at times—during convalescence, for instance; but, as a medical man, I am persuaded that it is a mistake in the earlier stages of an illness, when all food is loathed alike, and the creation of an appetite is an impossibility. The only thing to be done is to impress on the invalid the necessity of taking what is ordered for him at stated times, just as he takes his medicine; and it should be prepared on the same footing as a medicine—with the understanding that it is a nauseous dose, and must be presented in a form that will admit of its being swallowed as compactly and rapidly as possible. It is worse than useless to employ flavouring matters at this stage, with the idea of making anything palatable; if you can render his food absolutely tasteless, you will do far more for him. And beyond this forcible administration, so to speak, of a certain amount, I think little good is gained by suggesting this or that delicacy, in the hope that your patient may be induced to 'fancy' something. We may take it for granted that when he feels inclined for anything, he will ask for it spontaneously; and the promptings of nature are more likely to lead him to a choice of what is best for him, than our string of suggestions. I have frequently observed that when sick people have mentioned a desire for any special food, they almost invariably eat of it when it is procured; whereas it often happens, when they have been persuaded to assent to something which has been proposed,

the inclination—if it ever existed—has passed away before the dish or article can be brought to them.

I say, 'if it ever existed,' for there is no doubt that a patient often yields to suggestions in sheer extremity, simply for the sake of peace. I happened to be in a sick-room the other day, when a relative arrived on the scene. She had been warned to repress all emotion, and succeeded very well; but her tender solicitude was wholly irrepressible. I am sure that she asked at least twenty questions in less than a minute, until the unhappy sufferer writhed under them. 'Shall I raise your head a little? Will you have another pillow? Wouldn't you like your head a little higher? Let me fan you. Will you have the blind up? What can I get you? Some arrow-root? Do try some! I am sure you will be more comfortable with another pillow. Will you have one?—yes; do! I'll go and get one. Will you have a cup of tea? I'm sure it would do you good. A cup of tea won't take a minute,' &c. The cup of tea has been a dreadful instrument of torture in the hands of well-meaning people, who would not knowingly have teased a fly.

These are small things, you will say. But a small thing in health is often magnified to a grave matter in sickness, and the sum-total of them all may be as serious in their effect as the disease itself. It will be seen that the few points upon which I have laid stress are such as are calculated to promote tranquillity of mind—which, indeed, is half the battle in medical treatment. It is generally conceded that a trained nurse, who has no interest in the patient beyond that which the duties of her office impose, is better fitted to expedite his recovery than those who are bound to him by ties of affection, however welcome their presence may be in the hour of affliction. Whether the reader will agree with me, or not, is more than I can tell, but my experience in foreign countries has impressed me with the conviction that men make far better nurses than women.

## ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOT.

### CHAPTER XXXVII.—THE FIRST PROOF.

'I SHOULD have thought, I should, that I was capable of this, at my time of life, and after cracking many a harder nut, to my fancy, than this one. Four times I've been packed off to Paris, and given satisfaction in every case; and there are old French friends of mine in the Rue Jérusalem who didn't seem to think me quite a greenhorn. No more did my Yankee brother-officers, 't'other side of the ocean, appear to consider me quite in the light of a beginner. And yet, what have I done, down here in Devonshire, in all these weary weeks, but pick my employer's pocket and waste time! The mugs of cider and the pints of ale that I have stood for chance customers at wayside public, vex a man who remembers that nothing came of it but the emptiest of babbling talk. And the women were as bad as the men, every bit, though I put in their window-panes cheap, and mended their broken china for nothing; but what did I learn by it! Birch would have the laugh against me, only he writes



word that he has done no good in London, any more than I have in these out-of-the-way parts. Seems to me it's about time for me to give it up, and go back to town and my regular duties in the Force. In this Carew case, my usual luck seems to have left me quite.'

The soliloquist was a tall man, dressed in a slop suit of workman's clothes, and wearing a shapeless hat of soft felt. Seated on the parapet of a small stone bridge which spanned one of the countless streams of well-watered Devon, he was smoking a short pipe of blackened clay. There was something of military bearing about the man, which indicated to an observer of average acuteness the old soldier, gone back to the peaceful occupations of civil life. And indeed Sergeant Drew, of the metropolitan detectives, was competent, as his comrade Inspector Birch had said of him in the chambers of Mr Sterling the lawyer, to make an honest livelihood by more trades than one. In Devonshire, when sent down by Mr Sterling to make inquiries in the neighbourhood of the ancient seat of the Carews, which might throw light on the case, the sergeant had thought it better to adopt the character of a wandering glazier, who, being a handy man, and having also served his time in a joiner's shop, was not above undertaking on low terms those jobs of repairing which in cottage homes and outlying farmhouses so often await, for months it may be, the arrival of some such roving mechanic. In that capacity, the experienced detective felt pretty sure of a welcome, with opportunities for gossip, wherever he went.

Nothing but disappointment as yet had attended the explorings of Sergeant Drew. He had mended broken windows, and repaired rotten sash-lines, and put on deficient door-handles, in the dilapidated Hall of Carew itself; but the caretakers to whom the great ruinous old house was left had apparently been selected from among the stupidest of the retainers of the decayed family, and had nothing to tell that was worth the hearing. Of course they recollected the two young ladies, the baronet's sisters, but they had nothing particular to say about either, excepting that a grand wedding had taken place at Carew, when Miss Clare married that rich young lord Leominster. As for the former servants, some of them were in London, under Sir Pagan's roof in Bruton Street; but most had set up in other lines of life than domestic servitude, and were married and settled in out-of-the-way hamlets, where the sergeant, in his unobtrusive fashion, sought them out, but without much result for his labours. Nobody seemed to have a word to say worth listening to.

Probably the shrewd policeman, when he took the mission upon him, had not made sufficient allowance for the dull, uninquisitive character of the bucolic mind. At anyrate, although by the exercise of his arts as glazier and carpenter, and by the genuine good-nature which he showed in attending to many a trifle not by any means connected with his ostensible handicraft, he won much personal popularity, as a sort of serviceable Ulysses in humble life, he picked up no information that was likely to benefit the case of his employer's client. Even the singular resemblance between Clare and Cora Carew, which had once been matter of local wonder, seemed to have almost faded out of the memories of the rustics

with whom the sergeant conversed, though, now and again, a flagging interest would revive in the recollection of some bygone mistake as to whether it were 'Miss Clare' or 'Miss Cora' who had done this or ordered that.

'There only was one person, since Lady Carew died, who really did know the two apart, and she must be main old now, since she left Sir Pagan's service, on account of the rheumatics and wages overdue, the very year old Sir Fulford died,' said one woman less Bæotian than the rest.

Skilful investigation elicited the fact that this was one Jane Dawson, who had been nurse to Lady Carew, had left her to be married, and had come back, an elderly widow, to be nurse to Clare and Cora.

'A moorlander she was—and lived at Monk's Hollow, beyond Charnbury, right in the heart of it'—meaning Dartmoor—his informant had said.

And now Sergeant Drew, his wallet of tools and his rack of window-glass on his shoulders, was trudging on foot along the rugged bridle-roads that led to Charnbury and Monk's Hollow, as his last chance.

The march to his destination, through the wild solitudes of Dartmoor, with its tors of naked stone cropping up at intervals above the rolling tablelands of endless heather, treacherous green mosses, and trickling streams, was not particularly pleasant, fine as was the steady weather of that mellow autumn. The sergeant had slept, as became a wandering glazier, not in the worst inn's worst room, but in a humble chamber on the second floor of the sprawling public-house of Charnford, and unless a moorland storm should set in, he might reasonably count on reaching Charnbury, and being thence directed to Monk's Hollow. Charnbury was reached at last; and after a period devoted to rest and food, the detective set off for Monk's Hollow, and found it, appropriately, in the shape of a deep dell, wherein, beside a brooklet, and amongst a labyrinth of holly-bushes, juniper, alder, and ash, stood a dozen of thatched tenements and two farmhouses, clustering around a wooden-steeped church, close to which still were visible certain fragments of gray masonry, ivy-clad, once a portion of some Cistercian cell. Mrs Dawson was easily found. She lived by herself, in one of the thatched and cob-walled tenements—so said a farming hind, across a gate, in answer to the sergeant's inquiry—'that is, with only a slip of a granddaughter along wi' her.'

Nurse Dawson—who was one of those pleasant-looking little old women whom we sometimes see in rural England, with soft wrinkled faces, that remind us of roasted apples, and with little beady eyes, that peered kindly at those who spoke to her—proved to possess a genuine interest in her nurslings; in 'sweet Miss Blanche Prideaux, my Lady Carew, when I passed into service with Sir Fulford,' first and foremost, and then 'Miss Clare' and 'Miss Cora.' 'I loved Miss Clare the best,' said the simple old soul. 'Miss Cora had her tricks, and was wayward, and would plague a poor old body like me. But dear Miss Clare was all good, like an angel.'

On this occasion, the sergeant was able to drop his assumed character of a glazier, and to announce

himself, not precisely as a policeman, but as a person intrusted with a mission, much to the ultimate advantage of Miss Clare that was, and a good deal, too, he hinted, to that of the giver of useful information. The point to be cleared up was, which was which, of the two young ladies.

'I never saw either of them,' said the detective frankly; 'but this I know, from the London lawyer who has sent me here—a gentleman, Mrs Dawson, who is very liberal, and minds a sovereign no more than you or I would a sixpence—that they are in two different places now, and there does depend very much on knowing one from the other. So I thought you, as a nurse of theirs'—

'I do know which is which, better even than their own dear mother, my Lady, my own dearest Miss Blanche, could have known one of her pretty ones from the other; for My Lady was seldom in the nursery, being ill and pining; and I was always there till they grew so tall, and My Lady was dead, and Sir Fulford dead too, and Sir Pagan having so little for himself, and all the servants without wages'—

It cost some trouble to bring nurse Dawson to the point of her evidence, which Sergeant Drew immediately reduced to writing, and which ran as follows:

'There is a mark about my Miss Cora by which I could swear to her anywhere. And this is the history of it. On that bitter cold winter's morning of the christening day, with a storm of snow and rain driving down from the tors, I was dressing the dear young things in the new white embroidered baby-clothes, by candle-light; and a candle—the nurse-girl, who was out of the room at the time, had stuck it in carelessly—fell out of the candlestick, and burned the poor baby's soft arm—Miss Cora's arm, it was—just inside the lower part of the wrist. How the poor wee thing cried; and how I kissed her, and how frightened I was! But it never was found out, never—though, of course, the poor hurt innocent was crying—fractious, as they thought—near all day. Never did I mention that accident to any living soul; first, for fear it should get me into trouble—a natural fear, sir, for one in my station, and who knew what was owing to her betters; and later on, my dear Lady Blanche being dead, and my other two grown up, I suppose I held my tongue because I had got to look on the candle business as something to be hushed up.'

'Yes; I am quite certain it was to Miss Cora that the accident happened. And on Miss Cora's wrist the mark was, last time I saw her, and won't go, I reckon, till her dying day. A little, dull, bluish-white mark, most like a very young moon, like a sickle, but straighter. My young lady, Miss Cora, I feel sure, never noticed it; nor yet did her sister, darling Miss Clare, for the mark was very small, and not disfiguring, and, except to a nurse's eye or a mother's, who knew how it came to be there— But it won't get me into trouble, sir, and bring me blame, after all these years, will it?' asked the old woman, tremblingly.

Soothing assurances that no one would dream of blaming her for an inadvertence of so many years ago—allusions to the advantage of 'Miss

Clare'—and the laying on the table of three golden sovereigns, persuaded the old woman, reluctantly and slowly, to affix her shaky signature to the written statement; having secured which, the sergeant took his leave cheerily, and armed with his first proof, made the best of his way, on foot and in hired gigs, across stony Dartmoor, and so by railway to London.

### THE CIVIL SERVICE OF INDIA AS A CAREER.

It has become a commonplace to speak of the fierceness of the competition for the means of existence nowadays; and the commonplace applies not only to the lower classes, where competition has taken definite form in the development of trades-unionism, but also to the great and varied mass that goes under the name of the middle classes, and even to the junior branches of the aristocracy. One hears on all sides of the difficulty which in 'this aged nation of ours,' as George Eliot used to call it, the majority of young men find in earning a livelihood. The professions are overstocked; and the competition in trade and the various avocations which are known vaguely as 'something in the City,' daily assume greater proportions. Emigration, no doubt, lies open to all; but experience has shown that emigration without capital, and very often with capital, means—besides the inevitable exile—drudgery and years of weary waiting for a success that at the best is always doubtful.

Under these circumstances, it may be worth while to try and spread a knowledge of the advantages of a career which, making every allowance for its drawbacks, is one of the greatest that, without capital, interest, and years of hope deferred, lies within reach of the educated and hardworking young Englishman—the Civil Servant of India. The present time is one particularly appropriate for a consideration of this subject; for twenty-six years have now passed since the service was thrown open to competition; and the earliest of the *competition wallahs*, as they are called, are now either filling the highest posts in the government of our greatest dependency, or are retiring on their pensions.

No doubt, most of our readers are familiar with the general tenor of the regulations for obtaining appointments in the Indian Civil Service. But as these regulations are liable to change in important particulars—especially in the all-important particular of age—it may not be out of place to recapitulate them briefly here. The service, then, is recruited by means of a competitive examination, which is open to every natural-born subject of Her Majesty who fulfils the prescribed conditions as to age, character, &c., and pays the fee of five pounds. Unlike the Home Civil Service, no preliminary test examination has to be passed before the candidate is permitted to present himself at the competitive examination. This latter is held, in the midsummer of each year, and lasts nearly three weeks. The number of appointments competed for necessarily varies according to the requirements of the service,

but is usually between thirty and forty; and the number of candidates varies from one hundred and sixty to two hundred. In the old days—that is, ten or twelve years ago—over three hundred candidates presented themselves for each examination; but the decline in the number of competitors does not represent any decline in the popularity of the service, and is probably ascribable to the lowering of the age. The next examination will take place in June 1884, and on that occasion competing candidates must have been over seventeen and under nineteen years of age on the 1st of next January. The subjects of the examination will be—English (Composition, History, and Literature), Latin, Greek, French, German, Italian, Mathematics, Natural Sciences, Logic, Political Economy, Sanscrit, and Arabic. The list is no doubt a formidable one; but though the examination is, outside the universities, the severest in the world, it owes its severity more to the keenness of the competition than to the character of its subjects, which are supposed to include none—with the exception of the last two—which do not enter into the education of an ordinary English gentleman. The successful candidates are further subjected to a strict medical examination, to insure that they have no disease or bodily infirmity unfitting them for the service; and should they prove to be as sound in body as accomplished in mind, they are declared 'selected candidates.' They do not, however, at once proceed to India, but enter on a period of probation, of which it is only necessary here to say that it extends over two years, and that, during that time, the candidates have to reside at a university, and pass three test examinations, and that they receive three hundred pounds in all from the government.

No greater mistake could be made than to take the subjects for the competitive examination as an indication of the kind of work which the Indian civilian will have to perform during the greater part of his career. The object of that examination is to select, as far as can be done by examination, those young men who are most proficient in the subjects taught at our great public schools; and, as competitive examinations have been, for good or evil, finally adopted as the order of the day, there can be no doubt that the object is a wise one. If, however, men were selected with special reference to the work which they will have to perform during the greater part of their career in India, it is probable that a knowledge of engineering, sanitary science, agriculture, elementary law and medicine, and a capacity to ride straight across country, would be of infinitely greater value than any amount of Greek and Latin. During the greater part of his career, the civilian, unless he is fortunate enough to get into the Secretariat in one of the government capitals, spends most of his time in an up-country station, where he is the dispenser of justice, the collector of revenue, the inspector of roads, canals, and various matters connected with his municipality, very often the detective who hunts up a case of murder or highway robbery. He is, in fact, a Jack-of-all-trades; or, to put it in more appropriate language, the *Sahib* who represents the great British *Raj*, as his predecessors of thirty years ago represented the famous association of merchants known to

the natives under the mystic name of 'John Company.'

It would require much more space than we have at our disposal to depict, even in a general manner, the lights and shadows of an Indian civilian's life. Like everything else in the world, it is a subject on which there is much variety of opinion. But leaving out of count for the moment the solid advantages of the career in the way of pay and pension, and the less solid advantages in the opportunities it gives for making a name, few who are acquainted with India will deny that the service possesses a great fascination for the typical English nature, owing to its powers and responsibilities, and even to its occasional loneliness and dangers.

At present, however, we shall only touch on the solid advantages of the career as estimated by its pay; and we are able to do this with more advantage than would have been possible hitherto, from information recently published in India. The pay of a young civilian begins on his arrival in India at about four hundred and eighty pounds per annum, and is materially increased on his passing his first language-examination in that country. After this, there is seldom any absolute uniformity in the pay of the civilians of the same standing. It must be remembered that, in India, a Civil servant does not necessarily perform the work of his own particular appointment—his substantive appointment, as it is called. This anomaly arises from the necessity of providing for the discharge of the duties of officers on leave. A, for instance, takes leave to England; B is thereupon told off to do his work; while C does B's work, and D does C's, and so on; and the pay of a Civil servant at any stated time will depend on two things—namely, on his rank in the service, and on the duties which he may chance to be discharging. After twenty-five years' service—during which time furlough to Europe, amounting in all to about six years, is allowed—the civilian is entitled to a pension of one thousand pounds a year. In that twenty-five years, as in a similar period of every career, there are, of course, times when advancement moves slowly, and times when it moves rapidly. A good deal was said, for instance, in the House of Commons, a few years ago, about the block of promotion then existing in the Madras Presidency; and we believe that measures have since been taken to better the condition of the Madras civilians.

For our present purpose, it may be most useful to consider, in a very general way, what has been the fate of those who went out to India in the earlier years of the competitive system, and who are now drawing near the close of their official career. Of the fifty-two officers who were appointed in the first three years 1856-8, twenty-six are still in the service, the rest having died or retired. The highest salary drawn by any *competition wallah* is that of Sir Charles Aitchison, who belonged to the first batch of men appointed, and who is now Lieutenant-governor of the Punjab, on a salary of about eight thousand three hundred pounds a year. Of the nine others appointed in the same year, two receive about four thousand pounds, three over three thousand pounds, and the rest over two thousand pounds. In the second year of the system twenty civilians were appointed, of whom eight still remain in the service; and of

these, one is receiving about four thousand pounds, one about three thousand pounds, and the rest over two thousand pounds. Of the eight men of the third year still remaining, three receive over three thousand five hundred pounds, and the rest over two thousand pounds.

It will be seen from those figures that, as in every other walk of life, some have been much more fortunate than others. But, generally speaking, it is considered that an average civilian receives one hundred and twelve rupees (eleven pounds four shillings) a month—when over twenty years' standing—for every year of service completed; and that a civilian may consider himself fortunate or unfortunate according as his salary ranges above or below that standard. In a pamphlet published lately on the subject by a high official in India, it is stated, that although forty-nine out of the one hundred and four men appointed between the years 1856 and 1860 have vanished by death or retirement from the lists of the service, yet the survivors have in every way justified the system under which they were selected, and those who organised it have every reason to be proud of its results.

#### POOR LITTLE LIFE.

##### IV.

PUNCTUALLY at the appointed time next morning, the Durhams' carriage drove up to the door of the Immigration Office.

'You're exact to the minute, Sir George,' said Mr Campbell, looking at his watch, after having introduced him to Mr Buchanan, the Agent-general, a fair-haired youngish-looking man, dressed in a light alpaca jacket and a pith helmet.

Driving down to the Victoria Market, the party hailed a canoe, and under the skilful paddling of two sable boatmen, were soon under the *Hampshire's* bows. There she lay, like a weary creature, resting after her long and tedious voyage through the trackless seas.

'Never had a chance of sailing,' said the captain grumpily, when they had got on board; 'never got a wind the whole blessed time.'

The main hatch was open, and looking down through it, a strange sight met the visitors' eyes. A mass of naked limbs, thighs, and torsos, gleaming ivory teeth, soft jetty eyes—men, women, and children all salaaming together to the white faces peering through the hatches. The men were almost entirely nude; their sole garment was a white *babba* wound round their loins. The women were more decently draped in a couple of pieces of calico, the one surrounding the limbs, the other the head and chest.

'Before I call the roll, Sir George,' said the Agent-general, 'would you like to go below and get a nearer view of this human menagerie?'

The baronet acquiesced.

'Captain Grimsby and I have some papers to look over; but the second-mate will go with you, and you'll find me on the quarter-deck when you come up.'

'Many deaths this voyage?' asked Mr Campbell, as they descended the rickety ladder.

'Fifteen all told.'

'A considerable number.'

'Yes, sir. But I never saw such a set as them Coolies. When they think they're sick, they die off just like a pack of monkeys.'

'Any births?'

'Plenty, sir,' replied the mate, cheering up. 'Five in all. We had one the very night before we came into Kingston Harbour.—Take care of your heads, gentlemen. One step more. Here you are! Plenty of light, you see, when your eyes get accustomed to the darkness!'

And when their eyes did get accustomed to the twilight gloom, a very curious scene met their view. They could see from one end of the ship to the other. The main-deck had been entirely given up to the accommodation of its living freight.

Following their guide, Sir George and Mr Campbell proceeded to thread their way amongst the crowd. Children gamboled around them, came and touched their hands, their clothes, their umbrellas. Women held up their babies to be admired, then salaamed to the ground, touching their feet, and then their own heads, with every token of courteous oriental abasement. Many of the men were models for the sculptor, and one or two of the children were really pretty. But the women, with the exception of a few young girls of sixteen or seventeen, were squat and ungainly, and both in figure and feature formed a striking contrast to the men. Both sexes, however—from motives either of vanity or religion—appeared to have done their best to disfigure themselves. Many of the women had the half of their brows and the partings of their hair stained with vermilion; whilst the majority of the men had shaved either the whole or a portion of their heads.

Each man, woman, and child wore suspended from the neck a tin medal, on which his or her number was stamped. Several of the women were gorgeously adorned with bangles and anklets, necklaces, nose and ear rings. One woman had sixteen silver bracelets on her arm, which had been fastened on when she was a child, and had now eaten into her flesh. Two fair-skinned bright little sisters of thirteen or fourteen wore round their fat arms what looked like silver napkin rings, on either side of which the plump flesh protruded painfully.

On the beams and pillars of their saloon were suspended their pipes and their drums—their *hubble-bubbles* and their *tum-tums*. Mugs, old tins, and platters were rolling about on the ground. A tall sirdar in red jacket was distributing *chupatties*—thin flour scones—which the children, true to their instincts, greedily snatched and devoured. The men, crouched in idle attitudes, and the women stretched on the ground in every variety of easy and graceful pose, were less active in appropriating their share of the viands.

Amidst these motley groups were one or two sick people. A man who had fallen from deck and broken his leg, was stretched out, bandaged up with splints; and on a filthy blanket lay another poor fellow, whose emaciated frame, and bones protruding through the skin, showed only too distinctly that he never would cross the



*kala pani* (black water) again. No one seemed to trouble himself with him, or pay him the least attention. And indeed, he looked as if he were even now heedless of human care.

Suddenly the boatswain's pipe was heard summoning a general muster. In an instant the whole saloon was alive. Mothers and sisters seized hold of naked boys and girls, draped the one with *babbus*, and the other in sheets like grave-clothes. Then proceeding to make their own toilet, they swathed themselves in folds of pink muslin, bought for them in Calcutta, against this the day of their going ashore. Each man seized his *hubble-bubble* and his *tum-tum*. Each woman made up her little bundle of everyday attire. Then with her naked pickaninny astride on her hip, and perhaps a couple more hanging on by the skirts of her garment, she ascended the ladder to present herself and her offspring before the inspecting officer.

In the meantime, the deck had been roped off, and chairs and a table brought out for the use of Mr Buchanan and his clerks. Round the Agent-general's table clustered several planters, who, like Mr Campbell, had come on board to receive the Coolies allotted to them. As each man or woman came forward, they criticised his or her muscular development in very much the same manner as of old they used to do their slaves.

'On the whole, a goodish lot,' said Mr Campbell to the baronet, when his quota was made up. 'There are one or two not much worth. Look at that second fellow from the end. He don't look strong enough to handle a hoe. But that's a sturdy wench next him; look at her arms. I hope they'll behave themselves, I'm sure. They need a deal of humouring when they are landed first. They're just like bairns, Sir George, and have to be treated accordingly. It's hard work, I can assure you, keeping your temper when you see these great men and women, who ought to be attending to their work, throwing wooden images of Lukki, the goddess of Fortune, into the river, or wreathing a white goat with flowers, and then cutting off its head in honour of Káli, the goddess of Destruction.—Well, I think we've seen all that there is to be seen, so we'd better be off, and leave Mr Buchanan to his work.—I'll send my overseer for the lot,' added the Scotchman, addressing the Agent-general, 'in the afternoon.'

V.

A day or two afterwards, as the young baronet was leaving his room to join his cousins over their early coffee, he heard the girls laughing in the piazza above him.

'Here's Cousin George!' cried Sibyl, rushing to the top of the staircase to meet him, and holding up her rosy mouth for her morning kiss. 'Let's ask his advice.'

'Come along, George!' cried Evelyn, flourishing a letter in her hand. 'We want your opinion.—Eleanor, pour out his coffee for him; he likes it sweet, with plenty of hot milk.—Here's old Nana—our old nurse, you know—has got a letter from her grand-daughter, who lives in another part of the island called Manchester, asking her to go and stay with her; and the old lady can't

make up her mind, and wants us to make it up for her. Please take the letter and read it for yourself, and then you can tell us what you think.'

George did so, and read as follows :

'MY DEAR GRANDMOTHER—Your having resided in Kingston has hindered me from writing to you as often as I could wish. However, I now embrace this opportunity, trusting what I have to say may approbate your aged mind. I have considered your diminishing age has rendered you the greatest inconvenience of life, although your manners of situation would no doubt arise diversify of an opinion in mind. I am sorry to say," continued George, "your ever anxious to see your only Charlotte are ever deferred." 'The grammar's a little mixed at this passage. However, to proceed: "And as I cannot tell when it will be in this respect, it is my earnest endeavour to promote myself in the branches of usefulness, while it is the greatest joy of my father to see me wise and happy."

'Pon my word,' remarked George, 'this young lady seems to have a very good conceit of herself.'

"Our lives so uncertain," continued the mis-sive, "that I cannot lost the present. Although he has not the means, yet he is willing to see me as already stated. I will not leave to say that I was baptised on the first sabbath in June; so now I am a member of the church whose pastor is Rev. Isaac Parker, of which I trust it won't be little joy in your hope and felicity are centred. My dear mother, if your wish are still so great, do, my dear, come up to live and die with me. Look not on what you possess. Care not for house and home, but remember you are decreasing every day, and disadvantage is before you. Therefore I beseech you, answer to my request. Be to my desire: hoping when this reach your lovely hands"—

'Nana's lovely hands!' shouted Sibyl. 'Oh, you should see them, Cousin George; they're like the claws of some old monkey!'

'Hush, Sib; let me finish.'

"When this reach your lovely hands, it may find you and all friends in health, as it leaves me at present. I am your unfeigned and affectionate

CHARLOTTE."

'Well,' said George, handing the letter back to Evelyn, 'all I can say is, that if I were Nana, I should think twice before I went to live and die with such a superior young person. She'd soon be the death of me, with her long words and her learning.'

'That's what education has done for the negroes,' said Evelyn. 'I don't think Nana appreciates all her grand-daughter's accomplishments. You see she is what the negroes call an "old-time somebody." She was an old slave of my father's. But she would not leave the family at abolition, and she still retains all the feelings of her class. Her son, however, is different. He belongs to the new school, and the result is—his precious daughter Charlotte. But I don't think Charlotte's education will advance much further; she's engaged to be married to a young drayman in Manchester; and I daresay, after marriage, she'll

give up all her learning, just as ladies give up the piano.'

'Ask Hillyard to show you some of Captain Hillyard's letters to her,' added Sibyl maliciously. 'It would be good fun comparing them.—Wouldn't it, Cousin George?'

'Sibyl!' said Evelyn threateningly, but blushing all the while.

'Well, he does write to you, Evelyn,' pursued the child. 'You know he does; and you know you like him too,' she added.

'Oh, there can be no doubt she is very fond of him,' said Eleanor, with an air of the most aggravating candour.

'Captain Hillyard is certainly very amusing,' said Evelyn, partially recovering her composure, 'which is more than can be said of all the Governor's guests.'

## VI.

It was a trifling incident, but it set George a-thinking. The subject occupied his thoughts during the whole of the morning. He was conscious that this incident of Captain Hillyard's letters possessed an interest for him, for which his cousinship to Evelyn was no sufficient justification. He could not conceal from himself that the children's malicious remarks had caused him infinite annoyance. He was forced to admit that when Sibyl had spoken of Evelyn's correspondence with Captain Hillyard, she had sent a kind of stab through his heart. But, after all, why should she not correspond with Captain Hillyard? And if, as Eleanor had added, she liked him—what then? What was Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba? He was her cousin, to be sure, her nearest male relation, and as such, and also as head of her family, deeply concerned in her happiness. He was certainly fond of her too—in a brotherly, cousinly, family sort of a way, of course. She was one of the nicest girls he knew—bright, happy, guileless, unsophisticated, and very pretty too; there could be no doubt of that. All that assuredly made him deeply interested in her fortune. But could it account for those feelings of irritation—to call them by the mildest term—with which he had received his impish little cousins' mischievous intelligence? Clearly, it could not. For, after all, he repeated, why should she not correspond with Captain Hillyard? He had not seen much of him; but the little he had, had impressed him not unfavourably. He was amusing enough in his way. For a soldier, he was certainly clever—better educated, too, on the whole, than men of his profession sometimes were. He was the nephew, or the cousin—at anyrate some near relation of the Governor's. His prospects were good. He would probably be a governor himself some day. He would be no unsuitable match for Evelyn. 'I'll discover whether she really likes him; because, if she's only taking her fun out of the fellow, that's right enough. But I'm certain these chits meant to imply that there was something more serious between them. And if there is, I suppose, as Evelyn's cousin, I'd have something to say to the match.' And then he fell a-dreaming, as young men with plenty of money and no particular occupation are liable, perhaps even entitled, to do—dreaming of Deep-

dale and the Castle, and his mother, and his future, and a wife—who, somehow, always bore an extraordinary resemblance to Evelyn—who looked with her eyes, spoke with her voice, and went about the panelled halls and wide stone terraces of his ancestral home with her peculiar grace and gesture.

'The plague's in the girl!' he said angrily, as the dressing-bell rang forth from the piazza, warning him to bring his ablutions to a close. 'She's somehow or other got into my head, and I can't get her out of it. I remember one of the last things my mother said to me—it was the night before I left Deepdale, I recollect—was to be sure not to take a wife of the daughters of Heth. It was her way, I suppose, of warning me not to marry a nigger. I can't say, so far as I've gone, that I have been exposed to any temptation. These two Jewish girls I met at the Governor's the other night were pretty enough. By-the-by, I thought Hillyard showed that youngest one a good deal of attention. But I have not seen a girl in Jamaica yet—and very few out of it—that could hold a candle to Evelyn in point of looks. She certainly is uncommonly pretty—twice as pretty as when she used to come down to us at Deepdale. I know my mother used to admire her then, and like her too! Yes; she used to be very fond of little Evie; and so was my father. I wonder if my mother would consider Evelyn one of the daughters of Heth!'

## THE CRATER OF PICHINCHA.

THE following interesting sketch of an ascent to the crater of Pichincha is from the note-book of a young English engineer, who has recently returned home after a six years' residence in South America.

Pichincha is a lofty volcano situated in close proximity to the city of Quito, the capital of the republic of Ecuador, South America. Its height above the sea is estimated at fifteen thousand eight hundred and sixty-five feet, or about six thousand three hundred and fifty-five feet higher than the city of Quito, which is seated at an altitude of nine thousand five hundred and ten feet. Humboldt tells us that he was twice at the mouth of this crater, and goes on to say: 'I know of no one but Condamine who ever reached it, and he was without instruments, and could not stay above a quarter of an hour, on account of the extreme cold. I was more successful. From the edge of the crater rise three peaks, which are free from snow, as it is continually melted by the ascending vapour. At the summit of one of these I found a rock that projected over the precipice, and hence I made my observations. This rock was about twelve feet long by six broad, and was strongly agitated by frequent shocks, of which we counted eighteen in less than half an hour. The mouth of the volcano forms a circular hole, a league in circumference, the perpendicular edges of which are covered with snow on the top. The inside is of a deep black; and I have no doubt that the bottom of the crater is on a level with the city of Quito. Condamine found it extinct, and even covered with snow; but we had to report the unpleasant

news that it was burning. On my second visit, being furnished with far better instruments, I found the diameter of the crater to be sixteen hundred yards, whereas that of Vesuvius is but six hundred and seventy yards.

Humboldt's 'eighteen shocks in less than half an hour' need excite no surprise, when we remember that throughout this region the mighty and irresistible subterranean 'fire-king' seems to reign supreme, and earthquake shocks are so common that the people seem to heed them but little, notwithstanding the terrible facts that in 1795 a fearful earthquake, doing an enormous amount of damage, occurred here; and another two years later, which was so appalling in its destructive powers, that it is said forty thousand persons perished in a few minutes; that the ground opened in all directions, throwing out sulphur, boiling water, and mud; and that the face of the country was changed in consequence. And yet the denizens of Quito, in spite of these visitations, are a gay, light-hearted people, much given to amusement and pleasure, never appearing to recollect the awful 'mine' lying beneath their feet, which at any moment, and without the least warning, may hurl both city and citizens into eternity.

During my stay in Quito, and just after Christmas 1873, three friends and myself resolved to make a trip of inspection to the great crater of this volcano, a spot rarely visited even by natives, and still more rarely by Europeans. Our party consisted of a German engineer, two English merchants, and myself.

The journey to the crater of Pichincha can be done, I believe, there and back in one day. As, however, we wished to reach the crater as early as possible in the morning, we started the afternoon before, leaving Quito at three P.M. About half an hour after leaving Quito, we reached the village of Madalena, small, straggling, and very dirty; and in riding through it, the few houses appear resting on the tops of the hedges, because the road between the fields lies at a very low level. Leaving this village, we took a road on our right, and then began to ascend, and continued to do so for an hour, the road becoming worse and worse as we proceeded, till at length we passed through a gap in the western Cordillera, and began to descend on the other side. Half an hour's ride over a very rough and dangerous road, and we reached the bottom; then a trot along a pretty winding lane, both sides of which were covered with flowering bushes, brought us to a farm belonging to a Society of Nuns at Quito, where we had determined to sleep.

The manager of this farm, a stout, thick-set, burly-looking fellow, came out to greet us, and we asked if we could stay there for the night. He answered pleasantly enough, 'Certainly.' But we knew well it was no use asking for sleeping accommodation, for they never have any in these places. The hill-farms of this country are, as a rule, the most miserable, dreary-looking places it is possible to conceive, without the smallest attempt at external ornament, or even common cleanliness. We obtained, with some difficulty, sufficient fodder for our horses; our own food, fortunately, we had brought with us. After supper, therefore, we proposed to 'retire for

the night;' when the manager gave us a number of not overclean sacks, and some cowhides, not too fragrant, to lie upon, and showed us into a large place, which might have been used in England as a barn, provided it had been a little cleaner; and here, with the sacks and cowskins, together with the rugs we had brought with us, we made our 'beds,' if they could be dignified with that name. Although we all lay down, we did not go to sleep, for we were a jovial party, and overflowing with animal spirits; and with English glees and German *Volksheder*, two hours quickly passed, when we almost involuntarily exchanged the land of song for the realms of Momus.

The night was bitterly cold, and we found to our cost that our good 'mother Earth' makes but a hard bed even with such additional 'luxuries' as old sacks and ill-smelling cowhides. We were not sorry, therefore, when it was time to be astir; and remembering that a long climb was before us, we were ready for a start by four o'clock A.M. But here came a serious difficulty: we could get no fresh horses. We might almost have expected this, for the people of this country have a trick of making the fairest promises without the smallest intention of carrying them out. The old rascal the manager would not stir, but merely made endless excuses for not providing the horses as promised; and so, finding that arguments, and even offers of money in payment, were alike in vain, and that we were only losing precious time, we were obliged, however unwillingly, to continue the journey on the same horses we had ridden the previous day. At five o'clock, the guide arrived, and we at last got off about half an hour before daylight.

It was at first so dark that we could only just manage to see the outlines of the guide's figure; and, as I was deputed to take the front place, I had the greatest difficulty to keep him in sight. In a few minutes we entered a thick wood, and found the road slippery and very steep, it being now all uphill. Shortly we reached the bed of a small stream, which is indeed our 'road.' With various adventures, more or less exciting to us, we push on, upwards and still upwards. The day is breaking, and the higher we climb the greater becomes the cold. An hour after starting we emerged from the wood, and came out into broad daylight. The road through the long dried grass was so dreadfully steep, that we had to go from side to side, fifty yards to the left, fifty to the right, to make any headway at all. Fortunately, the ground was very dry, and the horses did not slip so much as they had done. About half-way up, we began to feel the wind that always prevails at these high elevations, and which was intensely cold, dry, and cutting. This was especially noticed by two Spanish scientists who, many years ago, were stationed on the mountain for the purpose of making astronomical observations. They found the wind so intensely keen, and blowing with such extreme violence that it was impossible to keep it out of their hut, although every crevice was closely stopped. Added to this, they were in constant fear of their hut being blown over the precipice, or demolished by large masses of rock, which were often dislodged from above, and came thundering down the mountain sides; and their discomforts were sorely increased

by thick fogs and constant heavy storms of hail and snow.

About nine A.M. we arrived within three hundred yards of the crater. As our horses were suffering much from difficulty of breathing, in consequence of the extreme lightness of the air, and were thoroughly exhausted by the constant climbing, we determined to dismount and secure them behind some large rocks, out of the way of the wind, which now assailed us in all its terrific force, freezing every drop of water in the hollows of the rocks, and cutting into our skins as if with the edge of a razor.

The day now began to grow pale, gray, and chilly, which did not tend to create much warmth of feeling or hilarity of spirits. Our German friend remarked that it was 'certainly very creditable to be cheerful at all under these very trying circumstances.' Having prepared ourselves for the further ascent by strengthening the inner man, we now commenced our journey to the crater on foot. But the great difficulty of breathing which we now experienced was so distressing, that we were obliged to halt at almost every ten yards to recover our breath. The wind—which chilled us to the very marrow, when sitting still in the saddle—was now far less painful, because we were necessarily warmed by the exertion of walking up the very steep and rough ascent. The last few hundred yards to the crater are all pounce and gravel, which, when it rains, must be ankle deep in mud and slush; but now, of course, it was all frozen hard.

After a tedious and most tiring ascent, we at length reached the top, that is, the edge of the crater, a large flat ledge about fifteen or twenty yards wide. Passing this inwards, we were instantly aware of a strong sulphurous smell which saluted our nostrils; but it was only for a few minutes. On passing below the level of this ridge inside, all was calm, and a genial warmth prevailed, reminding one of an English summer's day. Here and there, screened from the force of the wind, and cherished by the warmth of the crater, we observed a small plant growing without any flower, but covered with a kind of snow-white moss, which gave it a very singular and unique appearance.

We now came in sight of the actual crater; but the view of the interior was sadly obscured by the clouds of vapour, which are continually arising and hovering over this fearful boiling caldron. Dr Stübell, the German geologist, lived on this spot for a fortnight, patiently awaiting an opportunity to sketch the crater; and during that time he had only two intervals, of an hour and a half each, during which he was enabled to do so. This gentleman afterwards told me that from his measurements he found the crater to be six hundred mètres, or nineteen hundred and seventy-five feet, in depth.

The inside of the crater is very steep; and enormous stones are constantly being loosened from the summit. Some of these roll down into the mouth, increasing their speed as they go, until they acquire a furious and terrible velocity, flying over frightful precipices, and dashing themselves to pieces against the rocks below; whilst the sound of others, continuing their rattling headlong course, might be heard for two minutes. We

had now descended very cautiously about two hundred yards into the crater; but the constant fall of these formidable stones caused us considerable alarm, and required us to move with the greatest caution, for we were in continual danger of being crushed or struck by a falling fragment. One large stone about three feet in diameter passed, in its downward flight, so close to the head of one of our party, that he declared he felt the 'wind' of it quite plainly. Here—with intervals of awfully impressive silence between—we heard, seemingly beneath our feet, a distant hollow rumbling sound like the roaring of the sea. It was the terrible volcano burning and seething far below us, and vomiting forth its lava; and from this horrible pit came up, stronger than ever, the smell of sulphur. We altered our positions many times; but, like Dr Stübell, we failed to obtain a clear or really satisfactory view down into the crater, on account of the continued smoke, mist, and cloud with which the whole interior was filled. The air, too, was so highly impregnated with the suffocating fumes of sulphur, that it had become painfully unpleasant; and therefore, thinking we had descended to a sufficient depth, prudence suggested a halt, and we determined to return. We therefore, though reluctantly, commenced the difficult task of ascending out of the crater, which we found more trying than we had expected; for we could not take more than a dozen steps without stopping for breath. By the time we reached the summit, we were all exhausted, and suffering much from tightness of the chest and distressed breathing; but a short rest in the fresh keen upper air restored us. We were so much restored that we could not resist the 'compliments of the Christmas season' by engaging in a few rounds of snow-balling on the edge of the crater.

On passing the ridge, and once more getting fairly outside, the wind again assailed us with all its icy fury, cutting into our cheeks and eyes and numbing our fingers. We therefore hurried down as fast as we could to the rocks where we had left the horses. Here we quickly mounted, and sped down the descent at a good rattling pace.

Fortunately for us, the clouds now lifted, the sun shone forth in all his splendour; and hill and dale, mountain and valley, stood out with a distinctness and beauty almost indescribable. The view, vast and extensive, was infinitely grand and striking, never to be forgotten, and well worth coming this distance, and facing the lancet-like wind, to witness. We had before us—lying at our feet—five separate valleys, dotted about on their sides and hollows with villages and farms; each valley having a snow-water stream running through the midst of it from the mountains above. Mountains and hills seemed to be piled in endless confusion on every side, amongst which were visible nine separate peaks capped with eternal snows. Two only of these nine were smoking—namely, Coto-paxi, fifty miles distant, and the one we had just left. It was a sight perfectly unique, magnificently beautiful, and almost startling in its overpowering vastness. It exhibited 'the fair face of nature' in one of her wildest, grandest, and most exalted of moods.

Having once more arrived at the farm, we



dismounted, to feed the horses. At two o'clock P.M., after a little rough and ready refreshment, we made a start for our final descent and return home. We got over the bad roads without much difficulty, and in due time managed to reach Quito, tired and hungry, but delighted with the success of our expedition.

## POETS' PETS.

WHETHER Shakspeare ever cherished any animal pet, we do not know. He has been accused of not sufficiently appreciating the worth of the most companionable of animals, the dog. But that really says nothing. We are not aware that Dryden lauded the dog in verse, ample reason as he had for so doing. Waylaid by five footpads, the poet allowed himself to be robbed of everything else; but when they would have taken his mother's locket, he cried: 'Catch the rascals, Dragon—catch them!' and fled, leaving the brave hound to settle matters with the robbers unassisted. Finding some wood-cutters at an ale-house, he persuaded them to go back with him, and met his faithful Dragon coming slowly along, bleeding from wounds too many to count—wounds of which he died a few weeks later; his mourning master's only consolation being that two of the rogues were caught and hanged.

Queen Elizabeth's godson, Sir John Harrington, poet, courtier, and statesman, who owned to having spent his time, his fortune, and almost his honesty, to buy shallow praise, false hopes, and false friends, had one true friend in his oddly named Bungey, whose portrait graces the title-page of Harrington's translation of *Orlando Furioso*. Bungey often travelled between his master's house at 'the Bath' and Greenwich Palace, carrying safely to court whatever was committed to his care. Harrington, courtier-like, says that if he did not, like Alexander's horse, bear a great Prince on his back, he often bore the words of a greater Princess on his neck. One day, two 'charges' of sack were confided to Bungey for conveyance. On the way, the cordage slackened; but, equal to the emergency, the dog hid one flasket among some rushes, carried the other to its destination between his teeth, and then fetched the hidden one. Once he disappeared for six weeks, much to his master's wonder and grief. Some one told Sir John that his favourite was in the possession of the Spanish ambassador, and he lost no time in putting in an appearance and his claim. The Spaniard affected to doubt Harrington's right to Bungey; whereupon he told the dog to fetch a pheasant out of a dish on the table—an order Bungey immediately obeyed; and then, at his master's bidding, he returned it to the dish again, and went home with Sir John. This clever dog would seem to have had a presentiment of coming death. 'As we travelled towards the Bath,' says Harrington, 'he leaped on my horse's neck, and was more earnest in fawning and courting my notice than what I had observed for some time back; and after my chiding his disturbing my passing forwards, he gave me some glances of such affection as moved me to cajole him; but, alas, he crept suddenly into a thorny brake, and died in a short time.'

In a letter to a friend, Pope says: 'As it is

likeness begets affection, so my favourite dog is a little one, a lean one, and none of the finest shape. He is not much of a spaniel in his fawning, but has—what it might be worth any man's while to imitate him in—a dumb surly sort of kindness, that rather shows itself when he thinks me ill-used by others, than when we walk quietly and peaceably by ourselves. If it be the chief point of friendship to comply with a friend's motions and inclinations, he possesses this in an eminent degree. He lies down when I sit, and walks when I walk—which is more than many friends can pretend to; witness our walk a year ago in St James's Park.' When Pope lost his little companion, he at first thought to place a monument over his remains, inscribed 'O rare Bounce!' but relinquished the idea, possibly thinking of Ben Jonson's epitaph, and seeing the extravagance of putting a spaniel on all-fours with a poet. Another poet did worse when he made regret for a lost pet an excuse for libelling his own kind, as Wolcot, when he penned these lines:

Here rest the relics of a friend below,  
Blest with more sense than half the folks I know;  
Fond of his ease, and to no parties prone,  
He bann'd no sect, but calmly gnaw'd his bone;  
Performed his functions well in every way—  
Blush, Christians, if you can, and copy Tray.

In the same spirit, Byron extolled his beloved Newfoundland as possessing beauty without vanity, strength without insolence, courage without ferocity, and all the virtues of Man, without his vices. Mrs Byron's Gilpin was probably at one time of a different opinion, since Boatswain never missed an opportunity of worrying him; so that when the latter was left in charge of the poet's mother, she thought it advisable to send her own pet to Newstead, out of harm's way. Soon afterwards, Boatswain was missing for several hours; and when he returned, he brought Gilpin with him, led him to the kitchen fire, lavishing upon him every possible token of affection; and from that time forth the two were the best of friends, and Boatswain had but to hear Gilpin's voice raised in distress, to fly to the rescue. He was but five years old in November 1808, when his master wrote: 'Boatswain is dead! He expired in a state of madness on the 18th, after suffering much, yet retaining all the gentleness of his nature to the last, never attempting to do the least injury to any one near him. I have now lost everything, except old Murray.' Byron was unlucky with his pets; his bull-mastiff Nelson, escaping from the house unmuzzled, fastened upon a horse by the throat; and paying no attention to whacks from sticks and whips, did not let go his hold till he was shot through the head.

Death came as suddenly though not so deservedly to Luath, the famous collie of the Ayrshire Bard—

A gash and faithful tyke,  
As ever lap a sheugh or dyke;  
His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face,  
Aye gat him friends in ilka place.  
His breast was white, his touzie back  
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black;  
His gaucie tail, wi' upward curl,  
Hung o'er his hurdies wi' a swirl.

If he made friends everywhere, poor Luath had been unfortunate enough to make an enemy

somewhere, for he was wantonly killed the night before Burns's father died. To confer such immortality as it was in his power to bestow on his old companion, the poet indited *The Two Dogs*, making Luath hold strange converse with an imaginary Cæsar. He touched a sadder string in the unco' mournful tale of the accidental strangling of his only pet ewe, Mailie, a sheep of sense, so attached to her owner, that

Thro' a' the toun she trotted by him;  
A lang half-mile she could desery him;  
Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him,  
She ran wi' speed:  
A friend mair faithfu' ne'er cam nigh him,  
Than Mailie dead.

Of Scott's dogs and Cowper's hares sufficient has been said and written; but Cowper had other pets besides Puss, Tiney, Bess, and his spaniels Beau and Marquis. He owned a cat sedate and grave, addicted to retiring into strange nooks to sit and think:

I know not where she caught the trick;  
Nature, perhaps, herself had cast her  
In such a mould philosophique,  
Or else she learned it of her master.

This habit all but brought upon her the fate of the heroine of the *Mistletoe Bough*; for the poet, one night, roused from his bed by an inexplicable scratching and a melancholy mew, explored his sleeping-quarters, and discovered puss shut up in the top drawer of a tall chest, whence she emerged, modest, sober, and cured of all her 'notions hyperbolical.' A few pigeons, and a couple of goldfinches, Tom and Dick, made up the roll of Cowper's pets; goldfinch Dick being the subject of the little poem entitled *The Faithful Bird*, relating how he escaped from his cage, but finding Tom could not follow his example, he 'a prison with a friend preferred to liberty without,' and made no use of the freedom he had won.

Mrs Barrett Browning thus sang of her doves:

On my human hand  
Their fearless heads they lean,  
And almost seem to understand  
What human musings mean,  
Their eager eyes, with such a plaintive shine,  
Are fastened upwardly to mine.

But her pet of pets was a dog with dark-brown body, silver-suited breast, and eyes of hazel bland, her peerless Flush, of whom his fond mistress wrote:

But of thee it shall be said,  
This dog watched beside a bed,  
Day and night unweary;  
Watched within a curtained room,  
Where no sunbeam broke the gloom  
Round the sick and dreary.

Writing to a friend of a visit paid her by Miss Mitford and her favourite Flush, Mrs Browning said: 'Never in the world was such another dog as my Flush! Just now, because, after reading your note, I laid it down thoughtfully without taking anything else up, he threw himself into my arms, as much as to say: "Now, it's my turn; you are not at all busy now!" He understands everything, and would not disturb me for the world.' Adding, with fine consideration for Miss Mitford's feelings: 'Do not tell Miss Mitford, but her Flush is not to be compared

to mine, is quite animal and dog-natural, and incapable of my Flush's hypercritical refinement. There is not such a dog in the world as he is, I must say it again, and never was, except the one Plato swore by. I talk to him just as I should do to any reasoning animal on two legs, the only difference being that he has four superfluously.'

Charles Lamb once owned a dog, presented to him by Hood, that he might not be companionless in the long morning walks he indulged in, when emancipated from Leadenhall Street and its uncongenial desk-work. Dash's habits were extravagantly erratic, and the source of much perplexity to his supposed master. He went scouring streets and roads beyond Lamb's ken, leaving him in a fever of irritation lest the animal should get lost, while he had not the heart to curb his spirits. Regent's Park was Dash's favourite goal, and for that reason, thither did Lamb oftenest wend his way. No sooner was the park gained, than Dash vanished, well aware his master would not dare to stir from the spot until he chose to return. At last Lamb's patience gave way, and he transferred his troublesome friend to Mr Patmore. But he did not forget him. Writing to Patmore, he sent his love to Dash, and affecting anxiety respecting his sanity, said: 'Are his intellects sound, or does he wander a little in his conversation? You cannot be too careful to watch the first symptoms of incoherence. The first illogical snarl he makes, to St Luke's with him. Try him with hot water; if he won't lap it up, it is a sign he does not like it. Does his tail wag horizontally or perpendicularly? Is his general deportment cheerful? Has he bitten any of the children yet? If he has, have them shot, and keep him for curiosity, to see if it was the hydrophobia. You might pull out his teeth if he would let you, and then you need not mind if he were as mad as a Bedlamite; he would be like a fool kept in the family to keep the household in good-humour with their own understandings.' If Mr Patmore had the slightest suspicion all was not right with Dash, he was told to clap a muzzle on him, and lead him in a string to Hood's house, where he would be taken in at any time. Patmore replied that he found Dash the best-behaved of his species; but Lamb was not tempted to take him back again.

Some of the minor poets of our day have been notable petters of animals. Mrs Kingsley tells us that the Rector of Eversley's horse was his friend, and knew it. His Scotch terrier Dandy, after attending school lessons and cottage lectures, and accompanying his master regularly in his parish walks for thirteen years, was laid under the firs on the rectory lawn, beside Sweep the retriever, and a 'Teckel' of the Queen's present-ing, with whom his attached master sat up during the last two suffering nights of the little creature's life. Charles Kingsley delighted too in cats, the stable never lacking its white cat, or the house its black or tabby one. On the lawn dwelt a family of natter-toads, which lived on from year to year in the same hole in the green bank, which the scythe was never allowed to approach. A pair of sand-wasps—one of which had been saved from a watery death in a hand-basin by the tender-hearted rector—lived in a crack of his dressing-room window; and every spring he looked eagerly for their advent. A little

fly-catcher that built every year under his bedroom window was a constant joy to him; and he rejoiced in a favourite slow-worm in the churchyard, which his parishioners were specially enjoined not to kill. Believing, like Wesley, in a future state for animals, Kingsley loved every creature that draws breath, barring the spider; to that he owned an antipathy he could neither conquer nor understand.

Mortimer Collins was also a man of many animal friends. He would stop in his work to stroke the head—protruded to invite the caress—of the tortoise on his writing-table. It amused him when his owls in the garden woke up suddenly in the night, and hooted in all sorts of keys, until they brought their like from the woods to join company and add to the din. He delighted in seeing his white rats sit on his wife's hand, and play tricks with her finger-nails; and when 'Mrs Blackbird' was sitting on her nest, he never failed to give her a call and stroke her glossy feathers—a liberty she never resented, knowing her visitor had no designs upon her eggs. One morning, a robin flying into the book-room, half-stunned itself against the window. The little intruder was taken up tenderly, coaxed to drink a little water, and put out on the grass. This treatment quickly brought the dazed bird round, and from that time it was on the most intimate terms with its rescuer, making itself free of the house, hopping over the poet's manuscript, perching on his knee, and accompanying him on his morning stroll.

But the chief members of the family circle at 'the Cottage,' after the master and mistress, were Growl, Fido, and Big-dog. The first-named was a Scotch terrier with a propensity for attacking the Thames swans, and of a bellicose turn out of all proportion to his dimensions. For some piece of impertinence, he once got such a shaking from Big-dog, that he was only resuscitated by a copious administration of port wine; but for all that, he never failed to greet the approach of his punisher with a provocative growl. Fido, a blue Skye, was the gift of Dr Allon, who parted with him because his jealous temper impelled him to bite a newly-come baby. Fido is described as the most excitable, most irritable, most affectionate dog in the world; 'always in extremes, either barking in exuberant joy, or looking at you with great melancholy brown eyes, that seem as if they belonged to an imprisoned spirit. It has been said of some dogs that they can do everything but talk; Fido does talk. We know what he means as well as possible. He has particular expressions for everything he wants.'

The pride of the household was a mighty Pyrenean wolf-hound, found nearly dead in a ditch by a poor half-witted fellow, who gladly resigned him to Mortimer Collins until his owner should claim him. That never came to pass, and his new proprietor adopted Big-dog, as he was called in default of knowing his proper name, and kept him near him while working, thinking, and dreaming. Collins was rather proud of the fact that his favourite had thrashed every dog within a few miles; but averred that he was a most courteous and chivalric dog, who, when walking out with ladies, treated them as if he were *preux chevalier*. Mrs Collins says: 'He was

curiously like his master in character; he had mighty strength, and yet such gentle, loving ways; and she relates with evident appreciation, how a Berkshire labourer, as Mortimer Collins and Big-dog passed by him, exclaimed: 'You be a pair, you be!' Somebody once suggested sending the hound to a dog-show, a proposition at which his master was very indignant. 'As if,' said he, 'any dog of ours should be tied up, or caged for an hour, or subjected to the impatient gaze of visitors. We could no more send a dog of ours to a show, than submit to be exhibited in a man-show ourselves.' An outburst thoroughly characteristic of the man whose friends 'were chiefly a few private people, his dogs, his servants, and his wife.'

#### ANCIENT SCOTTISH LAKE-DWELLINGS.

As a branch of antiquarian research, the origin and history of ancient lake-dwellings, or crannogs, are of considerable interest, and valuable as throwing additional light on this singular phase of prehistoric life. Crannogs were a kind of fortified islands in lakes, and were used as dwelling-places and places of refuge by the early Celtic inhabitants of Ireland and Scotland. The portion of the island to be so fortified was marked off by piles driven into the bottom of the water, and these served to support a platform on which log-houses were erected, above high-water mark. Remains of these ancient structures have been found widely distributed throughout Europe; but the study of them is comparatively new. It is curious, indeed, that, in bygone years, so little attention should have been given to these submerged remains; for it was not until the second half of the present century that they were made the subject of special inquiry, when Mr Joseph Robertson, in the year 1857, read a paper upon them before the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, which had the effect of stimulating research in this direction. Although several discoveries were made by subsequent explorers, yet comparatively little was done by way of furthering the systematic exploration of these widely-seated remains in Scotland, until the formation of the Ayrshire and Wigtownshire Archæological Association opened a new epoch in antiquarian study; one of the features of this Society being 'the prominence given to practical explorations as a means of investigating the prehistoric remains of the district.' For a full account of its investigations, we are indebted to Dr. Munro's valuable work, *Ancient Scottish Lake-dwellings or Crannogs; with a supplementary chapter on Remains of Lake-dwellings in England*, by Robert Munro, M.D., F.S.A.Scot. (Edinburgh: D. Douglas), in which, besides giving an admirable summary of the observations made by previous explorers, he has added a description of his own investigations. Its value, too, is enhanced in interest by the two hundred and seventy illustrations which accompany the text; many of these enabling the reader to gain a clear idea not only of the structure of the lake-dwellings, but of the various relics found in their localities.

Referring to the origin of the Scottish crannogs, it has often been asked for what purpose they were constructed, and what grade of civilisation

characterised their occupiers. Although antiquaries have differed in their opinion respecting the age of these remains, yet the weight of evidence, after a patient analysis of the characteristic features of the numerous excavations made in recent years, seems to indicate that they are of comparatively modern origin, when contrasted with those of Switzerland, having been constructed probably about the time of the Roman invasion. It is suggested that they were erected by 'one and the same people for a special purpose, and about the same time, or, at least, within a limited period;' the plan on which they were built having been introduced by immigrants of the Swiss lake-building community. The author, too, considers it probable that they were mostly constructed by the Celtic population, a fact which would account for their uneven distribution throughout Scotland. 'Though we cannot argue definitely,' he says, 'from the present geographical distribution of the Scottish lake-buildings, the indications are so clearly suggestive of their having been peculiar to those districts formerly occupied by Celtic races, that the significance of this generalisation cannot be overlooked. Thus, adopting Skene's division of the four kingdoms into which Scotland was ultimately divided by the contending nationalities of Picts, Scots, Angles, and Strathclyde Britons, after the final withdrawal of the Romans, we see that of all the crannogs proper, none have been found within the territories of the Angles; ten and six are respectively within the confines of the Picts and Scots; while no fewer than twenty-eight are situated in the Scottish portion of the ancient kingdom of Strathclyde.' That they have not been found in the south-eastern part of Scotland, may suggest the theory, that these districts had been occupied by the Angles before Celtic civilisation—or rather the warlike necessities of the times—gave birth to the island dwellings.

Again, among the relics discovered in the Scottish lake-dwellings, very few are of great antiquity, none of the animal remains belonging to any very remote species. The objects, too, of stone are far from numerous, whereas there is an abundance of bone and wooden implements. Some idea of the domestic life of the Scottish lake-dwelling communities may be gathered from the excavated relics. Thus, it appears, Dr Munro tells us, that the Celtic short-horn, the so-called goat-horned sheep, and a domestic breed of pigs, were largely consumed. The horse was only scantily used. The number of bones and horns of the red-deer and roebuck seem to show that venison was by no means a rare addition to the list of their dietary. Among birds, only the goose has been identified; but, as Dr Munro points out, this is no criterion of the extent of the encroachments of the lake-dwellers on the feathered tribe, as only the larger bones were collected and reported upon. To this bill of fare, the occupiers of Lochspouts crannog, being comparatively near the sea, added several kinds of shellfish. The objects discovered also afford ample testimony of the peaceful prosecution of various arts and industries by these lake-dwellers; many of these consisting of clay spindle-whorls, pins, needles, bodkins, knife-handles of red-deer horn, &c. In Carlingwark Loch, Kirkeudbrightshire, a caldron in an excellent state of preservation was found; and in a

crannog at Ledaig, in Argyllshire, a wooden comb was turned up.

The great variety of relics thus brought to light, whilst illustrating the arts and industries of the lake-dwellers, proves that they were the products of a refined civilisation, and testifies to the peaceful character of the inhabitants. From the rich store of articles, however, secreted in these lake-dwellings, it has been urged that they were the headquarters of thieves and robbers, where the proceeds of their marauding excursions among the surrounding Roman provincials were stored up. But facts ascertained by research do not support this conjecture, inasmuch as, among the relics, military remains are only feebly represented by 'a few iron daggers and spear-heads, one or two doubtful arrow-points, and a quantity of round pebbles and so-called slingstones.' On the other hand, as a secluded place of refuge in perilous times, such an island-home would provide safety and protection; as was the case with the crannog of Loch-an-Eilan, in Strathspey, which in the year 1688 we find spoken of as 'useful to the country in time of trouble or wars, for the people put in their goods and children here, and it is easily defended.' In the Register of the Privy Council of Scotland (April 14, 1608), it is ordered that 'the hail houssis of defence, strongholds, and *crannokis* in the yllis [the Western Isles] pertaining to Angus McConneill of Dunnyvaig, and Hector Mc'Cloyne of Dowart, sal be delyverit to his Majestie.' In neighbourhoods, too, without any natural protection, such as caves, or sites adapted for fortifications, our forefathers displayed their ingenuity by constructing these island-homes of wood; not an easy task, considering that they were frequently built in ten or twelve feet of water. As feats, moreover, of architectural skill, they are more remarkable, because, apart from having been secure retreats for large numbers of persons, they have proved their durability by resisting most successfully the ravages of centuries.

Of the explorations carried on in recent years, one of the most interesting is that which was made owing to the drainage of Lochlee, four years ago, and the discovery beneath its grassy surface of a crannog. Indeed, this may be regarded as one of the most satisfactory excavations that archaeological science has accomplished in this direction, as the work was carried on in a systematic method, and without those difficulties which necessarily so often attend researches of this kind. As Dr Munro says, before this loch was artificially drained, no one appears to have surmised that a small island, which became visible in the summer-time, and formed a safe habitation for gulls and other sea-birds during the breeding season, was formerly the residence of man. It does not appear to have attracted the attention of the poet Burns, although he lived for four years on the farm in which this loch was situated, as ploughman to his father, the tenant of the place. When, however, in consequence of the discoveries of crannogs in other similar localities, it was surmised that there might be such a structure under Lochlee, especially as various remains had been dug up in the neighbourhood, the excavations were made which have had such a satisfactory result. Thus, a trench of a circular shape, about twenty-five



yards in diameter and from five to six feet deep, was dug, which disclosed a number of wooden piles, mostly upright, but some slanting. By far the most remarkable objects, however, were thick planks of oak about six feet long, with a large square hole cut at each end. At the north-east side there were two rows of these beams exposed, four in each row, and about five feet apart, through some of which, piles were still left sticking, their purpose being to keep the upper ends of the upright piles in position. Contiguous to these beams, there was a rude platform of rough planks, resting on transverse beams of split oak-trees, one of which measured fourteen and a half feet long and eight inches broad. Underneath this platform was discovered a compact mass of clay, stones, beams of soft wood, and ultimately brushwood, below which it was impossible to make any further excavation, owing to the oozing up of water. On extending their operations to the north-west corner, the explorers came upon the edge of a smooth pavement neatly constructed of flat stones, which was agreed to be a fireplace, judging from the ashes, charcoal, and small pieces of burnt bones scattered about. As the excavations were continued, not only were further pavements disclosed, but such a host of remains, that Dr Munro gave one spot the name of 'Relic-bed.' Hence, the completeness, as he says, with which 'the operations have been executed, together with the great variety of relics found, cannot fail to make the Lochlee crannog a standard of comparison for future discoveries of a similar character.'

Among the researches and discoveries may be mentioned the crannog at Friars' Carse, Dumfriesshire, and the excavation of another one at Lochspouts, near Kilkerran. The relics found in the latter, at a depth of about eighteen inches from the surface, although in point of number and variety not equal to those from Lochlee, are scarcely inferior to them in archaeological importance, comprising objects of stone, bone, horn, wood, and metal. The crannog at Barhapple Loch, Glenluce, Wigtownshire, which was excavated as recently as the year 1880, consists, so far as explored, mainly of piles and platforms of wood, with rough stones at some points. Lastly, the crannog at Buston, near Kilmaurs, has excited considerable interest; for not only have relics of a most extensive character been brought to light, but the remains of a dwelling-house have been rendered distinctly discernible. Whether this was one large pagoda-like building, or a series of small huts, is uncertain; although, we are told, the evidence, as far as it goes, would seem to be indicative of the former.

In addition to the discoveries of recent years, Dr Munro has given a descriptive notice of the Scottish lake-dwellings previous to the year 1878, which adds to the completeness of his work. Thus, among the more remarkable, we are told, is one in the Loch of Forfar, which bears the name of St Margaret, the queen of King Malcolm Canmore, who died in 1097. Another crannog is that of Lochindorb, in Moray, which was visited by Edward I. in 1303, about which time it was so fortified, that in 1336 Edward III. led an army to its relief, through the mountain passes of Athol and Badenoch. The crannog of Loch Canmor or Kinord, in Aberdeenshire, had

James IV. for its guest in 1506; and continued to be a place of strength until 1648, when it was destroyed by order of parliament. The isle of the Loch of Banchory dates back to 1619; Banchory itself being a place of very ancient note; for here was the grave of our Christian missionary St Ternan, Archbishop of the Picts, as he is called in the old service-books of the church. The discovery of crannogs in Loch Dowalton, and of artificial islands in Mull, furnishes additional illustrations of these structures, to which may be added the crannog in the Loch of Kilbirnie, Ayrshire, and also that of Loch Lotus in Kirkcudbrightshire. Considering how little has been popularly known of this branch of archaeological research, which is of widespread interest, as not being confined to any one country, we owe a debt of gratitude to Dr Munro for his comprehensive work, which is the only complete history of British lake-dwellings yet published.

## OCCASIONAL NOTES.

### NON-POISONOUS DISINFECTANTS.

THE antiseptic properties of carbolic acid have long been known, and this substance in its liquid state is extensively used in operations by surgeons. As a non-poisonous disinfectant the acid, in a vaporised condition, is said to be invaluable in hospitals and sick-rooms, and the following is a simple plan recommended by Messrs F. C. Calvert and Co. of Manchester, the manufacturers not only of the acid, but also of a carbolic vaporiser, for the use of which apparatus detailed particulars are given.

Place an ordinary house shovel over the fire until it becomes thoroughly hot (but not red-hot); then take it to the centre of the room and pour on the shovel an ounce (back of each bottle is graduated in ounces) of No. 4 or No. 5 carbolic; lean the shovel so that no fluid can fall to the floor, and the carbolic will be readily given off in vapour sufficient to fill an ordinary room. This will disinfect the air of the room, and as genuine carbolic (more properly called phenol or phenylic alcohol) is not a mineral corrosive acid, the vapour will in no way injure pictures, metals, or fabrics. It is highly beneficial in many infectious diseases, and having been scientifically proved to benefit lungs affected by tubercle, it may be safely inhaled to a reasonable extent, and it can be diluted with water if weaker vapour is wanted. The No. 4 fluid can be more easily tolerated because of its extra purity, and to many its odour is decidedly pleasant if not excessively employed. Daily use of this process is strongly recommended when infectious diseases are present or feared, and it will be found serviceable in cases of whooping-cough. The vapour is not at all inflammable unless the shovel be made red-hot or held within two feet of fire or light, and the fluid will not injure carpets; but it should not be allowed to fall upon oilcloths, painted or varnished wood-work or furniture.

N.B.—If any raw carbolic acid should fall on the skin, it must be promptly rubbed off with a dry cloth, and the affected parts well rubbed with oil. If taken internally by mistake, sweet oil and castor oil should be at once administered in large doses, and no water used.

## WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

The public have been not only somewhat startled lately, but all true lovers of architectural beauty and antiquity have been sorely dismayed at the Report issued on the state of the external walls of Westminster Abbey, which are declared to be if not exactly absolutely ruinous, yet in a fair way to become so, and that at no distant period. This disastrous intelligence, coming immediately after the statement that the central tower of Peterborough Cathedral—another of our beautiful ecclesiastical monuments—was in absolute danger of falling, is certainly significant, and sufficiently distressing. It would appear that for a very long period corrosion has been going on from the pernicious effects of coal-smoke, damp, and frost, and that the external walls are in many places said to be eaten away to such an extent that the rubble forming the interior layer between the outer and inner walls is in many places absolutely visible. This is perfectly true, and has been often noticed by the writer. If this is really so to the extent stated, it is quite evident that decay has commenced to an alarming extent, and once begun, will go on extending its ravages, unless immediately checked by prompt and energetic measures, such as have been so judiciously adopted at Peterborough, where, apparently, not even a single day was allowed to elapse before operations were at once commenced.

The exterior walls of the Abbey are built of a stone which, though remarkable for its resistance to fire, is certainly not proof against the weather, which seems a determined enemy where it has the chance; whilst the interior is entirely of fine limestone from Purbeck, commonly known as Purbeck marble, and remarkable for its hardness, and for the fine polish it takes so readily and retains so long. The glorious interior is happily in a perfectly sound condition, and it is only the exterior that requires immediate and judicious treatment in order to arrest the steady progress of the decay which has undoubtedly begun. A large portion—if not indeed nearly the whole—of the outer walls will need recasing. This is a serious matter, because it will of necessity involve a vast expense; but if we do not intend to let ourselves be disgraced as a nation in the eyes of the whole civilised world, steps must immediately be taken to save from impending destruction one of the most beautiful and most deeply interesting of our historical and ecclesiastical monuments. A public subscription would very shortly produce the required funds; for in a cause so genuine and so national, we trust that few would be found who would refuse to contribute their mite.

## THE GREAT EASTERN.

It is currently reported that the celebrated steamer the *Great Eastern*, the largest ship ever built, and the grandest vessel afloat, after having been put to various incongruous uses, is at last to be converted into a collier, and to carry coals between London and the Firth of Forth. A more complete degradation it is impossible to conceive. When this magnificent ship was first built, the greatest expectations were raised of what she was to do, the vast cargoes she was to carry, and the thousands of passengers she was to accom-

modate. But a peculiar sort of ill-luck seemed to hang over her from her very launching; accidents and misadventures pursued her, and she never appeared to have been managed with spirit or tact by her owners, or else some strange prejudice must have existed against her, which operated in her disfavour, or she would surely have been more sought after by the travelling public. After having ruined her original Company, they were glad to sell her for one hundred and sixty thousand pounds immediately after her launch; and she ultimately started on her first voyage on the 17th of June 1860, with thirty-six passengers only.

Although this was very successful, yet nothing further seems to have been done until May 1861, when she again crossed the Atlantic in ten days with a speed of fourteen and a half knots per hour. After this, she was hired by the War Office, and carried two thousand troops to Quebec with such success that she subsequently made another trip to America—this time with four hundred passengers. And this seems the last time she was so engaged; for the next we hear of her is her employment to lay the great Atlantic Cable, a duty for which no vessel afloat could approach her, on account of her vast size. After this useful and important service, she appears to have done nothing more, and for a long time was laid up in the Medway, whence she removed to Milford-Haven; and from this place she will—if the report is true—commence her new service as a collier—a *Geordie Boy*, capable of carrying twenty thousand tons of coal at once. It will be remembered that this magnificent 'collier' is registered twenty-three thousand tons burden, and is seven hundred feet in length, eighty-five in breadth, and sixty-one in depth. She is driven by a screw propeller, in addition to a pair of vast paddles, each furnished with separate engines, representing the united power of twelve thousand horses. Each engine has ten boilers, and each boiler ten furnaces. Five immense funnels and five masts, twenty boats, including two small steamers carried amidships, ten anchors of enormous size, with five thousand feet of chain cable of unprecedented magnitude, constituted some of the belongings of this marvellous ship. It may be added that she was begun 1st May 1854, and launched, after much difficulty, in January 1858, but did not make her first voyage till June 1860.

## LOVE'S EXCHANGE.

THERE is a pleasant void within my breast—  
It is the place where once my heart did dwell  
Ere thou hadst stolen it from its peaceful rest  
By witchcraft-goodness and by beauty-spell.  
Restore it not, but let my blissful loss  
Be sweet remembrance of my pilfering fair;  
I would esteem it as but less than dross  
If thou returned it from thy bosom's care.  
Mayhap I did abet thee in the deed—  
My heart without thee were an empty toy;  
I will not chide if thou but hear me plead,  
O give me thine, and great will be my joy.  
Or if, alack, thy heart be given away,  
Grant mine a tomb where thine so lately lay.

D. H. KENNEDY.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fourth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No. 1030.—VOL. XX. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1883.

PRICE 1½d.

## POPULAR BANKING.

It was said by Lord Jeffrey that the greatness of a nation and the happiness of its people did not depend so much upon the increase of its military strength, as upon 'the spread of banks and the increase of banking facilities.' Taking this view, it is a happy sign that several continental governments have of late years greatly improved and extended their banking systems, whereby increased banking facilities have been given to their people, which again has encouraged their trade and industry. The writer having visited some of these countries and inquired into the working of their banking systems, can speak from what he has seen there, as compared with banking experience at home; and as it may be interesting to parties in this country to know what changes have been made in banking abroad, we will give a brief but plain and practical description of the principal systems, and then the reader may judge which is best.

It is proper to glance at our colonial banks first, for they are conducted on excellent principles; indeed, they are founded on the good old unrestricted Scottish banking system, so that they can expand as they require. The Australian banks have been very successful and enterprising, having increased so fast that they have doubled their assets and their business in the past ten years. The Canadian banks have also done good service to the Dominion, and given great accommodation to the colonists. We have heard some emigrant farmers and others say that the banks there are so much more obliging than the banks in the old country, that the Canadian banks make Canada a better country for people with moderate means to get on in than the old country is. The fact is our British banks are not popular enough.

As to the United States, a new system of banking was adopted there, after the war. The National Banks were then established. There are now about two thousand one hundred and sixty-eight of these banks throughout the States, so that banking facilities are placed within the

reach of all; and these banks have given a wonderful impetus to the trade and industries of the States. The National Banks are under local boards, so they know whom to trust. There have been very few failures of any banks since they commenced. Excepting the large banks in the cities, the capital of most of the banks is only ten thousand pounds. They are allowed to issue bank-notes to the amount of nine-tenths of their capital, which must be invested in bonds, and lodged with the Treasury, as security for their notes. For that privilege they have to pay two per cent. per annum. All National Bank notes pass current over the Union. There are about one hundred and forty millions sterling of National Bank notes and 'legal' tenders or 'greenbacks' in circulation. The Americans think highly of their National Banks and their 'greenbacks,' and say they prefer 'paper' to 'metal.'

The French government, like the American, made a change in their monetary system after their war. They then began to study the arts of economy and peace. The Bank of France was empowered to substitute its notes for the coin which it withdrew from circulation, and therewith paid a considerable portion of the German penalty in gold. That coin was never missed; indeed, it appeared as if the adoption of the paper currency, and the more liberal banking system which was then introduced, helped greatly to carry the French people over their difficulties, and to start them on a new career of peaceful and profitable industry. The circulation of the Bank of France is now one hundred and twenty millions sterling. This large issue of notes has the effect of encouraging cash payments, which is the rule in France. It has been found that when the circulation of notes is too much restricted, it drives people to deal upon credit. The Bank of France is very accommodating. It is the bank of the people; no transaction is too large for it, and none too small. All classes go to it in great numbers, and are civilly served.

In Germany, banking is also developed to a great extent. Banks are numerous everywhere,

and much frequented. Every person seems to have a bank account in Germany as in France. The Land Banks, for enabling the peasantry to buy their farms by instalments, and the People's Banks, are peculiar German institutions. The People's Banks were organised by the recently deceased Dr Schulze of Delitzsch, in Saxony. They were begun about a quarter of a century ago. They are associations of working-men, who, upon becoming members, pay weekly instalments; and on the basis of the funds paid in, they obtain credit or the loan of money from the bank, to enable those who are members to work for themselves or others. There were in 1881, in the German Empire, eighteen hundred and eighty-nine People's Banks. Of these, nine hundred and two banks made returns, and their capital was six millions sterling; the savings' deposits above six millions; private deposits, twelve and a half millions; so that the credit of these banks stands high. They have advanced in loans to the members and to the working societies, seventy-four millions sterling. By means of these banks, small producers, if members, are supplied with capital to work upon, but under the superintendence of a Committee. They are thereby enabled to manufacture goods, either by themselves or in co-operation with other members, and even to compete with large capitalists and large manufacturers on equal terms, in the markets of the world; so these banks are solving the knotty question how capital and labour can co-operate to mutual advantage.

People's Banks have spread into the neighbouring countries. In Italy, Signor L. Luzzati began the banks there, on the principle of allowing non-members to get the benefits of his banks as well as members. In 1881, there were a hundred and sixty-five People's Banks in Italy, with one million and three-quarters sterling of capital. The government of Italy has recommended the people to place their deposits in these banks rather than in the Milan savings-banks, as they lend money to the cultivators and others, which encourages industry.

With these examples of popular banking before us, and taking into consideration the way in which banking is carried on in this country, the question is: Can any improvement be suggested in the way of establishing better banks for the people here? There is a great blank or want of intermediate banks between the large joint-stock banks and the savings-banks. We have no banks to correspond with the People's Banks of Germany, or the moderate-sized National Banks of the United States. Therefore, there is a large, industrious, and respectable class of small-farmers, tradesmen, shopkeepers, and others who are left out in the cold. There should be popular banks and banking facilities provided for the numerous class of small customers who require a bank to deposit their savings in, and at the same time to turn their little money to the best account; also, on the

other hand, to accommodate those who may want to borrow small sums occasionally for stocking their farms or their shops. In plain language, banks are wanted to serve the smaller class of customers, in the same way as the large banks now serve the larger customers.

Well, supposing a public-spirited party desires to get up such a bank on popular principles in any town, the first thing to do is to form a respectable and active Provisional Committee, to organise and register the bank as a Limited Liability Company. Say the capital is fixed at ten thousand pounds in five-pound shares, one pound per share to be paid up; this would give two thousand pounds to begin with, and leave eight thousand pounds uncalled, as a guarantee to depositors. Then allowing one hundred pounds for preliminary expenses, and one-half per cent. upon the deposits for working expenses—which is more than the savings-banks cost—and suppose, next, that the deposits come to twenty-five thousand pounds the first year; allow two-and-a-half to three per cent. for interest on deposits, and charge from five to seven-and-a-half per cent. for loans and advances on cash credits and other securities—it may be calculated there would be a clear profit of two per cent. on the amount of the deposits; which would pay a good dividend, and leave a respectable reserve besides. Such banks could easily be established and made to pay. But better still, they can be made a great benefit to any community, provided they are well conducted.

There is no reason to doubt such banks would be a great success, and would soon spread over the country, when once they were started. The most important point would be to get a good Committee of management; and a respectable gentleman who has a shop or an office to act as bank agent, so as to be convenient to the public and save expense. It would be a desirable situation. It will be worth while for business gentlemen to take up these banks in their localities. In other places, working-men, or, what is better, a union of different classes, may take up these banks in towns. The Committees will need to look well after the business; but when it is seen how well Spinning Companies and Co-operative Stores are managed, there is no fear but People's Banks could also be managed prudently and profitably for the benefit of all concerned—and who are not concerned in this movement?—which proposes to open banks and bring banking facilities to all classes—to those with small means on the same terms as to those with larger means—to the peasant as well as the peer, to the labourer and to the artisan as well as to the capitalist.

Popular banking will enable the people to raise themselves to a higher platform, and to a more independent position, by the accumulation of the savings of industry, and the formation thereby of great funds of capital in their own banks, at the command of the industrious classes themselves, upon the most advantageous terms, for the further encouragement of industry. The banking laws of this country should be relaxed so far as to



allow banking to be developed here as much as in our own colonies and other countries, so that the trade, commerce, and industry of Britain may go on uninterruptedly and prosperously.

## ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOT.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.—PREPARATIONS.

SOME weeks, few but busy, had elapsed since the disastrous termination of the picnic in the mountains, and the weather had now become decidedly of a wintry character. The blue Welsh hill-peaks had put on their crests of spotless snow; and sharp and frequent frost made the hunting days in districts lying near the Cambrian border to partake a good deal of the nature of a lottery. At Sir Timothy's ultra-hospitable mansion, some changes had taken place in the muster-roll of the numerous guests on whose good-will the owner of New Hatch relied for an accession to his social importance in the ensuing London season. The Dowager Countess of Mildborough, for instance, had found her chronic rheumatism so much aggravated by the keen air of the Welsh Marches, that even her camel-like patience had given way; and she had insisted, to the disgust of her daughters, the Ladies Flora and Celia, in quitting her present luxurious quarters for cramped lodgings at Torquay, and the vicinity of a doctor in whom she believed. Other ladies had departed, and so had some of the young men; but fresh arrivals had taken their places; for the fame of Sir Timothy's cellar, and Sir Timothy's cook, and Sir Timothy's preserves of pheasants, was too widely spread to allow of any fear lest his invitations should be neglected. Among the faithful who remained were, of course, Lord Putney and his *fidus Achates*, the Honourable Algernon March, who was to be, in old-fashioned parlance, my lord's 'best-man' at the coming ceremony, for which elaborate preparations were in progress.

It was to be a grand wedding. Lady Barbara Montgomery and Lord Putney were of one mind in desiring that no expense and no trouble should be spared to celebrate the alliance between two such distinguished Houses with proper pomp. There would be triumphal arches of course; and much strewing of flowers, and oxen roasted whole, and casks of ale set abroach, and bonfires blazing on the hill-tops when night should fall, their ruddy gleam contrasting with the fitful sparkle of the fireworks. These and the bell-ringing, and certain distributions of gifts to old and young, would compose the popular and outdoor part of the display. Within doors, the more aristocratic portion of the expected company were to be royally entertained at the castle. A very renowned purveyor of good cheer had been induced to come down personally from London to superintend the preliminaries of the wedding breakfast, and had pledged his reputation that every delicacy not in season should figure at the banquet, and that the services of his experienced staff should be unstintedly impressed into the task of festal decoration.

The episcopal blessing on the nuptial rite would

not be lacking. The Bishop of the diocese had promised to officiate at the ceremony, and was expected to stay a night or two at Castel Vawr—all that a hard-working prelate could be supposed to spare from his multifarious duties. His Right Reverend Lordship was to be assisted by an ecclesiastic of a different grade, and who secretly considered himself as a far more important personage than his titular superior in the hierarchy. Nobody, out of a very limited clique, had ever heard of Bishop Jackson, ex-private tutor, ex-domestic chaplain, next a fashionable preacher, and then a courtly canon, before he was suddenly pitchforked into a bishopric. Whereas every one had heard of that energetic Churchman, the Archdeacon, who dwelt within driving distance of the castle, and was indeed an old friend, and some said a former admirer of Lady Barbara. Archdeacon Crane, as an active and pugnacious member of the Church militant, had contrived to keep his name pretty constantly before the public; and his pamphlets, and his contributions to magazine literature, and his fiery speeches at Congress and Conference and such new-fangled gatherings, had earned for him much newspaper criticism, not always laudatory. It was said of the Archdeacon that he rather liked to be abused, and beyond question controversy was his element, and the dust of battle fragrant to his nostrils as to those of Attila. No wonder that he despised his Bishop, who was certainly tame, and perhaps flaccid.

That London court milliners, and those Parisian sisters of the craft who hold their heads higher still, had set deft fingers and cunning needles to work, was but natural. But it was whispered that the great M. Worth himself, the peerless arbiter of taste, who usually secludes his serene personality in the innermost recesses of Fashion's Temple, had condescended to design the faultless wedding-dress of so beautiful a bride as the renowned of Leominster. That Lord Putney, the typical aristocratic old bachelor of town club-life, should be about to be married at last, was even enough of itself to awaken interest. But that she, so young, so charming, so rich, should marry Lord Putney, of all imaginable bridegrooms, and that immediately before her right to her position and her income was to be put to the sharp arbitrament of a trial at law, composed so fascinating a programme, that those who had not been asked—and their name was necessarily legion—to the mansion of Sir Timothy and Lady Juliana Briggs, envied those who were lodged under the roof of New Hatch; while the disappointed daughters of the Dowager Countess of Mildborough, who, though never asked to be bridesmaids, had still counted that one wedding might lead to another, were very snappish at Torquay to female friends of inferior rank, and always spoke of Sir Timothy as vulgar, and Castel Vawr as a dreary old barracks.

Lord Putney was the happiest of the happy. He gave himself the oddest airs of being, as it were, a lamb led to the sacrifice, and seemed sentimentally to mourn over his floral fetters and to bewail the loss of his youthful freedom. But he was very proud of his position. His old heart could at least throb at the prospect that a lovely young wife would now be by his side, and then the very gossip that floated through

the air as to her disputed station lent notoriety to him.

And now Time, with scythe and hour-glass, had swept on, and brought about the eve of the eventful marriage morn. At Castel Vawr, the few important guests had arrived. There was the Duke of Snowdon, farmer-like, but estimable, and with an odd sort of sense of his own great position that now and again lent weight to his words, and caused people to forget his homely features and slouching gait. There was the handsome young Duchess; and a younger brother of the Duke, Lord William Hill, of whom it may be said that he was eminently useful, always there when required, and never in the way when not wanted—a model cadet, whose vocation in life it was to be younger brother to His Grace. Also arrived another visitor, Adolphus, present Marquis of Leominster, who wore his firenew honours very meekly, but who had been chosen as the most appropriate person to give away the bride. And then there was the Bishop, who was always as unused to his new mitre as poor Dolly Montgomery—long a butt of unrespective young wags in the club smoking-room—to his new strawberry-leaved coronet, and who, like the Marquis, seemed tacitly to beg every one's pardon for the lofty station to which he had been promoted. A pink-faced prelate was Bishop Jackson, an eminently 'safe' man, in ministerial language, and one whose dread of polemics was akin to the horror some men entertain of hydrophobia. Altogether, the party was complete, and every preparation for the happy day that was so soon to dawn had been made. To-morrow was to witness the espousals of the Right Hon. George Augustus Viscount Putney, and Clare, Marchioness of Leominster. All was ready; and every heart, save one, in Castel Vawr beat lightly and hopefully in anticipation of the morrow.

### THE ISLE OF MAY AND ITS BIRDS.

BY A LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER.

It is indeed interesting to lovers of nature to peruse the many instructive books and articles, now so frequently brought before the public, regarding our birds both at home and abroad. On our lonely isolated home—for during the winter months at least it merits the appellation, though only removed about a score of miles from busy centres to the west and north, namely, Edinburgh and Dundee—very few would imagine we are visited and cheered by the sight of so many specimens of the feathered creation. In what follows, I have endeavoured to give a simple sketch of them, and hope it may interest your readers. But in the first place, I will give a short description of the isle.

The Isle of May is situated at the mouth of the Firth of Forth, an estuary which divides the county of Fife from the Lothians. It is four and a half miles from Crail, or I may say the East Neuk, on the north shore of Fife; and nine miles from Dunbar on the south shore; and lies north and south, being nearly two miles long by a quarter of a mile broad

on an average. Near the centre stands the lighthouse, a very substantial building, erected in 1816, an indispensable boon to the storm-tossed mariner. In early years of ecclesiastical history, the isle was known as a seat of religion, and a great resort of the recluse, and has the ruins of St Adrian's Chapel, erected in the thirteenth century. At one time, it was more or less inhabited by fishermen, but now only by those connected with the lighthouse. There is neither tree nor bush of any description to afford shelter from the many fierce gales to which the isle is exposed; nothing but here and there the meagre shelter of some projecting rock. Along the east side, the shore is low; but the west for the most part is perpendicular cliffs. Winter with its storms has charms to some, when one is almost irresistibly drawn out of doors to battle with the wind and driving spray, till, under the lee of some sheltering rock, the sea can be viewed in wildest fury; but, like most people, we are glad when genial spring shows signs of its approach. May and June are the months when the isle is most beautiful, the sea-pinks being then in full bloom, and spreading their delicious fragrance around. On a clear day, a grand view is got from the May. To the south, St Abb's Head, the green fields of East Lothian, and the Lammermoor Hills, are seen; while as the firth narrows, Tantallon Castle, Bass Rock, and North Berwick, seem only half the distance which they really are. To the westward, Inchkeith, Calton Hill, and Salisbury Crags are descried, as well as the many fishing towns and villages of fruitful Fife. To the north, the coast and hills of Forfarshire, and even of Kincardine, appear in the distance.

No doubt we owe the abundance of our feathered visitors to being situated on the highway of migration, great numbers making the May a resting-place both on arriving at and leaving our shores, but more especially after their fatiguing flight across the North Sea. The birds that breed on the island first claim our attention, as they are most interesting and in their merriest mood, some of them also remaining all the year round. The rock and meadow pipits—with their local names of sea-lark and mosscheeper—are first entitled to notice. A few of the former remain during winter, but the greatest numbers of both kinds arrive in March. They build in the edge of a grassy bank, or under the low shelf of a rock; and by their incessant 'cheep,' 'cheep,' and flitting from rock to rock, one can tell when he is near the nest, though it is not easily found. The wheatears also arrive in March, but not in great numbers, and take possession of disused rabbit-holes, where they build their nests, sometimes as far inside as two feet. They remain for about six months; and are handsome birds; therefore, very welcome visitors. A few blackbirds remain during the year, but more arrive before nesting-time. In the absence of their general nesting-place—a thick bush or tree—they must accommodate themselves to the situation, so build in various places, generally in the same place every year, and sometimes twice a year. I have found their nest in clefts of the rock close to the sea, in a steep grassy bank, and on the ground in a tuft of nettles. Regularly as breeding-time approaches, these birds are heard peeling forth their

charming song, in the early morning, from the highest attainable eminence. During the year, we are visited by flocks of starlings, which sometimes remain for weeks, at other times only for a day. A good many breed on the face of the cliffs, but always out of reach. A few wag-tails arrive about the same time as the wheatears, and nestle in the vicinity of a loch near the centre of the isle; and also a few pairs of the greater redpole or rose-linnet, which build in a grassy bank, or in a tuft on the ground.

With the exception of the seabirds, which I will notice presently, the above are all that breed on the isle. In August and September, great numbers of robins, golden-crested wrens, tits, bramblings, and a few common wrens and dunnocks or hedge-sparrows, arrive. In September 1882, the two species first mentioned were very numerous, and remained a long time, many of the robins dying, and the gold-crests so tame as to be caught by the hand. A very few robins, common wrens, and dunnocks remain during winter, leaving in March to breed elsewhere. During September and October, many redwings, ring-ousels, woodcocks, siskins, green-linnets, and a few song-thrushes, visit the isle. With south-east or easterly winds and haze in October, woodcocks in greater or lesser numbers never fail to arrive, and for a short time afford excellent sport. In the first week of October 1882, a good many arrived, accompanied by hundreds of redwings and some owls, and remained for some days. On arrival, the woodcocks are in high condition; but if they remain any length of time, soon fall off. An unusually late arrival took place in December last, during the heavy snowstorm. Solitary specimens of the common snipe and jack-snipe occur all the winter, but are more numerous in frosty weather.

In November to January, fieldfares come in great flocks, some remaining for weeks. Very many flocks of larks and snow-buntings or snow-flakes come and go from September to March; and at times, flocks of golden-plover and lapwings.

Many of the larks and redwings, attracted by the light, kill or injure themselves by flying against the lantern of the lighthouse. During the winter months, if the weather is not too stormy, curlews in great numbers come every evening from Fife, where they go to feed in the daytime. On a quiet night, they make the island resound with their whistling and screaming. A few larks and thrushes, as well as the resident pipits, fall victims to hawks and falcons, some of which occasionally visit us.

All the above-mentioned species, with the exception of the snipe, as a rule come in flocks; but single pairs, or sometimes individuals of the following, remain for weeks in the spring and autumn, namely, chaffinch, redstart, yellow bunting, reed bunting, whinchat, stonechat, yellow wagtail, and lesser redpole—all birds of handsome plumage. In the autumn also, the usual frequenters of copses and hedgerows, blackcaps, chiffchaffs, and white-throat warblers, and doubtless others of the genus, flit about with no other cover than a few nettles, or that afforded by the patches of potatoes or turnips, and at times trill forth their beautifully modulated notes. Swallows, too, are frequent visitors during their stay in Britain; while the cuckoo seldom fails to

make himself heard during the season; and I have caught the landrail or corncrake here at different times in April and even in August. Solitary individuals of the hooded crow, rook, and jackdaw, visit here, and remain for short periods; young lambs have at times fallen victims to the first-mentioned species. Very rare visitors are the common bunting and the house-sparrow, these occurring not over once or twice in a year; but several species seldom seen in Scotland, have recently been procured on the May Island; among these may be mentioned the blue-throated warbler, being, I am told, its first occurrence in Scotland, and third or fourth in Britain. Apart from the regular migrants, these rare stragglers arrive with easterly gales. Some of the finch tribe may rest while passing, or arrive with westerly or local breezes; and, finding sufficient food, remain for some time. It is indeed wonderful, considering the limited extent of this lonely isle, how the large numbers of starlings, larks, and thrushes, remaining for weeks, find a supply of food; but except in the winter of 1878-79, very few have died here, to my knowledge. During that severe winter, many larks, &c., were found dead.

Seven different kinds of seabirds breed here, for the most part on the perpendicular cliffs bordering the west side of the island. The most numerous are the common guillemots, or, as they are more generally called, marrots or scouts. They make several preliminary visits during February and March, often in greater numbers than ultimately stop to breed, but do not remain for the season until about the middle of April. I think that between two and three thousand is about the number that remain to breed. Although they seem very social and friendly, scores of them sitting close together on the same shelf, I have watched a pair fight for about ten minutes for the possession of a coveted ledge. They make no nest, the female depositing one egg on the bare shelf of the rock, sitting very close on it, even refusing to leave though struck with stones, but sits croak, croaking, or 'swearing' as it is termed, at the same time becking and bowing and guarding her egg. If they are hastily compelled to fly, many of the eggs tumble down on the rocks, and are broken. The razor-bills come about the same time as the guillemots, but not in such numbers; and generally choose a breeding-place a little above them, in a hole or cleft of the rock, where their eggs are more secure, though often these can be got from the top of the cliffs. A number of puffins or tammie-nories—I think about thirty or forty pairs—arrive next. These make a rude sort of nest with a little grass in crevices or wide fissures of the cliffs. They burrow in the grassy banks like rabbits, where they seem to enjoy themselves together, but do not apparently nestle in them. Some hundreds of kittiwakes also breed at the same place, but build a very substantial nest, in which they deposit three or four eggs. They are by far the noisiest of the inhabitants, ever rending the air with their kittiwaking, as if to entreat intruders to 'get away,' 'get away.' For the last two seasons, a single pair of cornmorants have remained, and bred in a cave in the cliffs; and eider-ducks breed here during the season, most of them arriving in March.

The nests are found all over the island, and are much sought after for the sake of the eggs, which are very little inferior to those of the domestic fowl. If the nest is undisturbed, they lay five or six eggs; but I have never known them to continue laying after some of the eggs were removed, as is said to occur in some places. If the first nest is pilfered, they nestle elsewhere; but the second brood does not generally exceed two or three. The male birds leave in June and July, the females remaining longer; but flocks visit us now and again during the winter. A pair of oyster-catchers breed annually on the north point of the island, depositing four eggs in a small hole scraped on some dry hillock, and by their screaming and endeavouring to draw intruders from their nest, much resemble the lapwing. They used to arrive in April, and leave again in July, but last year the pair remained all winter.

The above are all that breed; but about thirty or forty shags and cormorants inhabit the island all the winter, roosting on the cliffs at night. They depart for their fishing-ground soon after daybreak, at which time I have seen upwards of forty leave in one flock. For the most part, they fish to the north of the island, whence they return in the afternoon or evening, singly, or by twos or threes. The great northern diver, black guillemot, and little auk, are also occasionally seen during the winter months; and gannets from the Bass Rock fish at times in the vicinity, but mostly in August and September. Of the duck tribe, in addition to the eiders, the number depends much on the severity of the winter; but the common wild-duck, teal, sheldrake, and long-tailed duck, are the species most generally seen. A few herons visit in the autumn, and remain for some time; and the redshank and common sandpiper are here all winter. Great flocks of gulls assemble generally in the early part of the year, or when the herrings arrive in the Firth; for the most part they belong to the herring and lesser black-backed species. Though very few are seen during the day, they arrive in great numbers towards evening, to rest for the night on or in the lee of the island. I have seen skuas and terns here at different times, and the fork-tailed petrel has more than once occurred. Sea-birds very seldom strike the lantern, as they are thought to do, only one instance having occurred here for the past five years.

Such is a short description of the feathered visitors to our island home, and more could yet be told regarding them. But go out, every lover of nature, into the fields, woods, and waters—nature's ever open book—and see and judge for yourselves; and be assured you will obtain true knowledge, health, and enjoyment to the full. Certainly, all have not the same advantages, time, or opportunity; but many an hour may be usefully and pleasantly spent by those situated as we are, in observing and studying the living objects around. At several lighthouse stations, notes are taken of all birds arriving at or seen passing, in behalf of a Committee appointed by the British Association to investigate into the migration of birds in connection with meteorological phenomena; and such observations have proved very interesting here, although it is to be regretted some stations do not take the trouble

to report. There is always something to learn in nature; and all should try and contribute, be it ever so little, to our knowledge of her works.

## POOR LITTLE LIFE.

### VII.

FOR some days past, there had been a talk of George and Evelyn riding up to 'the hills,' to call on some friends who lived at Belvidere, and to give George an opportunity of seeing some of the mountain scenery for which the parish of St Andrew's is so justly famed. Something, however, had always occurred to prevent the realisation of the project. But time was fleeting; the November 'seasons' were at hand. Already the light cirrus clouds, which the negroes designate 'rain-seeds,' were to be seen in the morning sky. Already, towards evening, the air was growing thick with vapour; and at nights, the swarms of mosquitoes and flies were, as George expressed it, 'more than human nature could bear.' If the trip to 'the hills' was to take place at all, it was incumbent that it should be got over before 'the gullies were down.' When the mountain brooks had become raging torrents, when the dry water-courses had become broad and swiftly-flowing rivers, when the daily rains were falling like solid sheets of water, travelling was difficult even in the plains. Amongst the hills, it was not to be thought of.

'I would not delay another day, if I were you, George!' said Mrs Durham at breakfast that morning. 'We'll start Mannie with the ponies to the Gardens now. You and Evelyn can follow in the carriage later. Once you get in among "the bush," you won't need to fear the sun. You will be at Belvidere in time for afternoon tea; and you can ride home again in the cool of the evening.'

They started, therefore, after lunch; Evelyn in her gray riding-habit and black hat; George equipped with spurs and gaiters, and carrying a heavy hunting-crop in his hand. A little above the village of Gardens, they left the carriage. Evelyn mounted her fat old pony Jack; George bestrid old Blunderbore, a famous hill-pony, that, after having been owned by a succession of governors, judges, and other high officials, had now become the property of Mrs Durham of Prospect Gardens. It was a steep though lovely ride. A road there could scarcely be said to be. But a mountain track, paved by the hard soles of many generations of negroes, and the hoofs of the horses and mules of the country-people who daily brought down their coffee and bread-kind to sell at Kingston market, showed the route. And if, at times, there were great travelling boulders in the path to be circumvented, and tiny trickling rivulets to be crossed; or a fallen branch of bamboo to be stepped across; or bits of the rock, worn by much traffic into the semblance of miniature staircases, to be climbed; or a rustic bridge, spanning the scene of some recent landslip, to be gingerly traversed—these and such-like obstacles only added a zest to the journey, whilst they heightened a thousandfold the picturesqueness of the scene. And then, the marvellous setting of the picture!—the arching fringe of



bamboos that bordered the path, the checkered shadows falling across the roadway, the banks of maiden-hair fern and begonia growing by its sides, the tree-ferns at intervals on its margin—was there ever a wood-walk more like a poet's dream, more meet for lovers' talk, more adapted for the free thrust and parry, the mutual interchange of youthful joys and sorrows!

It was the influence of the scenery that provoked the conversation which ensued—there could be no doubt of that. Nothing but it could have induced George to lay bare the secret recesses of his heart. And if any middle-aged reader haply doubts the assertion, let him appeal to his own memory for its corroboration. Let him ask himself, looking across the table to her who sits opposite to him, whether he would ever have been able to summon up courage to put the momentous question, if nature, that wise counsellor, that sympathetic ally, had not come to his aid on that eventful day? It was that quiet wood-shaded nook on the Thames, that solitary crevice between two over-shadowing rocks by the seashore, the gentle murmur of the waves on that sandy beach, that lonely hill-top, the ruins of that deserted castle by the Rhine, the placid music of that mountain brook, the splash of that moss-grown fountain in those unfrequented gardens, that armed his voice with strength to make the fateful demand. And when he had obtained the answer that he sought—the answer that he hoped for, yet scarcely ventured to expect—was it not kind nature that congratulated him the first, and with its thousand voices spread abroad the joyful intelligence, till rock and shore, river and mountain, wood and forest, seemed to echo and reverberate with his joy!

It was not, indeed, till their return journey that George yielded to the powerful promptings of the voice of nature; and when at length his lips were unlocked, the result was scarcely such as to justify the expectation of even a qualified success. Indeed, the conversation began with something very like a quarrel.

'I say, Evelyn,' said George abruptly, 'is there anything between you and Captain Hillyard?'

'Between me and Captain Hillyard!' she repeated with surprise. 'I don't understand you, George.'

'I thought I was plain enough,' he replied with ill-concealed bitterness.

'Perhaps you were, George. But I fail to see either why you should ask me this, or what gives you the right to put the question.'

'Oh, if that is the way you wish to take it, I have no difficulty in giving you an answer. I asked because I thought you seemed put out when the children mentioned his name this morning; and as for my right to ask, I'm your cousin, and I think that's title enough.'

'I was put out, I admit,' replied Evelyn; 'though why, I'm sure I don't know. Children are constantly saying disagreeable things; they do it to torment. Of course, it is very silly to be annoyed by them, but one can't help it always.'

'But is it true, Evelyn?'

'Is what true?'

'That you correspond with him?'

'Of course, it is true. Why shouldn't I? He is one of our most intimate friends. I have a

whole drawerful of his letters,' she added with a young girl's innocent malice.

'You keep his letters, then?'

'I keep yours too, George,' she said, smiling upon him.

'But that's different. I'm your cousin.'

'Oh, no doubt, it's different; but for the matter of that, I keep all letters.'

'I wish you'd burn mine, then,' he answered cynically. 'I've no particular desire to have my letters tied up along with those of that fellow.'

'Why, George, how cross you are! What has poor Captain Hillyard done to offend you? I thought you said he wasn't half a bad fellow, after you had met him the other night at the Governor's; and I was so pleased to hear you say so, because we are all so fond of him at Prospect Gardens.'

George flicked his pony testily with his riding-whip. 'I don't see anything so particularly attractive about him. He's pleasant enough for a soldier, I daresay; and no doubt,' he added, 'he's no end of an Adonis among the ladies. I'd like to see what sort of a figure he'd cut in London, though; he'd soon find his level there.'

'And his level would be?'

George shrugged his shoulders.

'I think you are very unjust to Captain Hillyard, George,' said Evelyn with rising colour. 'A gentleman is always recognised as a gentleman wherever he goes, and Captain Hillyard is quite a gentleman. Besides, I don't think you should speak to me in this way about him. I have told you that he is one of our most intimate friends.'

'And likely, no doubt, to be still more intimate than he is,' said George.

'I hope so,' replied Evelyn calmly.

They rode on in silence for a space, and then George returned to the charge. 'All the same, Evelyn,' he said, 'you have not answered my question.'

'What question?' she asked, coldly.

'I asked if there was anything between you and Captain Hillyard.'

'Once for all, George,' she replied with warmth, 'that is not a question that I think you have any right to ask me.'

'And once for all, Evelyn,' he answered, 'I have told you I have that right. I'm your cousin—your nearest male relation, Evelyn.'

'Then you are presuming on your relationship, George,' she answered hotly.

'I don't think I am. I do care for you, Evelyn,' he added, in a somewhat lower tone; 'and you know, if I could do anything to promote your happiness, I should gladly do so.'

'You take a curious way of showing your interest in me, then. Do you think you are promoting my happiness by saying all sorts of disagreeable things?'

'If I have done so, I am sorry for it, and I beg your pardon. But I don't think the question I asked was one which I was not entitled to ask.'

'But indeed it was,' she said, still in anger.

'No one, excepting my own mother, had a right to ask me any such thing.'

'I told you, Evelyn,' he said earnestly, 'if I asked it, I meant no impertinence.'

'You say so now; but'—  
'But it is true, Evelyn. If I did not care for you—more even than a cousin—I should not have said a word on the subject. I asked you, and I ask you still, Evelyn, because'— He hesitated for a moment, and then he added: 'Because I love you!'

Evelyn's face became pale, but she did not speak.

'Because I love you, Evelyn,' he continued; 'and because— Evelyn, my darling!' he said with passion, 'will you be my wife?' He drew his horse's head nearer to her; but she moved hers away from him.

'No, no!' he cried, seizing hold of her horse's bridle. 'Answer me, Evelyn!'

But she only shook her head.

'Evelyn, say you love me! I *know* you love me!' he added with all a lover's impetuosity. 'Say you will be my wife!'

'I don't know,' she murmured. 'O George, don't let us speak about such things! We have been so happy since you came. Why should we change?'

He did not let her complete her sentence. 'Yes, Evelyn,' he said, interrupting; 'just so happy, that we must never, never part! Evelyn!' he cried, laying hold of her hand, 'say you will be my wife!'

'I cannot, I cannot!' she answered. 'O George, don't ask me!'

She struggled to release her hand; but he held it within his own as in a vice. 'Evelyn,' he replied, 'you must answer me! Why should it not be? Why should you not marry me? Can you not love me, even a little?' he said.

'I do; you know I do, George. I have always loved you—loved you dearly—as a cousin.'

'As a cousin!' he sneered.

'There is no one I love better—no one,' she said—'and there never will be! But, O George, spare me! Be generous! Let us continue as we are. Why should we change?'

'No!' he said bitterly; 'that can never be. You say you love me, and yet you refuse to be my wife!'

'I have never thought about marriage; I have never thought of you except as a cousin. I am too young to think about anything else. I shall not be eighteen till Christmas Day.'

'Your own mother was married younger than that. Evelyn, if you refuse me now, we can never be the same to each other again!'

The girl dropped her veil—her tears were falling fast now.

'Never the same again!' he repeated.

They were fast nearing the end of their ride. At their feet lay the Hope River, basking in the pale light of the setting sun. Through the breaks in 'the bush,' they could discover the shingled roofs of the houses. The heat of the day was over; the 'dove's twilight' had begun. Already the decreasing light was assuming the duskiest shades of the raven's wing. In a few minutes more the night would be upon them.

'And if it can never be, Evelyn,' he went on, 'the sooner we part the better!'

Still on they rode side by side without exchanging a word. It was quite dark now, and the path was scarcely distinguishable. The first stars were 'sprinkling the sky;' the first fireflies

were flitting out and in amongst the black foliage of the bamboos that bordered the side of the road. A thick dew was falling too; the horses' manes were wet with it. As for George, he felt chilled through and through to the bone.

'Ah!' he said, with a sigh, as they emerged upon the high-road at length, 'I am glad we are out of the wood; I can see the carriage lamps on the road before us. But'—

'George!' said Evelyn, suddenly bringing her horse over beside his and slipping her hand into her cousin's.

'How late you are, children!' said Mrs Durham, coming out to the porch to meet them. 'Have you enjoyed your ride?'

'I have never had a more delightful—and if I live to a thousand, I shall never forget this day!' replied her nephew.

'That's right!' she said, kissing her daughter as she alighted from her horse. 'And Evelyn, I've a piece of news for you. Captain Hillyard has been here, and tells me that he is engaged to Miriam Da Costa.—Now, run both of you, and dress. Dinner will be ready in less than half an hour.'

#### VIII.

In the lives of all men, and of all women also, there are tracts of time, of greater or less extent, that have no history. Some are happy, some are unhappy. Most of them are indifferent. Like low-lying valleys between two mountain peaks, they serve to accentuate the events which precede and succeed them. On one of these, George was now about to enter. It lasted till the week before Christmas. It was the happiest period of his life. It was the flowery crown of Evelyn's. Their days glided by as the days were wont to glide,

When Man was young, and Life was epic.

Jamaica became, for the nonce, an Arcadia; George and Evelyn were Daphnis and Chloe. Longus himself might have found a subject for his pen in the pure, the faithful, and the cloudless loves of the cousins. But for his diary—a diary kept negligently and irregularly, as the diaries of happy lovers generally are, but which, in long after-years, came to be regarded by him as the most precious of all his earthly possessions—George could never have told how this time was passed. Day succeeded day, week followed week, and each was brighter and happier and more pleasure-fraught than its predecessor. One night there was a great ball at Queen's House, given in George's honour, at which Evelyn, dressed in white, with eucharis in her hair, and pearls round her neck, was the belle and the queen. One day there was a garden-party at the Chief Justice's, and dancing in a marquee to the stirring strains of the band of the Second West; and here again Evelyn bore off the palm from all competitors. Another day the excitement was the arrival of a telegram from Lady Durham, in which she congratulated her son on the excellence of his choice. There were entries of dinner-parties innumerable; for all the plains had deigned to approve the engagement, and were anxious to show their approval in the orthodox manner.

Then came 'the seasons,' when all festivities

perforce ceased, and George, almost entirely confined to the house, was fain to confess to his journal that he ate too much, slept too much, could get no exercise, and was feeling bilious and out of sorts. But the rains passed away, and amusements of all kinds began again—dinner-parties, dances, and at-homes, kettledrums, luncheons, and balls. Every day had its function. It almost seemed as if the plains had taken it into their head that Jamaica hospitality was on its trial, and that they were determined to vindicate its claim to be socially as well as physically the Queen of the Antilles.

'It's as bad as London in the season,' wrote George in his journal. 'It is a never-ceasing round of gaiety and dissipation. Evelyn says it is all meant out of civility to me. But sometimes I would gladly dispense with the compliment. I am feeling the heat a good deal. All the blood in my body seems collected in my head. I have not got over my thirst yet. I drink all day—anything I can lay my hands on. But lemonade—the juice of two or three limes squeezed into a tumbler of water, sweetened, and with a big lump of ice in it—is the best of all.'

It had been decided, after numberless family councils and much communication both by telegraph and by letter with Lady Durham at Deepdale, that George and Evelyn were to be married in England; and as there was really no reason why the happiness of the lovers should be delayed, Mrs Durham had determined that she and her daughters should go home with George; and that as soon as Evelyn's trousseau could be got ready, the marriage should take place. But his aunt was resolved that George should adhere to his original intention, and spend his Christmas in Jamaica. Christmas Day was Evelyn's birthday; and Mrs Durham designed to celebrate the double event with a dinner and a dance, which should not only be a return for all the attention shown to George by 'the dwellers in the plains,' but a sort of official announcement of her daughter's approaching marriage.

As Christmas-tide approached, Mrs Durham's time was much occupied. Not only were there the preparations for her ball to be made; but the arrangements for her contemplated 'trip off' necessitated many visits to Kingston and much consultation with attorneys and solicitors. The cousins were consequently left very much to themselves.

It happened that Mrs Durham had occasion to visit a small property of hers called Blairadam Castle, about eleven or twelve miles from Kingston; and as the Falls of the Mammee River had to be passed on the way, it was determined to make a picnic of the excursion, to give George the chance of seeing the only waterfall in Jamaica. The morning of the expedition broke bright and clear. The heat was great; but a fresh 'Rock' wind—locally known by the name of 'the Doctor'—was blowing, and prevented it from being oppressive. The cavalcade started, shortly after breakfast, in two 'machines.' In the first were Mrs Durham and her two younger daughters. In the other—a single buggy, drawn by two stubborn mules, with Mannie the undergroom hanging on to the knifeboard behind—a regular 'planter's turn-out,' as Mrs Durham called it—were George and Evelyn.

For the first seven miles of the journey, following the course of the Windward Road and passing Rock Fort, where the convicts from the Penitentiary, under charge of boatswains armed with loaded rifles, were at work on the limestone quarries, they emerged upon a shingly beach, bordered with bulrushes and the broad-leaved seaside grape. Then came a stretch of white road, hedged with gigantic cactus and prickly-pears; then a dry river to be traversed; then another stretch of dazzling road; then another dry river, and so on, till they reached the little roadside tavern where their mountain-ponies awaited them. Entering upon a mountain gorge, through which flowed the impetuous Mammee River, they rode on for a couple of miles farther. The road, or rather track, crossed and recrossed the stream no less than seven times in the most eccentric manner, according as the one side or the other of the bank had been least eaten away by the late November floods. At one time, the travellers had actually to wade their way through the rough bed of the mountain torrent, picking their steps between blocks of limestone as large as boulders on some wild Highland moor.

For the first mile or so, there was nothing very particular either in the scenery or the vegetation. The fan-like thatch palm was common. The corato or aloe, with its spike of sweet-scented flowers—from which, tradition relates, the idea of the candlesticks in the Jewish tabernacle was derived—flourished luxuriantly. A few lianas hung down from the cliffs; and maiden-hair and the flowering fern showed fresh and green in shady nooks amongst the rocks. But as they advanced farther into the heart of the mountains, they felt as if getting into the grip of a vice. The walls of the gorge narrowed, and became sheer-down precipices, almost bare of verdure, and rising to an enormous height. The boulders in the bed of the stream grew larger. Then, all of a sudden, they found themselves at the foot of the Falls, looking up at a rope of water some two hundred and fifty feet high, tearing down over the cliffs, and making the whole gorge resound with its rush and its roar and its shiver. Crossing the stream once again, they came upon the Staircase, a partially covered ascending passage, tunnelled out of the limestone rock, which led by a winding and devious route to the top of the Falls. It did not require an experienced geological eye to explain the cause of this curious roadway. It was the old bed of the river, or rather the outlet by which it had forced a way through the rock, before it found its present issue in the Falls. There were portions of it almost like Kits' Coty House in Cornwall; and the craggy masses which formed its roof were as distinctly separated from the parent mass as if they had been dropped down upon it by a glacier. But the rounded outlines of the inner surface of this roof disclosed the action of water, not of ice. The spaces and crevices between the stones were only the result of the unequal texture of the limestone of which the cliff was composed.

Issuing from the Staircase, the travellers found themselves on a flat plateau, shaded with magnificent trees, through the midst of which ran the little Mammee River, with its affluent the Cane River. Both streams unite just before they fall

over the cliffs. At the point where the two conjoined, the children and the servants were left behind to prepare luncheon; whilst Mrs Durham, George, and Evelyn continued their ride to the old dower-house, which was the goal of their expedition. At every step, the scenery became wilder and less civilised. Wattle negro huts, bedaubed with mud, with children disporting themselves before them in all the sweet simplicity of nature, at least so far as their attire was concerned; provision-grounds, where the yams and the plantains and the cocoas and the cassavas appeared to be growing out of the barren rock; here a patch of virgin forest; there the grass-grown track of a 'thrown-up' road. And elevated though they were more than a thousand feet above the level of the sea, above them rose the eternal hills, clad with verdure even to their summits, looking not one whit the nearer than they did, when, two hours before, they were standing at the foot of the gorge.

But the heat was sickening. They had not gone a mile before George was obliged to succumb. His head, he said, felt as if it would split; he was so tired that he could scarcely sit his horse; there was a haze before his eyes; if he went on for five minutes longer, he was certain he should have sunstroke. He returned, therefore, with Evelyn to the place where he had left the children. On a flat rock, covered with a snowy tablecloth, were spread all the requisites for an elaborate luncheon. The mules and horses were browsing peacefully by the waterside. The servants, some distance farther off, were smoking their cutty pipes underneath a clump of mango-trees.

'Now, George,' said Evelyn, when they had dismounted from their horses, 'we shall sit down here and rest till mother returns.—One of you,' she said, turning to the servants, 'run and fetch me a cool plantain leaf.' And when it came, she bound it round George's forehead with a handkerchief; and then, making him eat a morsel of turkey, and drink a glass of champagne, which she poured out for him herself, she bade him light his cigar and seat himself on the rock by her side.

'You'll be better soon, dear George,' she said. 'The plantain leaf will put your headache away.'

The rest and the shade and the refreshment did him good. But he could not get rid of his headache; on the contrary, as the day went on, it seemed to increase. He felt languid and good for nothing. He complained of the hardness of his saddle, the jolting of his horse. Once or twice, Mannie, who followed him on foot, holding on by his horse's tail, had to put out his hand to prevent him from falling. In the carriage on the way home—for Mrs Durham had insisted upon his letting the children take his and Evelyn's place in the buggy—he was restless and fidgety. Long before they reached Prospect Gardens, Mrs Durham and her daughter had communicated to each other, by glances, the suspicions which had simultaneously crossed the minds of both.

'He's in for a touch of fever,' said Mrs Durham to Evelyn, when they had reached their destination. 'Send Mannie off to Kingston for Dr Samuelson, Evelyn, at once. It's a great comfort we have such a nurse as old Nana to attend on him.'

'I shall nurse him myself, mother,' said Evelyn resolutely. 'It is my duty. But if he gets very bad, I daresay I shall be thankful for Nana's help.'

## OYSTER-CULTURE.

THE Report made to the Minister of Marine and Colonies in France, by M. Bouchon-Brandely, relative to the generation and artificial fecundation of oysters, which has lately been issued as a Parliamentary Paper, is a very valuable addition to the literature which deals with the culture of this famous mollusc. Of late years, indeed, oysters have so steadily gained in public favour as an article of food, in spite of the almost prohibitive prices asked for them, that the adaptation of science to the development of this industry is a question of some moment. Most of the Scotch, English, and Irish oyster-beds have of late years been showing signs of deterioration. Various causes have been suggested for this state of things, and various remedies proposed, but to little purpose; for the official Reports are every year becoming more ominous, and the possibility which has to be faced is the disappearance of the oyster from many of our most famous fisheries. A close-time has hitherto been regarded as an effective remedy; but, as Professor Huxley lately pointed out at the Royal Institution, taken by itself it is absolutely and utterly useless. In other words, it is obviously idle to hope that it can serve any useful purpose for a bed to be closed for three months of the year, if it is systematically dredged for the other nine. Over-dredging is undoubtedly the chief evil, although it has been greatly augmented by bad spatting seasons; and nothing can meet the case but the strict preservation of the beds for three years at least, since that is the least period in which an oyster can become sizeable. Protection during its infancy from its natural enemies, and the maintenance of the bed in a condition favourable to oyster-life, are the chief lessons which have already been learned from the researches of oyster-growers.

France has long been to the fore in this department of pisciculture, and the State, with admirable foresight, has ably seconded the efforts of private breeders, and has subsidised scientists to conduct extensive experiments in the embryology and culture of the oyster. We have already noticed in this *Journal* the oyster which has long been in use at Arcachon, Auray, Cancale, and other centres of the oyster-industry in France. The French oyster-nurseries have for many years been conspicuously successful; and the owners of private beds on the Scotch, English, and Irish coasts have imported large quantities of French oysters and laid them down on their own concessions. But the experiments of M. Bouchon-Brandely point to a revolution in French oyster-culture. Hitherto, the ordinary oyster has been the chief object of solicitude. Its habits have been carefully studied, and its healthy development strenuously aimed at. The appearance and the steady increase of the Portuguese oyster in some of the French beds was viewed with considerable apprehension, for fear it should prove victorious in the struggle for existence, and the common oyster become an extinct species. It was, too, greatly feared that the ordinary oyster would become hybrid, or would



at anyrate lose its superior qualities by being crossed by the Tagus oyster. Happily, however, these theories have been exploded. Not only has a cross-breed never been hitherto found, but it is now conclusively decided to be impossible. Various attempts at hybridation by artificial means have been made during the last two years, but without obtaining anything except a negative result. It has, however, been satisfactorily ascertained that the presence of Portuguese oysters in the waters of Arcachon and elsewhere has been in no way prejudicial to the growth of the ordinary oyster any more than to its purity. Both have survived the struggle for existence, owing to a difference of tastes. The sale of the ordinary oyster has been fully maintained, and that of the Portuguese oyster is increasing to prodigious proportions. The demand, indeed, far exceeds the supply. As an article of commerce, it bids fair to become of the first importance to France. M. Bouchon-Brandely contends with much force that its comestible qualities are greatly underrated, and urges the necessity of encouraging its culture at other specified points on the coasts of France, many of which are destitute of every industry. Its remarkable abundance, and consequent cheapness, certainly commend it to the people; and the known nutritious qualities of the oyster, apart from all epicurean associations, render it very desirable that oysters should form a part of the diet of the poor.

It is now more than thirty years since the Tagus oyster was introduced into the Gironde. This was entirely due to an accidental cause. A vessel bound from Portugal, laden with a cargo of oysters, after a long and tedious passage, entered the Gironde. The captain, believing the oysters to be dead, had the cargo thrown overboard. As it chanced, many of them were deposited on an old bed which was nearly identical in the character of its soil with that whence they came. The natural consequence was that they multiplied in such proportions that they now form one vast bed, thirty kilometres in length, and in breadth only limited by the banks of the river. This oyster is found, too, on the coasts of Oléron and at the mouth of the Charente. It breeds only to a limited extent in the basin of Arcachon, and in this locality it presents the curious phenomenon of becoming sterile after a time; so that, but for the introduction of young oysters, it would entirely disappear from the basin. It delights in brackish and muddy waters, and indeed only breeds in those beds in which the influence of fresh water is distinctly felt.

The experiments which have lately been successfully performed in the Laboratory of Embryogeny in the College of France, and at Verdon on the left bank of the Gironde, have conclusively established the possibility of the fecundation of the Portuguese oyster by artificial methods. The peculiar characteristic of this species is that their spat can only develop themselves in the open current, and that they are soon able to move and to obtain for themselves that nutrition which is necessary for their transformation into the sedentary oyster. In view of this state of things, the nature of the experiments was greatly simplified. It must suffice to briefly point out here some of the results obtained. They are not a little remarkable. Some twelve hours after the incubation of the ova,

artificially produced, had been commenced, it was found that moving larvæ were developed. The successful development of these into spat was the next step. After some difficulties had been overcome, this was successfully accomplished in specially prepared reservoirs, and the possibility of the artificial production of these oysters was an accomplished fact. The principal advantages offered by the artificial over the natural method are: (1) That instead of only one harvest, two or three can be obtained in a year; and (2) that whereas in a state of nature only about one-tenth of the ova are developed, this proportion is increased by the artificial process to approximately three-fourths.

It is easy to understand of what a prodigious increase this industry is capable under these conditions. All suitable districts might at a comparatively small outlay be stocked with great rapidity, and in the course of a few years, banks which would be regularly productive formed. M. Bouchon-Brandely's suggestions in this direction are instructive. Thus, he points out the desirability of the local commissioners deepening and cleansing suitable channels. 'Let us pass,' he says, 'from the coasts of the ocean to the borders of the Mediterranean. We are here in the presence of flats and immense lagunes, which no one has attempted to fertilise. Can it be that the ponds of Berre, Caronte, Gloria, Manguio, Palavas, Frontignan, Thau, Sigean, and Leucate, are not suitable for any kind of enterprise? Is human activity unable to put a stop to their sterility? Cannot the industry which is concerned with water, and for which they were apparently created, settle in them and become developed?'

It is not the first time that we have urged in these pages that, off many a dreary point near the mouths of Scotch, English, and Irish rivers there are all the features of a prolific oyster-nursery; but little is done to encourage such industries. The matter is left wholly to private enterprise. Facilities, it is true, are offered to individuals desirous of forming oyster-beds; but these are not sufficient to discharge the national obligations in a matter of so great moment. The creation of an important industry, having for its purpose the provision of food for the million, and involving the lucrative employment of a large population, is a matter which might well occupy the attention of the government.

#### MISS LIRRIPIP'S LOVERS.

LYDIA LIRRIPIP had a pretty face and five thousand a year; not to speak of expectations. Pretty faces are common enough, even in these days of agricultural depression and stagnant trade; but a girl with five thousand a year is a rarity; and a girl with five thousand a year and a pretty face into the bargain is a positive phenomenon, and, as such, cannot fail to be greatly admired by a number of more or less eligible young men with a taste for beauty of the most substantial kind. Even middle-aged bachelors awake from their habitual indifference when, on being introduced to a lovely damsel of two-and-twenty, they are conscious that the possessor of a considerable fortune stands before

them; for although money is no doubt the root of all evil, it is a root which most people very willingly undertake the risk of cultivating.

Since Lydia Lirripip was thus beautiful and thus rich, it is not surprising that she had not only admirers—men who dared to wish uncertain things; but lovers too—men who had the presumption to hope. It is true that Lydia encouraged none of them; for she was quite satisfied to live at home with her father, General Lirripip, in Bruton Street, Grosvenor Square, and to ride in Rotten Row in the morning, and to drive in the Park in the afternoon. But, fortunately, young men do not require encouragement; nay, in certain affairs, the less encouragement they receive, the greater their persistency becomes; and considering that healthily constituted young women seldom, if ever, give any encouragement to young men, the persistency of these latter in the face of alarming difficulties is a matter on which all of us may heartily congratulate ourselves. Indeed, but for the persistency, who knows whether the world would go round?

It was the height of the London season, and Lydia Lirripip went with her father one evening to a great ball at the Countess of Carnaby's. Everybody was there—everybody, that is, of rank and fashion; and ere she had been in the brightly lighted rooms for five minutes, Lydia was engaged for all the dances on the programme. Now, to most of her partners she was only engaged for a single walse or polka; but, for old acquaintance's sake, or for some other reason, she allowed three gentlemen to take two dances each. It was no doubt very indiscreet of her to do so. But in one case at least it was also very good-natured of her; for she permitted old Sir Pertinax Popinjay, who, as every one knew, was far too stiff and gouty to move about properly, to put down his name for the only two sets of Lancers. Sir Pertinax was effusively grateful, and smiled his sweetest upon her as he returned her programme; and Lydia, instead of regretting her kindness, felt thoroughly rewarded by seeing that she was giving pleasure to the gray-haired baronet, who, thirty years before, had been a noted dandy, but who now struck her as being simply a prosy old fellow, whom very few girls would be likely to dance with. Lydia's other favoured partners were Mr Horace Freaque—a young artist, who had that year for the first time exhibited at the Royal Academy—and Mr Merton Murley, a man who had no profession and no occupation, and who, if he had a private income, derived it from a source not generally known even to his friends.

In this world, many strange coincidences happen. Two chemists have been known to make exactly the same discovery on the same day; and two astronomers have claimed to catch sight of a new comet at almost the same moment. It is not, therefore, incredible that, while dancing these six dances with her three favoured partners, Lydia casually mentioned to each of them that upon the following evening her father was going to take the chair at the annual meeting of the Society for the Encouragement of Cold-water Bathing on the Continent; that *she* was not going, but would be alone at home; that she wished

that girls were able like men to amuse themselves; and that she envied her partners their clubs, their theatres, and their sociable smoking concerts. Nor is it incredible that, having heard this, Sir Pertinax Popinjay, Mr Horace Freaque, and Mr Merton Murley all made up their minds to call upon Miss Lirripip upon the following evening, and to make to her certain avowals, which, although they had long meditated them, they now felt impelled to make as soon as possible and without any unnecessary delay. What these avowals were may be guessed; but why the three gentlemen all determined at the same time to make them is a question which cannot be explained, although the fact that Lydia that evening looked even prettier than usual may possibly have been one of the causes of the extraordinary coincidence.

Lydia little dreamt, when in the small-hours of the morning she dropped off to sleep, of what was hanging over her. Sir Pertinax had made no sign; Mr Murley had not been more attentive than had for some time been his wont; and Mr Freaque had been actually more dull and uninteresting than Miss Lirripip had ever seen him. She therefore slept soundly, and was undisturbed by fears of the coming evening and its visitors.

The following day was wet. The General, who had lived for many years in India, and had a liver which caused him to be somewhat irascible, shut himself up in his library and savagely studied the statistics of Cold-water Bathing; and Lydia, who could not go out, painted in her boudoir. The Lirripips dined at half-past five, to enable the General to get to the meeting at half-past seven; and as he had taken no exercise during the day, and had been quite unable to master all the information he required relative to the average of cleanliness upon the Continent, Lydia's father was not in the best of tempers. 'Sit up for me,' he said; 'I shall be in by half-past eleven.' These were his last words, as, the carriage having been announced, he hurried away from the table, stopping for an instant at Lydia's side to kiss her hastily on the top of the head. And Miss Lirripip was left alone in solitary grandeur, sitting at one end of the dining-room. She did not stay there long, but went to the drawing-room, whither she bade a servant bring two candles, which but dimly lighted the large apartment. Then, taking her seat at the piano, Lydia began to play and to sing alternately.

The drawing-room at Bruton Street was like many other London drawing-rooms. It occupied the whole of the first floor of the house, save where in one corner the staircase ascended; and it was therefore L-shaped, the longer arm of the L having three windows looking out into the street, and the shorter arm one window looking out over some mews in the rear. Heavy curtains of tapestry hung between the back and front portions of the room, but were usually looped up; and in the back-room was the piano at which, within the halo of the two candles, Lydia Lirripip played and sang.

She had considerable knowledge of music and a fine voice, and, wrapped up in her occupation, she started when the door of the front-room opened, and a servant, who was to her invisible, announced Mr Horace Freaque.

Lydia rose and received her visitor, meantime ordering the gas to be lighted. It was half-past eight. Why had he called at that hour? Why had he not come in the daytime, while she was so dull, rather than just when she was singing? But, upon the whole, she was glad to see Horace, who, no doubt, simply desired to inquire how she was after the dance of the previous evening, and had not been able to do so earlier. As he betrayed, nevertheless, a certain hesitation in his manner, she led the conversation, and asked him whether he had enjoyed Lady Carnaby's ball. He had, he said, pretty well; and then there ensued a pause, during which Horace rather awkwardly took a seat at Lydia's side on an ottoman and gazed at the carpet. Mr Freahe was not altogether stupid, but even wits often become rather dull when they are meditating an immediate proposal; and the situation is so trying to almost every man who finds himself in it, that it amply excuses the exhibition of a little uneasiness and nervousness. Mr Freahe certainly was nervous, but he soon recovered himself.

'Your father is at the meeting, I suppose. Don't you feel it very dull all by yourself here, Miss Lirripip?'

'O no! I have been singing; and all day I have been painting.'

'But dull, I mean, without society? I know that I do; and I have much more society, I suspect, than you have. Unless I go out, the evenings, I find, pass very slowly. I cannot get the excitement of work, for, of course, one can't paint by artificial light; and if I try to read, I generally go to sleep over my book.'

'I think that you must be difficult to please, Mr Freahe. You have a lovely studio, and you ought always to be able to amuse yourself among such beautiful things as you have in your house.'

'No! I don't think that I am difficult to please, Miss Lirripip; for I know exactly what I want. The fact is that a bachelor's existence is not suited for a man of my feelings and sympathies. I live wrapped up in my selfishness, and feel my heart growing colder and colder every day. I have beautiful things in my house, but they don't satisfy me. I want living beauty—something which I may really care for and do for—something which shall make my life complete. And it was to talk to you about this, Miss Lirripip, that I came to see you this evening.'

Lydia experienced a curious sensation which she had never felt before.

'You know, I suppose, Miss Lirripip,' he continued, 'what I mean. You know that since I first saw you, three or four years ago, I have loved you.' And Horace took Lydia's unwilling hand. 'Can you,' he went on, 'learn to love me? Will you be my—'

Ratatattattattat! There was a knock at the front-door, and Lydia was greatly relieved.

'Is somebody coming up?' asked Horace anxiously. 'Oh, I so much want to tell you all. Say you are not in. Send them away. But let me stay. Promise to let me stay.'

A voice, evidently Mr Merton Murley's, was now audible from below, the drawing-room windows being open and the voice being loud.

'It is Mr Murley,' said Lydia. 'I expect that he only wants me to give some message for him

to my father. He will not detain me. But if I let you stay, you must not talk any more as you have been talking, Mr Freahe.'

At this moment there were footsteps on the staircase; and Horace, without another word, fled incontinently into the back drawing-room, and rapidly drew the curtains behind him, so as to conceal himself from the new-comer, who immediately afterwards was announced.

Mr Murley was not so nervous as Mr Freahe had been upon his first appearance. He shook hands with Lydia in an easy and light-hearted manner, paid her an airy compliment, seated himself comfortably opposite her, and, without many preliminaries, revealed the object of his visit. 'I know that your father is out, Miss Lirripip,' he said; 'and I may as well confess at once that I have deliberately taken advantage of his absence to come and see you upon a subject which nearly concerns my happiness. I should have spoken about it last night, but that I could not command your attention save for a few minutes at a time. Now, however, we are safe from interruption.'

'But, Mr Murley,' said Lydia, 'it would be so much better if you would call when my father is in.'

'Oh, that is not important, my dear Miss Lirripip. It is a subject that may be settled by you alone.'

'Please, Mr Murley, do not tell me about it now,' pleaded Lydia. 'The windows are open, you know; and there are servants about the house; and'—

Ratatattattattat!

This time Horace, as well as Lydia, was greatly relieved; but Mr Murley was furious. 'Let me see you to-morrow,' he said hastily.

'Yes! no! no!' returned Miss Lirripip, thankful for any opportunity of getting rid of him. 'Good-bye, Mr Murley, good-bye!' And the same servant who showed up Sir Pertinax Popinjay showed down Mr Merton Murley, who glared at the baronet with a look which spoke volumes.

'My dear Lydia,' said Sir Pertinax, as he offered both his hands to Miss Lirripip, 'you were really charming last night. I never saw such a perfect sylph in my life; and many people agreed with me. You were the belle of the room. There is no doubt about it.'

'I'm sure it is very good of you, Sir Pertinax, to say so,' returned Lydia. 'But I thought that the Countess herself'—

'Oh, the Countess? She and you cannot be mentioned together, my dear. Every one said so. And besides, the Countess of course is married. She has met her fate. Ha, ha! But you—you are still—my dear Miss Lydia. I may be a fool; but, upon my honour, I have come here this evening with the determined intention of asking you whether you will have me. You know I worship the very ground you stand on.' And, to Lydia's great consternation, the old gentleman, ere she could prevent him, gallantly knelt at her feet, and took her hand, with the evident intention of pressing it to his lips.

'Do get up, please, Sir Pertinax,' said Miss Lirripip, forgetting for a moment that Horace Freahe was within hearing, but anxious that the baronet should not make himself unnecessarily ridiculous even to her. 'You can talk just as

well if you sit down ; but really you mustn't talk in that way. I don't want to be married ; indeed, I don't. You know I like you very much ; but I could not possibly marry you.'

Sir Pertinax rose with dignity, and looked rather disappointed. 'I had hoped, Lydia, that you liked me well enough even for a husband. What you say, however, may not be final, because nothing can alter my regard for you ; and perhaps in the future you may think better of me.'

'I could not think better of you than I do,' returned Miss Lirripip feelingly ; 'and you do not know how sorry I am that this has happened. We can never again be the same to each other. I am so sorry.'

Sir Pertinax began to feel sorry too, for, up to that evening, he and Lydia had always been like uncle and niece ; and, in an uneasy way, he turned the conversation into another channel. But he could not for long carry it on ; and in less than a quarter of an hour he said good-bye, like a sensible man as he was in spite of his weakness, and departed.

No sooner had he quitted the room, than Horace emerged from his hiding-place. Lydia blushed to remember all that he had overheard ; but he did not allude to it. 'Lydia,' he continued, almost as if nothing had happened to disturb him, 'I love you truly, and with all my heart. Will you, can you, learn to love me, for your love alone will make me completely happy ?'

'Do not ask me,' replied Lydia, who was once more seated. 'You know what I have just gone through. My head is in a whirl.'

'But think how happy you can make me, Lydia ! You would be everything to me, as indeed you are already, and I would spend all my days in making you happy.'

It is unnecessary to chronicle the whole of the further conversation that took place. Suffice it to say, that at last Miss Lirripip discovered not only that she could, but that she actually did love Horace Freaake a little ; and on the strength of that, she promised to marry him.

Horace was in the act of presuming upon this promise by kissing Lydia for the first time, and was enjoying one of the happiest moments of his life, when another of those furious ratattatats shook the house.

'Another ?' said Mr Freaake with a smile. 'I shall go back to my retreat until we know who has arrived ; for now I must be on the spot to look after you.' And in spite of Lydia's protestations, he once more retired to the back drawing-room.

Two minutes afterwards, the General, very hot and very angry, stamped up-stairs, and burst into the presence of his daughter. 'Everything has gone wrong !' he exclaimed. 'They voted me out of the chair ; they flew in my face ; they decided that the wretched foreigners don't want cold baths.' And he pounded with his stick, which he had brought up with him, and looked at Lydia, as though she were the cause of his discomfiture.

'Well, papa,' said Miss Lirripip soothingly, 'all the better. Now, you won't have to go to any more of their horrid meetings.'

At this juncture, Horace, who was troubled with a slight cold, gave forth a stifled and infinitesimally small sneeze.

'Lydia,' cried the General, as he threw himself wearily into an armchair, 'I'm sure there's a cat in the back drawing-room. Go and turn it out.' And Miss Lirripip, having no alternative, went cautiously behind the heavy curtains, and was there received in her lover's arms.

'You cannot speak to him to-night,' she whispered. 'He would not listen to you. You see how cross he is. Come again to-morrow.'

Horace, therefore, silently took another kiss ; and Lydia, having unlocked the little-used door of the back-room, chased him, with many expressions of animosity, down the softly carpeted staircase, and with a cry of 'Shoo, cat !' finally let him out of the front-door.

When she returned to the drawing-room, General Lirripip gave vent to some angry expressions of hostility towards the entire feline tribe, and when he had thus delivered himself, went off to bed.

How the story ended, may easily be guessed. When Lydia's father was in a cooler mood, Horace found no difficulty in obtaining his consent to the marriage, which took place three months afterwards ; and to the end of their days, neither Sir Pertinax Popinjay nor Mr Merton Murley had any idea that a third person was present when they proposed to Miss Lirripip in Bruton Street, Grosvenor Square.

## OCCASIONAL NOTES.

### A STRANGE VISITOR.

DURING the months of August and September, visitors to Southampton and its environs, travelling by way of Southampton Water, cannot fail to notice how strangely discoloured is its surface within two or three miles of the port. Parts, and sometimes the whole of the water round the steamer are seen to be of a dark coffee-colour. This phenomenon is commonly regarded as simply due to finely suspended mud ; but examined beneath the low power of a microscope, a number of small heart-shaped bodies with a kind of indentation across them, come into view, some of which move round like a wheel, while others pursue a zigzag course. The writer observed that a few were more active than the rest, and some after a short time began to split, and then burst. The colour of countless millions of these forms was thus seen to be the cause of the peculiar hue of this water. Under a higher power, the body was seen to be a semi-transparent cellular or granular structure, with a deep groove across the centre, provided with *cilia*—that is, little hair-like processes, which were rapidly moving. The end or lower part of this organism was provided with a kind of tail, which was also moving. These organs, the *cilia* and the tail, seemed to be concerned in the work of swimming. But what were these curious shapes ? Although exhibiting life and motion, does that prove them to be forms of *animal* life ?

By some naturalists, the organism is regarded as a species of desmid—a very low type of life. By others, it is held to be on the border-line between the lowest form of animal and vegetable life. The desmidiæ are usually found in stagnant or slowly running and sometimes in brackish water ; but their presence in sea-water is certainly rather remarkable. The transverse constriction



across the body is characteristic; but as a rule, desmidiæ are of a green colour. By comparison with those figured in the Micrographic Dictionary, that standard authority with all working microscopists, it would appear that the name of this humble form of life is *Peridinium fuscum*. Strange to say, it has invaded the Southampton Water at about the same time of year (August and September) for several seasons past. Some of the oldest inhabitants of the town assert that many years ago such a coloration of the water was hardly noticeable. The county analyst, Dr Arthur Angell of Southampton, to whom the writer is indebted for the above facts, seeing that these organisms 'evolve oxygen, contain chlorophyll—that is, plant colour-matter, have no mouth or opening of any kind, never contain foreign bodies, have cellulose walls, and after death give off an odour of decaying seaweed,' is of opinion that they are more plants than animals. Moreover, he considers that the presence of sewage, kept more or less locally suspended by the ebb and flow of the tide, may account for the amazing abundance of this curious form of life. If this be so, we have here, then, a remarkable instance of an organism whose economy in nature may be chiefly hygienic, and we ought, therefore, to feel thankful for its presence.

#### THE RAVAGES OF THE LOCUST.

The migratory locust of the East still performs its periodical work of desolation in Egypt, Syria, and Southern Asia. This living deluge sweeps onwards with luxuriant greenness in front, but leaving behind gardens, fields, and hillsides as bare as a burnt prairie. In the United States, which can boast of having had a Locust Commission, the ravages of this insect are now chiefly confined to the region west of the Mississippi. Damage to the amount of fifty million dollars was done by the locust in Wyoming, Dakota, and Montana in 1874. A host of them came into collision with a regiment of soldiers on the march at Elizabethpol, in Russia, in 1879, and caused them to retire. They settled so thickly on the soldiers' faces, uniforms, and muskets, that the major, driven to desperation, ordered firing at them for half an hour without any effect. So a march back was ordered. They are not supposed to be partial to the coffee-tree, yet a planter in Guatemala, in 1880, lost seventy thousand trees in one night through an incursion of locusts.

The two sanatorium districts of the Bombay Presidency, Matheran and Mahabaleshwar, have lately suffered from an invasion of locusts, which settled on the trees, and left nothing but bundles of bare twigs. Although this year's damage may be safely tided over, the chief danger will arise to next year's crops, unless some method is adopted of destroying their eggs. These eggs are deposited in masses in one place, generally in an uncultivated hillside. A glutinous matter is spread over them for protection, which betrays their whereabouts. In Cyprus, where rewards have been offered for the destruction of their eggs, as many as sixty-two tons, representing about fifty thousand million eggs, have been destroyed in a single season. The result was a disappearance of the pest for several years. Next to destroying the eggs, perhaps the method adopted by an

Italian landowner in Cyprus is the best. He destroyed vast numbers by placing in their path, soon after they were hatched, and still unprovided with wings, pits so prepared that, after tumbling in, their destruction was certain. Enormous as is the destruction caused by the locust, says a contemporary, there is one advantage about it—namely, that it is edible; in Arabia, men and horses using it regularly as an article of diet. By some of the natives, they are eaten with oil, after being stripped of their legs and wings; but Lady Anne Blunt in her travels was in the habit of boiling them and dipping them into salt. Their flavour is described as savouring of a vegetable, not unlike the taste of green wheat. Why not, therefore, eat locusts?

#### DENEHOLES.

Geologists and archaeologists have found a fertile source of speculation in what are called 'deneholes' (pronounced daneholes, from the Anglo-Saxon *denn*, a hole, cave, valley or den). There are examples of these pits in various parts of England; they are of varying construction, of great antiquity, and have been roughly divided into two categories. These are the wide and comparatively shallow pits, like the grimes graves of Norfolk and Suffolk, and those at Cissbury in Sussex. These are believed to have been flint mines of neolithic times, whence a supply of flint was procured for the rude implements of that early period. It will be remembered that some subsidences of earth occurred at Blackheath in 1878—already alluded to in this *Journal*—which revealed several underground shafts, opening into cavities extending in different directions. Power was granted to the Astronomer-royal for the examination of these cavities; and this power was again deputed to a local scientific society to conduct the investigation and make the necessary excavations. We learn from the *Times*, that in Hangman's Wood, near Grays, Essex, the geological structure of the ground is very remarkable. Within a mile or so of the wood, the chalk comes to the surface; but in the wood itself the chalk strata are covered with from fifty to sixty feet of Thanet sand, capped with a few feet of river gravel. The constructors of the deneholes sank perpendicular shafts, of about three feet in diameter and eighty feet deep, through the sand into the chalk, where they carefully excavated arched and crypt-like chambers, so as to form a double trefoil of six chambers, with the shaft in the centre. The wood is stated to contain about seventy of these holes, the shafts of most of them being now plugged up by denudation of soil from the surface and sides. The Essex Field Club has already surveyed six deneholes, and an inspection of the plans shows that the makers possessed great skill and a feeling for symmetry and proportion in their work. Each cave is distinct from its fellows, complete isolation being evidently desired; but in one case, owing to the close proximity of two caves, the partition wall has given way, so as to allow access from an open into a closed pit. Accurate measurements and some photographs have been taken. The Essex Field Club is prepared, should the necessary funds be forthcoming, to undertake a systematic exploration of the 'denes' existing in various

parts of Essex. They are evidently of great antiquity; and as they were constructed with prodigious expenditure of time and labour, it is palpable that they were considered to be of great importance by the people who made them.

#### THE RUSSIAN WOLF.

Although the wolf has long been an extinct animal in the United Kingdom, it is far from being so in European Russia, where the value of domestic animals annually destroyed by wolves has been set down as not less than two million five hundred thousand pounds. In the statistical Report lately addressed to the Minister of the Interior, the frontier government of Samara suffered most, the damage being estimated at six hundred and fifty thousand roubles; Vologda came next, being five hundred and sixty thousand roubles. The Polish and Baltic provinces and Archangel suffered least. In an estimate like the above, no account can of course be taken of the number of wild animals destroyed by them, or of the loss of human life. The police reported one hundred and sixty-one persons killed by wolves in 1875. It is fortunate for the traveller that the wolf is one of the most suspicious animals in existence, in connection with any object with which its eyes, nose, or ears are unaccustomed. A stick planted in the earth with some fluttering piece of linen tied to it, is often sufficient to preserve the carcass of a slain buffalo or deer for the hunter. When a Siberian finds his sleigh pursued by wolves, he very frequently fastens a coat or some spare garment to a piece of string, and tows it behind. So suspicious are the wolves of this novel object, that this is often sufficient to keep them from advancing ahead. When trapped, the sensation of confinement seems to deprive this ravenous animal of its native vigour and energy; and it has been known passively to allow itself to be dragged from the trap to meet its fate.

#### SINGING-STONES.

A very curious musical instrument is now on view in the French department of the Amsterdam Exhibition. It consists of twenty-five large flints, suspended, harmonicon fashion, from two parallel wooden rods, and struck by two smaller flints by way of hammers. The peculiarity of the instrument consists in the fact that the stones are not cut down to any particular weight or form, but are virgin flints of various shapes and sizes, rough as when first dug out of mother-earth. The inventor, M. Baudre, a Frenchman, of St Florent, in the department of Cher, states that it has taken him thirty years to perfect his collection, for which he asks the modest sum of sixty thousand francs, being at the rate of nearly one hundred pounds per stone. The stones when struck give out a clear metallic sound, like the note of a very high-toned bell. Strange to say, the note produced appears to have no direct relation to the size or shape of the stone, two of the stones being pointed out which are exactly alike in weight, and yet there is more than an octave interval between their respective tones. Similar paradoxical relations may be noted between others of the series.

Sundry eminent persons have inspected this musical curiosity, and among others, Cardinal de Bonnechose, Archbishop of Rouen, who suggested to M. Baudre a scriptural quotation (Luke xix. 39, 40), by way of motto for his invention. M. Baudre has christened his curious organ, *La Musique avant le Deluge, ou les Pierres qui chantent*.

#### A FISH REFRIGERATOR CAR.

We recently alluded, in the article 'Frozen Food,' to the importation of dead-meat from America, Australia, and New Zealand, preserved by means of refrigerating apparatus fitted up on board ship. And now we hear of a refrigerating railway car for the conveyance of fish from Wick to London. Mr Tallerman, manager of the Fish League, London, has been in this northern fishing-town for the purpose of promoting this new method for the carriage of fresh fish. Several refrigerator railway cars, built for the purpose, were in August forwarded to Wick for the experiment. Each car contained nearly sixty crans of herrings, which, by means of the refrigerating apparatus, were landed at their destination comparatively fresh and wholesome. If beef and mutton can be transported for a distance of more than ten thousand miles from the antipodes, and landed in London in good condition, surely there need be no difficulty in transporting fish in a similar fashion from the seaboard to any of our large centres of population.

#### TWO SONNETS.

##### FAILURE.

AMBITIOUS, young, a Poet tuned his lyre;  
For Love and Fame combined his Muse to fire.  
Fame, her enchanting rainbow round him thrèw,  
To tempt him on with many a changing hue.  
While one stood by, his wished success to greet—  
His dream to lay his laurels at her feet.  
Rapid his first wild notes; but still 'twas vain  
The outside world's capricious ear to gain.  
Then, with unsparing hand and patient care,  
He pruned each page—the same ill fate to bear.  
Wearied at length, he laid aside his pen,  
Too proud to sue afresh the praise of men;  
But in his heart still felt Ambition's sting,  
And vowed some day the world should hear him sing.

##### SUCCESS.

INTO the Poet's life, strange troubles came—  
Unearned reproach, and poverty's dread name—  
Till on his soul the deepest shadow fell;  
Her place was vacant whom he loved so well.  
Then, to relieve perforce his troubled brain,  
Strange haunting melodies he wove again.  
Swiftly he wrote, to still his aching heart,  
Careless of all that fame or wealth impart,  
Till the wild music turned to strains sublime,  
His hopes fast fixed beyond earth's fleeting Time.  
Men marvelled, and their short-lived praises sung,  
Of the deep notes from Grief's sharp furnace wrung;  
Too late their plaudits on his ear awoke;  
He heard, but heeded not—his heart was broke.

M. P.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fourth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No. 1031.—VOL. XX. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1883.

PRICE 1½d.

## OUR POTATO-SUPPLY.

THE potato, as an agricultural product and an article of British commerce, holds in some respects a unique position. In the monetary value of no other equally important article are there probably such fluctuations: during the past twelve months there have been variations in the price to the extent of three hundred per cent. Then, each year's supply lasts for just a year, without augmentation from old stocks, or the possibility of laying up for the future. And in regard to no other important article of diet can it be said so truly as of potatoes, that we are dependent upon our home-supply. We propose to examine these circumstances as they affect both the agriculturist and the general public.

It is to the grower rather than to the consumer that the fact of violent fluctuations in the value of potatoes chiefly appeals. The retail price of such a bulky and heavy article as potatoes is largely made up of expenses incurred subsequent to its leaving the producer's hands, and these expenses are pretty much the same from year to year. The carriage by rail or by water from the potato-growing districts to the centres of population, the cost of transference to the store, the sorting, storage, cartage, and commission for selling, form a large and nearly uniform percentage of the price which potatoes cost the consumer. The total expenses in the case of potatoes sent from such districts as Yorkshire or from Scotland to the metropolis are probably not over-estimated at from thirty to forty shillings per ton. When, therefore, the price to the retailer in the London market is six pounds, the amount reaching the farmer will be about four pounds per ton. Should the price in the metropolitan market, however, fall to seventy-five shillings, the farmer will find his return reduced from eighty to thirty-five shillings per ton; thus showing that a relief of thirty-seven per cent. to the consumer implies a reduction to the farmer of fifty-six per cent. in the value of his crop. It has even happened, in the case of potatoes sent for sale to some

distance, that the selling price has been entirely swallowed up by the inevitable charges.

The great fluctuation in the value of potatoes as a farmers' crop is of course owing to the extreme uncertainty of its soundness and weight per acre one year with another. In this way, the supply in any one season may be much short of the demand, or may greatly exceed it. And importation from abroad is not to be depended upon to augment our home supply, as we shall see presently. It is, however, an unwarrantable inference to judge that the year of a plentiful and sound crop is necessarily the most profitable one for the grower. This may be illustrated by reference to the crops of the two past years. The crop of 1881 was unprecedentedly large and sound. On fairly well-managed farms it was eight to ten tons per acre of 'dressed' potatoes. The following year, on the same farms, the 'marketable ware,' owing to disease, did not probably exceed four to five tons per acre. The price per ton for crop 1881 was, however, a good deal less than half what has been realised for the produce of last year. The comparison may be shown thus:

1882—five tons per acre at eighty shillings...	L.20
1881—ten tons per acre at thirty shillings....	15
	L.5

Thus, a considerable difference in favour of the season of a meagre and diseased crop is brought out. And this is not all the advantage; for in 1881 there would be greater expense to the farmer in handling and carting the bigger crop, as well as a greater drain upon the soil's fertility. And although the smaller but diseased crop would entail more labour in the one particular of sorting, this would be more than compensated by the two or three tons per acre of diseased roots which have been left for consumption on the farm by cattle. Of course these calculations do not apply to such districts as the west of Ireland, where potatoes are not grown for sale, but rather as a staple—and in some cases, alas! almost the sole—food of those who cultivate them.

It has been said that the growing of potatoes

under present conditions is almost as uncertain as gambling. It would be less so, were the price in years of partial failure always high enough to counterbalance the want of quantity. And the risk on the other side—that is, in the case of a superabundant crop—would be diminished if there were an outlet for the roots at such a minimum price per ton as would cover expenses. But neither of these conditions at present exists. The price when sound potatoes are very scarce does not rise to such a figure as to make the saving of perhaps only two tons per acre remunerative; and sometimes even less than this weight per acre escapes the ravages of the pest. The reason why the price does not so rise is, mainly, that the potato is not considered a necessary, as in the case of bread; and so, when the price rises much above a proportionate value as compared with wheat, a substitute is found in bread.

Let us see, then, what is about the quantity of potatoes which can be consumed in the United Kingdom at a fairly remunerative price. With the information at our disposal through government returns and otherwise, it is not possible to state exactly what is an average annual supply of potatoes for the purpose of human food. We know the acreage grown, and we may with tolerable accuracy estimate the average return of sound roots per acre; but it is always uncertain how much of the crop may be used in cattle-feeding or sent to the starch manufactory. In such a year as the present, we are perhaps safe in assuming that an exceedingly small proportion of the sound roots will be used otherwise than as human food. Judging from the prices during the past winter, it may with confidence be said that the supply from crop 1882 was not equal to the demand. On the other hand, a great deal less than the crop of 1881 is all that could be disposed of at a price which would be remunerative to the grower. Of crop 1881, it is reckoned that about one million tons were exported, chiefly to America; besides this, a great quantity was consumed by cattle; and still the surplus was too large to allow the price to rise to a remunerative figure, except in the case of farms near the large centres of population, where cost of carriage was small. The British demand for this article of diet may, therefore, be said to be somewhere between the quantity grown in 1881 and that grown in 1882. Let us see what these were. (We do not reckon imports, for reasons to which we shall presently allude.) The total acreage of potatoes in the United Kingdom in these years may be stated roundly as one and a third million acres. If the marketable roots in 1881 averaged eight tons per acre, the crop of that year would be nearly eleven million tons. Deducting a million tons probably exported, and another million tons consumed by cattle, we have nine million tons as the quantity of sound potatoes available for human food of crop 1881. But from this we must deduct seed for the following year. We reckon this at only half a million tons of marketable roots; the quantity would not be enough for seed purposes; but it must be remembered that a considerable breadth is always seeded by 'seconds' (small potatoes), which are unfit for the market for food purposes. Making these deductions, we reckon the quantity of crop 1881 used for human food to have been eight and

a half million tons. This, then, may be considered the maximum quantity which the population of the Kingdom care to use even when potatoes are at their cheapest—when they can be had at the price of cattle-food.

Crop 1882, including Ireland, where disease was very prevalent, is probably not under-estimated at three tons per acre of sound marketable roots, or a total weight of four million tons. Deducting, as before, half a million tons for seed, and reckoning all the rest to be used for human food, we find the quantity to be three and a half million tons of sound roots as the food-supply from crop 1882.

From the experience, then, of the past two years, it would appear that eight and a half million tons is too large a supply for our wants—more than will bring a remunerative price to the grower; and three and a half million tons is so small an allowance, that the London price is raised much above the intrinsic value of the article, as compared with other staple food products. With wheat at eleven to twelve pounds per ton, potatoes are too dear at from seven to eight pounds per ton, judged of by their value as human nutrients. Probably, we are not far from the truth in reckoning five million tons to be the measure of the nation's annual demand. For this quantity, a fair price might be obtained by the grower.

We have not taken imports of potatoes into account in the above calculation. We find, however, that, during the past twelve years, there have been annual importations, varying from thirty-eight thousand tons in 1870—which is the smallest quantity—to nearly five hundred thousand tons in 1880, which is the largest importation during the period mentioned. It is probably safe to reckon that three-fourths of our imported potatoes are early varieties, and are used in this country between June and September, before the main portion of our own crop is ready for use. This being the case, the foreign competition in this product of our agriculture is seen to be of extremely little account. The perishable nature of potatoes makes them an indifferent article of international commerce; and more distant countries, such as the United States of America and Canada, are not likely soon to compete with us in growing potatoes. Indeed, the experience of last year would rather point to our becoming exporters of potatoes to New York. In the matter of carriage, they can be sent as cheaply from Glasgow or Liverpool to New York, as from East Lothian to Birmingham. Even with the high import duty, New York was last year found to be a profitable outlet for our surplus.

It has not yet been found profitable to raise potatoes as food for stock. The average cost of producing ten tons of potatoes would be sufficient to grow double the weight of turnips; and the latter is preferable, as costing less for labour and manure, and being more cheaply stored. It is not in cattle-feeding that farmers can hope for a profitable outlet for the potato crop, when it happens to be superabundant. The value of the potato crop as a preparation for the growth of wheat yearly diminishes as the growing of wheat is found to be itself unprofitable.

What is meantime wanted in the interest of



the farmers is the means of annually growing just such a weight of potatoes as will be sufficient for consumption on our tables. To arrive at this, two things are requisite—first, a means of stemming the ravages of the potato disease; and second, a constant supply of new varieties. This latter is the only way yet discovered of securing a full crop in adverse seasons. Were these two objects attained, a great national benefit would be the result. The number of acres devoted to this crop, for instance, might be greatly reduced. Instead of our having one million three hundred thousand acres planted, to insure the raising of an adequate supply for our requirements, it would be found that the requisite quantity (five million tons) could be grown on about one million acres. This would represent a saving, in seed alone, of about three-quarters of a million sterling. And it is a very moderate estimate to reckon the labour, manure, and rent of the three hundred thousand acres set free for other purposes, at ten pounds per acre, or three million pounds annually.

When there is a lack of potatoes, the tendency is towards a greatly increased scarcity as the season advances. There are three reasons for this. The seed-demand being generally about the same from year to year, the quantity required in spring for this purpose is a larger percentage of the available stock in a season of scarcity. Second, potatoes are of inferior keeping quality if touched by disease when still growing; and consequently, a large percentage apparently sound in autumn become tainted during the winter.

Another result to be obtained by the discovery of a cure for potato disease, would be the better quality of the roots, from their being grown only on land well suited in every respect for their cultivation. At present, the uncertainty of the crop, while it restricts the acreage on suitable soils, tends also to increase it in districts where other crops could be grown to better advantage. The great risk of failure makes the farmer of really suitable soil for the growth of potatoes cautious in determining the number of acres which he will devote to this crop. On the other hand, the chance of the considerable profits sometimes made from the crop, induces the occupier of land not well suited by its own nature or its proximity to easy means of conveyance, to risk the cultivation of this precarious root, when he would be more profitably employed in growing turnips.

## ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOT.

### CHAPTER XXXIX.—THE UNTYING OF THE KNOT.

'A GENTLEMAN, sir, and a lady—come up in a carriage—with another person—most anxious to see you, sir—late as it is.'

Mr Pontifex, in his Maida Hill villa, was in the habit of taking his ease, and of feeling as if he had left Black Care behind him in Lincoln's Inn. His luxurious suburban abode, with its splendid conservatory and forcing-houses; his garden, that in summer was gorgeous with colour; his fancy poultry; his fruit, that had won a prize; his pigs, that had deserved 'honourable

mention' at the Agricultural Hall—seemed sacred from intrusion. He was a widower, very fond of his daughters, and liked his ease. Of course he sometimes brought up papers with him to look over quietly in his snug study; but never had Erasmus Pontifex been plagued at Maida Hill by the visit of a client.

'What do they want, James?' demanded the master of the house, somewhat tartly. He seldom spoke petulantly to his tried and steady old servant, or, indeed, to the veriest lad who ministered to his piggeries and his pineries, for the eminent family solicitor was in domestic life indulgent. But he did feel it a little unreasonable that, at twenty minutes past eleven P.M., he should be tormented as to business.

'Foreign lady, sir, a Countess—and a gentleman, foreign, too, by the way he talks French with the lady—but it was she who asked to see you, sir—something about the great case of Lady Leominster—and the young person—very respectable—is like a young person in service,' said James, who had very probably received a sovereign from the applicants for admission, and was working out the amount of Cerberus's sop.

'Show them in!' said Mr Pontifex; and obedient James ushered in three persons—a large foreign lady, neither old nor young, handsome, richly dressed, and of a grand presence; a gentleman, also very well attired, whose sun-bronzed face and martial air might have caused him to be mistaken for a dashing and distinguished officer, had it not been for the roving, lawless look of his glittering eyes; and a prim little creature of six-and-twenty, very neat, very deferential. This, as Mr Pontifex promptly guessed, was the maid of whom James had spoken.

'We come, Mr Pontifex, on business,' said the gentleman composedly, and speaking English with a fluency that convinced the lawyer that he was confronted by a fellow-countryman. 'The Leominster case is on many tongues and on many minds just now. We are here at present to settle it.'

'To settle it!' returned Mr Pontifex, elevating his eyebrows in surprise. 'Are you aware, sir, that I act for Lady Leominster?'

'For her whom you call Miladi,' said the foreign lady.

Again Mr Pontifex arched his eyebrows. He did not much like the look of the foreign lady, fine woman as she was; nor did he feel attracted towards the male visitor, with the buccanier's effrontery and the over-bright eyes; yet he felt it best to be civil.

'Please to be seated,' he said. 'You did not, I think, mention your names.'

'Mine is a short one—Vaughan,' was the business-like reply of the gentleman with the glittering eyes—'John Vaughan, by British law. I have often borne my mother's name. It was Rollington. She was an Honourable Miss Rollington, who married my father, a Welsh clergyman. In right of her noble birth, and by continental practice, I have called myself the Chevalier Rollington, and, as such, could be

heard of at Embassies abroad. My father was Dr Vaughan, rector of Dinas Vawr, the parish in which the castle stands. This lady is my wife. She is a Russian subject; but bears the title—which she inherits from her father, a Count of the Holy Roman Empire—of the Countess Louise de Lalouve.

Mr Pontifex, who had been hitherto very attentive, started now, and eyed the foreign lady as he would have eyed a rattlesnake that had somehow crawled into his house.

Madame de Lalouve, who read the thoughts of the eminent family solicitor, smiled superior to this manifestation of repugnance. 'We are here, my husband and I,' she said, in her perfect English, but with that indefinable accent which betrays the foreigner, 'for business, Mr Pontifex, not for sentiment. I anticipate your objection that you act for her whom people style the Marchioness, who is so soon to be the bride of Lord Putney—of her who thrones it at Castel Vawr. But you are a good man, sir, and honest. You would not knowingly champion an impostor.'

'If you malign my noble client, Madame—there is a law of libel, Madame,' said Mr Pontifex, much flustered.

'My dear sir,' replied Chinese Jack, as his glittering eyes lit on the round dull eyes of the worthy little lawyer, and held them fascinated as is a bird by the gaze of a snake, 'have a little patience. It is because we know you by repute to be incapable of bolstering up a rotten cause that we are here to-day. We want to make you see that, at the Marchbury trial, your client's case must go over like a card-castle. But, if you please, there ought first to be a pledge on your part that the Countess, my wife, shall sustain no inconvenience on account of what she may freely reveal. Shall we speak, or wish you good-night, and resume the conversation after the verdict at Marchbury, Mr Pontifex?'

Mr Pontifex said, guardedly, that so far as legal proceedings went, he should respect any confidential statement.

'In that case, Monsieur the Notary,' said Countess Louise, 'I will tell my tale, in reliance on the discretion, so well known, of him who listens. You are aware, sir, that I became acquainted with those two sisters, Miladi and Miss Carew, in Egypt, and came to England with them on board the *Cyprus*. Mademoiselle Cora, whose position was not assured, and whose thoughts were restless, envied the wealth and rank of her widowed sister. When people covet, the next step, if there be but a bold and shrewd adviser at the elbow, is often to steal. At first, timidly and vaguely, then more distinctly, Miss Carew conceived the idea of personating her sister, so unsuspecting, and of replacing her as Marchioness. The wonderful resemblance between those twin-sisters, which puzzled all, made such a task easier than you would suppose. My ambitious pupil was shy at the first—often recoiled in horror; but the bait was too tempting. And at last, at Castel Vawr, she succeeded even more easily than—'

'Succeeded! Do you mean to tell me, Madame, that you maintain the present Marchioness to be a triumphant impostor—and that—that one in Bruton Street'—cried out Mr Pontifex, ruffling up his gray hair between his outstretched fingers.

'That one in Bruton Street is Clare Carew, widow of the late Marquis of Leominster,' retorted Chinese Jack. 'The other is Miss Cora. The case lies in a nutshell. We are ready with the proofs. Here is the lady's-maid who was with the Marchioness in Egypt. Here am I, who, as I talk all languages, and wore oriental garments, was made *serang* of the lascars on board the *Cyprus*, their native boatswain having died in hospital. In that capacity I overheard the conversation on deck in which it was arranged that Miss Carew should personate her sister. But Madame here can offer the best evidence of all. Let us take things in order. Here is Miss Pinnett, formerly in Lady Leominster's service, if you please to question her. This is a sort of informal trial, after all.'

'Your name is Pinnett—what do you wish to say?' asked Mr Pontifex.

The young person of the name of Pinnett, who had been modestly seated on a chair in the background, here rose, and with a respectful air, placed on the table before the lawyer a crumpled note. 'I picked this up, sir, before daybreak,' she said, 'in Miss Carew's cabin, on the morning of the dreadful storm at sea. It is in English, as you will see, and so I could read it. It is signed L. de L. The foreign Countess wrote it, and slipped it, I suppose, into Miss Cora's hand, while most were at their tears and prayers, in the danger of the terrible night. I am a Jersey person, and had made voyages, and so was less frightened, and could take notice. I thought it was odd that Madame should ask Miss Cora to meet her on deck in such weather, so I resolved to follow Miss Cora.'

Mr Pontifex perused the brief note.—'Your handwriting?' he asked, curtly, of Madame de Lalouve.

'Certainly,' was the reply.

'Good,' said the lawyer. 'But this does not show which was which.—The witness can go on.'

'I knew the cabins from one another, sir,' said Pinnett. 'It was in Miss Carew's I found this, dropped by accident. When Miss Carew went on deck, I slipped up the stairs after her; but thought it best to remain, hiding near the cabin hatch, while Miss Cora and Madame were talking near the boat. A wild morning it was. I watched, but could not hear, being too far off, across the wet deck. Then a gentleman came up—Mr Talbot—and I saw a very small square packet hastily given by the Countess to our Miss Cora. Miss Carew hid it away. I had only time to get down below, before Miss Cora came also, on Mr Talbot's arm. He did not know her, and called her "Lady Leominster," by mistake. I did not see what was in the packet—at least, not then.'

'Stop a moment!' cried the little lawyer, now much excited, as he snatched up a sheet of paper and dipped his pen into an inkstand. 'I must make a note or two. Your name—Pinnett. Christian name, if you please, and residence.'

'Mary Ann, sir,' answered the demure young person; 'originally of Lynn, sir, in the county of Norfolk; now in service at 6 Lowndes Place, Eaton Square, with the Countess, Madame here.'

Mr Pontifex made his careful notes. 'Now, please go on,' he said. 'I think your last words

implied that on a later occasion you did find out what were the contents of the packet which you had seen handed by Madame de Lalouve to Miss Carew?'—

'Certainly, sir,' answered Mary Ann Pinnett. 'In the Channel it was, the day before we landed at Southampton. I was engaged in packing the things of My Lady the Marchioness, and the things of My Lady's sister, Miss Cora Carew. Miss Cora was careless, and left the little bunch of keys—that she generally kept to herself, as well as the other keys, that, as maid in charge, were always in my keeping—lying about. So, as we servants are very inquisitive'— She hesitated here.

'Why, I suppose you peeped into Miss Cora's desk, or writing-case, eh?' demanded Mr Pontifex.

'I did, sir,' answered the unabashed hand-maiden. 'But it was in her dressing-case, of all places, as a gentleman like yourself would say, that I found what I was looking for. It was hidden, even there, in a tiny drawer, that opened with a spring, under the ivory hair-brushes; and then, there were some folded ribbons and a dried flower above it; but we servants know where and how to hunt. So there I found the packet—the same, I dare say, on my oath, that Madame gave, before my eyes, to Miss Cora.'

Mr Pontifex took his rapid notes.

'What did the packet contain?' he asked.

'A wedding-ring, sir,' answered the lady's-maid.

'A wedding-ring!' was the incredulous echo of the lawyer. 'Why—how'— And then he stared at the witness, as to his memory occurred the remembrance of a scene at Castel Vawr, when first the rival claim was made, and, in response to his own suggestion, a circlet of gold had been shown, glittering on the slender white finger of each claimant.

'A wedding-ring, sir; bright, but not new. A ring, as I should judge, rather stouter, and of a redder gold, than I ever saw before. Still, a wedding-ring it was,' answered Mary Ann.

'And you?' asked the bewildered lawyer.

'I put it back, sir, where I found it, as a poor servant should; and that is all I know, sir, concerning the packet,' replied the lady's-maid.

'I gave Cora that ring,' explained Madame de Lalouve, 'with injunctions to slip it on her finger, privately, before Castel Vawr should be reached, foreseeing, as I did, that the lack of such a symbol might prejudice my pupil in popular esteem.'

'You call her your pupil, Madame,' said Mr Pontifex, putting the utmost restraint upon himself in the effort to be urbane to a woman who, in his eyes, merited the pillory and bride-well. 'Am I to understand that it was Cora Carew, or yourself, with whom this imposture originated?'

'Oh, I claim the whole merit of the conception,' was the cheerful reply of the foreign Countess; 'and yet the idea sank deep at the first into the dissatisfied mind of Mademoiselle, my dear young friend. I thought, first, in Egypt, what a pity, when two sisters were so marvellously alike, not to draw a profit from the situation,

one so rich, the other poor. At last, not without trouble and English prudery, I got hearkened to. I also got this girl Pinnett into my confidence, and engaged her to play the part which she did at Castel Vawr in identifying Miss Cora as the real Marchioness. Do you not know her again?'

Mr Pontifex lifted his eyeglass and looked at Pinnett, who seemed uneasy under his scrutiny. 'Ah! I see it now,' he said, as if speaking to himself. 'I thought I had seen her face before.'

'That was how I put my play on the stage,' continued the Countess. '*Bien!* your English *ingenue* has played her part too well. She has triumphed over her sister; but she was not grateful enough to the good friend, but for whom she would never have been anything but a needy dependent. She wanted me to work for dog's wages, and so I am ready to destroy what I have built up, and to let the true Marchioness of Leominster have her own again.'

Mr Pontifex had never been shut up in a room with such a woman before. A lawyer's experience does not entitle him to consider our race as angels; but there was something shocking to him in the existence of such a person as Madame de Lalouve, daintily discoursing of her treasons, and richly dressed, instead of being a female convict, with cropped hair, in Millbank Penitentiary. But he had to swallow down—to the intense though suppressed amusement of Chinese Jack, who read most persons' thoughts, who was a man of genius as well as of resource, and who had schemes of his own maturing in that subtle brain of his—his righteous wrath, and to speak the woman fair.

'I believe, Countess,' said the lawyer, 'that you gave the ring to Miss Carew on board the *Cyprus*, and I can well fancy that I saw it produced later at Castel Vawr. But I don't see how, for practical purposes, the ring can be proved to be yours, and not that placed by the late Marquis on his young wife's finger, on the wedding-day. One ring is very like another.'

'My ring, when examined, will not be found to be like another!' replied the Sphinx, with her grave smile; 'and Miladi, at Castel Vawr, little deems that she carries about with her everywhere the proof of her guilt. When I proposed to help her, I hardly trusted her, at such a giddy height, to keep her pledge of gratitude to poor me, and so I contrived unawares to get a hold on her. The ring on her finger bears inside it my name—as a married woman—Louise Vaughan. My husband's name, as he has told you, is Vaughan.'

In all horror and consternation, Mr Pontifex sprang from his chair, ruffling up his hair again with his fingers and frowning as he bit his lip. How he wished that he had never been brought into such company, never mixed up in such a business as this. Calming down his nerves, he said, in a tone of civil incredulity: 'I am afraid you will not establish your point, Madame. It is easy to buy a wedding-ring. Miss Carew, who must long since have discovered the existence of this compromising inscription upon hers, has doubtless exchanged it for a safer substitute.'

Madame de Lalouve smiled as weightily as before. 'She is ignorant, Monsieur, that she

carries Nemesis along with her,' she said; 'nor, without the aid of a strong magnifier, can those tiny letters be read. A competent examiner would find that my statement is exact.'

'But I cannot go to Castel Vawr, or to Bruton Street, to ask a lady for a ring off her finger, for such a purpose!' exclaimed the excited lawyer. 'I should wish for some confirmatory evidence to back the assertion.'

'For that objection, Mr Pontifex, I was prepared,' said Chinese Jack, with cheerful promptitude; 'and indeed, since I saw the fictitious Marchioness yonder at the Mountain Picnic, in the shadow of Combe Dhu, I have been busy in providing such evidence. I have been over to Paris, where, in the Chapel of the Russian Embassy, the Countess and I were married, and have hunted up the jeweller who caused to be made, by my orders, the ring in question. It cost some perseverance and some tact to get worthy M. Aristide Bonchamp, of the Rue de Rivoli, to rummage through his old daybooks and ledgers until he found the entries of this particular purchase. Then, to make all safe, I had to unearth the skilful workman who was the actual artificer of the ring; and this was the harder, because the man, implicated in the revolt of the Commune, had but recently returned to Paris from exile in England, after the armistice, and was working for another employer. But here I have, as you see, sir, a formal certificate, signed by M. A. Bonchamp, countersigned by his principal *commis*, who perfectly remembered the transaction, and witnessed by the Secretary to the *Mairie* of the *arrondissement*, and, as such, stamped with the official seal. Here, too, is the written testimony of the workman, Jules Pécher, who engraved the microscopic characters inside the ring. It is attested, as you see, by a notary public of the city of Paris, 12 Boulevard Malesherbes. Read these, Mr Pontifex, as carefully as you please, and test my statements by any inquiries your experience may suggest,' said Chinese Jack in conclusion, as he handed over the documents to the lawyer.

'Dear me—dear me!' muttered Mr Pontifex, as he glanced again and again at the papers before him. 'This is—very nearly conclusive, I should say. I have been cruelly deceived, and made a most unwitting instrument in the infliction of such a wrong as, till now, I never dreamed of!'

(To be concluded next month.)

### A TALE OF THE PRESSGANG.

ABOUT one hundred years ago, 'when George the Third was king,' England stood alone against the world. On the one hand she was fighting with America, then struggling for independence; and on the other hand with France, Spain, and Holland; while Russia, Sweden, and Denmark had formed an armed neutrality secretly hostile to her. In such an emergency, special effort was necessary to sustain the marine service. The volunteer supply failed to meet the demand for able-bodied seamen, and impressment had to be resorted to. At ordinary times, men of certain callings were exempt from seizure; but at a time like this, almost any man, if strong in body and

mind, was liable to be seized by the pressgang, and forced to serve in His Majesty's ships of war.

During this period, Elias John Eveson, a stout Yorkshire lad of eighteen years, then studying law in London, was one evening strolling through that part of the city between Ludgate Hill and the Thames, in company with a young friend whom we will call Wilson, his real name having been forgotten. While the two boys loitered and chatted, a sudden commotion arose in the street, and men ran hurriedly by, shouting in friendly warning: 'Run, lads; the gang's coming.' Turning round, they saw a gang of soldiers approaching rapidly, and evidently intending their capture. The boys dashed off at full speed; but being unfamiliar with the locality, they ran unknowingly into a blind alley, and were there seized by their pursuers. They fought stoutly to get away, but to no purpose, except to exhaust themselves and get some hard knocks, their captors being too many and too strong for them. They were taken to a 'rendezvous,' locked up for the night under guard, and next morning carried by main force aboard His Majesty's ship *Panther*, lying off Sheerness, ready to sail for America as soon as her full complement of hands should be aboard. Worn out by a sleepless night, spent in sorrow and rage, irritated by the rough treatment they received, being handcuffed and hustled along like dogs, and suffering from their bruises besides, it was in no pleasant temper that Eveson and Wilson met the captain of the *Panther* when he came forward to see his forced recruits. He looked with delight at Eveson, who was of striking appearance, large, powerfully built, keen-eyed, big-nosed, curly-headed, and just then the very personification of fury.

'Well, my men,' said the captain, 'I hope you have made up your minds to serve your country and your king like true Britons. We are going to thrash the Yankees, you know.'

'Sir,' replied Eveson, 'after this experience of English law and English justice, be assured that I shall never lift a hand in England's defence. Rather will I assist the "Yankees," as you term men nobly determined to throw off her galling yoke.'

'But, my lad,' returned the captain, 'you cannot help yourself. You must serve whether or not.'

'Never!' said Eveson. 'So long as you succeed in keeping me aboard this ship, so long, to avoid contention, will I obey you. But—and lay this to heart—I will *never* fight for England. And I shall leave this ship at the first land we touch.'

'You intend to desert?'

'I intend to desert.'

'You know that the penalty is hanging?'

'Rather will I hang under unjust law, than serve by my arm to enforce that law in a God-freed land.'

'Tut, tut! Little pot soon hot,' contemptuously remarked the captain, used to such language from angry impressed men. 'We'll make a brave soldier of you yet, my man,' he said as he turned away.

'Little pot soon hot!' The contemptuous words burned into Eveson's soul like fire. Torn away from home and friends, from his beloved



studies and fair prospects, brought by force to a war-ship, where daily toil and the ultimate horrors of war awaited him, and sneered at in this situation for the expression of natural feelings! Soon hot, indeed, but slow to cool, Eveson's temper rose till he felt like murder. But seeing that remonstrance and resistance were alike useless, and would probably bring further indignity on him, he wisely controlled himself, and determined to make the best of circumstances, or to seem to, at anyrate.

As a volunteer, Eveson felt that it would have been his proudest duty to serve his country. But to serve as a slave, as a mercenary, he never could; no honour lay that way. A gentleman by birth and education, the knowledge that the lash would punish his insubordination or neglect of duty, galled him to the quick. One touch of that lash, he well knew, would bring red murder to his heart and to his hand; so, in proud self-control, he took up his menial duty, and performed it faithfully, that no occasion of reproof or punishment might be found against him. Strong as a lion and active as a cat, he soon led the ship's crew. Intelligent and respectful in his bearing, he gained the esteem and confidence of the officers. The captain, deceived by this apparent submission, congratulated himself on having read Eveson's character so well, and marked him for promotion.

After ten weary weeks of storm and hardship, all hearts beat high with pleasure when 'Land, ho!' was shouted by the lookout man at the masthead. Eyes sparkled with interest and glistened with tears at first sight of the dusky cedar-clothed Bermuda islets, lying low in the Atlantic's broad bosom. Land indeed lay again before them, but it was not motherland. And who knew, in the chances of the coming war, whether their eyes should ever again behold Old England's shores! As the *Panther* neared St George's Harbour under the careful guidance of a black pilot, all hands crowded on deck. A little apart from the rest stood Eveson, his eye bent on the coast with a keener interest than any knew. To him, Bermuda was a land of hope, a country where he might regain liberty. Looking with a purpose, his eye found what it sought. He knew that the islands were of coral formation, the limestone rock, therefore, to be probably friable by tides and waves. With this knowledge, he looked for what no one else looked for, he found what no one else noticed—caves in the sea-wall. Seeing the means of escape, his heart was like a furnace. But when the captain approached, tapping him on the shoulder, his face was like a stone, giving no sign of the feelings that burned within.

'Well, Eveson,' said the captain cheerily, 'glad to see land again?'

'It is not my land, sir,' replied Eveson.

'You will not care to desert just here then,' said the captain, referring to the resolve Eveson had expressed on the day of his impressment.

To this the lad made no reply.

'Sulky still, eh?' laughed the captain as he walked away. 'Have a care, lad; the harbour is full of sharks.'

'Sulky!' muttered Eveson to himself. 'Yes, old boy; sulky, if you like. And something more—determined!'

For a day or two after their arrival, no opportunity of escape offered. Strict watch kept by men on the ship and by sharks in the water prevented even an attempt. Eveson resolved to wait if necessary until the last night of their stay, and then, if nothing better offered, to risk the sharks, and try to swim ashore. But on the third day, the governor of Bermuda, George James Bruere, came aboard to dine with the captain of the *Panther*. In the bustle and excitement of the occasion, Eveson found his opportunity. Late in the evening, when the short twilight of latitude thirty-two degrees was quickly fading, a negro came aboard with fresh fruit, grapes, peaches, pomegranates, bananas, oranges, &c., gathered specially for the feast. Sambo took his baskets to the steward's room, and being of an inquiring turn of mind, and desirous of tasting the good things he knew to be in course of preparation, he delayed his departure. Amused by his unfamiliar blackness and by his negro comicality of speech, the steward allowed Sambo to remain and assist him in his trying duties. Meanwhile, twilight deepened, swift darkness descended, and on the waves beside the great ship the black man's little cedar boat bobbed pleasantly.

Now two figures crept stealthily along the bulwarks, dodging and stooping whenever the watch turned their way. Quietly the two figures slipped over the ship's side, softly they dropped into the little boat bobbing about there so pleasantly, noiselessly they untied the painter, and pushing off, let the sea bear them where it would until they were a little distance from the ship. Then, muffling the oars with handkerchiefs, they pulled steadily away, between St David's and Songbird islands, through Castle Harbour, and then far along the south shore of Main Island.

Aboard the *Panther*, the black man still delayed his departure, and merriment still went on. When, at last, Sambo sought his boat and found it not, the desertion was discovered. It was then too dark and too late to go in search; but the captain vowed that in the morning the deserters should swing from the yardarm, and afterwards be thrown to the sharks. The governor on his return to his house gave orders for the military to go in search of the truants at daybreak.

The two young men pulled along shore until their strength gave out; they then landed, almost at hazard, for in the darkness there could be little choice. Setting their little boat adrift, lest it might betray them, they sat down on the beach, wishing earnestly for the day. When morning dawned, they anxiously used the first gray light to seek a hiding-place, knowing well, that if not quickly concealed, a few short hours might suddenly and cruelly end life for them! Cedar-woods there were in plenty; but the friends dared not trust to concealment among their sparse foliage and scanty underbrush. White houses gleamed ghostly through the trees, but they might be the residences of military officers. These would not do. The caves must be their refuge, if a cave could be found.

Looking around, they saw that they were in a little cove, from which the shore stretched away on each hand irregular and broken. This broken coast was what Eveson desired; it

promised a refuge. They left the cove, crawling low among the rocks, and within twenty yards found the object of their search—a cave in the sea-wall. At low tide, its entrance was not more than four feet high; at full tide, it would be unnoticeable. It was, moreover, concealed from the cove by a jutting rock. Inside, they found it, if not comfortable, still to be preferred for a time to either the deck or the yardarm of the *Panther*.

The beauty of the cave was such as almost to engross the attention even in that anxious hour. Stalactites hung pendent from the roof; stalagmites of curious shapes were grouped about the floor, and leaned like human figures against the walls. With the first ray of sunlight, crystals flashed with innumerable sparkles on all sides. In pools at their feet, many-coloured seaweeds gleamed in the perfectly translucent water; and curious-looking fishes moved lazily about. Ferns wreathed the mouth of their cave, and framed for their delight a bit of the brilliant blue sea. Altogether, the fugitives were well satisfied with their retreat. They had wisely stowed away a little 'hard-tack' in their pockets, and never did they breakfast with heartier appetites than on this morning. Then they lay down on shelves of rock near the mouth of the cave, watched the blue waves for a while, and soon fell fast asleep.

Late in the day they slept, until awakened by a sound that stilled the beating of their hearts, and brought mortal paleness to their cheeks. Overhead, they heard the measured tramp of soldiery. The military were out after them! The terrified lads crept softly from their perches, and crawled away into the farthest recesses of the cave. Every house in the neighbourhood and in the islands, they afterwards found, was searched on that day. Every possible place of refuge known to them was thoroughly hunted by the soldiers and marines. Doubtless, many Bermudians thought of the caves—they certainly knew of their existence; but no hint of such knowledge passed their lips in all the search. So, presently, the boys heard again the tramp, tramp of soldiers marching, but this time away from them. The fact that the road lay along shore and passed directly over their cave, was at the same time a comfort and a misery to the poor refugees; it increased the chances of capture, but it was a safeguard against surprise.

The rest of that day passed in watchfulness and fear. The night was not so tiresome; for in the darkness they left the cave and took a little cautious exercise along the shore. By the next morning they were both hungry and thirsty; but their biscuit was all eaten, and water was not to be had. And in the afternoon a storm came up, which made the cave very unpleasant to live in. Cold, damp, hungry, thirsty, John Eveson now had need of all his spirit to sustain his courage and to cheer his fainting companion. On the morning of the fourth day, as Eveson was peering wearily from the mouth of the cave, he saw, in the little cove close by, a coloured girl getting sand in a calabash. One look at her honest black face convinced Eveson, who was quick at reading character, that he would be quite safe in trusting his life with her. A soft whistle drew her attention. Hearing it repeated, she looked earnestly about to discover its origin, and spied the haggard

face framed in the dark sea-wall. Understanding at once—for her owner's house had been searched for the fugitives—the girl made a signal of caution, and walked slowly towards the cave, gathering sand and shells as she went. When near enough, she stopped, looked carefully about to be sure that no one was within hearing, and said quickly: 'To-night I bring you bread and drink. Wait.'

That day passed slowly and wearily to the fugitives. But, as the slow hours moved on, hope brightened, and brought a feeling of rest in assurance of succour. The evening hours crept by with leaden feet; midnight came; the night grew late; hope almost died out; bitter disappointment began to be felt, and the gloom of despair seemed to settle in that dark and lonely cave. Then along the road again, at that late hour, came the tramp, tramp of soldiers marching. Oh, the agony of that moment! The black girl had surely betrayed them! Nearer, nearer, came the steps. Overhead now! Are they stopping? Are they passing? Hark! A halt; a silence; swift words of command; then feet scattering in all directions for a midnight search among the houses clustered about the cove. Again the feet assemble. The hunters stand in council, and their feet seem to press like death on two labouring hearts below. Have the soldiers heard of the cave? and will they now seek it? The debate ceases overhead; the steps move again. On? Yes; thank God, yes!

'Forward! March!' On, still on! and the steps die away in the distance. In the cave, two stifled hearts are released from an awful pressure; two worn faces are raised in the darkness; tears flow down wasted cheeks, and sobs convulse wearied bodies as two saved lads offer thanksgiving to heaven. The soft drip of trickling water, the murmurous plash of little wavelets, alone mingle with their midnight orisons. But soon a figure darkened the entrance to the cave, and a soft voice crept along the air. 'Massa, massa! you dar? I bring you something to eat. God bless you, pore massa!' and tender-hearted black Miriam wept for the sufferings of the fugitives, who devoured so hungrily the food she had brought them. Mats to ease their weary bones she brought them too, and comfort and hope.

She had received early intelligence of the midnight raid of search, and had had to remain quietly in bed until it was over. But the danger was now surely passed, she said, and the *Panther* was to leave in a day or two. In the meantime, they must eat and sleep, and she would care for them.

For four days longer the prisoners lay in their cave, but comparatively comfortable, and almost happy; then the *Panther* sailed away. Mrs Plance, Miriam's owner and mistress, had them brought to her house, and kept concealed there until the search for them had quite died out and was forgotten. Then, when Eveson fell sick of a low fever, brought on by his sojourn in the damp cave, the natural conclusion of such romantic adventures followed quite easily. His hostess, a very young widow, 'loved him for the dangers he had passed, and he loved her that she did pity them.' On his recovery, he married his fair preserver, and contentedly settled down in Bermuda.

When the news went round that Mrs Plaice had married the young Englishman who had recently come to Bermuda to open a school for gentlemen's sons, the brightest gossip never fancied any connection between the dignified young scholar and the Jack-tar who had deserted from the *Panther*. The sharks had surely eaten poor Jack; but just how or when Mr Eveson came to Bermuda, no one knew.

Faithful Miriam had her reward. She was tenderly cared for by Eveson while he lived, and when he died, was left by him as a most precious legacy to his daughter. She was offered her freedom in 1834, when the emancipation of slaves took place, but refused it with scorn. She remained with her mistress for the rest of her days, and died in her arms at the last, at a good old age.

It is not known what became of Wilson.

## POOR LITTLE LIFE.

## IX.

THERE was much sympathy shown Mrs Durham by all 'the dwellers in the plains,' when it was known that her nephew was 'down with fever.' The young baronet was popular with all that pleasant society; moreover, he was the hero of a little domestic romance. Above all, he was a baronet, and titles have always had their value in the colonies. The Governor sent daily to inquire for him; so also did the Chief Justice and the Colonial Secretary, and in fact everybody who either had made, or hoped in future to make, his acquaintance. At first, there was every appearance of its being only a slight attack.

'One never likes to prophesy unless one's sure,' said Dr Samuelson after he had paid two or three visits; 'but I fancy it's just his acclimatising touch of country fever. I hope it mayn't turn into anything worse; I don't think it will. There's no yellow-fever going about—to speak off. All the same, I don't think it is wise of Miss Durham to be so much in her cousin's room. She sits by his bedside for hours. I think, Mrs Durham, you should persuade her to let old Nana do a good deal for him, that she insists upon doing herself. The atmosphere of a sick-room is not the best for a young and delicate girl.'

But Evelyn would listen to no such counsels. 'You need not be afraid for me, doctor,' she replied; 'I'm not a fever subject. I've been two years in Jamaica without having had a day's illness.—You remember, mother, the year before last, when yellow-fever was so bad all over the plains, and even the negroes were taking it, I never had so much as a headache.—I'm a true Creole, doctor; I'm perfectly climate-proof. Don't be afraid.'

'All the same, Miss Durham, don't rush recklessly into danger,' he answered.

'No, indeed; I sha'n't. But Sir George is a bad patient. I don't believe he would take the medicines you order him, if it were not for me. It needs all my coaxing and influence to get him to swallow all the horrible things you give him. And he feels the heat so much; he requires constant watching, to prevent him from catching cold.'

'Ah well,' said the doctor; 'since it must be so, I shall say no more.'

'Dr Samuelson says you are getting on nicely, George,' she said, when she had returned to her post at her cousin's bedside. 'He does not think it is going to be a bad attack. There's no fever going about just now. What do you think he told me? The Kingston papers are publishing daily bulletins about your illness! Whenever he gets back to his surgery, he finds a reporter waiting to hear the latest intelligence. See what it is to be a favourite and a baronet, George!'

He put his hand within hers.

'No; put your hand within the clothes immediately,' she said, 'or I'll go away and leave you. The doctor is trying to get your skin to act, and there you go doing your best to keep yourself from getting well!'

He drew in his hand at once. 'No; don't go!' he said. 'I'll do anything you want me; only don't go and leave me. O Evelyn!' he continued, 'I don't think I could ever get better without you. You don't know how I dread the nights, when Nana takes your place, and how I long for the daylight to see you again!'

'Don't be foolish, George,' she said. 'Of course, I can't be with you always. But—' And then she blushed a rosy blush. But she left her sentence unfinished.

'But it's quite true, Evelyn,' said George, not noticing her confusion. 'I really don't think I could get better if you were to go and leave me. And even with your nursing, my darling, I feel so ill sometimes, that I fear I may never recover. Evelyn, if I die—'

'O hush!' she said. 'Don't talk nonsense, George. You're no more going to die than I am. We're both of us going to be married in spring, and live a hundred years at the very least. We're very near the end of the third volume now. You know all novels end with a marriage and "they lived happily ever afterwards."—And when we're married,' she continued, still trying to amuse him, 'O George, think how delightful it will be when we're married! We'll come out to Jamaica every year, won't we, dear? and spend our Christmas at Prospect Gardens! And mother will give us a ball!—' She stopped short suddenly. 'Ah! that reminds me. I wonder if mother has sent out notices putting off the one we were to have had on Christmas Day? Let me see. This is the 19th. If she has not, there's no time to be lost. If you'll spare me for a moment, George, I'll run and ask her.' She left the room, but returned almost immediately, saying it was all right. Her mother had written the moment George's illness had declared itself.

'But it's only postponed,' added Evelyn gaily. 'Now, do get better quickly, like a dear boy, and let us have our dance before we go to England.'

But a day or two afterwards, George's fever took an unfavourable turn.

'Massa Garge dead for true!' said old Nana, clasping her withered hands, when the first symptoms of the fatal black-vomit made their appearance. 'It yellow Jack. O my poor Missy! An' him such a beautiful buckra too;' and seizing Evelyn's hand, she covered it with tears and kisses.

Dr Samuelson was hastily sent for, and arrived only to confirm the terrible news.

'I'm afraid it is yellow-fever,' he said, shaking his head gravely. 'Don't lose hope, dear Mrs Durham. I've seen cases as bad as this in which the patient has recovered. Sir George has an excellent constitution. We must hope for the best. In the meantime, we must try to fight against that unnatural drowsiness. That sleepiness is the first stage of coma, and if coma ensues'—The doctor shrugged his shoulders.

'I am going to sit up with him to-night, mother,' said Evelyn, when the doctor had taken his departure. 'Nana can lie down on the pallet at the foot of his bed, if she likes. But Nana is getting old, and if anything'—her voice trembled—'if anything was to happen to him, I should never forgive myself!—No, mother!' she continued, seeing her mother was about to speak; 'there is no use trying to dissuade me. My mind is made up. If George dies'—She burst into a flood of tears.

'Miss Ebelyn!' said Nana, entering the apartment, 'Massa Garge would like speak wid you. Him cry him head pain him so.'

'Tell him, Nana, I'm coming directly. Get a fresh ice-bag ready, and take it into his room. You might take my dressing-gown with you too, Nana! I'm going to help you to nurse him to-night.—It's nearly ten o'clock now, mother dear, so I'd better say good-night.—If he's better to-morrow morning,' she whispered in her mother's ear as she kissed her, 'it will be all right yet. It's the ninth day, you know. Good-night, dearest mother; and don't forget us both,' she added softly, 'in your prayers.'

## X.

Towards morning, the patient fell into a gentle slumber—a slumber which old Nana's experienced eye at once detected as being different from the drowsiness which had occasioned so much anxiety; and when, shortly after daylight, Dr Samuelson entered the sick-room, he saw at a glance that the crisis was past.

'He owes his life, under God, to you, Miss Durham!' said the doctor, addressing Evelyn. 'There are influences in this world more subtle than medicine—influences both to kill and to cure. Yours is one of the latter. I believe your mere presence in the sick-chamber has done him more good than all the resources of my art. But'—He stopped short suddenly. 'Let me feel your pulse,' he said to the girl, looking her in the face. 'I think you had better go and lie down, Miss Evelyn. You've overtaxed your strength, I'm afraid. You can leave Sir George to Nana with perfect confidence now. The worst is over. Go and lie down as quickly as possible. I'll bring you something to take, the moment I hear you are in your bed.'

Evelyn stooped down and kissed her sleeping cousin, and turned towards the door. Then returning, she kissed him once more. But as she was leaving the room, she reeled, and put her hand to her head. Dr Samuelson sprang forward just in time to save her from falling.

'Take Miss Durham and put her to bed at once!' he said to the old nurse with an air of authority. 'And ask Mrs Durham to go down and sit beside her till I come.'

Just then, George opened his eyes. 'Evelyn!' he cried in a feeble voice.

'Good-morning, Sir George!' said the doctor cheerfully, advancing to the bedside. 'How are you this morning? Better, I am sure?' laying his fingers on his pulse.

George shook his head. 'I think not, doctor. I feel so weak, weaker than I have done yet. I feel as if I could hardly raise my hand.—Where is Miss Durham? Where is Evelyn?'

'A good sign,' said Dr Samuelson; 'none better. You can't expect to feel particularly strong, after so sharp a touch of fever. But you'll do now, Sir George; you're on the right road now.'

'Where is my cousin, doctor? She was with me all night.'

'Miss Evelyn? Oh, she's gone to lie down for a little; she's a little tired with being up all night. I've sent her to try to get a sleep. You must try to do without her to-day, Sir George. A young lady's strength is not so great as that of an old nigger's, and I think she's been overtaxing her powers these last few days.'

'Is she ill, doctor?' said the patient, trying to raise himself in his bed.

'Lie down; pray, be still, my dear Sir George! You'll never get better unless you try to keep calm. No, no; not ill. Miss Evelyn's not ill—only a little over-fatigued, you know. A good sleep will put her all right.—Oh, here's Nana!—Nana, stay with Sir George till I return. I'm going up-stairs to write a prescription. Meantime, you can give our patient a little of that jelly.—You must try and take some nourishment now—not too much at first, you know.' And nodding cheerfully to his patient, he left the room.

The morning passed; the noontide came and went, but no Evelyn came to cheer the sick-man with her gracious presence.

It struck George, as he lay there wearying for her coming, that never since the commencement of his illness had he received so little attention. Nana seemed constantly leaving the room; and once when she returned, he fancied he saw the marks of recent tears on her worn and wrinkled countenance. The doctor's visits were fewer and shorter than ever. As for his aunt, she looked in only once during the day, staying only a few minutes. In answer to his inquiries about her daughter, she said Evelyn was still in bed; and then, making some excuse, she hurriedly left the apartment.

He passed a miserable day. He could not understand why his betrothed stayed away. He felt hurt—deeply hurt—at her treatment of him. And why, if he was getting better, did every one shun his chamber? Above all, why was he left alone so often and so long?

Not even from Dr Samuelson, when he came to pay his evening visit, did he obtain the satisfaction or the information that he desired. The doctor was hurried, grave, and taciturn. He told George he was going on nicely. But when he asked for Evelyn, he evaded saying anything about her, by telling him he had not seen her yet. Then, bidding George a hasty good-night, he left him alone with Nana.

The night passed somehow. But to George it was a night both of uneasiness and mystery. It seemed to his fevered imagination as if something



unusual was going on. There were noises for ever on the stairs, in the room above him, in the piazzas. There were lights constantly passing and repassing across the courtyard. At times, he thought he caught the sound of muffled sobs. Once—it was just about second cockcrow—he was certain he heard a woman's despairing scream.

It was late before he slept, and when he did sleep, it was a troubled uneasy slumber, broken by dreams like the visions of a nightmare—a sleep which gave him no refreshment, and brought with it no solace. Towards morning, he awoke with a start. To his great surprise, he found that he was alone in the room—even old Nana had deserted him. He could not understand it. What did it all mean? But he was too drowsy to be able to reason out the matter. He turned over to the other side, and in five minutes after, he was asleep again.

When he next awoke, it was broad daylight. It was Christmas morning—Evelyn's birthday. The birds were singing in the trees; the sunlight was pouring in through the jalousies of his chamber. All was quiet, tranquil, and still. A Christmas feeling seemed to pervade all nature. In fancy, he almost heard the angelic voices singing,

Peace on earth and good-will to men.

As he lay there, revelling in the light and the joy and the sunshine, the door opened softly, and Mrs Durham appeared. She was clad in a long white dressing-gown. Her face was very pale, and there were deep blue circles round her eyes, which spoke of a night of watching, perhaps of weeping.

'Aunt!' said George, as she approached his bedside, 'what brings you here at this hour of the morning?—How is Evelyn?' he said, without pausing for a reply, for something in her face excited his gravest apprehensions.

'Better, dear,' she replied, in the calm, low voice which was habitual to her. 'Better—much better, now.'

'Is she up yet? It is her birthday! Shall I see her soon?'

'No; you can't see her, George,' she answered with an almost imperceptible tremor in her voice. 'But she sends you this, and her dearest love, and wishes you a happy Christmas and many of them.' She bent down and kissed him on his brow, and placed a little Prayer-book in his hand.

He took it, half-awed, half-wondering at her manner, and as he opened it, there fell out a lock of Evelyn's auburn hair. 'It is Evelyn's Prayer-book, and this is her hair,' said her nephew. 'What does it all mean, aunt?'

For only answer, the bereaved mother fell on her knees by his bed in an agony of tears.

In the little churchyard of Halfway Tree, close to the gateway where the gentry congregate after service on Sundays, whilst waiting for their carriages, half-hidden amongst the profuse growth of flowers and greenery which surrounds it, stands a pure white marble cross, which marks the grave of a young girl. Years have passed since that poor little life found its last resting-place in that quiet grave. But any one who is

curious may yet read the inscription upon it. It is this:

EVELYN DURHAM

Went to her rest on the 18th anniversary  
of her birthday.

John xv. 13th verse.

## THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

MR SAMUEL PLIMSOLL, the sailor's friend, has in a letter to the *Times* pointed out that whilst British capitalists are ready enough to risk their money in ventures far away in distant lands, they have overlooked that at their very doors is what may be called 'a gold mine of unparalleled richness, and which is quite inexhaustible.' He alludes to the harvest of the sea. He maintains that if a Company were formed to work two or three fleets of well-appointed fishing-boats—to reap this harvest, which requires neither ploughing nor sowing—the financial result would be of a very favourable character. This letter has naturally called forth others. One, in particular, from a smack-owner, points out that fishing is not nearly so profitable as Mr Plimsoll represents, nor as it has been in past years. He says that the suggested Company would have no need to build new vessels, because there are owners in every fishing-town who would be only too glad to part with theirs and to forsake the business. He also maintains that there is a very decided limit to the supply of fish, and that the numbers netted are getting less year by year. Let us now see what a good authority can tell us with regard to this question of illimitable supply. In his opening lecture at the Fisheries Exhibition, London, Professor Huxley told his hearers that an acre of sea is more productive of food than an acre of land, and that he had no doubt that many fisheries were quite inexhaustible. Salmon, it is true, will quickly be extirpated from a river, unless persons are compelled by law to fish under certain conditions. But if we turn to the great sea-fisheries, the case is altered. He believed that the cod, herring, pilchard, mackerel, and similar fisheries were inexhaustible, and were entirely beyond the control of man either to diminish the number of fish or to increase them by cultivation.

The Fisheries Exhibition has been so wonderfully successful, that there is some talk of its remaining open for some weeks longer than the prescribed time. When it eventually closes, a great many of its treasures will no doubt find a permanent home in the new Natural History Museum close by. Among the many ingenious life-saving appliances shown, there is one worthy of special notice, because of its great novelty. We allude to the Greenway Breakwater. This is of course only shown in model; but it is very different in aspect and general arrangement from the solid mass of masonry which is generally associated with the word breakwater. It consists simply of a number of diamond-shaped pontoons, which are moored in a line at regular distances

from one another, and so placed that an advancing wave will strike on the pointed edges presented to it. By this means, a wave is divided into two parts, which meet between each pontoon, and expend their momentum upon one another, leaving the water quite calm within the line of pontoons. Among the advantages claimed for this invention are the following: It costs less than any other form of breakwater; it is portable, and can be readily constructed; it causes no accumulation of silt; and it can be placed in position in situations where the construction of more solid erections would be next to impossible.

The transmission of money by means of postal notes has proved so great a convenience to all classes, that any plan by which it may be improved is worthy of attention. Perhaps our authorities will borrow a hint from the American system now being established. Instead of the notes being for fixed amounts, which with us represents a great inconvenience, the exact sum required is stamped upon them by the postmaster at the time of issue; and to prevent fraud, the stamping is in perforated figures. Thus, supposing a note were required for two pounds eight shillings and fourpence—that amount, plus the commission, would be handed to the postmaster; and in exchange, the applicant would receive the note perforated with the three figures 2 8 4 in spaces provided for their reception.

There are current numerous stories of persons who have been struck by lightning finding impressed upon their bodies figures of trees and other objects, having apparent reference to the surrounding landscape. Mr Burt, the editor of a paper published at the Summit-house, Mount Washington, records a painful experience bearing upon this mysterious and interesting subject. While sitting in his office during a thunderstorm, he was struck by lightning, thrown from his chair, and felt at the same time the sensation of a tremendous blow on the back. Upon afterwards recovering himself, and submitting to an examination, it was found that his back exhibited numerous tree-like markings, which might, by any one fond of the marvellous, be easily transformed into a picture. But Mr Burt is not so ready to accept such a view of the matter. He says: 'As there are no trees upon Mount Washington, it seems to me that the peculiar appearance must be the result of the blood settling in the smaller vessels.'

The Aërial Navigation Company of Chicago—although its title would seem better adapted for the pages of romance than for this matter-of-fact world—has actually been incorporated. It has been formed to manufacture and employ balloons for commercial purposes of a pattern which was exhibited and experimented upon some few years back at Hartford, Connecticut. There was nothing very novel about this machine. It consisted of a horizontal cylindrical vessel to hold the gas, and an attached framework with vertical and horizontal propellers. On a calm day, its inventor was able to take a short flight and to return to his starting-point. But he failed on another occasion to sail in any direction than that in which the wind forced him to go. Possibly the year which marks the centenary of the first balloon ascent—just celebrated with great éclat in France—has been chosen as a fitting one to start such

an enterprise. Its promoters may find it easier to float a Company than to float—and guide their aërial ships.

A very interesting inquiry into the origin of the vast deposits of amber found in Prussia has lately been made by Messrs Goeppert and Menge. It is believed that at one time there must have existed in this part of Europe examples of all the conifers known, and that the amber is the result of generations of these resinous trees. The best deposits are between Memel and Danzig, and are worked by quarrying at a depth of about eighty to one hundred feet below the surface of the ground. The amount of amber so obtained is about five times that which is washed up by the Baltic. But hitherto, the bed of that ocean has been considered to be the chief source of supply.

Some of our leading agriculturists have from time to time advocated the sub-irrigation system, which, as its name implies, means the application of water to the soil from below, instead of from above. Although at first sight this plan seems contrary to nature, it has been found most successful in practice. Two agriculturists in California have lately adopted the system with marked success, and a description of the means employed will be of interest to many. First of all, trenches are dug in the soil to be treated; these are seven feet apart and eighteen inches deep. In these trenches are laid pipes made of cement, and at intervals there are holes in the pipe, each fitted with a perforated plug. The ends of these pipes are in communication with the water-supply. When the pipes are once laid, the trenches are filled in, and the field exhibits no sign that it differs from ordinary ground. In one case, an orchard of one hundred and fifty acres gave such an increased product that it paid the cost of the extra work in one year.

The most terrible catastrophe of the kind which has occurred since the earthquake of Lisbon is that which in July last laid Casamicciola in ruins and buried between four and five thousand of its inhabitants. The first accounts told us that the event was as sudden as it was unexpected, and that no warnings of the coming disaster were made evident to the doomed town. But from reports now made by Professor Rossi, who stands in much the same relation to the city of Rome as the head of our Meteorological Society does to London, it is seen that warnings of unusual subterranean activity were both abundant and frequent for some days before the dreadful crisis; and that these signs of disturbance were not confined to the island of Ischia, but were common to the adjoining continent, and were noted in the observatory at Rome. They consisted of slight shocks of earthquake, considerable diminution in the water-supply both at the wells and the sulphur springs, whilst water at one place usually cold, issued from the earth in a boiling condition. Only two years ago, similar phenomena preceded the earthquake which then wrecked this unfortunate Casamicciola. It would seem to us that after such terrible lessons, the Italians would organise some system of earthquake warnings, on the plan of those storm-warnings which other nations are doing their best to bring to perfection. Professor Rossi suggested such a course after the occurrence of the first disaster at Casamicciola, recommending

that several places, including the island of Ischia, should be embraced in a telegraphic network, with its chief office at Rome. This advice was unheeded, and there is too much reason to fear that human selfishness of the grossest description was the cause. Like our own seaside resorts, the island of Ischia and many other places like it are dependent upon the harvest which can be gathered during the season from tourists. Now, if earthquake warnings were issued, these tourists would on the first alarm forsake their hotels and seek pastures new. The authorities of towns subject to such terrors will find it to their advantage to encourage such warnings by the establishment of local observatories, for it is very certain that in the future, tourists will refuse to visit places unprotected by such means.

Accounts of a still more alarming catastrophe come from Java. On Sunday the 26th of August, a violent eruption took place in the volcanic island of Krakatoa, situated in the Sunda Straits, which separate the large islands of Java and Sumatra. The eruption continued into the following day, with tremendous results. Some large towns have entirely disappeared; the coast-line of the Straits has been so altered as not to be recognisable; and altogether the loss of life is variously estimated at from seventy-five thousand to one hundred thousand persons.

A volume has just been published by the Indian government on the subject of Bee-keeping in India, from which it appears that, for some reason or another, beehives are almost unknown in that country. The people over the greater part of the land are content with the impure honey afforded by the wild varieties of bee, and make no effort whatever to improve the yield and quality of the product by careful cultivation. But Cashmere and its neighbourhood must be mentioned as an exception to the general rule, for here bee-culture is carried to great perfection, and the simple way in which the hives are contrived and the honey gathered might even be imitated with advantage here at home. As each house is built, spaces are left in the walls of about fourteen inches diameter and two feet deep—the usual thickness of walls. Each of these cavities is lined with a mixture of mortar, clay, and chopped straw, and is closed at the end with a flat tile, which can be easily removed from the inside of the house. This is done by the householder when the time comes for removing the honey, the tile being manipulated with one hand, while the other is engaged in holding a wisp of smouldering straw, whose smoke is blown through the hive. The bees thereupon leave their home until the operation is over. The same colonies occupy the same hives generation after generation, and the honey obtained is said to be equal to that produced in any other part of the world.

The remains of what is believed to be the largest mammoth ever exhumed in America have been found by some workmen, excavating at a depth of thirteen feet from the surface, in a gravel pit at Syracuse, New York. These relics consist of a tooth twelve inches long and weighing twenty-five pounds; and of a tusk five feet long, weighing one hundred and fifty pounds. This tusk is not entire, but is supposed to have formed part of one measuring ten or eleven feet long. From the calculation of experts, it is believed

that the creature when living must have been at least fourteen feet high.

A correspondent kindly draws our attention to some researches by M. de Candolle of Geneva into the phenomena of ripple-marks formed on sand by the action of water. These markings, familiar enough to visitors to any seaside place with a sandy shore, have been produced artificially by M. de Candolle with very simple apparatus, and by acting upon fine powders suspended in water. Similar experiments may be repeated by any one by the employment of a glass basin to hold the water and pulverised material, with a sheet of glass to cover the whole, to prevent splashes. A slight to-and-fro circular motion given to the basin will cause the solid matter to form ridges radiating from a central point. It has been found that any liquid acts in a similar manner on any other liquid denser than itself; and the laws that govern the height, shape, and distance apart of the ridges are invariable, and depend on the density of the respective fluids, their depths, and the nature of the motion to which they have been subjected. M. de Candolle believes that the complete elucidation of the theory of the action of liquids upon one another will enable him to attack the problem of the nature of cell formation in plants from a new standpoint.

It is often a matter of importance to ascertain with accuracy the weight of a loaded railway truck or locomotive. This is generally done by taking the truck to be weighed to the weighing-machine, the visible part of which consists of a flat plate furnished with rails. To obviate the inconvenience represented by this course, a weighing-machine, known as 'Ehrhardt's Patent Portable Weighing Apparatus,' has been introduced, and is now in extensive use both here and on the continent. It consists of a modification of the steelyard, and is in effect a lever which can be applied to each wheel of the truck or locomotive to be weighed, lifting it completely from the rail upon which it rests. It is very exact in its work, and represents a great saving in prime cost, for no foundations are required. It has an advantage, too, over other forms of weighing-machines in showing the exact weight which each wheel has to bear. The agents are Messrs James Scott and Son, Manchester.

The old fiction that certain cities lead so surely to fortune that they may be described as being paved with the precious metals, has been realised in a certain road in Clinton County, state of New York. A contractor had undertaken to repair this road, and employed for the purpose such clinkers and refuse as a neighbouring smelting furnace conveniently afforded. Wayfarers along the improved thoroughfare soon began to notice certain glistening particles beneath their feet, which upon examination turned out to be pure silver. Inquiry into the matter showed that the ironstone used in the smelting furnace came from a mine traversed by an irregular vein of silver ore. No trouble had been taken to separate the one metal from the other, and the most valuable had been treated as waste.

An economical process of extracting sugar from beetroot molasses has for some time been secretly worked in Germany; but as probably the secret could be held no longer, the process has been

patented, and it is being adopted in various parts of the continent with great success. The value of the beetroot sugar annually imported into Britain is no less than ten thousand pounds sterling; and there seems no valid reason why the produce represented by this large sum should not be grown at home. Experiments giving satisfactory results were tried in different parts of Ireland some few years back; but capitalists did not respond, and the possibilities of beet culture have been forgotten. It would be as well to ascertain by fresh experiments whether the new process to which we have adverted will give still more hopeful results. An industry which would have a powerful effect upon the agriculture of Ireland would do more to settle the Irish question than many Acts of Parliament.

It is estimated that one-half the manufactures of San Francisco are executed by Chinese labour. In spite of the restriction placed upon Chinese immigration, the number in the Chinese colony of that town seems to have increased rather than diminished. Taking up any particular trade, they soon monopolise it, and actually impose fines upon dealers trading with other people. In this way they have secured various monopolies, including washing, the cigar-manufacture, the boot and shoe industry, and other manufactures relating to clothing. The Chinese are resolute and persevering, and owe their success to these good qualities and the scarcity of domestic servants and rapid increase of small factories. Perhaps, as partial revenge for this Chinese invasion, which of course affects many other cities of the New World besides San Francisco, the cultivation of the tea-plant is being seriously attempted in the United States; and the success of the experiments shows that it is an industry that can be profitably worked, at any rate in the South.

The Niagara rapids, where Captain Webb was drowned, were described by him, just before he made the attempt to swim through them, as 'the angriest bit of water in the world.' It is interesting to note that only three men have passed this terrible passage alive, and this was in 1861. They were on board a steam-vessel furnished with an engine of one hundred horsepower. This vessel, although specially chosen for the hazardous task, came out of the ordeal almost a wreck.

An important meeting of engineers was lately held in London, having originated in a suggestion by the Board of Trade that before regulations were made with regard to the control of steam-tramways, those most interested should have an opportunity of expressing their views upon the subject. The late accidents which have occurred where steam-motors are in use, naturally came under discussion, and rules were drawn up for their avoidance in the future. The type of engine was also an important point of discussion, for there are many already competing for public favour. It seems quite certain that in a few years' time, horses for tramway-work will be things of the past. Steam has already been adopted in various cities. In London itself, a tramcar, driven by compressed air, is running upon one route, while in other places electro-motors have been submitted to critical experiment.

Tramway-work is said to take the life out of a horse in a very short time, and for this reason alone one would wish other modes of locomotion to be speedily adopted.

## OCCASIONAL NOTES.

### AN INTERESTING BOOK.

THE names of Mr and Mrs S. C. Hall have long been familiar in the walks of popular literature, and the latter especially gained much popularity by her *Sketches of Irish Character*. Mrs Hall died in the beginning of 1881; and Mr Hall, thus left by himself, has completed and given to the world, in two volumes (London: Bentley), an account of their literary and other experiences, under the title of *Retrospect of a Long Life, from 1815 to 1883*. To the general reader, the book presents many points of interest, the somewhat miscellaneous and almost heterogeneous nature of its contents serving perhaps as a recommendation to this class of reader rather than a drawback. There are few eminent men or women of the century but were known to Mr Hall and his clever wife, and a great mass of anecdote is here collected and woven into the narrative of the *Retrospect*. Mr Hall has in his later years become a convert to spiritualist fancies, and this has perhaps occasionally given a certain degree of distortion to his estimate of some of his contemporaries. But, upon the whole, the book is the product of an intelligent, large-hearted, benevolent man, and will not fail to attract many readers.

### THE ARTIFICIAL CULTURE OF OYSTERS.

In our article on 'Oyster-culture' (page 602), we have made reference to the success of the artificial methods of culture in connection with the Portuguese oyster. This success, we are glad to say, has likewise been achieved in America. Professor Brown Goode, the United States Commissioner to the International Fisheries Exhibition, recently received a telegram from Professor Bond, United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, to the effect that Mr Ryder, the embryologist of the Fish Commission, has successfully solved the problem of the culture of oysters from artificially impregnated eggs, and that on the 4th September, at the Government Station, Stockton, Maryland, there were many millions of young oysters, three-quarters of an inch in diameter, hatched from eggs artificially impregnated forty-six days before. From a single oyster, it is added, seven millions of eggs can be obtained.

### DORMANT AND EXTINCT PEERAGES.

In an article on this subject, our contemporary, the *Pall Mall Budget*, gives the following interesting information:

As far as we have been able to gather with some pains from Sir Bernard Burke's pages (*Dormant and Extinct Peerages*), there have during the current century disappeared from the extant peerages of the three kingdoms five royal dukedoms, five dukedoms, eight marquises, sixty-seven earldoms, thirty-six viscounties, and a hundred and twenty-four baronies, many of which, of course, have been created afresh, or have been superior dignities which have dropped



off from inferior dignities, with wider limitations of descent. But this, perhaps, may diminish any astonishment which might be felt at the statements made by the Ulster King-of-Arms in his preface—namely, that ‘all the English dukedoms created from the institution of the order down to the commencement of the reign of Charles II. are gone, except only Norfolk and Somerset, and Cornwall, enjoyed by the Prince of Wales;’ that ‘Winchester and Worcester—the latter now merged in the dukedom of Beaufort—are the only existing English marquises older than the reign of George III.’; and that although ‘the earl’s coronet was very frequently bestowed under the Henrys and the Edwards—it was the favourite distinction, besides being the oldest—yet of all the English earldoms created by the Normans, the Plantagenets, and the Tudors, eleven only remain, and of these six are merged in higher honours, the only ones giving independent designation being Shrewsbury, Derby, Huntingdon, Pembroke, and Devon.’ ‘The present House of Lords,’ he adds, ‘cannot claim among its members a single male descendant of any one of the barons who were chosen to enforce Magna Charta, or of any of the peers who are known to have fought at Agincourt, and the noble House of Wrottesley is the solitary existing family among the Lords which can boast of a male descent from a founder of the Order of the Garter.’ At the same time, the descendants in the female line from all these categories of distinguished persons are extremely numerous both in and out of the House of Lords. It is well known that the people who have a legitimate descent from one or other of the Plantagenet kings Henry III., Edward I., or Edward III., are to be counted by thousands; and, as the late Lord Farnham took the trouble to show, over a hundred peers have the rarest of all ‘royal descents,’ that from Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York. One potent reason why so many ancient dignities—baronies, at all events—have disappeared is that, being inheritable ‘in fee,’ they have passed from the heirs-male, and have either fallen into abeyance among co-heiresses, or have been accumulated by the marriage of heiresses in a single line of descent.

#### UNCLAIMED MONEY.

In addition to the various accumulations of ‘unclaimed money’ mentioned in the article on that subject in a recent number of *Chambers's Journal* (page 513), there are undoubtedly very considerable sums in the hands of bankers, which have lain at the credit of their clients for many years, and remain, with few exceptions, unclaimed by the representatives. As it is a common practice for depositors to leave their pass-books for years together at their bankers—in some cases even never asking for them at all—there is in many instances no information in the possession of relatives of deceased persons, unless they happen to know of some such banking account. Any one not acquainted with the careless ways of persons, of means who have deposits at banks, would hardly believe how these balances of customers are constantly accumulating. After the lapse of a few years, they are entered without particulars under one heading in the ledger, or perhaps transferred to an account in the private

ledger, away from the inspection of the younger clerks of the staff.

Those who know anything of the unclaimed amounts would not run the risk of losing their employment by giving information to any one. One such case was, however, known to the writer; for when an application was made for the amount by the parties entitled to it, the unlucky clerk who gave the information was dismissed. At one bank, many years ago, the Sundry Balances Account, as it was designated, extended over several pages of the ledger; the year when transferred, the name of the client, and the amount, being all the particulars given. Some of these balances had belonged to public Companies which were defunct; but most of them belonged to private parties deceased, and many of them were of fifty years’ standing. The total of the list amounted to several thousand pounds, which sum was, on the junction of the house with another banking-house, divided among the partners, and transferred to their respective private banking accounts; the same thing being done by the other house with their list of unclaimed balances. With some banks, it is usual to have the old books cut up and sold to the manufacturing stationers in London; so that, beyond a certain date, there is really no remedy for claimants.

Besides the balances of depositors, there are in banks boxes of silver-plate and other valuables left sometimes for many years in the vaults; and it seems probable that in some cases they may remain unclaimed by descendants of the owners. When the writer on one occasion was at a bank in London on business, one of the senior cashiers told him—in confidence—that having had occasion to go into one of the vaults, he noticed an iron box labelled with the name of some old relative of one of the firm which we then represented, and that the box had been in a corner for a great many years. Permission having been obtained to force it open, it was found to contain a quantity of old documents; but whether they were of any value or not, we never ascertained.

It would be a very desirable thing if such deposits were advertised, after the lapse of a certain number of years. At anyrate, we presume that a person who could show his interest in such property could, with the aid of a solicitor, demand full particulars, and be allowed to inspect the books of the bank for that purpose.

It may be convenient for our readers to know that the material for our articles on Unclaimed Money and Crown Windfalls, which appeared in our issues of August 18th and August 25th, were culled from Mr Edward Preston’s curious little book, *Unclaimed Money*, published by E. W. Allen, 4 Ave Maria Lane, London, E.C. Price one shilling.

#### THE USE OF SALT ON LAND.

The advantages, says an American paper, of using salt on land and in feeding all kinds of farming-stock have often been discussed, and there is enough on record to satisfy the most incredulous, and to stimulate progressive farmers most sedulously to pursue agricultural tests of this substance in every way. The usefulness of

salt in curing hay and promoting the health of our domestic animals has long been known in the United States. The ancient writers often allude to it. Pliny the naturalist seems to have known little or nothing of the use of salt in agriculture, but he was well aware of its virtue in feeding cattle. 'Herds of cattle,' says he, 'being covetous of a salt pasture, give a great deal more milk, and the same is much more agreeable in the making of cheese than where there is no such saline ground.' John Glauber, an eminent chemist of Amsterdam, who published several esteemed works on the practice of chemistry about two hundred and fifty years ago, was so thoroughly convinced of the economy of using salt as a manure, that he obtained a patent from the government of the united states of Holland for the sole disposal of the privilege of applying this valuable mineral to the barren lands in that country. Gervase Markham, a learned writer in the reigns of James I. and Charles I., who was equally noted for his skill in many foreign languages and for his knowledge of the various branches of agriculture, published a great variety of treatises on the management of land, and closed his agricultural labours by the publication of a work entitled *Markham's Farewell to Husbandry*, in which the following passage occurs: 'If you be neer unto any part of the sea-coast, thence fetch great store of the salt sand, and with it cover your ground which hath been formerly plowed and hackt, allowing unto every acre of ground threescore or fourscore full bushels of sand, which is a very good and competent proportion; and this sand thus laid shall be very well spread and mixed among the other broken earth. And herein is to be noted that not any other sand but the salt is good or available for this purpose, because it is the brine and saltness of the same which breedeth this fertility and fruitfulness in the earth, choaking the growth of all weeds, and giving strength, vigour, and comfort to all kinds of grain or pulse, or any fruit of better nature.'

When it comes to the effect of salt in feeding horses, cattle, and sheep, there can be no doubt. Dr Anderson unhesitatingly declares that there is no substance yet known which is so much relished by the whole order of graminivorous animals as common salt. The wild animals of the forest are so fond of it, that wherever they discover a bank of earth impregnated with a small portion of salt, they come to it regularly ever after to lick the saline earth—hence these spots were known in our Western country as 'salt licks.' It is also admitted by all who have tried the experiment, that salt given along with the food of domestic animals (except fowls) tends very much to promote their health and accelerate their fattening; and although some persons, who have been at a loss to account for the manner in which this stimulant could act as a nutritious substance, have affected to disregard the fact, yet no one has been able to bring the slightest show of evidence to invalidate the strong proofs which have been adduced in support of it. It is not, therefore, an extraordinary position to say that, by a proper use of common salt, the same quantity of forage might on many occasions be made to go twice as far as it could have done in feeding animals, had the salt been withheld from them.

If so, then we have here laid open to our view an easy mode of augmenting the produce of our fields to an amazing extent; for if the same quantity of forage can be made to go, not twice as far, but one-twentieth part only farther than it now does, it would be the same thing as adding one-twentieth part to the aggregate produce of meat from domestic animals throughout the whole country. We are of the opinion that the salting given to corn fodder, cut and packed in cellars, has much to do in rendering it palatable.

Sir John Sinclair, one of the foremost agricultural writers of his or any other age, advocated the use of salt for the three following reasons: (1) That by allowing the sheep to lick it, the rot was effectually prevented; (2) that his cattle, to whom lumps of it were given to lick, were thereby protected from infectious disorders; and the cows, being thus rendered more healthy, and being induced to take a greater quantity of liquid, gave more milk; and (3) that a small quantity pounded was found very beneficial to horses when new oats were given them, if the oats were at all moist.

### N I G H T.

DARK shadow 'twixt to-morrow morn and me!—  
If but a shadow, my heart shrinks from thee;  
If but a heavy gloom on vale and height;  
If but a black shroud for the sun's sweet light,  
Earth like his widow lying love-forgot—  
O Night, I love thee not!

If but a passage to the coming day;  
If but a waiting for the morning ray;  
If but a silence, when the solemn hush  
Is moved, as if the wings of angels rush  
Over the babies with a cradle-song—  
O Night, I did thee wrong!

If but a respite from the toil of day;  
If but a pause, to ponder on the way;  
If but a time to shut the eyelids tight,  
Wrestling with evil in a deadly fight;  
If but a pillow where white wings descend—  
O Night, thou art my friend!

If but a time of promise of the Far;  
If but a waiting for the morning star;  
If but dreams brightening of a gorgeous morn,  
Where life and love and joy are newly born;  
If but a yearning for eternal light—  
Thou teachest well, O Night!

K. S.

The Conductor of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL begs to direct the attention of CONTRIBUTORS to the following notice:

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Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fourth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No. 1032.—VOL. XX.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1883.

PRICE 1½d.

## NETHER LOCHABER.

A MOUNTAIN country in summer and autumn is always charming and attractive. The atmosphere is delightfully fresh and cool, and as the clouds chase each other across the breezy sky, bright gleams and sudden shafts of sunshine light up the wide stretches of russet brown, or heath-empurpled moorland; or glance on the vivid patches of green in the wooded ravines; or sparkle on the gleaming silver expanse of the solitary loch, or brawling torrent leaping seaward through forests of bracken.

No mountain country in Great Britain is more picturesque or beautiful than that portion of the West Highlands described by the author of *Nether Lochaber* (the Rev. Alexander Stewart). The salt-water lochs, Linnhe, Leven, and Eil, and the mountains around them, compete favourably with the most picturesque scenery of continental Europe, and called forth a lively expression of admiration from the Queen, who says in her *Journal* that the scenery around Loch Linnhe is magnificent. Nothing can be more beautiful than the infinite variety of pictures which these hills present under the rapid atmospheric changes of the changeful sky. In early morning shrouded in mist, they look down like hoary sentinels upon the picturesque sequestered valleys at their feet; then, as the day progresses, the cloudy veil begins to rise, and the sun shines out, flooding the whole landscape with a glow of golden glory, lighting up the shimmering green of the copse-wood in the lower ravines, and glinting down into the deep gullies that intersect the rugged slopes of the hillsides, until the radiance melts away in the far distance into soft tints of gray and blue, to warm again in the broad blaze of the sunshine into vivid gleams of beauty. A glowing, gleaming, shifting picture, always changing until night begins to darken down, and its shadowy mists sweep over and obliterate the panorama.

Evening has, however, its own peculiar beauties; the autumnal sunsets on Loch Linnhe are

often, our author tells us, gorgeously magnificent. The loch, flooded in yellow light, glows like a great golden shield; 'while beyond rise in one unbroken range the mountains of Ardgour, Kingerloch, and Morven, bathed in a rich dark purple.' No pen can do justice to the rapid and magical gradations of colour that blend and interfuse into tints of exquisite beauty this picturesque assemblage of mountain-peaks. The soft deep glow of purple warms into roseate crimson and ruddy gold, which, again, deepens into dark and darker purple, which in its turn fades into sombre slaty gray, as the pall of night falls dark and still over the mountains and moorland.

There is a great deal of superstition still all over the Western Highlands. The beautiful island of St Mungo, in Loch Linnhe, has been for centuries the burial-place of the 'forefathers' of Nether Lochaber and Glencoe; and it is firmly believed by the country-people that the spirit of the individual last buried there keeps watch night and day over the graveyard, and is only relieved from his charge when another death happens. The watching spirit is not believed to be happy in the discharge of this office, and is supposed to look forward eagerly to the period when he shall be relieved from it.

Mr Stewart was once shown an ancient coin which he identified as a silver dollar of the time of Philip II. of Spain, and which was regarded as an amulet sufficiently powerful to insure prosperity to its possessor. It had a curious history. One of the ships of the Spanish Armada, the *Florida*, was destroyed while at anchor off Tobermory, by a body of Mull and Moidart men, by whom she was blown up; and this Spanish coin was found about fifty years ago by the commander of a small coasting-schooner. He was becalmed while passing through the Sound of Mull, and thought it best to come to anchor for the night. Next morning, when getting under weigh, the anchor, when drawn in, was found to have a large mass of tangle attached to it, and when clearing it away, this coin dropped out, and was handed to the captain, who put it into

his purse and preserved it carefully as a luck-penny, which it was regarded to be from the fact that from that day he became an exceedingly prosperous man in all his undertakings. Until the day of his death, he carried the lucky coin about with him as a talisman to ward off ill-fortune, and when he died, bequeathed it to his brother, who experienced the same happy results while possessing it. From the day he received the coin he was prosperous and successful as he had never been before, and never had a day's illness—results which he gravely attributed to the magical properties of the silver dollar. It is also believed all through Nether Lochaber that ringworm can be cured by rubbing it over with a gold marriage-ring; one made of what they call guinea-gold is preferred; and the ring which of all others works the greatest number of cures in the district, is that of a widow who was married to one husband for more than fifty years.

The habits of the population even in the most sequestered glens are changing very much. The people, in the opinion of the older men among them, are less industrious than they were. They have more money in their hands; but they do not make such a good use of it. This was the opinion entertained by one very intelligent patriarch with whom our author was fond of having a gossip. He himself adhered rigidly to the customs of his boyhood, and was often to be seen in the proper season gathering rushes, from which he extracted the pith to make wicks for his lamp. He remembered, he said, when all the people of his hamlet gave a day's work to the tenant of the adjoining farm, for leave to gather rushes for their lamps. The oil used was fish-oil, and the lamps were often buckie-shells of as large a size as could be found on the shore. The shell was suspended by a string to a hook of wood or iron projecting from the wall near the fireplace, and filled with oil; then the rush-pith was inserted as a wick, and the lamp was complete. 'I recollect,' said the old man, with a smile, 'that my father—God rest him!—who was a very economical man, and hated everything like waste or extravagance, allowed us just a shellful of oil for the winter's night. When that much was spent, we had to tell our tales, sing our songs, and do what work we had to do, by the light of the blazing peat-fire.'

Weasels abound in some parts of the district; and a few years ago an old man, who was employed by a neighbour to remove a small cairn of stones from the centre of a grass field, had rather a serious tussle with four or five of them. He began his work, and had wheeled away several barrowfuls of stones, when several weasels suddenly sprang out of the cairn and attacked him. They flew at his hands, chin, and cheeks, and at his throat, which was fortunately protected by several folds of a stout homespun cravat, and before he could defend himself he was severely bitten. One or two he tore off with his hands, and killed by trampling them under his feet; but the others stuck to him like leeches, and he had to run to a neighbouring house and get assistance to rid himself of his pertinacious little foes. It is not unusual, in the woods and deer-parks, for this vicious little blood-sucker to kill the fawns of

the fallow-deer when they are a few weeks old. The weasels fix themselves on the back of the neck in such a position that no struggling on the part of the victim can possibly dislodge them. Burying their muzzle deeply in the flesh, they drink the blood of the poor creature as it staggers along, until it falls faint and exhausted to the ground. In this manner also the weasel sometimes kills hares. A countryman passing through a green glade on a wooded hillside heard a sound like the crying of a child, and was surprised to find that it proceeded from a hare that was slowly with staggering steps struggling up the brae. Looking closer, he saw that the hare had a weasel on its back, and that the weasel's sharp muzzle was buried in the poor creature's neck, and that as it rode along it was leisurely digging down, eating as it went, and drinking after its blood-thirsty fashion the blood of its luckless victim. He threw a stone, meaning to hit the weasel; but he hit the hare instead, which immediately fell dead; and before he could seize the weasel, it sneaked off and made good its escape.

In inclement and severe winters, arctic sea-fowl swarm in the lochs and estuaries of the West Highlands, often venturing a considerable distance inland, and seeking for their food in the most sheltered bays. Rare birds are often shot along the shore, which, as the tide recedes, they visit in quest of breakfast or dinner, or vent their disappointment at the loss of some favourite morsel, in the weirdest of screams.

The otter all over the West Highlands is regarded with a degree of superstitious reverence, and figures in most of the fireside tales of the ancient clansmen. It is easily tamed, and our author has often seen one belonging to the innkeeper at the Bridge of Tilt, which was very tame indeed, and was usually kept chained in an empty stall in the stable. It was very fond of the horses, which were its stable-companions, and always went the full length of its chain to meet them when they returned from their day's work, uttering its cry of welcome, which was a curious half-whining bark. It was very docile and good-tempered, and liked to be stroked and patted by the men, uttering, when being fondled, a loud purring sound like a cat. It was a very adroit fisher; and when taken out, with a long cord attached to a collar round its neck, to the river or to a moorland loch, it never failed to catch a number of fish. It drove all the fish before it into the corner of a pool, much as a collie would drive a flock of sheep, and then making a series of rapid dives, brought up in succession two or three of the best and biggest fish. It was very dainty and fastidious in its eating, and never devoured any part of the fish it captured, except a little bit at the back of the head and around the pectoral fins. It lapped milk readily like a dog, and seemed fond of it, but would taste nothing else except fish.

The districts of Ardgour and Sunart abound in adders and grass snakes, and these reptiles frequently attain a size unknown anywhere else in the West Highlands. They are very fond of water, and like to sun themselves in spring and summer on the grassy banks of a stream, or on the grassy margin of a peat-bog. The fountains that often well up cool and sparkling



among the heather beside moss-covered boulders, are also favourite resorts of theirs. Beside such a spring, sparkling like a diamond beneath a pale glimmer of sunshine, Mr Stewart once found three of these reptiles curled up into a sort of Gordian-knot, on a patch of vivid green moss just by the fountain's brink. He had knelt down to drink before he noticed them, and he took his draught of the pure sweet water first, and then attacked them with his stick. If taken unawares, and struck on a particular spot on the back of the neck, the adder is easily killed; but when he is on his guard, and his blood is up, he is a very dangerous creature indeed, as, with erected crest and flashing eye, he steadies himself to strike. The grass or ringed snake, on the contrary, is perfectly harmless.

In trenching the moss of Ballachulish in our author's near neighbourhood, an interesting archaeological discovery was recently made. 'At a depth of ten feet in the drift subsoil, underlying six or seven feet of moss, there were found the remains of what must have been in the far past a flint instrument manufactory on a large scale.' There were several cartloads of chippings, a number of arrow-heads, two roughly finished chisels, and hammers of a curious shape with a hole in the centre. Flint is of rare occurrence in Nether Lochaber; and the raw material for this manufactory must have been brought from a distance, and then manipulated and wrought into shape by a race of men who must have lived and worked there before the diluvial bed of drift and gravel, two feet in thickness, and underlying a deposit of moss six feet in thickness, was laid down above the scene of their labours.

Throughout the West Highlands, a wound from a stag's horn is believed to be very dangerous; it is difficult to cure, and often causes extreme debility and bad health. Gamekeepers, foresters, and their assistants, dread it extremely, and say that a dog which receives such a wound usually dies from gangrene or mortification of the sore, however slight it may have seemed at first. If he recovers, the result is almost equally unsatisfactory; the dog becomes paralytic in the wounded limb, or epileptic; or if he has been a wise and intelligent creature, he now becomes perfectly stupid. The author of *Nether Lochaber* was personally acquainted with a fine-looking young man, an assistant-forester, who, in helping to take a dead stag off a hill-pony's back, was accidentally wounded in the leg by one of the tines. He did not think much of the wound at the time. It was an ugly ragged gash, but not deep, and he had more than once had much more serious wounds which had healed at once quite easily, 'by the first intention,' as the doctors say. This wound from the dead stag's horn would not, however, heal; none of the salves or ointments or healing medicaments of the glen had the least effect upon it. It always became the longer the worse, and when Mr Stewart saw the young man, he was on his way to Glasgow, to see if the skill of the doctors there could counteract the dire effect of the stag's horn.

A Roman emperor once offered a reward to any one who should invent a new pleasure. Our author lays no claim to such a discovery; but he says that few things in the way of a holiday excursion can equal a drive through Lochaber and

Badenoch to Kingussie—'except, perhaps, the drive back again. A bright clear day should be chosen for such an excursion, a day pleasantly genial and warm, for then the colours of the mountain scenery blend and interfuse in a manner suggestive of fairyland. A veil of pearly gray haze hovers above the distant mountain-peaks; but around you in the broad blaze of the sunshine, the birch and oak copses, the ferny glades, the grassy knolls, the wide stretches of heather, and the clots of foam on the brawling amber-hued streamlets come out with a vivid distinctness that photographs them upon the memory. No scene can be more sublime and beautiful. The everlasting hills tower skywards in savage grandeur; the rushing torrents leap madly downwards to join the river that murmurs hoarsely in the valley beneath; and on the grassy wayside slopes, the kindly sunshine lights up the purple spikes of foxglove, and the bonnie clumps of blue-bell that nestle in rifts and crannies of the ancient moss-grown crags. All, in short, in our author's words, 'that one can reasonably look for of grand or beautiful, is here; and to enhance each charm of the picturesque scene, a coachman as full of anecdote and joke and local tradition as an egg is full of meat; and when one is hungry, a substantial tea, or tea-dinner rather, half-way on the homeward route at the shepherd's house at Moy.' Could the most exacting tourist demand more?

## ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOT.

BY JOHN B. HARWOOD.

### CHAPTER XL.—BY SPECIAL TRAIN.

'If she will but own the truth,' said Mr Pontifex piteously, and with something like a groan. It was an odd suggestion for a family solicitor so eminent to make concerning one of his noblest clients; but then the circumstances were so exceptional. It was to Chinese Jack that he spoke. The abhorrence which he felt for the foreign Countess, who, by her own statement, had been the mainspring of the whole plot, deterred him from addressing a word to her, save under compulsion. But Chinese Jack, the lawyer felt, was on a different level in crime from this Russo-French temptress to evil. Hardened adventurer as he was, he yet showed in his bearing something of the gentleman. And Mr Pontifex could remember Dr Vaughan, white-haired, learned, solemn, at the old lord's table at Castel Vawr. And he recollected that the clergyman's sickly wife had been the Honourable Ellen Rollington. A very old title is that of Lord Rollington. This reckless fellow was, after all, a peer's grandson, and, on the mother's side, with a pedigree stretching to the First Crusade. So, somehow, Mr Pontifex preferred to speak to Chinese Jack.

'I think she will,' said Chinese Jack, who probably guessed some of the little lawyer's thoughts, and was at anyrate on his best behaviour. 'I think, from what I saw of her in Wales there, that the fortress will surrender at the first trumpet flourish. But—for I see that you still feel doubtful, Mr Pontifex—I have, or rather my wife has, an extra proof to produce. I had better mention that the true Marchioness, in Bruton Street, being

of a sensitive nature, and feeling averse to the warfare she was forced to carry on against the usurping sister whom she has never ceased to love, tried to avoid painful details by delegating to my clever wife the task of dealing with her active lawyer, Mr Sterling. And here is a letter of Mr Sterling's, received a fortnight since, during my absence on my Paris trip. The Marchioness—I speak of the true one—knows its contents; and Countess Louise has satisfied herself that Sir Pagan's sister, in Bruton Street, bears nothing on her wrist which corresponds with what is here set down.'

And, as her husband finished speaking, Madame de Lalouve rose, and with grave courtesy placed a letter in the lawyer's hand. Mr Pontifex perused it. It ran thus:

MADAM—In compliance with the request of Miss Carew, so-called—otherwise, the Marchioness of Leominster—of Bruton Street, I beg to inform you that Detective Sergeant Drew has discovered a most important and, I think, almost crushing proof as to our client's identity. A former nurse has deposed to there being a slight but indelible scar on the inner part of the wrist of Miss Cora Carew, caused by the accidental burn inflicted by a candle, upset on the morning of a dark winter's day, when both sisters were christened. The mark is of a dull, bluish white, small, but easily to be seen. It is on the under side of the left wrist. On investigation, no doubt it would readily be recognised. Nurse Dawson—Jane Dawson—residing in the hamlet of Monk's Hollow, Thoresby, Devon—averts that she never mentioned the occurrence to any friend or fellow-servant, being afraid of blame for her carelessness. This, I feel sure, if the old woman's nerves remain unshaken in cross-examination, and by the unwonted bustle and excitement of a journey and a trial, will prove most important evidence.—I remain, Madam, obediently yours,

WILLIAM STERLING.

'Mr Sterling is right,' said Mr Pontifex, whose mind was quite made up now. 'The evidence is indeed important; nor will my unhappy client, wretched girl! hold out against this storm of crushing evidence. So much the better if by her confession the scandal of a trial can be spared.—Now, with your leave, I will make copies of the documents on the table here, as my credentials when I reach Castel Vawr. The originals, of course, you will keep possession of until the Marchbury assizes, unless the affair is earlier finished, as I hope.'

Chinese Jack, Madame de Lalouve, and Mary Ann Pinnett had no objection to urge against the attorney's reasonable request; and accordingly, Mr Pontifex, seating himself at his writing-table, carefully copied out each of the papers submitted to him, and then, folding the originals, with a formal bow returned them to Chinese Jack.

'You may be pretty certain of your object,' said the solicitor, half bitterly. 'Mine is, now, to avoid unnecessary disgrace to the noble family into which Miss Carew married. You will hear from myself, or from Her Ladyship, shortly, Mr Vaughan.—And, Madame, I may say as much to you. Your cards, with the address of each, I see, lie on my table.—Permit me to offer you some refreshments, after your late drive.'

But Chinese Jack and his stately consort declined availing themselves of the lawyer's hospitality. They had done their errand, and now they took their leave, attended by the ex-lady's-maid; and scarcely had the last sound of their carriage-wheels grinding over the gravel died away, before Mr Pontifex started, as a new thought occurred to his bewildered mind. 'Why, bless my soul! the wedding—with Lord Putney—is for to-morrow—for this very morning, and, at any cost, it must be stopped.' He looked at his watch. 'It was very late, or rather early, in the small-hours, already, and to trust to ordinary trains was idle. He rang the bell. 'I want one of the grooms, mounted, to gallop to London,' he said to his butler, 'and to order me a special train, so as to reach Castel Vawr without delay. I will write the order, while George gets ready. Let him take the bay horse; and let Thomas get the carriage ready, and bring it round. I shall take a glass of sherry and a biscuit, James, and then start—called away on business. You must mention it to my daughters in the morning.'

Then James the butler, as he hurried to do his master's bidding, knew that something serious must have occurred; for the pretty horse, bay with black points, was an expensive thoroughbred, prized highly by Miss Pontifex, and a costly mount for a midnight messenger among the slippery streets.

Hastily Mr Pontifex wrote his letter to the London station-master at the terminus; hastily he packed his portmanteau, nibbled his biscuit, and tossed off his sherry, while his mounted groom was speeding towards the metropolis. It was some time before the carriage came round to the door. As Mr Pontifex was bustling through the porch, an upper window was thrown up, and a feminine voice said softly: 'Papa, dear, are you going from home? Shall you soon be back?'

'Yes, yes, Margaret, love,' cried the lawyer, as he jumped in. 'To-morrow, or next day. I'll write. Called off to Castel Vawr! Don't fret.—And you, Thomas, drive fast, will you!'

It is one thing, when you do not happen to be a Royal Highness or Chairman of a Board of Directors, to order a special train at untimely hours and at short notice, and another to get one. Mr Pontifex, arriving hot and eager at the terminus, was chafed to find the acting manager so cool and so impassive, and so provokingly ready with unanswerable reasons why he must wait before he could be served with the expensive luxury he wanted. The line was not clear here; there was a hitch somewhere else. The only engine-driver who could be spared was off duty; the only available stoker was being hunted for in his lodgings, a mile away. It was bitterly cold, and the great deserted station was as cheerless as the catacombs.

At last Mr Pontifex got his special train. At last he was ensconced, in solitary state, in the corner of a first-class carriage, linked to the engine, that puffed and wheezed and snorted, as if too, the steam-horse, resenting being called into action at improper hours. The driver looked grim, the fireman sullen. The one or two sleepy officials on the platform seemed to regard Mr Pontifex as a personal enemy. Then the whistle sounded, and off went the special.

Very unenviable were the feelings of the little

lawyer as he was whisked along, in the cold and the gloom of the frosty night, in the raw chill of the foggy morning, when Nature herself seemed in the agonies of death, and all the world lay under an irregular winding-sheet of snow, pure here, smirched there, with a pall of clouds above, and presently in the bright, pale sunlight.

All the time, as he jolted and jumbled along, the light carriage bounding at the heels, as it were, of the rushing engine, he was consulting his watch by the light of the dim lamp. Should he be in time? He very much doubted it. Precious hours had been lost, and, for aught he could tell, a marriage, which would be, to two distinguished families, a serious misfortune, might have taken place before he could be there to interfere. Of course, he had longed to telegraph; but in such a case it was impossible. A living man must be there, at Castel Vawr, proofs in hand, to put a stop to the proceedings of the day, not a mere slip of paper with pencilled words on it. To Sir Pagan's sister, in Bruton Street, he had, from the London terminus, telegraphed, briefly informing her that her cause was triumphant, and that her presence as early as possible at Castel Vawr would be on all grounds expedient.

When Mr Pontifex reached the little Dinas Vawr station, it was already past ten o'clock.

'Not a carriage to be had, sir, for love or money, I'm sorry to say,' said the civil station-master. 'There are traps and four-wheeled carriages always on hire at the *Montgomery Arms*; but to-day, everything on wheels has been snapped up for the grand wedding—My Lady's—up there at the church on the hill. We have grand doings here, sir, to-day, which, perhaps, you have not heard of. And there is nothing to be had.'

'Then,' said Mr Pontifex stoutly, after another hasty glance at his watch—'then I must use my feet.'

#### REMINISCENCES OF THORWALDSEN.

In the middle of the wide court which forms the centre of the Thorwaldsen Museum in Copenhagen rises a simple grave. No monument is erected here in commemoration of him who rests below; I could not even find a name carved on the plain stone slab, whose only adornment is the clustering leaves of the everlasting ivy which grows luxuriantly round its base. Fit resting-place this of Bertel Thorwaldsen; simple and unassuming as the great heart which on earth throbbed out such bold aspirations; green as the immortal memory of his transcendent genius. And round about him in the galleries which look down on the humble grave stand the monuments innumerable which the master raised to himself, through years of plodding industry, through disappointments and high hopes, and that ever constant yearning after something higher still, which is at once the happiness and misery of true greatness. As I reverently stood by his grave, under the golden eye of a bright spring morning, a little picture flashed upon me out of the past, a picture which had first evoked my interest in Bertel Thorwaldsen.

In an upper room of an old gabled house in one of the narrow streets of Copenhagen, an honest

wood-carver and his wife lie asleep. Beside their bed stands a child's cot, out of which a pair of bright blue eyes peep cautiously. All is still, and the full yellow moon looks straight into the room. Presently, a small naked foot appears, then another, until the form of a little boy stands confessed. He shakes back his lint-blond hair, and casts a furtive glance at the great bed. He is safe, for they are fast asleep; so the little one steals with fast beating heart to the corner, where, under the noisy Dutch clock, stands his mother's spinning-wheel. Often has he watched the busy wheel spin round; and the inquiring brain has been lost in wonder as to how it all came about, whilst the active little hands have tingled to touch it and find out its secrets. So strongly has this idea gained possession of his growing mind, that to-night he cannot sleep, and now here is his chance. Curiously he gazes at the strange weird thing, and puts out an eager hand. 'Whir-r-r!' goes the wheel under his touch, and mother is awake. 'What do you there, my little son?' And Bertel hangs his head and creeps back to his cot.

Do you not know the story, my readers? It was told to me and to you years ago, by Hans Christian Andersen, the king of story-tellers. And we see that 'the child was father of the man;' for the tall, thoughtful youth who at the age of seventeen—just ten years later—is receiving the silver medal for design at the Academy of Arts of his native town is none other than the tiny urchin whose extraordinary observing powers were thus early displayed.

Bertel Thorwaldsen, who lived to be the greatest of modern sculptors, is a striking example of genius early developed. Born in 1770, we hear of him as a mere child assisting his father in his calling as a wood-carver. On one occasion we are told how the boy was playing in the court, where his father, Gottschalk, was at work on the figure-head of a ship. Presently the little fellow ceased his play, and after observing his father for some time, he took up a piece of wood, and carved such an excellent representation of the head, that the father was struck by this exhibition of talent, and at once placed his son at the Free School of Art. Here the inborn genius of the lad rapidly developed; he passionately loved art, and to pursue it soon became the sole aim and end of his existence. Thus at twenty he is awarded the small gold medal for his sketch of 'Heliodorus driven from the Temple;' at twenty-three, the first gold medal, along with a grant enabling him to reside abroad for three years, for the purpose of studying, which latter had long been the first great desire of his young life.

When we see him again, he is in an obscure lodging in Rome. The great consummation is reached, and the sunny skies of Italy, the home of Art, smile above him; but the vision, which had seemed so real a thing that he had but to stretch out his arms and grasp it, has almost faded, and the ardent young artist is struggling alone, without sympathy, and altogether friendless in a strange land. He had gone, overflowing with that sanguine hope which is the legacy of youth, with his letter of introduction to his famous countryman Zoëga, but had been coldly received; and the shy, retiring nature had shrunk back into itself, chilled and disappointed. But

not to sit down and repine in idleness; he could not have done so if he would; for the burning desire to create which dwells in the heart of genius was beating like an imprisoned eagle with powerful and untiring wings at the bars of its cage. And then and there it was, during long solitary watches and cheerless days, with no friendly eye to commend, no encouraging voice to cheer, that Bertel Thorwaldsen executed his 'Jason with the Golden Fleece.'

Sweet must have been to him those first-fruits of triumph when he saw his great effort recognised and appreciated, when the celebrated Canova himself extended to him the hand of fellowship, and the artistic world rang with praises of the masterly production. But his troubles were not at an end; for although his 'Jason' received such universal admiration, for long no purchaser was to be found; and pecuniary difficulties increased upon him, until, crushed in spirit, he was obliged to contemplate the abandonment of his studies and a return to Denmark. No longer able to procure the materials for the carrying out of his great designs, he sat one morning, utterly disconsolate in his studio, when, as if from the clouds, a letter arrived from his warm admirer Thomas Hope. It proved to be an order for a marble copy of the 'Jason,' for which the sculptor was to receive the munificent sum of eight hundred ducats. This was the last struggle with poverty; and during Thorwaldsen's prolonged stay in Italy, commissions poured in upon him from every quarter. It were impossible to enumerate within the limits of a brief sketch the immense number of works which his indefatigable genius produced in the course of a long life, and a difficult task to select from the splendid collection in the Museum at Copenhagen the productions most worthy of notice. As we pass along the re-echoing galleries, they stand, a mighty host of silent witnesses to his glory, looking down upon us in undying beauty and ineffable grace. Here the fair and mystic spirits of mythology live before us, and the giant forms of god and hero rise towering in majestic manhood. But we pause before the speaking likeness of our poet and countryman Lord Byron, which is considered one of the best of Thorwaldsen's numerous statues of contemporaries, whilst we remember with pleasure that the original adorns the library of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Twenty-three years had sped away before the sculptor returned to Denmark, which he had left a young man without fame or name. Now, his progress through Italy and Germany was like a triumphal procession. Everywhere the great master was met by the principal men of the different towns through which he passed, whilst the people flocked from their houses to get a sight of him. Arrived at Copenhagen, he was lodged in the palace of Charlottenburg, and public feasts and rejoicings went on for several days. But he could not settle in the bleak North after having known so long the genial climate of Italy; moreover, the passing years had bereft him of both his parents; consequently, the old home no longer existed to gladden the wanderer's return; and although the famous Thorwaldsen had found a warm reception even in the palace of his king, he missed the humble friends of his childhood, who were now dead or scattered, and

longed to be back to the land which had become endeared to him as the scene of his first struggles and ultimate triumph. Thus, within a year he is once more on the return journey to Rome, though he is months on the road. He had chosen the route through Berlin, Dresden, and Warsaw, at each of which places he was detained by numerous invitations to partake of the hospitality of men of talent and rank. At Warsaw he made the longest halt, for the purpose of making a bust of Alexander I., who, himself a patron of art, entertained the eminent sculptor with marked favour. All through his journey between Denmark and Rome, but especially at Warsaw, he received commissions which occupied him for long after his return. At this time, Thorwaldsen was in his fiftieth year, but of unimpaired vigour; his activity was something marvellous. After this period, independent of the private commissions which continually came in, he executed the elaborate decorations for the cathedral of Our Lady at Copenhagen, the principal of which were, 'Christ and the Twelve Apostles,' the group of 'John the Baptist preaching in the Wilderness,' the 'Procession to Golgotha,' and several monuments of great men. He also completed extensive bas-reliefs for the palace of Christiansburg, of which Denmark is justly proud.

Absorbed in the production of these marvellous works, another long term of Thorwaldsen's life passed quickly away, until he saw his great undertaking fulfilled; and his next task was the superintending of their transit to Denmark, and their erection in the buildings for which they were intended. For this purpose, the Danish government placed a frigate at his disposal; and in 1838, when he was in his sixty-eighth year, he took ship to revisit for the last time the land of his birth. This time, there was work for the active man; and each day saw him at his post directing the workmen engaged on the erection of the handsome Museum which was to bear his name, and within whose precincts the results of his life's labour were to be gathered. But now the keen searching air of the land which had fostered his young genius no longer braced the frame of the man of more than threescore and ten, who had felt the balmy softness of nearly fifty Italian summers. Fain would he have spent his declining days in the home of his early associations; but each returning spring left him so reduced in health, that a return to Italy seemed inevitable; and in the early part of the year 1844, he began to make arrangements for leaving the North in the summer. But his first desire was destined to be gratified in a manner he least expected, for when taking his recreation in the theatre at Copenhagen on March 24, 1844, the swift summons came, and all suddenly. Without a pang, he was taken, and like a faithful servant who has finished his task, he 'entered into the joy of his Lord.' A special mercy, it seemed, to be thus called to rest and spared the bed of suffering. But great was the regret and sincere the grief of all who knew his name. All Europe mourned his loss; and to carry out his funeral obsequies with honour and distinction was now the universal interest of his sorrowing countrymen. They laid him in state in the large hall of the Academy of Arts, where, as the obscure workman's son, he had first stood forth to receive



the reward of his youthful endeavours. Thousands went to take a last look at the calm, gentle face and still form, which lay as if taking a peaceful and dreamless sleep after a hard day's work. Then they buried him with many tears and great ceremony in the Cathedral Church, until the completion of his Museum, whither his body was removed, to be placed in the unique grave prepared for its reception.

And here, at his grave, I recall the pleasing sketch of this remarkable man which was furnished to me by an old lady, who had been in the habit of visiting his studio in Rome when he was in the full flush of his activity.

'He was tall of stature,' she told me, 'but with slightly stooping shoulders. His countenance was of noble mould, and when in repose, was grave and thoughtful almost to sadness; but when he looked at you, it was with a pair of keen though very kindly blue eyes. His hair was light in colour and curly; it was frequently in disorder from a habit he had of running his fingers through it when engaged in thought. He was somewhat slovenly in his dress, and wore a loose smock when at work. His manners were naturally shy and retiring, and though he rarely invited his visitors to conversation, he was courteous and wonderfully patient with the many casual visitors who flocked to his studio from motives of curiosity. When in the society of friends and colleagues, however, he would frequently become very animated, at which time he was in the habit of taking up a bit of clay—sometimes producing it from his pocket—and kneading it in his hand. He seemed to converse with greater ease when so engaged, and this restless habit he retained through life. Art was the sole interest which possessed his mind; he read little, and detested to handle a pen, never doing so except when necessity compelled. He therefore never learnt to write a legible letter or to spell correctly.'

And as I quit the spot where rest his earthly remains, in the midst of the glorious achievements of an earnest life, I rejoice to think that the laurels he strove for, won and wore with the humility of true greatness, are still as fresh and green as the ivy that clings round his tomb.

## THE ROSERY FOLK.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

### CHAPTER I.—DOWN FROM TOWN.

'THERE'S Kitty!' cried James Scarlett, leaning out of the carriage-window and waving his hand. Little more than an hour before, he was in his dingy office in Leadenhall Street, where, young as he was, through succession to his father, he stood head of a large shipping business. He had been waiting for his cousin, Arthur Prayle, who was invited to spend a few days with him in the country. Then a cab was taken, the train caught, and in an hour they were whirled down to a station in Berkshire, where, in light, simple, summer dress, looking bright and attractive as the country round, sat Mrs Scarlett, eagerly watching the platform from her seat in the little phaeton drawn by two handsome cobs, who tossed their heads impatiently, and threw the white foam from

their well-champed, brightly polished bits, to the bespecklement of the smart groom's hat and coat. Her face brightened as she caught sight of her husband, and fell a little as she saw that he was followed by his cousin, Arthur Prayle; but she smiled sweetly at their visitor, and held out her hand to him as he came up and raised his hat.

'I've brought Arthur down to get rid of the soot, Kitty,' said Scarlett heartily. 'See how solemn he looks.'

'I am very glad to see him,' said Kate Scarlett, smiling, and colouring slightly.

'There, jump up beside Kitty, old man,' continued Scarlett. 'She'll soon rattle us home.'

'No, no, dear; you'll drive.'

'What! In these lavender kids, and in this coat!' cried Scarlett laughingly. 'No, thanks. —Jump in, Arthur. That's right. I'm up.—Let 'em go, Tom.—Now, my beauties.'

The handsome little pair of cobs shook their heads, and started off at a rapid trot, the groom catching the side of the phaeton as it passed him, and mounting beside his master in the seat behind; when the brisk, sweet, summer air seemed to bring a little colour into the cheeks of Arthur Prayle, and a great deal into those of Mrs Scarlett, as she guided the spirited little pair along the dusty road, and then in between the long stretch of fir-wood, whence came delicious warm breathings of that lemony aromatic scent of the growing pines brought forth by the mid-day sun.

'There, my lad, that's better than sitting in chambers,' cried Scarlett. 'Fellows pooh-pooh me for living out here. It is living, my boy. It's dying, to shut yourself up in town.'

'Ah, yes,' said Prayle with a sigh; 'it is very delicious.'

'Delicious? I should think it is,' cried Scarlett eagerly; and he stood up behind his wife, holding on by the back seat, as fine and manly a specimen of humanity as could be found in a day's march. He was fashionably dressed, tightly buttoned up, and had the orthodox flower in his button-hole; but his bronzed face and fresh look told of country-life; and down in Berkshire, the staid solemnity of his London ways was cast aside for a buoyant youthfulness that made his sedate cousin turn slightly to gaze at him through his half-closed eyes.

'Give them their heads, Kitty,' cried Scarlett, as they approached a hill; and, as they heard the order, the cobs gave their crests a toss, and broke into a canter, breasting the hill, and keeping up the speed to the very top, where they were checked for the descent upon the other side.

'There you are, old fellow,' cried Scarlett. 'There's the river winding among the patches of grove and meadow. There's the Rosery; you can see it beautifully now. Do you see how the creeper has gone up the chimney-stack? No, of course you can't from here.—Gently, my beauties; steady, steady, little rascals. Don't pull your mistress's arms out by the roots.'

'A lovely view indeed, James,' said the visitor. 'It seems more beautiful every time I come.'

'Oh, every place looks at its best now,' said Scarlett heartily. 'I say, I've got down a new boat; we must have a pull up to the locks. That's the sort of thing to do you good, my boy.'

Prayle smiled, and shrugged his shoulders slightly.

'How long does it take you to drive to the station?' he said quietly.

'We allow five-and-twenty minutes,' said Scarlett. 'We shall do it in twenty to-day. I like to go fast, and these little ruffians enjoy it. They want it; they're getting too fat.'

The cobs tossed their heads again at this, and tried to break into another canter.

'Steady, steady, you larky little scoundrels.—Give them a pull, Kitty. Oh, that's right; the gate's open.'

They were in sight of a rustic gateway banked with masses of rhododendrons and other flowering shrubs, and through this Mrs. Scarlett deftly guided the phaeton, which seemed suddenly to run more quietly along the pretty curved gravel drive, whose sides were lawn of the most velvety green; while flowers of the brightest hues filled the many beds. The grounds were extensive, though the house was small and cottage-like, with its highly-pitched gables, latticed windows, and red brick walls covered with magnificent specimens of creeping plants. On either side of the house were pretty extensive conservatories, and glimpses of other glass-houses could be seen beyond a tall thick hedge of yew. In fact, it was just the *beau-ideal* of a pretty country-home, with a steep slope down to the river.

'Here we are, old fellow,' cried Scarlett, as he leaped out and helped his wife to alight.—'Are they warm, Tom?'

'No, sir; not turned a hair, sir.'

'That's right.—Now then, Arthur. Same room as you had before. Will you take anything after your ride?'

'O dear, no,' said Prayle; 'and if you'll allow me, I'll ramble about till dinner.'

'Do just what you like, old man. There are cigars and cigarettes in the study. If there's anything else you want, just ring.'

'Oh, don't; pray don't,' said Prayle deprecatingly. 'You will spoil my visit if you make so much of me.'

'Make much of you, lad? Stuff!—Good-bye, Buddy; good-bye, Jen,' he cried, patting the cobs.—'Take care of them, Tom.—Beauties, aren't they, Arthur? My present to Kate. Now then, come along.'

He led the visitor into the tiled hall, at every corner of which was some large *jardinière* full of flowers, and up the broad staircase to the guest-chamber, flowers being in the window even here; while the floors were covered with the softest carpets and rugs, and pictures and engravings of no little merit covered the walls.

'You have a magnificent place here, James,' said the visitor, with a sigh.

'Nonsense, man. Half the beauty is Nature's own doing, aided by your humble servant, Kitty, old John Monnick, and a couple of labourers. Why, I pay less for this pretty Elizabethan cottage than I should for some brick dungeon in a Bloomsbury square. Less? Why, I don't pay half. Now, I'm going to unfig.'

He nodded brightly at his guest, and left the room, when a scowl came over Prayle's face, and in a low voice he said between his teeth: 'Why should this boor be rolling in wealth, while I have to pinch and spare and contrive in my dim blank chambers? The world is not fair. Oh, it is not fair!'

As he stood there in the middle of the room, a distant sound made him turn his head sharply, and he caught sight of his frowning face in the dressing-glass, when, smoothing away the wrinkles, he paid a few attentions to his personal appearance, and went down to stroll about the grounds.

## CHAPTER II.—FANNY'S MAGAZINES.

'Have you brought my magazines, William?' said a bright-faced, eager girl, with no slight pretensions to good looks, as she stood there in her neat, dark, closely fitting dress with white apron, collar and cuffs, and natty muslin cap with black ribbon, looking the very model of the neat-handed Phyllis many people think so satisfactory for a parlour-maid. The William addressed was a broad-shouldered, heavy-looking young man of three or four and thirty, dressed in brown velvet coat and vest, and drab cord trousers. He was very cleanly shaved; his fair crisp hair closely cut; and he had evidently been paying a great deal of attention to his heavy boots. There was a sprig of southernwood in his button-hole, a smaller sprig in his mouth; and he held in one hand his soft felt hat; in the other, one of those ash, quarter-staff-looking implements, with a tiny spade at the end, known to farmers as a thistle-spud—a companion that served him as walking-stick and a means of getting rid of the obnoxious weeds about his little farm. For Brother William, otherwise William Cressy, farmed the twenty acres that had been held by his ancestors for the past two hundred years, and it was his custom to walk over every Saturday to see how his sister Fanny was getting on, the said young lady having been in service at the Rosery ever since James Scarlett's marriage. He always timed his visit so that he should get there just before Martha set out the tea-things, and from regular usage Martha always placed an extra cup—extra large as well.

'Yes; here they be,' said Brother William, solemnly drawing a couple of the most romantic and highly flavoured of the penny weeklies of the day from his breast-pocket, and opening and smoothing them out, so as to display to the best advantage the woodcuts on the front pages of each, where, remarkably similar in style, a very undulatory young lady in evening dress was listening to the attentions of a small-headed, square-shouldered gentleman of impossible height, with an enormous moustache, worn probably to make up for his paucity of cranial hair. 'Yes; here they be; and I don't think much of 'em either.'

'No! what do you know about them?' said the girl sharply. 'If it had been the *Farmer's Friend*, with its rubbish about crops and horseballs and drenches, you would say it was good reading.'

'Mebbe,' said Brother William, placing his soft hat very carefully upon the rounded knob of his thistle staff, and standing it up in a corner of the

room adjoining the kitchen. 'Mebbe, Fanny, my lass; but I don't see what good it's going to do you reading 'bout dooks and lords a-marrying housemaids, as they don't never do—do they, Martha?'

'I never knew of such a thing, Mr Cressy,' said Martha in a quiet demure way. 'I did once hear of a gentleman marrying his cook.'

'Yes,' said Brother William solemnly, 'I think I did hear of such a thing as that, and that might be sensible; but in them magazines they never marry the cooks—it's always the housemaids—and Fanny's getting her head full of stuff.'

'You mind your own business, William, and let me mind mine, if you please,' said the young lady warmly.

'Oh, all right, my dear; only, I'm your brother, you know,' said the young man, hitching himself more comfortably into his chair. 'Got company, I see.'

'How did you know?' cried Fanny.

'I was over at the station delivering my bit o' wheat, when the master come in with that Mr Prayle. I don't think much of him.'

'And pray, why not?'

'Dunno. Seems too smooth and underhanded like. I didn't take to him when he come round my farm.'

'You're a very foolish, prejudiced fellow, William,' said Fanny warmly; and she whisked herself out of the room.

'That's what mother used to say,' said Brother William, thoughtfully rubbing his broad palms to and fro along the polished arms of the chair. 'She used to say: "Wilyum, my boy, thou'rt prejudiced;" and I s'pose I am. That sort o' thing is in a man's natur', and can only be bred out in time.—Is tea 'most ready, Martha Betts?'

Martha replied by filling up the teapot, and proceeding to cut some bread and butter, of both of which refreshing kinds of nutriment Brother William partook largely upon the return of his sister, who soon after hurried away to attend to her duties, that being a busy night.

#### CHAPTER III.—'JACK.'

To 'unfig,' with James Scarlett, meant to thoroughly change his London garments for an easy suit of flannels, such as he used for boating and gardening; the latter pursuit being one of which he was passionately fond. He had begun by having a professed gardener, and ended by being his own head. For the sharp professed gardener seemed to be imbued with the idea that the grounds and glass-houses of the Rosery were his special property, out of whose abundance he grudgingly allowed his master a few cut flowers, an occasional cucumber, now and then a melon, and at times a bunch of grapes, and a nectarine or peach.

'Hang the fellow, Kitty!' cried Scarlett one day; 'he bullies poor old Monnick, and snubs me, and I feel as if I were nobody but the paymaster. It won't do. What's the good of living in the country with such a garden as this, if one can't have abundance of fruit and flowers for one's friends?'

'It does seem too bad, certainly, dear,' she replied. 'I don't get half the flowers I should like.'

The result was that the professed gardener left,

saying that he wanted to be where the master was a gentleman, and not one who meddled in the garden like a jobbing hand. Furthermore, he prophesied that the Rosery would go to ruin now; and when it did not go to ruin, but under its master's own management put forth such flowers and fruit as the place had never seen before, the dethroned monarch declared that it was scandalous for one who called himself a gentleman to suck a poor fellow's brains and then turn him out like a dog.

Unfigged, James Scarlett hurried out into the garden with his fair partner, and for a good hour was busy seeing how much certain plants had grown since the previous evening. Then there was an adjournment to the grape-house, where the great black Hambros grew so well and in such abundance, without artificial heat; and here, about half an hour later, a very keen-looking, plainly-dressed man heard the sound of singing as he walked down the path from the house. He paused and listened, with a pleasant smile coming upon his earnest face, and as he stood attent, a judge of humankind who had gazed upon his broad shoulders and lithe strong limbs, and the keen intelligent look in his face, would have said that Nature had meant him for a handsome man, but had altered her mind to make him look like one of the clever ones of earth. He laughed, and after listening for a minute, went on softly and stood in the doorway, looking up. The large house with its span roof was covered with the sweetly scented leaves of the young vine growth, and everywhere hung pendent bunches in their immature state, with grapes no larger than so many peas. It was not upon these that the visitor's eyes were fixed, but upon a stout plank stretching from one iron tie of the grape-house to another; for, perched upon this plank, to whose height approach was gained by a pair of steps, sat the owners of the place, with heads thrown back, holding each a bunch of grapes with one hand, a pair of pointed scissors with the other, which clicked as they snipped away, thinning out the superabundant berries, which kept on falling, and making a noise like the *avant-garde* of a gentle hailstorm on a summer's day. As they snipped, the grape-thinners sang duet after duet, throwing plenty of soul into the harmony which was formed by a pleasant soprano and deep tenor voice.

The visitor stood for fully five minutes, watching and laughing silently, before he said aloud: 'What a place this is for birds!'

Mrs Scarlett started; her scissors fell tinkling upon the tiled floor, and her face followed suit with her name.

'Why, Jack!' shouted Scarlett, leaping off the board, and then holding it tightly as his wife uttered a cry of alarm.—'All right, dear; you shan't fall. There, let me help you down.'

'I beg your pardon, Mrs Scarlett,' said the visitor apologetically. 'It was very thoughtless of me. I am sorry.'

'O Jack, old fellow, Kitty don't mind. It was only meant for a bit of fun. But how did you get down?'

'Train, and walked over, of course.'

'I am glad to see you,' said Scarlett. 'Why didn't you say you were coming, and meet me at the station?'

'Didn't know I was coming till the last moment. —Will you give me a bit of dinner, Mrs Scarlett?'

'Will we give you a bit of dinner?' cried Scarlett. 'Just hark at him! There, come along; never mind the grapes. I say, how's the practice —improving?'

'Pooh! No. I shall never get on. I can't stick to their old humdrum ways. I want to go forward and take advantage of the increased light science gives us, and consequently they say I'm unorthodox, and the fellows about won't meet me in consultation.'

'Well, you always were a bit of a quack, old boy,' said Scarlett, laughing.

'Always, always. I accept the soft impeachment. But is a man to run the chariot of his life down in the deeply worn rut made by his ancestors? I say, let us keep to the rut when it is true and good; but let us try and make new, hard, sensible tracks where we can improve upon the old. It is my honest conviction that in the noble practice of medicine, a man may—ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! Just look at your husband's face, Mrs Scarlett,' cried their visitor, bursting into a hearty, uncontrollable fit of honest, contagious laughter.

'My face!' said Scarlett. 'Why, of course. I hurry back home for country enjoyment, and you begin a confounded lecture on medical science. I'm quite well, thank you, doctor, and won't put out my tongue.'

'Well? Yes, you always are well,' said the other. 'I never saw such a man as your husband, Mrs Scarlett; he is disgustingly robust and hearty. Such men ought to be forced to take some complaint. Why, if there were many of them, my profession would become bankrupt.'

'You must be faint after your walk, Doctor Scales,' said Mrs Scarlett. 'Come in and have a glass of wine and a biscuit; it is some time yet to dinner.'

'Thanks. But may I choose for myself?'

'Of course.'

'Then I have a lively recollection of a lady with whom I fell in love last time I was here.'

'A lady—fell in love?'

'Yes. Let me see,' said the visitor. 'She is pretty well photographed upon my brain.'

'I say Jack, old boy, what do you mean?' cried Scarlett.

'By your leave, sir,' said the doctor, waving one strong brown hand. 'Let me see: she had large, full, lustrous-beaming eyes, which dwelt upon me kindly; her breath was odorous of the balmy meads.'

'Why, the fellow's going to do a sonnet,' cried Scarlett. But the doctor paid no heed, and went on.

'Her lips were dewy, her mousy skin was glossy, her black horns curved, and as she ruminating stood'

'Why, he means Dolly,' cried Mrs Scarlett, clapping her hands—'Jersey Dolly.—A glass of new milk, Doctor Scales?'

'The very culmination of my wishes, madam,' said the doctor, nodding.

'Then why couldn't you say so in plain English?' cried Scarlett, clapping him on the shoulder. 'What a fellow you are, Jack! I say, if you get talking in such a metaphorical manner

about salts and senna and indigestion, I don't wonder at the profession being dead against you.'

'Would you like to come round to the dairy, Doctor Scales?' said Mrs Scarlett.

'I'd rather go there than into the grandest palace in the world.'

'Then come along,' cried Scarlett, thrusting his arm through that of his old schoolfellow; and the little party went down a walk, through an opening in a laurel hedge, and entered a thickly thatched, shady, red brick building, with ruddy-tiled floor, and there, in front of them was a row of shallow glistening tins, brimming with rich milk, whose top was thick with yellow cream.

'Hah! how deliciously cool and fresh!' cried the doctor, as his eye ranged over the white churn and marble slabs. 'Some men are wonderfully proud of their wine-cellars, but at a time like this I feel as if I would rather own a dairy and keep cows.'

'Now then, Kitty, give him his draught,' said Scarlett.

'Yes, just one glass,' cried the doctor; 'and here we are,' he said, pausing before a great shallow tin, beyond which was freshly chalked the word 'Dolly.' 'This is the well in the pleasant oasis from which I'd drink.'

'Give him some quickly, Kitty,' cried Scarlett; 'his metaphors will make me ill.'

'Then my visit will not have been in vain,' cried the doctor merrily. Then he ejaculated 'Hah!' very softly, and closed his eyes as he partook of the sweet rich draught, set down the glass, and after wiping his lips, exclaimed: "Serenely calm, the epicure may say."

'O yes; I know,' said Scarlett, catching him up. "Fate cannot harm me—I have dined to-day." But you have not dined yet, old fellow; and you shall have such a salad! My own growing; Kitty's making. Come along now, and let's look round. Prayle's here.'

'Is he?' said the doctor, raising his eyebrows slightly, and his tone seemed to say: 'I'm sorry to hear it.'

'Yes, poor fellow; he's working too hard, and I brought him down to stay over Sunday and Monday. Now you've come, and we'll have'

'No, no; I must get back. None of your unmanly temptations. I'm going to catch the last up-train to-night.'

'One of your patients in a dangerous state, I suppose?' said Scarlett, with a humorous glance at his wife.

'No; worse luck! I've no patients waiting for me. I say, old fellow, you haven't a rich old countess about here—baroness would do—one who suffers from chronic spleen, as the French call it? Get me called in there, you know, and make me her confidential attendant.'

'Why, there's Lady Martlett,' said Scarlett, with another glance at his wife which plainly said: 'Hold your tongue, dear.' 'Widow lady. Just the body. I daresay she'll be here on Monday.'

'Oh, but I'm off back to-night.'

'Are you?' said Scarlett.—'Kitty, my dear, Jack Scales is your prisoner. You are the châtelaine here, and as your superior, I order you to render him up to me safe and sound for transport back to town on Tuesday morning.'



'Oh, nonsense; I must go back.'

'Yes; that's what all prisoners say or think,' said Scarlett, laughing.—'Don't be too hard upon the poor fellow, dear. He may have as much milk as he likes. Soften his confinement as pleasantly as you can.—Excuse me, Jack. There's Prayle.'

He nodded, and went off down one of the paths, and his departure seemed to have taken with it some of the freedom and ease of the conversation that had been carried on; the doctor's manner becoming colder, and the bright girlish look fading out of Mrs Scarlett's face.

'This is very, very kind of you both,' he said, turning to her; 'but I really ought not to stay.'

'James will be quite hurt, I am sure, if you do not,' she answered. 'He thinks so much of you.'

'I'm glad of it,' said the doctor earnestly; and Mrs Scarlett's face brightened a little. 'He's one of the most frank and open-hearted fellows in the world. It's one of the bright streaks in my career that we have always remained friends. Really I envy him his home here, though I fear that I should be out of place in such a country-life.'

'I do not think you would, Doctor Scales,' said his hostess; 'but of course he is busy the greater part of his time in town, and that makes the change so nice.'

'But you?' said the doctor. 'Do you not find it dull when he is away?'

'I? I find it dull?' she cried, with a girlish laugh. 'O dear, no. I did for the first month; but you have no idea how busy I am. James has made me such a gardener; and I superintend. Come and see my poultry and the cows.'

'To be sure I will,' said the doctor more warmly, as they walked on towards a fence which separated them from a meadow running down to the river, where three soft fawn-coloured Jersey cows were grazing, each of which raised its head slowly, and came up, munching the sweet grass, to put its deer-like head over the fence to feel the touch of its mistress's hand.

'Are they not beauties?' cried Mrs Scarlett. 'There's your friend Dolly,' she continued. 'She won't hurt you.'

'I'm not afraid,' he said, smiling; and then a visit was paid to where the poultry came rushing up to be fed, and then follow their mistress; while the pigeons hovered about, and one more venturesome than the others settled upon her head.

They saw no more of Scarlett till just before dinner, when they met him with Prayle; and now it was that, after feeling warmer and more friendly towards his young hostess than he ever had felt before, the unpleasant sense of distance and of chill came back, as the doctor was shown up into his room.

'I'm afraid I'm prejudiced,' he said. 'She's very charming, and the natural girlish manner comes in very nicely at times; but somehow, Kate Scarlett, I never thought you were quite the wife for my old friend.—Let's play fair,' he said, as he stood contemplatively wiping his hands upon a towel that smelt of the pure fresh air. 'What have I to say against her?'

He remained silent for a few moments, and

then said aloud: 'Nothing; only that she has always seemed to distrust me, and I have distrusted her. Why, I believe we are jealous of each other's influence with poor old Jem.'

He laughed as he said these words, and then went down-stairs, to find that his stay at the Rosery was to be more lively than he had anticipated, for, upon entering the drawing-room, he was introduced by Mrs Scarlett to a stern-looking, gray, elderly lady as 'my Aunt Sophia,' and to a rather pretty girl, 'Miss Naomi Raleigh,' the former of which two ladies he had to take in to dinner.

#### LETTERS AND LETTER-WRITING.

PERHAPS there are few things on which we bestow less thought than on the writing and transit of our letters. This may arise from a thoughtless misconception of the important bearing which postal communication has upon the welfare and happiness of mankind. That the practice of letter-writing and the system of postal communication were known to the ancients, both sacred and profane history attest. In sacred history we have the letters of Jezebel written in Ahab's name, and sealed with the king's seal, to the elders and nobles of the city in which Naboth dwelt. We have also the letter of the king of Syria to the king of Israel, recommending to his good offices his servant Naaman; and those of Ahasuerus sent by posts into all the king's provinces; and the posts, we are told, went out, being hastened by the king's commandment. According to profane history, the Persians—to whom we seem to be indebted for the idea of posts—had at one time no other method of transmitting intelligence than by persons stationed at certain distances from each other—hence the name posts, which has been retained even to our day. These persons, it is said, passed from one to another, in a shrill clear voice, the communication with which they were charged.

This system is obviously primitive, and no doubt rapidly gave place to the message being conveyed by swift runners, afterwards known as couriers. We know that these couriers existed at a very early date, and it was customary for them to dress according to the nature of their message—one description of dress denoting good tidings, another evil tidings. Among the Chinese, who had both horse and foot couriers, the foot-man's dress was adorned with a girdle of bells, which being heard at a distance, gave warning as the runner approached a village, and thus gave the next runner who was to take the message up, time to be in readiness, so that the despatch suffered no delay. We have a beautiful example of the expeditious manner in which intelligence could be conveyed in this way, given by Sir Walter Scott in his *Lady of the Lake*, where he describes the raising of the fiery cross. Each runner on receiving it was compelled in spite of all obstacles to carry it forward, delaying no longer than to hear the place of muster:

The muster-place is Lanrick mead;  
Speed forth the signal! clansman, speed!

We are inclined to marvel at foot-couriers

having been employed, when greater expedition might have been procured by employing horsemen. But it must be borne in mind that few countries at that time gave much attention to civil engineering; and in the absence of roads, or at least in the absence of good roads, the footman might be able to undertake many a path which the horseman would shrink from attempting. Besides, we are apt, in this age of ours, when the means of rapid locomotion are so easily obtained, to underrate the pedestrian powers of man. It is related that the Earl of Home, early last century, gave his footman a commission, towards the close of the day, to proceed from Hume Castle in Berwickshire to Edinburgh, a distance of thirty-five miles, in order to deliver a letter of high political importance. Early next morning, when his lordship entered the hall, he saw the man sleeping on a bench, and was proceeding to some rash act, thinking he had neglected his duty, when the footman awoke, and gave the Earl the answer to his letter. Lord Home was equally surprised and gratified with the man's amazing powers of speed. Valuable and much employed as foot-couriers may have been, however, it does not appear that they have any place in the postal history of our country.

The first general post of which we can boast was a riding-post, and was established under Edward IV. Prior to that date, all communications had to be sent by private messenger, unless those of state, for the conveyance of which government kept a few paid officials. These horse-posts, long both irregular and infrequent, gradually merged into the once much-thought-of postboy with his twanging horn, whom Cowper has described in the lines beginning,

He comes, the herald of a noisy world.

This public functionary, upon whose diligence and fidelity so much depended, and around whom time has thrown a certain degree of romance, appears to have been in most instances but a raw and thoughtless lad, without the means, and probably without the inclination, of offering resistance, if need were, in defence of his charge. We have said, if need were; but in those days there was no lack of need, for an attack upon the mail was a thing of no rare occurrence. Indeed, robberies became so frequent, that most people began to think of some more secure means of conveyance for their valuables; and the contents of the mailbags at length became so worthless that the robber was not remunerated for his pains. Added to this was the slow rate of speed at which the mails were conveyed. The stipulated rate was five miles an hour; but it was complained that the actual rate seldom amounted to four. To us, four miles an hour seems almost incredible as the maximum rate of speed of a man on horseback; but in forming our opinion on this matter, we must not omit to take into consideration the woful condition of the roads at the beginning of the last century. In many parts, it was reckoned dangerous to life to travel, no matter how conveyed. Carriages were overturned; horses stumbled and fell; even travellers on foot had cause for alarm. No better proof of the difficulty of travelling at that period could be furnished

than the paucity of the number that attempted it. Each one dwelt in his own district, and was in a great measure shut out from all the world beyond.

By the beginning of the present century, however, great improvements in the roads had taken place, and by that time the conveyance of the mails had been transferred from the postboy to the stagecoach. The reform was a great one. Instead of four miles an hour, the mailcoach, with its team of thorough-breds, unstrung the nerves of some people by careering at the rate of ten. Dignified by drivers from amongst the aristocracy, and guards attired in royal livery of scarlet, and armed to the teeth, the mail was the object of no ordinary attention as it dashed through the towns and hamlets that lay along its route. After the new system was introduced, robberies were of rare occurrence, and the guard, therefore, carried his firearms in vain.

With the increased speed and greater security, there came, as might have been expected, a great increase of correspondence. Previous to the abandonment of the old mode, Sir Walter Scott relates that a friend of his had seen the London mail arrive in Edinburgh with only one letter. Notwithstanding its glory and display and great advantage over the old system, the mailcoach era was, comparatively speaking, a short-lived one. While M'Adam and others were planning and preparing roads of a greatly improved character, so that the mailcoach might extend its usefulness, an illiterate and obscure individual in the mining districts of the northern counties of England was planning and preparing a vehicle for the running of which M'Adam's roads were not adapted; and on that eventful day when the strangely constructed vehicle accomplished its first journey between Liverpool and Manchester, at the rate of twenty-nine miles an hour, the death-knell of the mailcoach was sounded. Iron roads were rapidly multiplied; and the honour of conveying His Majesty's mails was transferred from the stagecoach to the iron-horse. Now, our letters are carried in a night from the great metropolis to all the provincial towns throughout the kingdom; we need be under no apprehension that the mail may be stopped by highwaymen and robbed; we are freed from the necessity of seeing hundreds of our best horses used up annually in this service, for the strong arm of the propeller is never weary, and we have only to tell it where to begin and where to stop.

Having thus briefly alluded to the methods by which our letters have been conveyed, we now call attention to some of their peculiarities. Perhaps we cannot do this better than to suppose that we are about to write a letter. Let us begin, then, by writing our address and the date on which our letter is to be posted in a plain and distinct hand. Many people omit to do this; and others write in such an illegible hand, that the result is, should the letter fail to reach its destination, and be sent to the Returned-letter Office, it cannot be restored to the sender.

If it is your desire, therefore, to avert disappointment and difficulty, give the address from which you write in a clear and legible hand. Having done so, reflect a moment on the manner in which you should address the individual to

whom you are writing. Don't rush thoughtlessly into the most endearing terms; neither be too cold nor studiously polite. Be guided in this respect by the tenor of the lines which you have to write. It is not a little amusing, sometimes, to see how some address you as 'My dear Sir,' and then go on to threaten you with the utmost rigour of law, and after all subscribe themselves, 'Yours very truly.' Such a style of writing is, to say the least, incongruous. Yet while careful to avoid this error, we should be no less careful to avoid giving offence or causing pain by a distant and reserved manner of address. A friend is sometimes keenly alive to the meaning conveyed in the manner by which he is addressed, and seeks to gather from it the warmth of friendship that glows in the breast of his correspondent. No one is more sensitive on this point than a lover. To fall from 'My dear Samuel' to 'My dear Sir,' or to the more formal 'Sir,' is bad enough; but to fall from 'My dearest Mary' to 'Madam' is cruel, and may cause many sleepless nights and sorrowful days. Let us beware, then, lest we unintentionally and thoughtlessly wound the feelings of those whom we address.

As we have already said, let the form of our salutation be in keeping with the tenor of the letter we have to write; and let the letter take its form from the circumstances that call it forth. If it be a business one, let it be brief. If it be a begging one, let it be characterised by humility. If it be a friendly one, let it be free and ingenuous. If it be a love effusion, let us while we are writing it have our mind's eye fixed on the possibility of an action being raised for breach of promise. As a specimen of brevity, perhaps the reader is aware, through Dean Ramsay's *Reminiscences*, of the laconic epistles of the head-keeper of Lord Tweeddale's kennel, when forwarding to his lordship in London information of the condition of a favourite dog named Pickle. Three letters were written on the subject, and the whole three were comprised in eight words: First letter—'Pickle's no weel.' Second letter—'Pickle's nae better.' Third letter—'Pickle's dead.'

Be our letters long or short, however, they must have an end, and having reached the end, let us see to it that we attest what we have written by our signature. Anonymous letters are like stabs in the dark; there is a want of manliness about them. If we have a statement to make, we should have the courage to avow it.

Another injunction which to many might seem needless, but which is nevertheless of great importance, is, that having proceeded with your letter thus far, be sure you address it. 'Address it!' does any one say. 'Who needs to be reminded of this?' But astonishing as it may appear, it is true that many thousands of letters are posted every year without any address. These letters in most cases bear stamps. We have seen them with stamps affixed to the value of a shilling, and yet unaddressed. In addition to those blank missives, there are hundreds of thousands so imperfectly and incorrectly addressed as to baffle all attempts to deliver them. As an instance of insufficiency we mention one which came from the other side of the Atlantic addressed to 'WIDOW M'CAFFERTY, 25 miles from Glasgow.'

How the writer of such a letter could for a moment suppose that there was the slightest hope of Widow M'Cafferty being found, it is difficult to understand. This, it must be borne in mind is no solitary instance of peculiarity of address, for there are many letters received daily, so absurdly addressed, that one is strongly inclined to believe the writers are much of the same mind as Katie, who, in writing to her sweetheart, refrained from putting his name outside, in case some prying neighbour should discover to whom her love had been given.

The last injunction we would give on the subject of address is, address your letters fully. It appears to be the opinion of most people residing in cities or large towns, that when they write to any one residing in the same town with themselves, it is quite unnecessary to give the name of the town as part of the address. Now, this is a grand mistake; for letters are not unfrequently carried out of their way by getting into the folds of some larger packet; and when they are found in another town from that in which they have been posted, simply addressed to a street, it is presumed that they have been posted at the place in which they are found; and consequently, in such a case there is nothing for it but to send them to the Returned-letter Office. It sometimes happens, too, that letters addressed to streets, such as Miller Street, for instance, without the post-town being added, are sent to Millerston; or London St to London. A case of this nature occurred some time ago at Glasgow. A letter posted in that city, addressed 'Mr —, Consulate de France,' and which should have been delivered at the French Consul's office an hour or so after being posted, was sorted instead to the Foreign division, forwarded to London, thence to Paris; and only on its reaching the latter city was it discovered that it was intended for Glasgow, to which place it was ultimately returned. But this was not all; for as it bore only a penny stamp when posted, it was surcharged sevenpence, as being insufficiently prepaid; and when at last it was offered to the addressee, he had not only to complain of some four or five days' delay, but also of being charged sevenpence for a letter which should have been delivered free. All this, it will be seen, might have been prevented by adding the word 'Glasgow' to the address.

For the treatment of a certain class of imperfectly addressed letters, there exists in the metropolis an office known as the 'Blind-letter Office.' It must not be supposed, however, that this office is blind, as its name implies; on the contrary, it is credited with the power of bestowing sight. The letters on which it is called to operate belong to that class which are addressed after the style of 'Bill Stumps, his mark,' a style of writing which so puzzled the worthy Mr Pickwick. There are some missives, of course, stone-blind, and such can receive no cure from the oculists of the department. A number of letters are rendered blind by the inability of many people to master the spelling of that English post-town called by the foreign-looking name of Ashby-de-la-Zouch. By the illiterate class, as might be expected, this town never receives its correct orthography. 'Ash-Bedles-or-such' may be given as an instance of the desperate attempts to get at it. To remedy

the defect of vision in all such cases, is the work of the Blind-letter Office.

As we have now completed our imaginary letter, it follows, of course, that we should post it; and it might have been interesting to the uninitiated to have followed it through its various sortations, and watched its manner of treatment; but this, space forbids. We will, therefore, drop it into the slit, and leave it to its fate. As it falls from our hands, we cannot help reflecting that the post-office is much like the grave—a terrible leveller. Here the rich and the poor meet together—the servant and his master lie side by side. Here the godly and the profane are brought into contact—the learned and the illiterate mingle freely. Here is the lovely pink, profusely perfumed love-letter, just dropped from the hands of some beautiful and accomplished lady; and here the dirty fire-browned epistle of some unsoaped denizen of the alleys, sealed with cobbler's rosin and the application of thimble or key. All jostle each other in the general mêlée—all are favoured with the same knocks on the head by the official who stamps them, and all distinction continues to be set aside so long as they are in charge of the post-office. But as soon as they pass out of its custody, the distinctions are again set up; for on receipt, some are ignominiously cast aside, or carelessly thrust into the pocket of some shabby coat, and called on when occasion requires to do service in lighting a tobacco-pipe. Others are carried into the parlour on a silver salver, by a trim waiting-maid, and after being read over ever so many times, are laid carefully past as a piece of valued treasure, and long cherished as a memorial of some absent loved one and of some deliciously happy time.

### SLEEPLESSNESS.

NOTHING lowers the vital forces more than sleeplessness, which may generally be traced to one of four causations: (1) Mental worry; (2) a disordered stomach; (3) excessive muscular exertion; (4) functional or organic disease. Loss of sleep is, when rightly understood, one of Nature's premonitory warnings that some of her physical laws have been violated. When we are troubled with sleeplessness, it becomes requisite to discover the primary cause, and then to adopt suitable means for its removal. When insomnia, or sleeplessness, arises from mental worry, it is indeed most difficult to remove. The best and perhaps only effectual plan under such circumstances is a spare diet, combined with plenty of outdoor exercise, thus to draw the blood from the brain; for it is as impossible for the brain to continue active without a due circulation of blood, as it is for an engine to move without steam.

When suffering from mental distress, a hot soap-bath before retiring to rest is an invaluable agent for obtaining sleep, as by its means a more equable blood-pressure becomes established, promoting a decrease of the heart's action and relaxation of the blood-vessels. Many a sleepless night owes its origin to the body's temperature being unequal. In mental worry, the head is often hot and the feet cold, the blood being

driven to the brain. The whole body should be well washed over with carbolic soap and sponged with *very* hot water. The blood then becomes diverted from the brain, owing to an adequate diffusion of circulation. Tea and coffee should not be taken of an evening when persons suffer from insomnia, as they directly induce sleeplessness, being nervine stimulants. A sharp walk of about twenty minutes is also very serviceable before going to bed.

Sleeplessness is sometimes engendered by a disordered stomach. Whenever this organ is overloaded, its powers are disordered, and wakefulness or a restless night is its usual accompaniment. Dr C. J. B. Williams, F.R.S., remarks that no food should be taken at least within one hour of bedtime. It cannot be too generally realised that the presence of undigested food in the stomach is one of the most prevailing causes of sleeplessness.

Persons suffering from either functional or organic disease are peculiarly liable to sleeplessness. When inability to sleep persistently occurs, and cannot be traced to any perverted mode of life or nutrition, there is good reason for surmising that some *latent* malady gives rise to so truly a distressing condition. Under these circumstances, instead of making bad worse, by swallowing deadly sleeping-drugs, a scientific physician should be without delay consulted. Functional disorders of the stomach, liver, and heart, are often the primary source of otherwise unaccountable wakefulness.

Recently, the dangerous and lamentable habit of promiscuously taking sleeping-draughts has unfortunately become very prevalent, entailing misery and ill-health to a terrible degree. Most persons addicted to this destructive practice erroneously think that it is better to take a sleeping-draught than lie awake. A greater mistake could hardly exist. All opiates more or less occasion mischief, and even the state of stupefaction they induce utterly fails to bring about that revitalisation resulting from natural sleep. The physiological effect of hypnotics, or sleeping draughts, upon the system is briefly as follows: (1) They paralyse the nerve centres and disorder the stomach, rendering it unfit for its duties; witness the sickness and loss of appetite consequent upon a debauch. Chloral, chloroform, opium, &c., act upon the system much in the same way as inebriation. (2) One and all anaesthetics introduced into the body have *life-destroying* properties in a low degree—proved by an overdose being fatal. (3) The condition they produce is not sleep, but a counterfeit state of unconsciousness. (4) They directly poison the blood, consequent upon its carbonisation, resulting from their action. While speaking of sedatives, we cannot omit drawing special attention to chloral. This powerful drug is popularly supposed to give a quiet night's rest, without any of the after-effects (headache, &c.) produced by various preparations of morphia. Now, chloral is what is termed cumulative in its action, which implies, that even the same dose persisted in for a certain length of time may cause death. Of all hypnotics, chloral is by far the most deadly, and should never, under any circumstances, be taken except under medical supervision.



To epitomise what has already been said regarding sleeplessness: its rational cure should be arrived at in each individual case by seeking out the cause, and then removing the morbid action, of which it is but a natural sequence.

Lastly, sleeplessness under no circumstances should be neglected, as it acts disastrously both on the mental and physical forces.

Another contributor sends us the following, which is appropriate to the subject of this article:

When the health is in a satisfactory state, and there is freedom from care and annoyance, sound and refreshing sleep may be expected. Under such favourable circumstances, I usually sleep well, but have always found it difficult, when retiring to rest, to close my bedroom door on the cares and troubles of the day, and seek my pillow with thoughts of sleep alone. Whatever may have worried or caused recent annoyance is sure to intrude itself and be present in my thoughts when I endeavour to go to sleep; the brain is therefore kept active when it should be at rest, and consequently sleep is for a long time impossible. Towards morning, when the mind as well as the body has become wearied, some sleep may be obtained; but, as the brain is not even then composed, it is generally unsound and unrefreshing.

Amongst the remedies that have been recommended for sleeplessness are—the repeating of poetry, counting up to a hundred several times, &c. I have never heard, however, that such remedies were at all useful, and the reason is, I think, obvious: they keep the brain engaged when it should be at rest. For a long time, therefore, I was anxious to discover some plan by which the tendency to mental activity would be lessened and a favourable condition for sleep secured.

I had frequently noticed that when engaged in deep thought, particularly at night, there seemed to be something like a compression of the eyelids, the upper one especially, and the eyes themselves were apparently turned upwards, as if looking in that direction. This invariably occurred; and the moment that, by an effort, I arrested the course of thought, and freed the mind from the subject with which it was engaged, the eyes resumed their normal position, and the compression of the lids ceased. Now, it occurred to me one night that I would not allow the eyes to turn upwards, but keep them determinedly in the opposite position, as if looking down; and having done so for a short time, I found that the mind did not revert to the thoughts with which it had been occupied, and I soon fell asleep. I tried the plan again with the same result; and after an experience of two years, I can truly say that, unless when something specially annoying or worrying occurred, I have always been able to go to sleep very shortly after retiring to rest. There may occasionally be some difficulty in keeping the eyes in the position I have described; but a determined effort to do so is all that is required, and I am certain that if kept in the down-looking position, it will be found that composure and sleep will be the result.

It may be said that as the continued effort to keep the eyeballs in a certain position so diverts the attention as to free the mind from the

disagreeable subject with which it had been engaged, sleep will follow as a natural consequence. It is not improbable that this is to some extent correct; and if so, it is well that by means so simple and so easily adopted, such a desirable result can be secured. But I think this is not the only nor the principal reason. The position in which the eyes should be kept is the natural one; they are at ease in it; and when there is no compression of the lids or knitting of the brows, the muscles connected with and surrounding the eyes are relaxed. This condition is certainly much more favourable for sleep than for mental activity or deep thought.

#### MALAGA RAISINS.

A SHORT description of how grapes are prepared for the market may be of interest to housekeepers, as very many, though constantly using raisins of various sorts, have but little idea of the way in which they are dried for use.

Malaga, Valencia, and Smyrna raisins derive their names from the places whence they come. Of these, the Smyrna black raisins are the cheapest; the Malaga being held in the highest estimation, and fetching fully a third more than any other description of raisin. In Andalucia, in Spain, there are two distinct vines—the Pero-Ximenez, which was imported in the first instance from the borders of the Rhine by a German some two hundred and fifty years ago; and the Muscat, which is indigenous. Opinion as to the respective merits of the two vines varies; but their cultivation is conducted in the same way, manure of great strength being liberally supplied. The growth of the vines is different from those of Southern Italy. In Andalucia, they creep along the surface of the ground as strawberries do, thus gathering all the atmospheric heat; the branches appear like roots, and the grapes, though white, have a golden tinge. The vintage is very carefully conducted, the fruit not being all gathered at once, but the same ground gone over three times, so that all the grapes are properly ripe when picked. As they are gathered they are placed in baskets, and carried, either in carts or on the back of mules and asses, to the places where they undergo the processes of drying. The fruit, however, is often much injured in transit; and as no broken grapes can be properly dried, the loss from this cause is considerable.

The grapes are prepared for the market in three different ways—by simply drying in the sun; by washing; and by steam-drying. In following the first method, which is the general process in Malaga, divisions are constructed of either brick or stone, in an inclined position, exposed to the sun's rays. These divisions are built in at one end with a triangle formed of masonry, and so arranged that the sun always shines on its contents. The interiors of these compartments are thickly spread with fine gravel, to absorb the heat. Directly the grapes are gathered, they are put into these divisions, and are fully exposed to the intense heat of the Andalusian sun. It is stated by experienced cultivators that during the month of August they attain a temperature of a hundred and forty-five degrees Fahrenheit. While drying, the grapes

which remain green are carefully picked out, as they are spoiled; the others are turned, each grape singly, so that the proper uniformity of colour is observed. At night, the fruit is protected from the heavy dews or rain by stout canvas being stretched over the tops of the divisions. Some people put on planking instead. Grapes take a longer time drying in this manner than by the scalding plan, as then, they are ready in four days; but dried only by the sun's heat, they take ten days. This loss of time, however, is fully compensated for by the economy of the process.

In drying by washing, the following method is pursued. Furnaces of feeble draught are built, in which wood only is used as fuel; a lye is made from the residue or refuse of the grape after pressing, which is either that obtained from the present year's vintage, or what is left over from the last. The lye is put into a round kettle, capable of holding from three to four hundred litres. The grapes are then put into wire-sieves or colanders with long handles, and plunged into the lye, boiling at a temperature of about two hundred and twelve degrees Fahrenheit. After the first immersion, the grapes are looked over, to see if the skins are shrivelled enough; if not sufficiently done, they are plunged into the lye a second time. Sometimes a third immersion is necessary; but this is rarely the case. This process is very delicate, and requires care and experience on the part of the operator. The time of immersion is regulated by the quality of the skins, as they must not be allowed to burst, or even crack. If the heat has been too great, those raisins which are very rich in sugar are liable to mould after packing.

Drying by steam is chiefly followed in the province of Denia, because there the heat of the sun cannot be depended upon, as in Malaga. In wet vintage seasons, this plan is also adopted in the south. In carrying out the process, the grapes are exposed to the sun's rays for twenty-four hours, after which they are placed on boards, and carried into a building with shelves in it from six to seven feet high. Heat is produced by steam, which circulates through the building in an iron tube. The heat is kept up to one hundred and sixty degrees Fahrenheit; and valves, which are placed along the floor, regulate the temperature. The drying generally takes about twenty-four hours; but as too great a change of temperature suddenly experienced would cause injury to the raisins, they are allowed to cool gradually in a room built for this purpose, and adjoining the steaming apartment. When quite cool, they are carried to the stores for packing.

Both these latter methods are inferior to the simple sun-drying process, because they are more expensive, involving outlay in buildings, furnaces, and steam-pipes; and the raisins are, moreover, liable to the danger of fermentation during their transportation. Besides, they always have to be dried in the sun for a certain time before being ready to pack, whatever plan is pursued in curing them other than the sun-drying process.

When the drying is thoroughly accomplished, by whatever plan pursued, the raisins, prior to being packed for exportation, require to be carefully looked over, and all those broken and bruised ones removed, as a drop of moisture from such

would very likely damage a whole box. After this comes the proper classification, by no means an easy affair, as merchants and cultivators differ, often very materially, on this subject.

The boxes are generally made by contract, and cost about sevenpence or sevenpence-halfpenny each. The best are made from firwood, which is imported from Portugal. The producer provides and packs these boxes, which the merchants frequently repack, employing women and girls to perform this office. The boxes are generally divided into layers. Four layers will be contained in a whole box, representing, if of full size, about twenty-two pounds of fruit; the total weight with the filled box being from twenty-five to twenty-nine pounds.

Much of the above information is obtained from a Report recently published by Consul Marston of Malaga. It is very exhaustive, and gives interesting details respecting the trade, which is a rapidly increasing one. The crop of raisins in Malaga alone, from the vintage of 1880-81, was over two hundred thousand boxes; and the stock in the province, which a year ago was only estimated at fifty thousand boxes, is now stated to be about one hundred and fifty thousand boxes.

Besides the raisins already named, may be mentioned Sultanias—the best kind to use in making puddings, cakes, &c., for children—Muscatels, Lipari, Belvedere, Bloom or jar raisins, and Sun or Solis. The best kinds are imported in boxes and jars, such as Malaga and Muscatels; while the inferior sorts are shipped in casks, barrels, frails, and mats.

#### S O N N E T S.

##### LOVE STRONG AS DEATH.

A MOTHER watched with many a silent vow,  
Where, restless, lay her child, with burning brow,  
Fevered, yet weak, too ill to recognise  
Its Mother's anxious care and yearning eyes.  
One hour's neglect, and Death's cold stiff embrace  
Had touched with icy chill the little face;  
But one omission of each needful care,  
And the dread Angel had alighted there.  
Yet still the Mother at her post was found,  
While days and nights dragged on their weary round;  
Then on the infant fell a restful sleep,  
And happy tears the Mother's heart could weep:  
The struggle o'er, in peace the babe drew breath,  
And life returned—for Love was strong as Death.

##### LOVE STRONGER THAN DEATH.

The wailing infant grew to man's estate;  
But here again Death's angel lay in wait,  
And when life's rainbow shone most bright and clear,  
Its colours faded as the foe drew near.  
No meek unconscious child might now await,  
What worldlings idly call the stroke of Fate;  
They judged it best the babe had lost the strife,  
Than lived to fade, when clinging most to life,  
Unknowing how the young, but Christian soul  
Can face in hope and trust Heaven's distant goal.  
Such faith had he—though Mother's love was vain,  
She would not now recall her boy again;  
Still to her mourning heart his memory saith,  
'The Love and Life beyond shall conquer Death.'

M. P.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR  
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fourth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No. 1033.—VOL. XX.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1883.

PRICE 1½d.

## HINTS FOR WINTER TRAVELLERS.

THE time is fast approaching when many hundreds of dwellers in our sea-girt isle will have to face the problem of where to spend the winter months, and how best to escape the fogs and frosts of Britain, so that sensitive lungs may be healed, bronchial tubes have rest from the irritation produced by the smoke-laden atmosphere of our large towns, and the whole system regain and accumulate a store of strength for future use. The Italian and French Riviera, Davos-Platz, Egypt, Sicily, Madeira, the Cape—each has its host of adherents, who enthusiastically maintain that no place can approach their favourite resort for restorative and health-giving properties. With the respective merits of these rival claimants we have just now nothing whatever to do, beyond the warning—almost too obvious to be needed—that what suits one patient will by no means necessarily benefit another, even though the main features of the complaint from which each is suffering may have a certain amount of verisimilitude. The disease itself has not alone to be taken into account; but differences of constitution, temperament, and those various minutiae which to the lay mind appear as mere trifling details, have all a direct bearing upon the point at issue, and in the eye of a medical man constitute important factors in that sum of diverse symptoms, the careful consideration of which will alone enable him accurately to diagnose the character of his patients' ailments, and to prescribe the remedy most appropriate for each. Perhaps there exists no greater fallacy—as there is certainly none more harmful—than to suppose that because Davos-Platz, for instance, has benefited A, therefore B must of necessity be cured by a few months' sojourn there. 'But,' says the latter, 'A had hæmorrhage from the lungs, and so had I; therefore what cured him cannot be bad for me.' Not quite so fast, my friend. You forget, or possibly do not know, that the hæmoptysis which is the *one* symptom common to both, may proceed from very different causes. In a particular

case, it may show itself because a certain more advanced stage of phthisis has been reached; while in another, it may be simply the result of a, so to speak accidental, combination of circumstances, and, not necessarily indicating any true organic lesion, will require for its treatment an altogether different set of surroundings.

Leaving, then, the question of where to go, which, after all, each one has to determine for himself, a decision more often than not based on many things besides simple fitness of climate; for convenient access, good water and drainage, English comforts, a possibility of obtaining cheerful society, fairly level ground to walk upon, are all at times of equal importance with climatic conditions, necessary though it be to pay a due share of attention to these—setting aside, then, for the present, all this, and supposing the initial inquiry *where*, to have been definitely, it is hoped satisfactorily, settled, it may not be out of place to name some few points which would appear to be but seldom insisted upon by physicians, probably because of their very simplicity, but the neglect of which injuriously militates against the good which might otherwise be gained.

The writer has frequently been struck by the small amount of knowledge on health matters which is possessed by the invalids or semi-invalids whom one so often meets abroad. It is as if the very alphabet of sanitary science were unknown to them. And the many foolish, not to say foolhardy things done by those who are professedly in search of health, will more than account for their frequent return home—supposing they live to reach England once more—in an even worse state of health than when they left. Surely doctors are in some degree to blame for this. A physician must not make his own perfect acquaintance with physiology and hygiene, gained after long years of study, the measure of his patients' knowledge, or rather want of knowledge, on such matters; and yet this is practically what too many do. They send a voyageur to a—to him unknown—country, and give him neither directions, nor accurate landmarks, nor any guiding

light by whose help he might, perchance, with many stumbles and much weariness, at length reach a haven of safety. If a mariner, on an unknown coast, needs not only to be told where to look for the different harbours, but wants a clearly drawn-out chart, with shoals, and rocks, and the set of the currents, besides many other things, well marked, so that he may avoid running into danger, how equally necessary is it that one who has, so to speak, cast aside all his old bearings and adventured himself on new and untried ways, where health is the goal, but disease and death lurk in every bypath, should at least have some glimmering ray of knowledge to keep him on the right course, instead of being at the mercy of each wandering Will-o'-the-wisp, and so lured into treacherous bog and morass. And yet this is precisely the one thing which, as a rule, the traveller in search of health is apt to be without.

What, for instance, can be more delightful than to sit out of doors in the soft, sweet air of Southern Italy, and watch the setting sun with its train of golden splendour? Or on the shores of Greece, how pleasant it is to bask in the sunshine when a sirocco stirs the leaves around, and breaks the wavelets into rich-hued ripples, whose *reflets* have an almost kaleidoscopic effect. Such form of lotos-eating cannot surely be harmful! The air is soft and balmy, and the passing gusts still warmer, almost like a douche of hot spray going down the spine. No treachery can lurk beneath so much of luscious softness. How different from the dreaded Bora, whose chill breath freezes all it touches! And yet, it would really be far less perilous, well wrapped up, to struggle against the fierce north wind, than to linger exposed to the insidious sweetness of the desert-born southerly airs, or to inhale the moist-laden vapours which attend our Mediterranean sunsets. If English people would but condescend to learn from the inhabitants of the different places they visit—who, by all rules of common-sense, should be the best teachers of what is most fitting to be done in their own country—what a vast amount of misery might be spared. But no; the average Briton has not yet got over his insular prejudices, and is apt to set down all 'foreigners' as a set of ignoramuses. In Italy or Greece, the inhabitants would no more think of encountering the risks daily and hourly run by our own countrymen—and still more, countrywomen—than they would of attempting to swim Niagara. They know well that the period of sunset—say an hour before, and the same time after—is just about the most dangerous part of the whole twenty-four hours, especially for those who are at all susceptible to damp and cold; and as such, if encountered at all, is only to be guarded against by an extra supply of wraps, and, more important still, some covering over the mouth. By those who have not actually had experience of it, the suddenness of the change from a clear dry atmosphere

to one heavily charged with moisture, can hardly be realised. In five minutes, the deck and seats of a Mediterranean steamer will become so saturated with wet, that there will not be a place where it is possible to sit down, and all shawls and wraps have to be hastily picked up, and taken somewhere to dry, before they are again fit for use.

One hears so much of the warmth and bright sunshine of Italy, that it is hardly a matter for wonder if most travellers—certainly all inexperienced ones—leave their warm fur and woollen garments at home in England. In fact, it is almost possible to tell an English person by the smaller amount of wraps he or she will wear in winter. Amidst orange and lemon groves, when geraniums and myrtles are in bloom, and the prickly-pear clothes the hillsides with verdure, it seems almost out of keeping with Nature herself, to don other than the lightest attire. And yet, cool days do come, and a slight fall in the temperature seems to produce more effect, than would in England be the case with a much greater accession of cold. Then, too, the hot sunshine, delightful and revivifying as it is, constitutes an element of danger. The writer has known, in Genoa, days when, exposed to the sun's glare, the heat was almost unendurable; while in streets closed in by lofty palaces, the cold was so great, that unless a cloak or rug were in readiness to put on, it was impossible even to walk without shivering. It is just these sudden alternations of temperature which are to be guarded against. The streets, say in Leghorn or Naples—still more in some parts of Sicily—are hot as a baker's oven. Enter a museum, or a church with its marbled floor and lofty vaulted roof, and you feel as if going into an ice-house. Thus it is at all times well to be provided with some extra covering, which can easily be put on as occasion requires, while woollen stockings should always be worn. At Naples, even so late as April, the Neapolitan ladies, when going for their afternoon drive, may be seen wrapped up in fur garments, while our countrywomen are conspicuous as wearing much less warm clothing.

The men, too, wrap up much more than we do in England, where you rarely see the fur-lined and trimmed coats which are so general in Italy. The cloaks worn by men in Spain seem admirably adapted to provide against sudden changes of temperature, besides being sufficiently picturesque to satisfy even an Oscar Wilde. In warm sunshine, they can be thrown open; when colder weather comes on, they are drawn closely around the figure and even over the mouth, thus forming a perfect protection from damp and cold. To our ideas, it seems a little strange, in the midst of orange trees and semi-tropical plants luxuriantly growing in the open air, to see men muffled up more than an Englishman would be in mid-winter. The mantilla, so gracefully worn by Spanish ladies, and a similar headgear adopted by the daughters of Italy, give an impression of coolness and insufficient clothing, which is, after all, more in idea than anything else. The luxuriant hair, an almost invariable attribute of every woman



one meets, does not need the addition of heavy straw or velvet; and the fine lace folds not only break the force of strong air-currents, but, when worn over the mouth, act as a respirator of the very best kind, as not excluding, but gently filtering, the air in its passage to the lungs.

Heavy clothing, either here or abroad, is without doubt to be avoided; all garments should, on the contrary, be as light as possible; but each part of the body ought to be equally protected, and care taken to have some extra wrap always at hand, so as to avoid the sudden chill produced by going from a hot street into some cold marble palace; or the still greater risk incurred by sitting out at sunset. Woollen is generally recommended to be worn next the skin; but silk will be found far pleasanter and equally good, especially if a woollen gauze or a merino vest be worn over the silk one. In the case of ladies, a combination garment of silk and one of a thin woollen material over it, would obviate the necessity of wearing any heavy petticoats. Silk garments, though costly at first, have the great advantage—no slight one abroad—of washing well, and keeping their shape better than flannel, which after a few washings begins to thicken. The writer has had silk vests in constant use for five years, and they are good yet, notwithstanding the rough treatment of foreign washerwomen and men, in all sorts of out-of-the-way places.

That such apparently simple matters as are insisted upon in this paper have an importance far greater than at first sight would appear, could be proved by numerous illustrations. One will suffice. A gentleman who had gone to try the effect of a short sea-voyage to the Mediterranean, after a severe illness, at first improved rapidly, in fact continued to do so, until at length he cast aside all precautions, and in the delightful warmth of the lovely April weather seemed to think he could never again be ill. Though frequently warned against it, he would stay out and enjoy the beauty of the sunsets, which at that time of the year are, on the Mediterranean, singularly enchanting. The result was, a severe cold taken, followed by an attack of hæmoptysis which brought him to death's-door, and the complete undoing of all the good previously gained.

There are many other points which might well be noticed, as errors in diet, necessity of well-ventilated apartments, and so forth; but all these have received a full share of attention at the hands of every writer on the subject. The minutæ just insisted upon are too apt to be overlooked entirely, and yet to the neglect of them are due innumerable colds taken—the patient does not seem to know how—and the consequent neutralising of that benefit which would otherwise be obtained by a change of climate. *Experientia docet*—but its teachings sometimes press hardly—and if a few of its lessons can be as well learned vicariously, so much the better. Therefore, let those who intend to winter abroad, consult, if possible, some one who actually knows the climate of the particular place to which they may be going, and who can, from personal experience, inform them as to the special precautions which need to be taken. A little trouble in this matter will be well repaid by the greater good gained. Above all things, let them study the ways of the inhabitants, and be satisfied

to learn from those who have not only a lifelong experience, but also a hereditary one, so far as the necessities of their own climate are concerned.

## ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOT.

### CHAPTER XLII.—A MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.

BRIGHTLY, if coldly, shone the wintry sun upon the gray stone belfry, lichen-crust-ed, of the small, sturdy, ancient church that nestled so close to the rocks that were topped by feudal Castel Vawr. Seldom had that church witnessed such a display of wealth, luxury, and fashion—to quote the *County Chronicle*—as it then beheld. Of course it had seen the espousals of noble brides and knightly wooers; but the owners of the castle had usually been married in London. Now, there were thirty carriages at the least, with rattling silver-mounted harness, and superb horses, that champed the bit and fretted at their inaction, drawn up outside the moss-grown churchyard wall. There was crimson cloth laid down from the churchyard gate, outside which rose the first of a series of triumphal arches, twined with greenery and artificially reared blossoms, soon to fade, which extended to the castle itself. A double hedge of school-children, girls, of course—boys on these occasions are shelved—waited, in their new white muslin frocks, with their new sashes of glistening pink silk, a basketful of hothouse flowers on each young arm, outside the church-door and all along the flagged path from church-door to wicket-gate, to do honour to the bride by strewing roses and lilies on her path.

Within the church, sat or stood a dense crowd of expectant sightseers, bidden guests for the most part. Those narrow old aisles had rarely been so crammed by well-dressed people; and even the tiny organ-loft was filled by fashionably attired ladies in bright apparel, with fans ready to flutter, and gold or silver topped smelling-bottles, awaiting the arrival of the performers in the interesting ceremony that was about to begin. Outside the church, and to some extent within it, stood those who were neither great nor fashionable—farmers and their wives and daughters, a few labourers in their Sunday best, and several of those old women whose delight in weddings is inexhaustible. Within the altar rails stood, in full episcopal attire, with rustling robes and spotless lawn sleeves, the Bishop, mild, pink-faced, and kindly. Near him was Arch-deacon Crane, looking far more like a mediæval prelate than did the actual wearer of the mitre; while the commonplace rector and pallid curate completed the ecclesiastical display.

Sir Timothy's spacious mansion had furnished a large contingent of those present; but it is wonderful how far Welsh gentry, and those English county families of the Marches who have so much of the Cymric blood in their veins, will drive to be present at ball or archery meeting, and a wedding above all, so that most of those present were distant neighbours. Just outside the altar rails stood, resplendent, the jaunty bridegroom. His 'best-man,' the Hon. Algernon March, and one or two other tall

young patricians, with vacuous faces, had gathered round him. There were times when these young men, born in the purple, forgot that Lord Putney was old, and not young as they were. At other times, a hazy sense of not ill-natured amusement titillated their somewhat stolid nerves at the recollection that the dapper little peer was really the senior of their own fathers. But, be it remarked, no one despised Lord Putney. Men are so very lenient where a man has never done a dishonourable act. The Viscount was often ridiculous; but his juniors, though they laughed, were indulgent in their laughter. 'Poor old Putney!' was about the worst thing ever said of him, and it was mildly spoken.

There was a good deal of delay. Time went on. Waiting is weary work at the best, and kicking one's heels not an agreeable pastime. The ladies in the pews and crowding the aisles grew impatient, opening their fans and shutting them up with a sharp snap. The heavy-shod rustics clattered their nailed boots on the pavement. Lord Putney had too much tact to consult his watch; but the enamelled snuff-box was in frequent requisition, and at each fresh pinch of the fragrant powder within there was a new anecdote, or a warmed-up epigram, wasted on the worthy young dandies who clustered around. Click, click went the fans, stamp, stamp went the iron-tipped boots on the dull gray marble beneath. Time went on. Watches were peeped at, stealthily at first, then openly. There certainly was a strange delay. Could it be that something was wrong, something amiss, up at Castel Vawr? Brides, of course, are not always in their bridal array to the moment; but still, it was odd how the minutes slipped away, and the patient Bishop and the frowning Archdeacon waited for the coming of the young bride. Marriage, no doubt, is a serious thing; yet it has a certain theatrical aspect, as even funerals have. And it did seem very much as if the other actors, dapper, elderly bridegroom, lawn-sleeved Bishop, and all, were waiting behind the footlights for the promised appearance of the prima donna. Waiting, none the less, is a fretful occupation, and soon there was a serious doubt in minds the most shallow and most frivolous as to whether something—nobody could guess what, but still something—had gone wrong at Castel Vawr.

Then at last came from afar the deep, steady roll of carriages approaching—the Castel Vawr carriages, of course. They rolled up to the wicket-gate one by one, and there was champing of bits and stamping of hoofs; and next the well-drilled school-children set up their shrill carol—a sort of epithalamium dashed with hymnology, of which the local schoolmaster, its author, was enormously proud, and which had been most painfully studied for some weeks—in welcome to the bride. Then, beneath the low, pointed arch of the church, her tiny hand resting on the sturdy arm of the Duke of Snowdon, the bride herself became visible, like a dawning comet on the horizon. Next came the Duchess, on the arm of the flurried present Marquis of Leominster; then Lady Barbara, a blaze of jewels, supported by Lord William Hill—so said the *County Chronicle*, but at anyrate walking stiffly beside His Grace's useful brother. And

then poured in the eight bridesmaids, dressed alike, as so many sisters for the nonce, bright, fresh girls, all of them, and two, the Ladies Gwendoline and Flora, who led the maiden phalanx, absolutely handsome. They, and their silk and lace and gauze and well-assorted colours, and the locketts they all wore, in turquoises and brilliants—the gift of Lady Barbara—and the bracelets that glittered on all their wrists—a gift from Lord Putney, in brilliants and turquoises to match—were quite a principal feature in the show. A column of the *Morning Post* and any amount of the country newspapers would be necessary to set off the bravery of the display.

How lovely the bride looked! The calm beauty of her sweet young face—free now from every trace of the carking care that for months had clouded it—shone out, and lent a real lustre to the ceremonial. Never before, perhaps, had the famous family diamonds of Leominster, which flashed like fire on her bosom, in her ears, around her wrists, and her shapely swan-like neck, been so fortunate in their wearer. Most of those who saw her forgot that she had been a widow, a young wife early left alone, and saw her but as the beautiful girl she looked. Her golden hair, wrapped around her well-shaped head, glistened in the bright winter sun. A superb tiara of Parma violets and great diamonds rose above the white forehead and the radiant face all smiles and blushes, and upheld the filmy veil of matchless lace. A strange contrast was she, in the bloom and glory of her youth, to the elderly bridegroom, who now stepped briskly forward, with white-gloved hand outstretched, to claim his bride. What a Romeo was this for such a Juliet! But Lord Putney seemed quite unconscious of any incongruity in the situation. The rough, kind Duke of Snowdon fell back a little, and Lord Putney gracefully took his place beside the lovely bride. Would it not be his duty, pride, and privilege henceforth to be ever at her side, cherishing and guarding her as a husband should! The fair column of bridesmaids passed trippingly on, and, rustling and whispering, formed in proper order behind the bride, hard by the altar. The World had done its part. Lord Putney was ready; so was the nuptial ring, in its envelope of silver paper, gripped in the muscular hand of the Hon. Algernon March, nervously anxious as to the safe custody of his precious trust. And now it was for the Church to do her share of the good work on hand of linking two human beings indissolubly together till death do them part. The Bishop was quite ready; so was the Venerable the Archdeacon; so was the incumbent of the parish, who waited to 'assist;' and so, of course, was his subordinate the curate. The Bishop shook out his lawn sleeves, smiled benignly, and opened his book. 'Dearly beloved'—began his Right Reverend Lordship.

What was that, just as the fans were slowly flapping to and fro, as if to mark time to the words of the marriage service, impressively delivered in the Bishop's best double bass, which caused that dignified ecclesiastic, who alone, from where he stood, could see the door, to come to an awkward pause in his exordium, and to let the last syllable die away on his lips? What was it? An unseemly noise, no doubt, as of scuffling, remonstrance, insistence, and then every

one turned to look towards the scene of the disturbance. Who was that excited little man, travel-worn, breathless, who pushed his way up the crowded aisle, his hand uplifted, as if in token of warning? Who but Mr Pontifex!

The little lawyer came bustling forward, his hand held out, gasping painfully for breath, and no wonder, since he had found no conveyance at the railway station where he had alighted, and the uphill walk, hurriedly performed, would have been a severe trial to the limbs and lungs of better-trained pedestrians than the eminent family solicitor had ever been. The Bishop looked aghast. There was no attempt to go on with the service. The bride was seen to tremble from head to foot, and to turn white visibly under her splendid veil, shrinking like a guilty thing, before a word had been uttered on either side. There was a general silence. Lord Putney seemed exceedingly uncomfortable. His Grace of Snowdon and the Marquis of Leominster looked awkwardly at one another. Neither of the two felt privileged, by the ties of relationship or of old friendship, to interfere, as a father or a brother might have done.

Lady Barbara it was who stepped forth, anger glittering in her eyes. 'Mr Pontifex,' she indignantly exclaimed, 'what *can* possibly have occurred to authorise this most unwarrantable intrusion?'

Mr Pontifex gaspingly, and in staccato sentences, replied: 'A very painful task. As your Ladyship's legal adviser—felt it to be my duty—circumstances have come to light—undeniable proofs—I should prefer to speak in private—but,' and here the lawyer's broken voice grew peremptory and emphatic, 'this marriage must *not* go on. I have telegraphed to Lady Leominster, in Bruton Street.' Then, lowering his voice till it could only be heard by Lady Barbara and the bride, he added: 'I am afraid the proofs are but too clear that the Marchioness is now at her brother's in Bruton Street; and I opine, therefore, that the wedding to-day is impossible.'

The bride uttered a low wailing cry, and staggered, and would have fallen, had not the Duke, with a presence of mind that surprised himself, caught her as she was sinking to the floor. There was a murmur everywhere of horror, pity, surprise. Lord Putney hurried up, real anxiety in his face. But the bride seemed to have eyes for none but Lady Barbara at her side, and to whom she clung. 'Take me away—home—home—hide me from all these eyes!' she whispered, plaintively; and, supported by the Duke on one side, and Lady Barbara on the other, she tottered, rather than walked, along the aisle and through the church-door, Lord Putney following, embarrassed and uneasy. At sight of the bride the school-children without set up their congratulatory carol—what mockery it sounded then!—and began strewing fresh flowers; but they were hastily silenced and thrust back; and then the wicket-gate of the churchyard was reached, and the carriage, with its noble horses bedecked with white favours, that awaited the bride. Shrinking, sobbing, half-fainting, the unhappy girl allowed herself to be placed within it, Lady Barbara alone accompanying her. Twice did Lord Putney speak, but he received no answer by word or look.

'Home—to the castle!' said Lady Barbara

sharply; and the carriage swept rapidly off, under the long line of triumphal arches, to Castel Vavr.

Lord Putney went back into the church, and walked up to where stood Mr Pontifex, surrounded by those who were eager for an explanation of the extraordinary interruption to the proceedings of the day. But neither to Marquis, Duke, nor Bishop, nor even to the bridegroom-elect, could Mr Pontifex be induced to tender any explanation. 'My professional duty to my clients, in this place seals my lips,' he said. 'I have had a very painful office to perform, and can only be thankful that I arrived in time. At the castle, I shall be happy to make my meaning more plain to those who have a right to question me as to my interference to-day.'

By this time there was a general hum of low-voiced talk; but, presently, the old church was left to its customary silence and repose, as the long line of carriages broke up and dispersed, bearing homeward the guests and the spectators. There would be no banqueting at the castle in honour of the bridal on that day—that was clear. Only Mr Pontifex and Lord Putney, in addition to those who were visitors there, took their places in the Castel Vavr carriages, which now dashed swiftly off. No joy-bells were to ring; no more flowers were to be thrown, or songs sung, for the wedding ceremony, so strangely and so ominously broken off.

#### THE MINERAL-OIL TRADE.

THE history of the mineral-oil trade, which has developed in such an extraordinary manner within the last twenty years—whether viewed as an extensive and important industry, or as the means of producing a cheap fuel and a beautiful illuminator for the poor; or as regards the many subsidiary but important by-products produced in the process of its manufacture—forms, we think, one of the most interesting chapters in the whole history of national industries. We recur to the subject at present in view of the interest attached to the short notices which have appeared in the majority of the daily papers, touching upon it in connection with the recent death of Dr James Young, with whose name the industry has been inseparably connected in our own country.

Considerable confusion has all along existed in the nomenclature both of the sources and derivatives of the class of compounds producing oil, technically known as hydro-carbons, the confusion arising doubtless partly from the numerous regions from which they are obtained, the variability of their constitution, the retention of old names to new products, and the general complexity and imperfect knowledge of the whole subject. Into this, however, we do not require to enter, further than to explain, where it is necessary, any seeming obscurity of the subject from the confusion of terms, as they may occur in our treatment of it.

The term bitumen is popularly applied to a mineral substance not unlike coal in its appearance; but, strictly speaking, the term also comprises a number of native hydro-carbons, which are presented to us in a variety of forms, viscid and liquid as well as solid, the solid, however, in the majority of instances being liquefiable in

certain solvents, and also on the application of heat. The liquid forms of these compounds are mixtures of various oils, differing in volatility; and the changes produced in them by the evaporation of the more volatile oils on the one hand, and by oxidation on the other, probably account for their conversion on exposure into the viscid or more solid mineral. As will immediately be shown, this process of change was not only known to the ancients from earliest history, but it may also be seen at the present day taking place in certain natural sources from which the liquids are obtained. There is little doubt of the organic origin of the bitumen compounds, although their presence in the lowest fossiliferous strata shows that they have not been formed altogether from terrestrial vegetation, but may also in some cases owe their origin to marine growths as well. Dr Sterry Hunt, of the Geological Survey of Canada, in an interesting paper on this subject, is careful to insist upon the distinction between lignitic (woody) and bituminous rocks, as many seem to think that the lignitic are the source from which the natural bitumens are derived by a process of slow natural distillation. The result of a careful examination of the question led him to the conclusion, that the formation of the one excludes more or less completely that of the other, and that bitumen has been formed under conditions altogether different from those which have transformed organic matters into lignite and coal.

Bearing on this point, Sir Charles Lyell remarks that 'the Orinoco has for ages been rolling down great quantities of woody and vegetable bodies into the surrounding sea, where, by the influence of currents and eddies, they may be arrested, and accumulated in particular places. The frequent occurrence of earthquakes and other indications of volcanic action in those parts, lend countenance to the opinion that these vegetable substances may have undergone, by the agency of subterranean fire, those transformations or chemical changes which produce petroleum; and this may by the same causes be forced up to the surface, where, by exposure to the air, it becomes inspissated, and forms those different varieties of pure and earth-pitch or asphaltum so abundant in the island.' Confirming this speculation is the fact, that asphaltum has been found on the shores of the Dead Sea from the most remote period, the bituminous substance being thrown up from below; and, toward the centre of the sea, being found in the liquid form. The Dead Sea, it need scarcely be added, is supposed to be of volcanic origin; and the explanation of the phenomenon is, that there is some connection between the Sea and some internal volcano, from which the bitumen is thrown up in the liquid form; but probably, from evaporation and oxidation of the more volatile portions, the bitumen hardens, and is ultimately carried to the shores in compact masses.

In like manner, asphaltum was procured from the fountains of Is from a very remote period, the springs from the rocks being conducted into large pits, where the oily matter was carefully removed, and solidified by exposure to the atmosphere. There is every reason to believe that the walls and stones of Babylon were cemented with this compound and from this very source.

It would be needless to refer to all the different

localities from which bituminous compounds are derived; suffice it to say that springs of mineral oil—or as it is sometimes called, rock-oil or petroleum—are to be found in the midst of a majority of them; and in the case of several, such as the Rangoon oil, obtained from wells in the vicinity of the river Irrawadi, in the Burman Empire, the oil has been obtained, and used as an article of commerce for a considerable period. Notwithstanding this fact, it was not until the year 1847 that Mr Young, then a chemist in Manchester, had his attention turned to a petroleum spring at Riddings, in Derbyshire, the product from which he distilled, and obtained a finer oil, which he used for burning in lamps; and a coarser and thicker oil, which soon found its use as a lubricant for machinery. The spring, however, failing after a short time in its supply, and Mr Young having noticed the dripping of the oil from the roof of a coal-mine, and arguing that the oil had been produced by the action of heat on the coal, set himself to produce it artificially by distilling the coal itself. That Mr Young succeeded in his endeavours, is now so well known, and has become so much a matter of history, that we require not to enlarge upon it. The patent which Mr Young obtained, towards the end of 1850, for manufacturing the oils and the solid substance paraffine in the manner indicated, having expired in 1861, a whole series of wealthy Companies embarked in the industry; and the enterprise would doubtless still further have developed, had not the attention of speculators and others been turned to the production of the oils from the abounding deposits of bitumen in various districts in the north-eastern states of America and Canada. Apparently, the first idea was to extract the oils from the bituminous compounds by a process of distillation similar to that employed under Young's patent for producing it from coal compounds; but it was quickly discovered that, by sinking wells in the clay beneath the bitumen, they could obtain it in great quantities in the fluid state. We have before us the United States' Census Statistics for the year 1862, which give us the history of the trade from its beginnings and earliest infancy. In the year 1857, operations were begun at Titusville on Oil Creek; but it was not till two years later that a spring was reached by boring, at a depth of over seventy feet, which yielded four hundred gallons of crude oil daily. By the close of the following year (1860) the number of wells and borings was calculated at nearly two thousand, of which seventy-four of the larger ones were producing daily, by the help of pumps, an aggregate of eleven hundred and sixty-five barrels of crude oil. Wells were soon after this sunk to depths reaching even to six hundred feet; and the flow of petroleum increased to such an extent, that three thousand barrels were obtained daily from a single well, the less productive ones yielding an average of from fifteen to twenty barrels daily.

Previous to this, however, it should have been noticed that various Companies, such as the Kerosene Oil Company, formed in 1854, on Long Island; the Breckenridge Coal-oil Works, formed in 1856, on the Ohio, Kentucky; and many others, had been manufacturing the oils from cannel coal brought from England, New York and other



parts of the United States, if not by Young's process, at least by a process in every respect similar. Altogether, there were, at the beginning of the year 1860, between fifty and sixty factories in the United States alone engaged in the production of the oil from coal; while between twelve and fifteen only appear to have been engaged at this time in extracting it from bituminous compounds. The extraordinary flows of crude oil obtained about this time from several of the wells, as already narrated, quickly brought on an 'oil fever,' and speculation for a time ran riot, with the usual result, that enormous fortunes were often quickly made and as quickly lost. Oil-wells were sunk in every direction and locality where bituminous deposits were to be found, so that, with an ever-increasing supply of crude oil, and a consequent cheapening of the product, a crisis quickly came in the rival industry, which, although not altogether disastrous in its results, at least permanently crippled for a time its extension. The nature of this crisis will at once be understood when we give the prices obtained in the earlier months of 1862 for both the crude and refined oils, quoting still from the same authority. On January 4, 1862, the price of crude petroleum in Philadelphia was from twenty-two and a-half to twenty-three cents a gallon; and of refined oil from thirty-seven and a-half to forty-five cents. On March 29, the prices had declined at the same place to ten and twelve cents for crude, and twenty-five to thirty-two cents for refined oil; while three months later still, the prices quoted were nine and nineteen cents respectively. At the present time, the production in the United States alone amounts to over two and a-half millions of gallons daily, with a price ranging from ten to fifteen cents for the purified oil. We have not the returns for the petroleum exports for the last year at hand; but for the year previous they amounted to upwards of four hundred-million gallons!

Notwithstanding this extraordinary production, and the consequent decrease in price, it only seems to have increased the demand; and the check which the rival British industry for a time received was only of a temporary kind, and not only can it now hold its own—even with the reduced price—but it has even within the last few years developed in directions less remunerative—namely, by obtaining the same product from bituminous shale.

Such is a very brief and imperfect account of the main features in the development of this very important industry. In what remains of our space, we will even more briefly touch upon some of the principal by-products obtained in the refining of the crude oils, and in doing so, we will be led also to refer to some of the distinctive properties of a safe and good burning oil.

From what has been said, it will be understood that the burning oil of commerce is derived in the crude state from a variety of sources, and afterwards purified. In the crude state, they all get the name of naphtha, in common with other liquid substances of an inflammable character produced from organic substances by dry distillation. To distinguish these from each other, they frequently take the name of the source from which they are derived, besides getting other fanciful

names. Thus, we have Boghead or Bathgate Naphtha, also called Photogene and Paraffine Oil, the name given to the oil originally obtained by distilling the Torbanehill 'mineral' or Boghead coal under Mr Young's patent. Any cannel coal, and even bituminous shale, will under the same process give similar products; but those derived from the latter source are generally distinguished by the names shale-naphtha or shale-oil. Again, we have mineral or native naphtha, also called Petroleum, Rock-oil, Earth-oil, &c.; and Burmese Naphtha or Rangoon Tar—the former distinguishing the liquids issuing from the earth in Canada and the north-eastern states of America; the latter, those obtained in a similar manner from Rangoon, in the kingdom of Burmah. Chemically, all the foregoing naphthas are closely related, and from them may be derived, by simple fractional distillation, a whole series of commercial products, which may be roughly classified as follows: (1) Volatile ethers; (2) burning oils; (3) lubricating oils; (4) paraffine.

The ethers are a very interesting class of compounds, and a whole series may be derived according to the temperature at which they are fractionated. One of the most volatile of these ethers is named Rhigolene, and has been used as an anæsthetic. It distils at a temperature so low as from thirty to forty degrees. Another, named Kerosolene or Sherwood Oil, distils at from forty-five to sixty degrees; benzene, between seventy and one hundred and twenty degrees; and artificial turpentine oil or petroleum spirit at from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and seventy degrees. This last has been largely used as a solvent in varnishes and lackers, and also as a substitute or partial substitute for turpentine. The others are well known in domestic economy as cleansing agents. It is from these lighter products that attempts have also been made to produce a gas for illuminating purposes, either directly or by enriching inferior gases produced from coal; and several Companies have been formed and are working patents for this purpose. It is only after these have been distilled, that the safety-burning oil is obtained, the vapour from the more volatile products just mentioned being highly explosive when mixed with air on coming into contact with a flame. The portions of the residue that remains after the foregoing have been distilled are raised to a still higher heat—while superheated steam is passed through them—and give off the heavier oils, valuable as lubricants for machinery; while impure paraffine, so valuable for candle-making and in matching and numerous other purposes, is the final residue. In connection with this last process, any notice of the valuable products derived from this residual distillate would be incomplete without some reference to a remedial agent which, we believe, will now be known in almost every household—namely, vaseline. Vaseline is the empiric name of a purified semi-solid residue, and probably no preparation is more largely used, or more deservedly popular at the present time, as a soothing and healing remedy for broken or tender skins and similar purposes.

It will be understood from the foregoing that the safety of the burning oil depends upon the careful elimination of the more volatile portions; therefore, as in the case of other dangerous

compounds, government has wisely put certain restrictions, not only upon the transport and storing of the oil, but also upon its freedom from the more volatile and dangerous compounds. For this purpose, it has not only defined the test; but by a more recent Act of Parliament, also the kind of instrument for applying the test, with other minute details. The test applied is the flashing-point of the oil; the more volatile portions giving off inflammable vapours, even at ordinary temperatures, while the less volatile give them off at gradually increasing temperatures. Manifestly, a point will be reached which may practically be considered safe, and this point was formerly fixed at one hundred degrees Fahrenheit. That is to say, the oil was put into an open vessel, such as a cup, into which a thermometer was inserted. The cup in turn was placed into a pan containing water—on the glue-pot principle—and heat applied to the pan. The water getting heated, gradually raises the temperature of the oil; and a light being made to skim the cup from time to time at a small distance from the surface of the oil, the oil—or volatile vapours—‘flashes,’ immediately the point is reached at which inflammable vapours are given off. The temperature at which this occurs is of course determined by the thermometer in the cup. We give the particulars of this test in detail, because any one can easily extemporise the apparatus required in its use, and apply it with little trouble, while it practically determines within safe limits what is and what is not a dangerous oil. By recent Act of Parliament, the test is made more scientific and accurate, and although the flashing-point has been reduced to seventy-three degrees Fahrenheit, it should be carefully observed that this does not alter the standard of the oil, but simply conforms the flashing-point to the instrument specially designed in the Act. No oil should be accepted as safe which will not stand an open flame at any temperature under a hundred degrees Fahrenheit without taking fire.

Such are a few of the principal features of and compounds derived from this very important substance in the crude state. We do not pretend to have exhausted the subject, or indeed to have done more than touched upon it in a cursory way; but we think we have at least said sufficient to justify our opening remarks, and that our readers will agree with us in saying, that as it is one of the most recent, so also is it one of the most interesting and important of national industries.

## THE ROSERY FOLK.

### CHAPTER IV.—THE DOCTOR ON NERVES.

THE dinner at the Rosery was all that was pleasant and desirable, saving that Doctor Scales felt rather disappointed in having to take in Aunt Sophia. He was not a ladies' man, he said, when talking of such matters, and would have been better content to have gone in alone. He was not much pleased either at being very near Mr Arthur Prayle, to whom he at once took a decided dislike, being, as he acknowledged to himself, exceedingly ready to form antipathies, and prejudiced in the extreme.

‘Ah,’ he said to himself, ‘one ought to be satisfied;’ and he glanced round the prettily decorated table, and uttered a sigh of satisfaction as the sweet scents of the garden floated in through the open window. Then he uttered another similar sigh, for there were scents in the room more satisfying to a hungry man.

‘Perhaps you'd like the window shut, auntie?’ said Scarlett.

‘No, my dear; it would be a shame; the weather is so fine.—You don't think it will give me rheumatism in the shoulder, do you, doctor?’

‘No, madam, certainly not,’ said Scales. ‘You are not over-heated.’

‘Then we'll have it open,’ said Aunt Sophia decisively.

‘Do you consider that rheumatism always comes from colds, Doctor Scales?’ said Arthur Prayle, bending forward from his seat beside his hostess, and speaking in a bland smooth tone.

‘That fellow's mouth seems to me as if it must be lined with black velvet,’ thought the doctor. ‘Bother him! if I believed in metempsychosis, I should say he would turn into a black Tom-cat. He purrs and sets up his back, and seems as if he must have a tail hidden away under his coat.—No, decidedly not,’ he said aloud. ‘I think people often suffer from a kind of rheumatic affection due to errors of diet.’

‘Dear me! how strange.’

‘Then we shall have Aunt Sophia laid up,’ said Scarlett, ‘for she is always committing errors in diet.’

‘Now, James!’ began the lady in protestation.

‘Now, auntie, you know you'd eat a whole cucumber on the sly, if you had the chance.’

‘No, no, my dear; that is too bad. I confess that I do like cucumber, but not to that extent.’

‘Well, Naomi, I hope you are ready for plenty of boating, now you have come down,’ said Scarlett. ‘We must brown you a bit; you are too fair.—Isn't she, Jack?’

‘Not a bit,’ said the doctor, who was enjoying his salmon. ‘A lady can't be too fair.’

Aunt Sophia looked at him sharply; but Jack Scales' eyes had not travelled in the direction of Naomi, and when he raised them to meet Aunt Sophia's, there was a frank ingenuous look in them that disarmed a disposition on the lady's part to set up her feathers and defend her niece.

‘I think young ladies ought to be fair and pretty; don't you, ma'am?’

‘Ye—es; in reason,’ said Aunt Sophia, bristling slightly.

‘I side with you, Jack,’ said their host, with a tender look at his wife.

‘Yes,’ said Prayle slowly; ‘one naturally expects a lady to be beautiful; but alas! how soon does beauty fade.’

‘Yes, if you don't, take care of it,’ said Aunt Sophia sharply. ‘Unkindness is like a blight to a flower, and so is the misery of this world.’

‘So,’ said Scarlett, ‘the best thing is never to be unkind, auntie, and have nothing to do with misery.’

‘If you can help it,’ said the doctor.

‘Or the doctors,’ said Scarlett, laughing—‘always excepting Doctor Scales.’

About this time, Aunt Sophia, who had been very stiff and distant, began to soften a little towards the doctor, and listened attentively as the host seemed to be trying to draw him out.

'What are you doing now, Jack?' he said, after a glance round the table to see that all was going satisfactorily and well; while Mrs. Scarlett sat, flushed and timid, troubled with the cares of the house, and wondering whether her husband was satisfied with the preparations that had been made.

'Eating,' said the doctor drily, 'and to such an extent, that I am blushing inwardly for having such a dreadful appetite.'

'I suppose,' said Prayle, 'that a good appetite is a sign of good health?'

'Sometimes,' said the doctor. 'There are morbid forms of desire for food.—What say?'

'I repeated my question,' said Scarlett, laughing. 'What are you doing now?'

'Well, I am devoting myself for the most part to the study of nervous diseases,' said the doctor. 'There seems to be more opening there than in any other branch of my profession, and unless a man goes in for a specialty, he has no chance.'

'Come, Aunt Sophia,' said Scarlett merrily; 'here's your opportunity. You are always complaining of your nerves.'

'Of course I am,' said the old lady sharply; 'and no wonder.'

'Well, then, why not engage Doctor Scales as your private physician, before he is snatched up?'

'Ah, before I'm snatched up, Miss Raleigh. Don't you have anything to do with me, madam. Follow your nephew's lead, and take to gardening. There is medicine in the scent of the newly turned earth, in the air you breathe, and in the exercise, that will do you more good than any drugs I can prescribe.'

'There you are, aunt; pay up.'

'Pay up? Bless the boy! what do you mean?' said Aunt Sophia.

'A guinea. Physician's fee.'

'Stuff and nonsense!' said Aunt Sophia.—'But I don't want to be rude to you, Doctor Scales, and I think it's worth the guinea far more than many a bill I've paid for what has done me no good.'

'I've got a case on now,' said the doctor, going on with his dinner, but finding time to talk. 'I've a poor fellow suffering from nervous shock. Fine-looking, gentlemanly fellow as you'd wish to see, but completely off his balance.'

'Bless the man! don't talk about mad people,' said Aunt Sophia.

'No, ma'am, I will not. He's as sane as you are,' said the doctor; 'but his nerve is gone. He dare not trust himself outside the house; he cannot do the slightest calculation—write a letter—give a decisive answer. He would not take the shortest journey, or see any one on business. In fact, though he could do all these things as well as any of us, he doesn't, and, paradoxical as it may sound, can't.'

'But why not?' said Scarlett.

'Why not? Because his nerve has gone. He dare not sleep without some one in the next room. He could not bear to be in the dark. He cannot trust himself to do a single thing for fear he should do it wrong, or go anywhere lest some terrible accident should befall him.'

'What a dreadful man!' said Aunt Sophia.

'Not at all, my dear madam; he's a splendid fellow.'

'It must be terrible for his poor wife, Doctor Scales.'

'No, ma'am, it is not, because he has no wife; but it is very trying to his sweet sister.'

'I say, hark at that,' said Scarlett merrily—'his sweet sister.' Ahem, Jack! In confidence, eh?'

'What do you mean?' cried the doctor, as the ladies smiled.

'I say—you know—his sweet sister. Is that the immortal she?'

'What? My choice? Ha-ha! Ha-ha-ha! Ha-ha-ha-ha!' laughed the doctor, with infectious mirth. 'No, no; I'm cut out for a bachelor. No wedding for me. Bah! what's a poor doctor to do with a wife! No, sir; no, sir. I'm going to preserve myself free of domestic cares for the benefit of all who may seek my aid.'

'Well, for my part,' said Aunt Sophia, 'I think it must be a very terrible case.'

'Terrible, my dear madam.'

'But you will be able to cure him?'

'I hope so; but indeed that is all I can say. Such cases as this puzzle the greatest men.'

'I suppose,' said Arthur Prayle, in a smooth bland voice, 'that you administer tonic medicines—quinine and iron and the like?'

'O yes,' said the doctor grimly. 'That's exactly what we do, and it doesn't cure the patient in the least.'

'But you give him cold bathing and exercise, doctor?'

'O yes, Mr. Prayle; cold bathing and exercise, plenty of them; but they don't do any good.'

'Hah! that is singular,' said Prayle thoughtfully. 'Would the failure be from want of perseverance, do you think?'

'Perhaps so. One doesn't know how much to persevere, you see.'

'These matters are very strange—very well worthy of consideration and study, Doctor Scales.'

'Very well worthy of consideration indeed, Mr. Prayle,' said the doctor; and then to himself: 'This fellow gives me a nervous affection in the toes.'

'I trust my remarks do not worry you, Mrs. Scarlett,' said Prayle, in his smooth bland way.

'O no, not at all,' replied that lady. 'Pray, do not think we cannot appreciate a little serious talk.'

Prayle smiled as he looked at the speaker—a quiet sad smile, full of thankfulness; but it seemed to trouble Mrs. Scarlett, who hastened to join the conversation on the other hand, replying only in monosyllables afterwards to Prayle's remarks.

The dinner passed off very pleasantly, and at last the ladies rose and left the table, leaving the gentlemen to their wine, or rather to the modern substitute for the old custom—their coffee, after which they smoked their cigarettes in the veranda, and the conversation once more took a medical turn.

'I can't help thinking about that patient of yours, Jack,' said Scarlett. 'Poor fellow! What a shocking affair!'

'Yes, it must be a terrible life,' said Prayle.

'Life, Arthur! it must be a sort of death,'

exclaimed Scarlett excitedly. 'Poor fellow! What a state!'

'Well, sympathy's all very well,' said the doctor, smiling in rather an amused way; 'but I don't see why you need get excited about it.'

'Oh, but it is horrible.'

'Dreadful!' echoed Prayle.

'Then I must have been an idiot to introduce it here, where all is so calm and peaceful,' said the doctor. 'Fancy what a shock it would give us all if we were suddenly to hear an omnibus go blundering by. James Scarlett, you are a lucky man. You have everything a fellow could desire in this world: money, a delightful home, the best of health'—

'The best of wives,' said Prayle softly.

'Thank you for that, Arthur,' said Scarlett, turning and smiling upon the speaker.

'Humph! Perhaps I was going to say that myself,' said the doctor sourly. 'Hah! you're a lucky man.'

'Well, I don't grumble,' said Scarlett, laughing. 'You fellows come down here just when everything's at its best; but there is such a season as winter, you know.'

'Of course there is, stupid!' said the doctor. 'If there wasn't, who would care for fickle spring?'

'May the winter of adversity never come to your home, cousin James,' said Prayle softly; and he looked at his frank, manly young host with something like pathetic interest as he spoke.

'Thank you, old fellow, thank you.—Now, let's join the ladies.'

'That fellow wants to borrow fifty pounds,' growled Doctor Scales. 'There's that itching again in my toes.'

#### CHAPTER V.—JACK SCALES MEETS HIS FATE.

'That's what I like in the country,' said Jack Scales to himself, as in an old suit of his friend's tweeds and cap to match, he thrust his hands into his pockets and strolled down one of the garden paths. 'Humph! Five o'clock, and people snoring in bed, when they might be up and out enjoying this lovely air, the sweet dewy scent of the flowers, and the clear sunshine, and be inhaling health with every breath they draw. Bah! I can't understand how people can lie in bed—in the country. There is reason in stopping in peaceful thought upon one's pillow in town till nine.—Ah, gardener, nice morning.'

'Beautiful morning, sir,' said John Monnick, touching his hat, and then going on with his task of carefully whetting a scythe, and sending a pleasant ringing sound out upon the sweet silence of the time.

'Grass cuts well, eh?' said the doctor.

'Yes, sir; crisp, as if there was a white frost on.'

'Ah, let's try,' said the doctor. 'I haven't handled a scythe for a good many years now.'

'No, sir; I s'pose not,' said Monnick, with a half-contemptuous smile. 'Mind you don't stick the pynte into the ground, sir, and don't cut too deep. I like to keep my lawns regular like.'

'Why don't you have a machine?' said the doctor, taking the scythe, and sweeping it round with a slow measured *swish* that took off the grass and the dewy daisies to leave a velvet pile.

'Machine, sir? Oh, there's two in the potting shed; but I don't want no machines, sir. Noo-fangled things, that breaks a man's back to push 'em along. You has to put yourself in a onnatral-like position to work 'em, and when you've done it, the grass don't look like as if it had been mowed.—Well, you do s'prise me, sir; I didn't know as you could mow.'

'Didn't you, Monnick?' said the doctor, pausing to take the piece of carpet with which the old man wiped the blade, using it, and then reaching out his hand for the long gritty whetstone, with which he proceeded to sharpen the scythe in the most business-like way. 'Ah, you never know what a man can do till you try him. You see, Monnick, when I was a young fellow, I often used to cut the Rectory lawns at home.'

'He's a clever one,' muttered the old man, watching intently the rubber, as it was passed with quite a scientific touch up and down and from side to side of the long curved blade. 'Man who can mow like that must be a good doctor. I'll ask him about my 'bago.'

'There, I'm going for a walk. I'm out of condition too, and it touches my back.'

'Do it now, sir?' said the old man, smiling. 'Hah! that's where it lays hold o' me in a rheumatically sort o' way, sir. You couldn't tell me what'd be good for it, sir, could you? I've tried the iles, but it seems as if it was getting worse.'

'Oh, I'll give you something, Monnick,' said the doctor, laughing; 'but, you know, there's a touch of old age in your complaint.'

'Eh, but I'm afraid there is, sir; but thank you kindly, and you'll forgive me making so bold as to ask.'

'Of course, of course. Come to me after breakfast.—And look here, I want to get on the open heathy part, among the gorse and fir-trees. Which road had I better take?'

'Well, sir, if you don't mind the wet grass, you'd best go across the meadows out into the lane, turn to the left past the church, take the first turning to the right, and go straight on.'

'Thanks; I shall find my way. Don't forget. I daresay I can set you right.' And the doctor went off at a swinging pace, crossed the meadows, where the soft-eyed cows paused to look up at him, then leaped a gate, walked down the lane, had a look at the pretty old church, embowered in trees, and had nearly reached the open commonland, when the sharp cantering of a horse roused him from his pleasant morning reverie.

He looked round, to see that the cantering horse was ridden by a lady, whose long habit and natty felt hat set off what seemed in the distance to be a very graceful figure; while the oncoming group appeared to be advancing through an elongated telescopic frame of green leaves and drooping branches, splashed with gold and blue.

'Here's one sensible woman, at all events. What a splendid horse!' His glance was almost momentary. Then, feeling that he was staring rudely, he went on with his walk, continuing



his way along the lane, and passing a gate that opened at once upon the furzy common-land.

Suddenly the horse was checked a short distance behind him, and an imperious voice called out: 'Here!—hi!—my man.'

Jack Scales, M.D., felt amused. 'This is one of the haughty aristocrats we read about in books,' he said to himself, as he turned and saw a handsome, imperious-looking woman of eight-and-twenty or so, beckoning to him with the handle of her whip.

'The goddess Diana in a riding-habit by Poole, and superbly mounted,' said the doctor to himself, as he stared wonderingly. He saw that her hair was dark, her cheeks slightly flushed with exercise; that there was a glint of very white teeth between two scarlet lips; that the figure was really what he had at the first glance imagined—well formed and graceful, if slightly too matured; and his first idea was to take off his hat and stand uncovered in the presence of so much beauty; his second, as he saw the curl of the lady's upper lip, and her imperious glance, to thrust his hands lower in his pockets and return the haughty stare.

'Here, my man, come and open this gate.'

As she spoke, Scales saw her pass her whip into her bridle hand, draw off a tan-coloured gauntlet glove, and a white and jewelled set of taper fingers go towards the little pocket in her saddle.

'Why, confound her impudence! she takes me for a yokel, and is going to give me a pint of beer,' said the doctor to himself; and he stood as if turned into stone.

'Do you hear!' she cried again sharply, and in the tones of one accustomed to the greatest deference. 'Come and open this gate.'

James Scales felt his dignity touched, for he too was accustomed to the greatest deference, such as a doctor generally receives. For a moment he felt disposed to turn upon his heel and walk away, but he did not, for he burst into a hearty laugh, and walked straight up to the speaker. The latter flushed crimson with anger at the insolence, as she mentally called it, of this stranger.

'How dare you!' she exclaimed. 'Open that gate;' and she retook her whip with her ungloved hand to point onward, while her splendid horse pawed the ground, and snorted and tossed its mane, as if indignant too.

'How dare I, my dear?' said the doctor coolly, as he mentally determined not to be set down.

'Sir!' exclaimed the lady, with a flash of her dark eyes that made its recipient think afterwards that here was the style of woman who, in the good old times, would have handed him over to her serfs. 'Do you know whom you are addressing?'

'Not I,' said the doctor; 'unless you are some very beautiful edition in animated nature of the huntress Diana.'

'Sir!'

'And if you were not such a handsome woman, I should leave you to open the gate yourself, or leap the hedge, which seems more in your way.'

'How dare you!' she cried, utterly astounded at the speaker's words.

'How dare I?' said the doctor, smiling. 'Oh,

I'd dare anything now, to see those eyes sparkle and those cheeks flush. There,' he continued, unfastening the gate and throwing it back; 'the gate's open. *Au revoir!*'

The lady seemed petrified. Then, giving her horse a sharp cut, he bounded through on to the furzy heath, and went off over the rough ground like the wind.

The doctor stood gazing after them, half expecting to see the lady turn her head; but she rode straight on till she passed out of sight, when he refastened the gate.

'She might have given me the twopence for that pint of beer,' he said mockingly. 'Why, she has!' he cried, stooping and picking up a sixpence that lay upon the bare earth close to the gate-post. 'Well, come, I'll keep you, my little friend, and give you back. We may meet again some day.'

It was a trifling incident, but it seemed to affect the doctor a good deal, for he walked on amidst the furze and heath, seeing no golden bloom and hearing no bird-song, but giving vent every now and then to some short angry ejaculation. For he was ruffled and annoyed. He hardly knew why, unless it was at having been treated with such contemptuous disdain.

'And by a woman, too,' cried the doctor at last, stopping short, 'of all creatures in the world. Confound her impudence! I should just like to prescribe for her, upon my word.'

## PRETENTIOUSNESS.

THE writer of the present article has had three or four experiences lately which have connected themselves together in his mind. Some months ago, he was in one of the many British possessions beyond the seas. There he was asked to dinner by a gentleman holding a subordinate official position. The dinner was a very elaborate one. There was some watery soup, and several *entrées*, with finer names than flavour; and a couple of badly-cooked joints; and a long-named, ill-made pudding. The wines were many, of which he can remember only the fiery sherry and the bad champagne. A short time afterwards, the writer had the honour to be asked by the governor of the province to dine with him privately. Here he had an excellent dinner, sharing with the great man a good leg of mutton, a delicious rice-pudding, and a bottle of sound claret.

On the return voyage, he was sitting the first day on the deck of the steamer, watching his fellow-passengers promenading up and down. Two couples, each consisting evidently of man and wife, especially attracted his attention. In the first couple, the gentleman was dressed in a very light-coloured tweed suit, evidently brand-new; he had on lavender kid gloves and highly polished boots. The lady on his arm was dressed in a pale blue silk dress, with a gold band round her waist, and wearing gold bracelets and earrings, while a heavy necklet hung low down on her breast. They strutted along, very proud of their appearance, and apparently quite unaware of how foolish and out of place their dress really looked on board a steamer. The other couple had attracted the writer's attention by a certain high-bred look and bearing, the more striking, as the man was plain

in looks and small in person. This gentleman had on a rough pea-jacket and a pair of brown leather boots. The lady with him wore a simple but very well-made dress of blue shirting—the cloth from which sailors' shirts are made. It turned out that this couple held the very highest rank in English society. She was a lady of title; he, a man of princely and historic wealth. The first couple had just made some money by a fortunate speculation.

The writer is living just now in a small seaside town, where he has rented a furnished house, the owner of which has gone abroad. It is one of those villas which are now so numerous near all the towns and cities of England. In this neighbourhood is a fine old castle, which is the showplace of the country-side. This is thrown open to the public when the owners are away; and the writer went to visit it the other day. He passed through the drawing-room and the dining-room in ordinary use by the family. He found that these rooms were more plainly furnished than the corresponding rooms at the villa he occupied. To compare a few of the articles. The sofa and the easy-chairs in the drawing-room at the castle are of the simplest form, and covered with chintz. Those in the villa are of elaborate design, have much carving about them, and are covered with velvet. In the dining-room at the villa is a chiffonier with many bends and curves, and machine-made mouldings, with mirrors let in here and mirrors let in there; and the chairs have carved backs and twisted legs and spring seats. In the dining-room at the castle is a square oak-press and some plain wooden chairs. The furniture at the castle does not look half so fine as that at the villa; but it is well made, and answers its purpose, which the other does not. The sofa at the castle is comfortable to recline upon; that at the villa is the reverse. You may throw yourself on the former; but have to deposit yourself most carefully on the latter. The easy-chairs at the castle are easy-chairs; those at the villa would more appropriately be termed penitential ones. The oak-press in one place is of sound solid workmanship; the chiffonier in the other is veneered without, and of bad woodwork within. The chairs in the dining-room at the castle are easy and safe to sit upon; not one of those at the villa affords you a secure or comfortable resting-place. This is due to the difference of workmanship, the joints and fittings of the one being well cut and well put together; those of the other ill made and carelessly joined. The furniture at the castle dates from about fifty years back; that at the villa is perfectly modern. The former is the work of a prior generation; the latter, of this one.

The difference between these things is not merely a superficial, but a deep-seated and fundamental one; one not only of appearance, but of character; one not of form only, but of essence. It is the difference between sham and reality, falsehood and truth, seeming and being. A thing that does not do what it is meant to do, is a sham, a falsehood, and cannot, in any real or beneficial sense, be said to be.

It may be thought that here are many big words about a very small matter, a waste of thought and writing about unimportant things. But surely it is not so. For the three instances

or experiences that have been brought together point to falseness and pretentiousness in our ways and works. They are indications of a spirit which is now too prevalent, and which is very wasteful and harmful, and it may be added, demoralising. We may call it the spirit of dishonesty. To one who has been abroad for many years, the changes in his native land are more striking than they are to those over whom they have come gradually, and he may even be apt to exaggerate them. But it certainly seems to the writer that there is now more pretentious living and bad work in our country than formerly. In our houses, our furniture, our dress, our eating and drinking, our way of living generally, and in our handicrafts, there is more attention to the one element of show, than to the qualities of simplicity, solidity, propriety, goodness. In plain language, there is more dishonesty, and less honesty. There is now more regard for show than for substance. Formerly, we English prided ourselves on its being the reverse with us.

Let me take another illustration from the things around me. This villa is what is described in advertisements as an ornamental one, with a pleasing and handsome exterior. It is badly built from basement to roof. The masonry and woodwork, and almost every other kind of work in it, are scamped. The walls are cracked; the roof lets in the rain; the doors and windows do not keep out the wind. Now, all this bad work is very wasteful. The house and the furniture are continually undergoing repair. There is no soundness in them. Materials badly used are really wasted, and the labour bestowed upon them is thrown away. This sham-fine house and sham-fine furniture must be demoralising both to inhabitants and builders—to those who made it, and those who use it. To live in an atmosphere of pretentiousness cannot be wholesome; to live amidst false surroundings, must tend to produce falsity of thought, feeling, and character. The handicraftsman by bad work smirches his title of honour. Higher title to respect than work well done, can no man have. And as a handicraftsman's work makes up his life, if that is bad, poor, and false, his life must also be bad, poor, and false, with no honour in it. Bad work for wages taken involves lying and cheating. Then these things grow. It is astonishing how quickly the character of a nation will change for better or worse, and how soon one single quality will permeate a nation and characterise it. The leaven spreads fast, and soon leavens the whole mass. Sloth or industry, extravagance or thrift, each of these may become the dominant quality of a nation. We see how many nations have sunk from enterprise into inactivity, and how, after attaining to the highest perfection in the arts, they have lost the capacity of doing any good work at all. This is the danger. Our national character may become deteriorated. We may come to care more for the show than the substance of things. Showy and pretentious, instead of simple and solid living, may become the rule with us, and the whole national life become hollow. We may lose the habit of honest living and honest work.

Dishonest work leads to a dishonest spirit of work. The mason who puts bad work into the walls of a house, will put it into a sea-wall or a

railway tunnel; the smith who puts bad rivets into a kitchen boiler, will put them into a railway viaduct; and thus we have much loss of money and life. Our goods and manufactures once commanded the markets of the world, because of their excellent workmanship—they were reliable in this respect; they are said to be losing the command, because they no longer bear the same character.

To bring together these three experiences. The governor's dinner was very simple, but it was good; the dress of the lady and gentleman of high position was plain, but the one best suited to the place and circumstances; the furniture at the castle was plain and simple, but answered its purposes thoroughly well. There is no reason why a lady should not wear a silk dress and jewellery, but they are out of place on the deck of a steamer. It is a good and valuable thing to have beauty and grace in our surroundings, but not at the expense of good work and usefulness.

It will be observed that in all these cases it was the people of the highest rank that ate simply, dressed quietly, and had simple surroundings. These three experiences were not brought together, but simply happened to have followed one another. At the same time it is not meant by their conjunction that these good qualities are only to be found among people of the highest rank. Honest living and honest surroundings are to be found as much in the cottage or the villa as in the castle. Foolish and extravagant living are not unknown, unfortunately, in the higher ranks of the community. In them, too, sham not unfrequently takes the place of reality, and shadow is valued more than substance. But in them, too, nevertheless, the highest value is given to solid and to appropriate living. A nobleman may live a life of 'sustained splendour,' to use Lord Beaconsfield's words; but there would be nothing pretentious in that, as it would be simply in accordance with his rank. When the American authoress, Mrs Beecher Stowe, visited England, she remarked, apparently with some surprise, the simple and unostentatious mode of living of some of our highest families. The three instances here given may help to correct the foolish notion that show and display are any necessary marks or indications of rank or position. It is from the prevalence of such notions that we have so much pretentious living; and it is probable that they prevail most in the great middle class, which constitutes the body of the nation.

#### VERBAL LAPSES.

To err is human, and to make verbal lapses is especially human; hence, one thoroughly enjoys hearing a lingual *faux pas*. The amusement caused does not of necessity imply a sense of superiority in the listener, but rather a faculty of sympathy, as if knowing that at any moment he or she might make a similar mistake. The sentiment has much in common with the hearty laughter which invariably follows the reading of love-letters in a breach-of-promise case. The epistles are perhaps nonsensical enough intrinsically; but the ludicrous side of sympathy is roused—the auditor feeling that he himself has written, or might write, just some such foolish

sweetness to his lady-love. To slips of the tongue, some persons are of course more prone than others; so much so, in fact, as to cause the weakness to be characterised as a mental defect. Nevertheless, it is, as we have said, a failing more or less inherent in human nature. These lapses may for the most part be attributed to one or other of four causes—haste, carelessness, innocence, and ignorance.

We have heard of the captain of a small ocean-steamer—a bluff, hearty sea-dog, of Cockney birth—who sometimes caused amusement to his passengers by his slips. He was in the habit of reading the Church of England service on Sunday morning, and his verbal vagaries were such as seriously to interfere with the devout attention of the passengers. On one occasion he read the episode of 'Jael and *Ceserea*,' and prayed that the Queen might be 'endowed with eternal *facility*.' We were once perplexed by a frequent allusion to a steamer named the *Sky-thee-a*, which turned out to be the *Scythia*. Again, the captain gravely remarked one day, as he was serving out some corn-flour, that he 'didn't know why the pudding was called *blue mange*, seeing that it was always *white*!' Ignorant error is not, however, invariably 'at sea.' A man of the would-be erudite order, on being accosted by a neighbour with, 'What a windy morning!' replied: 'Yes, it is blowing a perfect *tournament*.' The same 'derangement of epitaphs' was noticeable in the letter of a country correspondent who wrote: 'Here I sit in this quiet *sequestrated nook*.'

Many laughable lapses have occurred in the pulpit. Naturally, most of these have resulted not from ignorance, but from that tendency to slips which no one can at all times avoid. The wonderful number of 'clerical errors' which are current, arises, probably, from the fact that the opportunities of hearing them are more frequent than in the case of political or other speakers. A few Sundays ago, in a church which had recently been repaired, a venerable clergyman prayed 'that this building may stand eternally for many generations to come.' Another reverend gentleman wound up a glowing peroration with, 'Oh! my brethren, the bridge was gulfed—ah—that is, the gulf was bridged!'—the prosaic, hurried tones of the explanation completely robbing the climax of its intended effect. Again, a clergyman solemnly enunciated the following pregnant truth: 'If these men had been born Hottentots, they'd have been Hottentots still.'

There is a story told of a minister who referred in his sermon to the 'Sarisees and Faducees'; and in the course of an announcement as to a certain meeting being 'held in the hall,' he misplaced the vowels in the first and last words, with a result which can only be mildly hinted at as suggestive of Hades. At a clerical gathering in a certain town in Nova Scotia, an aged brother rose and remarked: 'We are all acquainted with the Scriptural injunction—this day every man is expected to do his duty.' As the meeting dispersed, one of the clergymen spoke to the reverend lapse-maker, and informed him the quotation was from Shakespeare. 'Shakespeare!' replied the old minister; 'that can't be, for I've never read Shakespeare.'

It is but a step from the pulpit to the 'precentor's desk,' which is equally notorious in respect

of blunders, sometimes of the most absurd nature. A ludicrous scene was witnessed some years ago in a country church in Scotland. The precentor was a burly fellow, who followed the plough during the week, and whose only recommendation for the post of psalmody-leader was the possession of powerful lungs. The paraphrase, 'Ho! ye that thirst,' had been chosen, and the bucolic precentor elected to sing it to the music of the 'Old C'—a common-metre hymn to a long-metre tune. He began with stentorian stolidity, never dreaming of the metrical precipice that lay immediately before him. The first line, 'Ho! ye that thirst, approach the spring,' passed off without mishap. Then came the second line, 'Where living waters flow.' No sooner had the unfortunate precentor reached the last word than he stood aghast at the fact that there was more music but no more words! With the despairing look of a drowning man catching at a straw, he cast his eyes imploringly from side to side, prolonging the vowel-sound of the last word into two groans of dismay, to the remaining notes of the line—'flow—oh!—oh!' Thereupon he collapsed into his seat, with the air of a betrayed and deeply injured man, amid the audible titters of the rural congregation.

Our Highland cousins have frequently caused amusement by their colloquial lapses, arising from imperfect knowledge of English. A Highlander who lives in a village not far from Paisley was one day followed by a bevy of mischievous boys, when he turned sharply round and exclaimed: 'Oh, you'll make a fool of me as long as my back's behind me; but if my face was before me, you wouldn't do it.' Another, who had been similarly annoyed, afterwards told a friend that 'some bad boys came and threw ground at him.' A Highlander on a Glasgow quay, with a broken hawser in his hand, was heard shouting: 'Pull? How can I pull when the rope's in twice?' Two fresh arrivals from the Western Isles went to a city merchant's office, saying: 'This is Donald and me lookin' for a wrocht [for work]; can you give us one?' 'No; I'm sorry to say that at present there's no vacancy.' 'Och,' replied the spokesman, 'never mind; it's a' richt whether or yes; as one door shuts, another closes. Good-mornin'.' The spirit of Mrs Malaprop would seem to pervade all kindreds and tongues, and one might even imagine that some of that lady's lineal descendants have settled in the west of Scotland. A native of Skye happened to be in Edinburgh a few years ago, when Chantrelle the poisoner lay under sentence of death, and when there was a rumour as to a reprieve. The Celt inquired of a friend: 'Did you'll think Chantrelle will get a reprimand?'

There are occasional slips of the tongue which can be traced only to mental peculiarity, resulting in distorted reasoning, as was exemplified by the young lady who observed: 'Isn't it strange that we should get our tortoiseshell combs from an animal that hasn't got a hair on its head?'

Villages are proverbial for the development of character, or rather characteristics. In such small centres, peculiarities and eccentricities find a scope and opportunity which are lacking amid the restrictions and larger interests of city-life. A village orator eloquently perorated in a supposed

quotation of Keats: 'A thing of beauty is a thing for ever!' A registrar of a certain town in Scotland informs us he was once startled by the statement: 'If you please, sir, I've come to registrate the birth of a young woman.' In the same locality, an Irishwoman, wanting relief from the Parochial Board, said: 'I would not tell a lie to that Prodigal Boord for anything.'

The list of blunders might be indefinitely extended, so fruitful is the field. Indeed, we have scarcely glanced at one of the commonest forms of lapses—those which take place in every-day conversation. Readers will be able to call to mind numbers of slips perpetrated either by themselves or by their friends—such, for instance, as inadvertently narrating an anecdote turning upon a physical peculiarity or defect possessed by some one in the company; addressing a newly married lady by her maiden name; looking over an album, and making humorous remarks on a photograph which you subsequently discover to be that of one of your host's near relations; or interlarding one's talk with inapt or mispronounced foreign phrases. The moral would seem to be, to act and speak with circumspection. At first, this might impose a feeling of restraint; but in course of time it would become an easy-fitting habit. If we were only a little more guarded in our conversation, much merriment might be lost to the world, but at the same time a great deal of pain and perplexity would be avoided.

#### DRAWING-ROOM SONGS.

THE circle of English people to whom music of one kind or another makes some appeal, is rapidly widening; and the drawing-rooms in which singing and playing do not from time to time form the ostensible entertainment of the evening, are few and far between. The musical press pours forth a never-ceasing flood of songs intended for performance on such occasions, few of them lasting beyond a season or two, and most of them revealing a very close similarity in idea and treatment. Such of them as happen to attain popularity trail after them a long tail of imitations, in which any fault or any feebleness in the original reappears in a more faulty and more enfeebled form. A composer puts forth a song about a dream. The times, which are the reverse of dreamy, find something very attractive in dreams set to music, and the song is a success. Suddenly, all the counters of the music-vendors, all the canterburies, and all the portfolios, are given up to dream-songs. *I was Dreaming; The Stars are Dreaming; Ah, let me Dream; Dreams of Rapture; Can it be a Dream? Dreams within Dreams*, come in quick succession one upon another. Young gentlemen stand at the pianoforte and dream of a face that is lost for ever; and young ladies dream of a love that will yet be theirs; till one would think that dreaming were either the highest pleasure or the sole duty in life. Gradually we awake out of this luxurious state of semi-somnolence, till one day a lucky composer bethinks him of an angel! The times are sceptical; but there is a certain condition of liberal-minded geniality induced by melodious



music in which it seems not unbecoming to recognise, at least for art-purposes, the existence of these messengers from the unseen land; and the song is heard far and wide. Then everybody begins to see angels; an angel stands on every threshold, an angel whispers in every ear, an angel stoops from every cloud, an angel touches every brow, an angel closes all tired eyes, and troops of those celestial beings so fill the ways of the world, that an onlooker becomes apt to ask himself whether the frivolities of the social evening are not a little out of harmony with the solemnity of these visionary visitants.

And here is very naturally suggested another point worthy of remark in connection with this subject. Can any person, not being a singer, fail to have been struck by the occasionally ludicrous contrast presented between the sentiments expressed by a young lady in her conversation, and those which she selects for vocal illustration in the intervals of that conversation?

I am sitting by the side of Miss Gwendolen Maitland, a girl of two or three and twenty. She is tall, and carries her figure proudly and gracefully. She has hair of that shade of brown which turns into gold when the sun shines upon it; and behind the light and delicately curving fringe which shadows the upper part of her white forehead, she has bound it into a richly interwoven plait. Her eyes are gray—no, blue—you cannot say which, for they are both together and each by turns; and her presence exercises over me that fascination which I always experience from a manner that is expressive of innocent and womanly delight in life. Her conversation, it is true, is a little less than all this—at least unless in a *tête-à-tête* conversation; and on the present occasion there are some thirty or forty persons in the drawing-room.

'Who is that pale gentleman,' I have just asked her, 'evidently discussing with Miss Isbister the merits of that peacock-feather hand-screen?'

'Ah,' she replies, 'you have picked out my cousin. You will not think it strange that he should look pale, poor fellow, when you learn that he has crossed from Ostend to-day, and has suffered a landsman's martyrdom on the passage. I ought not to have told you, though, for I am sure he would feel your knowledge of the fact as a kind of humiliation. But you must hear of our glorious ride to-day. We had barely got freely out upon the downs, when'—

At this point, while her eyes sparkled with the recollection of that exhilarating gallop on the springy turf, she was interrupted by the approach of our hostess, who came to ask her to sing. She yielded without apparent reluctance; and after leading her to the piano, I retreated to my chair to listen, leaving an accomplished pianist to accompany her. Well—she sang a song the title of which I did not learn, but which might appropriately have been called *Nevermore*. She spoke throughout in the first person, and she assured her listeners, in the most thrilling tones of her rich soprano voice, that the days that had been would come back nevermore—that her light of life was quenched—that the pale cold hand of Sorrow had drawn a pall over her, and none would lift it evermore—that her eyes ached with watching and her heart with yearning—and that

the serpent Despair had wound itself about her soul, and would uncoil nevermore.

I did not know what to make of it; and when, as a preliminary to hearing her own judgment upon the sentiments she had just been expressing, I thanked her for the song, she replied with a smile more sorrowless than the flash of a daffodil: 'I am glad you liked it; it is a pretty melody'; adding, 'and are not the words beautiful?'

I had not found any solution of the problem which this paradox had set me, when my ears were saluted with sounds as of a sturdy tar at the main sheet, or an able-bodied seaman hauling on the anchor-cable. A barytone voice, quite untrained, but with plenty of good quality, was trolling out a ditty of marlinespikes and tarpaulins and all the furniture of a frigate; and the frigate was running before the wind, or beating up in the wind's eye; and all the sailors were great rough manly pious fellows, with a kind of pride in an oath, and a strong leaning towards tears, which they dashed out of their eyes with the back of their hard hands. I looked towards the piano, and saw that the voice proceeded from the pale passenger from Ostend; and I fear that the emotion I experienced at that moment betrayed itself on my features, for Miss Gwendolen, happening to catch my eye as it rolled wonderingly round, immediately concealed her face behind her fan.

There followed a selection of quaint pianoforte pieces by Grieg, really well rendered, with the freshness of interpretation demanded by those piquant compositions; and then came Miss Isbister's turn to sing. Miss Millicent Isbister wore daisies, and these had begun to close when, earlier in the evening, I had exchanged a few words with her. She was but seventeen, and appeared so nervous that I also began to lose my self-possession; and when, in the course of our conversation, I happened to allude, in the most distant and delicate manner, to the marriage service of the English Church, the poor child blushed incontinently, and her eyes looked anywhere but towards me. What, then, was my surprise when I saw her standing at the piano and heard her warbling—very nervously, it is true—in her fibreless mezzo-soprano voice, about walking beneath the light of the moon, under a roof of rustling leaves, of burning lips pressed to her own, and the passionate beat of two hearts made one! Again, I knew not what to think, and sought refuge from thought in the society of Miss Gwendolen and the coolness of a claret-cup among the palms and azaleas.

Although it is true that whole budgets of the drawing-room songs now current may be referred to one or other of the classes above typified, it would be quite unfair to assert that other classes do not exist, or that there are not songs the individuality of which exempts them from any such classification. Again, there may occasionally be heard an *aria* detached from its context in some Italian or French opera; and in this instance, though the sentiment is generally either unbounded despondency or hysterical erotic joy, the use of the first person is more intelligible, seeing that the singer is avowedly assuming the character of the dramatic artist, the condition of whose mind is usually a not unnatural outcome of the very exceptional situation in which the

librettist has thought fit to place him or her. But no such explanation as this of the assumption of a character can be offered to solve the mystery of the almost universal choice of songs such as those above suggested; and knowing as we do the healthy and admirable natures of many of our friends who sing them to us for our delight, we cannot attribute that choice to a morbid love on their part for unwholesome and unnatural emotion.

Perhaps a true solution of the problem would be more readily arrived at by considering how far the unfortunate conditions of Society require the suppression of *all* emotion, and whether there cannot be traced in the song a recognised loophole of escape from conversational restraint. To a girl of an ardent and impulsive nature, subject to a thousand emotions for which Society offers and allows no medium of expression, it is unquestionably a relief to be able to lift up her voice, and with its full power, utter, without check or curb, words charged with feeling not necessarily similar to her own, but at least of like depth and suffused with the same warmth of colour. Song becomes to her what it is to the thrush; and as, when restraint is once removed, extremes are usually sought, what wonder if the songs selected are those that breathe the most spasmodic of raptures, the most maudlin of melancholies, the most unattainable of desires!

The above remarks have had reference rather to the words than to the music, and much remains to be said on both these component parts of the song; but this much only can here be added—that the authors of the words have but little to complain of in the work of the composers who adapt their verses to music; for the one salient feature of the songs of our time is the fidelity with which the music interprets the words; a condemnation or eulogy of the one implies in most cases censure or approbation of the other; and it would be exceedingly difficult to determine in most instances whether a song in these days owes its popularity in larger measure to the words or to the music. Blame, where blame is due, for compositions of the kind already alluded to must attach less to the composer of either words or music than to the public, whose demand is for work which it is at once easy and lucrative to supply, and who are content with songs that are sung for a season beneath every roof, and then pass out of mind, like last week's newspaper.

#### AMERICAN CATTLE-BRANDS.

The publication known as the *Texas Live-stock Journal* is a literary curiosity in its way. At first sight, it looks like a very badly-printed child's reading-book, with its columns of dingy woodcuts of cattle and horses. On closer inspection, however, we soon perceive that its alphabetical arrangement of names and its rows of woodcuts are simply advertisements of the brands of cattle, with a letterpress notice, telling the ownership thereof. Without this brand, or some distinguishing mark of a like kind, the manager of a cattle-ranch would be in a very helpless condition, and would be unable to pick out his strayed or stolen property from

among that of his neighbours. In winter, cattle belonging to different brands are sometimes allowed to range at will on the prairies, and so get mixed up with each other; though, at the 'round up' or separation, which takes place in spring, if the different herds are branded, it is a comparatively easy matter for each ranch-manager to claim his own property. In these brand advertisements in the *Live-stock Journal*, the marks or brands are cut out in white on the dark woodcuts, and are easily distinguishable. As a specimen of some of these brands, the cattle belonging to M. L. Martin have a large R on the ribs, and M on the hips. Those of E. A. Panknin are marked Pan on the hips, whilst initials, crosses, and round Os seem to be a very common form of marking.

#### B L I N D.

DARK—for ever dark, I go  
Through this world of want and woe,  
Imploring thy sweet charity.  
Stay, hurrying foot; O pity me!

No morning ray dispels my night;  
I may not see the blessed light;  
A dateless dark—a settled gloom,  
A foretaste of the coming tomb.

No glory of a setting sun  
Paints my heaven when day is done;  
Morn, noon, or eve no solace bring;  
Night brooding folds her sable wing.

For me no moon, for me no star  
Send their greeting from afar;  
I grope to find a friendly hand  
To guide me through this weary land.

I lay me down in darksome night:  
My dreams are of the heavenly light:  
I wake to find that dreams bestow  
My only comfort here below.

No more shall manhood's form divine,  
Or woman's softer beauties shine;  
Childhood's grace, decrepit eld,  
From my sightless eyes withheld.

The smile of joy, the tear of woe,  
Alike to me may come and go.  
The dear old faces! now they pass  
Unmirrored o'er my darkened glass.

To help the weary in their strife;  
To ease the burdens of this life,  
No gift from me, for while I live,  
Alas! I take, but cannot give.

DARK—for ever dark, I go  
Through this world of want and woe,  
Imploring thy sweet charity.  
Stay, hurrying feet; O pity me!

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fourth Series .

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No. 1034.—VOL. XX.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1883.

PRICE 1½d.

## FEIGNED INSANITY.

VARIOUS cases of simulated madness are recorded from the time when it was feigned by Ulysses to avoid joining the Greek army in the expedition against Troy; but in civil life, they have nearly all been confined to persons who have pretended to be insane with the view of being acquitted of crimes for which they have been charged, and it was on this account assumed by Guiteau on his trial for the assassination of President Garfield. Common soldiers and sailors have also simulated mental aberration, not only for the same object, but to escape from the service. The facts concerning these malingering cases are scattered through several medico-psychological publications, and although none appear to furnish us with anything like an exhaustive account of them, an approximate full collection of such are obtainable from Bucknill and Tuke's *Manual of Psychological Medicine* (fourth edition, London, 1879); Taylor's *Medical Jurisprudence* (third edition, London, 1883); Browne's *Medical Jurisprudence of Insanity* (second American edition, San Francisco, 1875); Wharton and Stille's *Medical Jurisprudence* (third edition, Philadelphia, 1873); and the *Journal of Mental Science*. It is mostly from these publications that the following instances are given to our readers.

In their excellent *Manual of Psychological Medicine*, Drs Bucknill and Tuke state that 'all the features of every case of insanity form a consistent whole, and it requires as much intelligence to conceive and to represent, as it does not to conceive and represent, any dramatic character;' and in confirmation of this statement, they rightly add, that 'two of the most perfect pictures of insanity presented to us in the plays of Shakspeare are the madness of Hamlet—assumed to escape the machinations of his uncle—and that of Edgar in *Lear*, assumed to escape the persecutions of his brother. In both instances, however, the deception was practised by educated gentlemen; and on the authority of the great dramatic psychologist, it perhaps

may be accepted that the phenomena of insanity may be feigned by a skilful actor like Hamlet so perfectly that no flaw can be detected in the representation.'

As it seldom happens that any but ignorant people attempt to simulate intellectual derangement, and as they generally entertain the erroneous idea that it consists of the most violent and absurd conduct, and that all the conditions and relations of those who suffer from it are entirely reversed, feigners of madness mostly overact or improperly play their part; and hence it is that, by their various peculiarities of conduct and mixing different forms of insanity together, never met with in real mental disease, their deceit is soon detected. On account of the supposed violent actions, vociferations, and absurd language of mania, this kind of madness is more frequently assumed than any other. Monomania is more difficult to simulate, and is easier to discover; but dementia, which consists in an entire cessation of intellectual power, is more easily feigned. As idiocy and imbecility are conditions of congenital deficiency which have existed from birth, they are both exceedingly difficult to assume. We are told that an acute observer of the peculiarities of chronic mania may, if he be an excellent mimic, imitate it so as to deceive the most experienced medico-psychologist. It is also very difficult to ascertain whether a person who pretends to be insane is so or not, if he is continually passive and obstinately silent; but to succeed in this attempt, the impostor must have a very rare strength of will and patience, and the mental strain required to be undergone for this purpose is immense, and almost intolerable, as the dramatic powers of such a simulator must often for weeks at a time be kept on the stretch, in the faithful representation of manners and modes of thought far more difficult to indicate than those which are shown on the stage of a theatre. In the last edition of Taylor's *Medical Jurisprudence* (1883), we are told that 'in real insanity a person will not admit that he is insane; in the feigned

state, all his attempts are directed to make people believe that he is mad.' Thus, it is stated that, in a case that occurred in Edinburgh some years ago, as it was doubtful whether an individual was simulating madness or not, those who had charge of him in prison were quite convinced, from his clear statements and coherence, that he was perfectly sane, and that his strange conduct was merely eccentricity, or feigned attempts to act mental derangement. There was no doubt, however, that he was insane, although he made desperate attempts to convince the court that he was not, and made very clear and quick observations upon the testimony of medical men against his sanity; and when one leading medico-psychologist said that he thought him entirely unable to give information to counsel and agents for conducting his defence, he instantly said: 'Then why do you advise me to apply to and see counsel and agents?' Dr Laurent, in the *Annales d'Hygiène* (1866), says that persons who have for some days or weeks pretended that they were mad, have in the end really become so. In support of the assertion, he quotes the case of two sailors who in a very successful manner had for a short time simulated mental alienation, to escape imprisonment; but ultimately they became insane.

In the *Allgemeine Zeitschrift für Psychiatrie* for December 1855, Dr Snell states that at the House of Correction at Eberbach, a prisoner endeavoured for some years to escape punishment by feigning madness. He would not work. He danced round his cell, sang unconnected words and melodies, and made a peculiar booming sound. To any one who went into his cell, he put on a forced stupid look, and glanced at people sideways, but generally fixed his eyes on the floor or on the wall. He either gave no replies to questions, or entirely wrong answers, nor would he recognise the people he constantly saw. This is a remarkable instance of a simulator greatly overacting the part of a madman. At the Lewes winter assizes, a prisoner sentenced to fifteen years' transportation for burglary, after being committed to jail, deceived three of the visiting magistrates and two medical men by feigning insanity; and a certificate was about to be signed for his removal as a supposed lunatic, when his imposture was discovered by his making a confidant of one of his fellow-prisoners. He had previously been sentenced to ten years' transportation for robbery at Leicester; and on being sent to Millbank prison, he deceived the medical officers there by pretending to be insane, so that they certified him to be such; and he was taken to Bethlehem Hospital, commonly called Bedlam, where he stayed two years, and then received a ticket-of-leave. A case is mentioned, in the *Journal of Mental Science* for October 1881, by Dr Robertson, Physician to the City Parochial Asylum and Hospital, Glasgow, of a Thomas Dolan, who was tried for the murder of Edward Devine at Glasgow in July 1880. After his arrest, the prisoner feigned insanity for about four months, and then confessed, the day before his trial, to Drs Robertson and Yellowlees, that he had been assuming mad-

ness. As the jury returned a verdict of culpable homicide in the terms of the prisoner's confession, he was sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude. Dr Robertson properly adds, that 'it is satisfactory to think that the prisoner's attempt at imposition was exposed. Had it been successful, there would have been a serious miscarriage of justice, and other criminals would have been encouraged to practise similar deception in future cases.'

We are told that epilepsy, which is sometimes connected with insanity, can be, and is imitated, and that beggars live by fits; one detected in this deceit confessing that he had been taught the trick by his father, who had studied the symptoms in a book. A case of well-simulated epilepsy is mentioned by Legrand du Sault. That great French psychological physician, Esquirol, boasted that no cunning could prevent him from detecting a case of assumed epilepsy. One of his pupils shortly afterwards fell suddenly, was convulsed, and presented all the severer symptoms of this disease. Esquirol, looking with deep anxiety, turned to those around, saying: 'Ah, poor boy; he is an epileptic.' His pupil then sprang to his feet, crying: 'You see, my master, that we can simulate an attack of epilepsy.' That feigner was Calmiel, the greatest authority upon general paralysis. Sailors who prefer deck-work to going aloft frequently simulate this disease. An examination of the hands, however, during the seizure is generally a true test whether it is real or not, as the thumb of the real epileptic is invariably held down into the palm by the other fingers. A practised ear should also be able to distinguish the peculiar scream which always accompanies the seizure. Mr Wharton, the famous American writer upon medical jurisprudence, states that at a recent German trial, the parents of two young girls, one eleven and the other fifteen, claimed public relief on account of the children being subject to epileptic fits. For a long time, they were under close medical examination, and even received into a hospital, where they were under continual notice. The elder girl was affected by this disease in its worst shape, being prostrated by convulsive attacks of extraordinary violence, which afterwards left her in a state of absolute exhaustion. As suspicion was roused respecting the sincerity of these patients, one of the officers at the hospital, much against the objections of the medical attendants, threatened the elder of the two with severe discipline if she had another fit. The threat was successful, as no fit was repeated; and the children confessed that, to excite sympathy and obtain money, they had simulated this disease.

Several rules have been given by medico-psychologists for the discovery of feigned insanity. One is, that in real mental aberration, there is generally some probable cause for such, but not in that which is simulated; and that, while the former is always sudden, the latter is seldom so. Schürmayer, in his *Theoretico-practical Compendium of Forensic Medicine*, says that 'close attention should be first directed to the entire exterior of the subject—his posture, his motions, his gestures, his eyes, his words; his intonation, and above all, the first impression produced upon his mind by the appearance of the physician. What most distinctly characterises a mental disease, and is never misunderstood by a skilful physician,



is the physiognomy of such a patient. The eye of a madman is the mirror of his soul. He lacks the calm, unobstructed gaze peculiar to the sane, untouched by passion or excitement.' Heinroth, another eminent German psychologist, in his *System of Judicial Forensic Medicine*, also states, in confirmation of the above statement, that 'the cunning leer of a lunatic, the savage glare of a maniac, the lack-lustre eyes of a splenetic, or the meaningless stare of an imbecile, cannot be counterfeited.'

Great reliance is placed by all psychological physicians upon the physiognomy of the insane, which cannot be simulated, and which, in the absence of sleep, is generally characteristic of intellectual derangement, and is not observed in the impostor. The violence of a maniac continues whether he is alone or not; while the feigner only pretends to be insane when he thinks he is watched; therefore, by isolating and continually looking at him when he thinks he is not observed, his deceit may soon be discovered. Dr Conolly, late resident physician at the county of Middlesex Lunatic Asylum at Hanwell, and who is said to have done more than any other medical man in this country for the reformed treatment of the insane, says that he can hardly imagine a case of feigned madness which would elude an efficient system of observation. Again, a person suffering from acute mania is furious both day and night, and sleeps but little, and very unsoundly; but a simulator of this disease sleeps from exhaustion as well as a healthy person.

Threats of corporal punishment have proved successful in the discovery of pretended mental aberration; but the administration of medicine is more justifiable, and is likely to be more efficient for this purpose, though there are few cases of imitated madness which require this for its detection; but a dose of opium may occasionally hasten the discovery, if sufficient means of patiently watching the suspected simulator are not available. Chloroform has recently been used in France for determining real from feigned insanity, as it is thought that during the intoxication produced by this drug, a real maniac will continue to rave on the subject of his delusions, and that one assuming this character will be overcome by its influence, and therefore his deceit will be manifest; but Drs Bucknill and Tuke entertain doubts upon both these points, and state, in their *Manual of Psychological Medicine*, that they had 'verified by repeated experiments that a real maniac under the influence of chloroform, administered to a degree short of producing coma, will sometimes, under its transitory influence, become tranquil and docile.'

The main reason why there appear to have been so many successful imitations of insanity on the one hand, and why simulators of such have not been detected more frequently, or sooner than they have been, is owing to the very deficient knowledge which the majority of our medical men possess of insanity. This disadvantage is forcibly pointed out by Dr Blandford and other eminent medico-psychologists, in their evidence before the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the Lunacy Laws in 1877, and also in the *Lancet* in 1879, which states that 'it is impossible to assume the existence of any special

competency to determine the difficult question of sanity or insanity on the part of medical men generally;' and that the testimony of an unskilled certifier of insanity 'is not simply useless, but a delusion and a snare.' The cause of this deplorable lack of psychological knowledge by the medical profession is owing to the want of a good system of clinical lectures upon mental disease in the wards of lunatic asylums, and the fact that insanity is not a compulsory subject for examination by any of the medical corporations. We are glad, however, to notice that the University of London, and the Royal College of Physicians of London, have given a little encouragement for the study of this disease by those who seek diplomas from these bodies; but little result appears to have been gained by this step. At the annual meeting of the Medico-Psychological Association in 1879, it was unanimously resolved that 'this Association petition the General Medical Council to have mental diseases made a subject of examination for all degrees and licenses in medicine in the United Kingdom.' Lord Shaftesbury and Mr Wilkes, two of the Lunacy Commissioners for England and Wales, in their testimony before the Select Committee just referred to, expressed their opinions in favour of clinical lectures being given to medical students upon insanity; while Dr J. Crichton Browne, one of the Lord Chancellor's Visitors in Lunacy, told this Committee that he thought 'it would be a great improvement if it were made compulsory upon medical men to obtain some training in lunacy during their medical education.'

It is to be hoped that the important statements we have mentioned, and numerous others of a like kind, will soon cause proper means to be adopted materially to increase the knowledge of insanity among our medical men generally, so as to render them far more competent to discharge the important duties and responsibilities intrusted to them in connection with this malady.

## ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOT.

### CHAPTER XLII.—FORGIVENESS.

THE servants at Castel Vavr had work enough to do, and matter enough to fill their puzzled minds to overflowing, on the eventful morning of the interrupted marriage. When bewildered Lady Barbara returned home from the church with the half-unconscious bride, she found an urgent telegram awaiting her. It was a happy thought on the part of Sir Pagan Carew to send that telegram. It simply announced the early arrival, per such-and-such a train, of himself and his sister, and requested that a carriage might be in waiting at the station. Lady Barbara frowned; but she had her iron nerves under strong control, and she gave orders as distinctly as one of the Great Frederick's highly trained officers might have done, had that will-crushing monarch commanded him to make the necessary arrangement for his own military execution and unceremonious funeral.

'It is Sir Pagan—Sir Pagan Carew—and Her Ladyship, his sister, whom you are to wait for at the station,' she said, in her austere tone.

She could not bring herself to tell the liveried serving-man that it was his true mistress, the genuine Marchioness of Leominster, who was to be conveyed to Castel Vawr in her own carriage; but servants know far more than we tell them, and the respectful 'Yes, My Lady,' of the man addressed, meant more than mere mechanical obedience.

Within the castle, for a time, something like anarchy reigned. The best drilled household, like the best drilled regiment, is capable of being disorganised by violent excitement; and then, too, the mansion contained many who were not servants, but decorators, assistant-cooks and pastry-cooks, artificers in fireworks, florists—all called in to be useful in the festivities. There was much disappointment. There was even more of curiosity. The few dignified guests—Duke and Duchess, the Marquis, the Bishop, with excited Lord Putney, and grim Lady Barbara—were shut up in the Painted Room, in solemn conclave with Mr Pontifex, who alone held the key of the enigma. The lawyer, of course, had to relate, as guardedly as professional etiquette and a sense of duty dictated, the real history of the great Leominster case—to set down, tersely, the proofs that had caused his client's cause to collapse like a burst bubble; and to make clear to prejudiced minds and dull wits how very complete was the solution of the mystery. But Mr Pontifex found his task unexpectedly easy. The guilt-stricken demeanour, the utter prostration, of the hapless bride, had done more to damage her cause in popular estimation than the most cogent arguments and the most convincing array of witnesses could have done.

'It has been very much on your account, Lord Putney, that I ventured on a step so unusual, so distressing, but so necessary,' said the little lawyer.

And Lord Putney, with real tears in his wrinkled old eyes, and looking as though by art magic he had aged a score of years within two hours, but still tapping the invaluable enamelled snuff-box that had been a gift from royalty, stammered out that he was 'mons'ous obliged' to Mr Pontifex. He was the first to depart from the castle where he had thought, with a lovely young wife on his padded arm, to reign as master; first to the hospitable mansion of Sir Timothy, and then, as soon as possible, to his bachelor abode in deserted London. Bishop, Marquis, Duke, and Duchess, were all busy with their preparations for a start.

Meanwhile, the unhappy bride remained in the seclusion of her own splendidly furnished suite of apartments, as Lady Barbara had left her. There is a well-spring of womanly kindness towards another weeping woman, which it takes a strong motive, such as bitter personal jealousy or a sharp sense of wrong, to dry up. In Lady Barbara's instance it was a sharp sense of wrong. She, who piqued herself on her wisdom, had been cruelly deceived. She had been paraded before the whole country-side as the friend and partisan of a proved impostor. For she, with feminine intuition, had not waited for Mr Pontifex to tell his tale, before her mind was made up. The conduct of the bride was to her fancy as complete a confession, before the lawyer spoke, as ever penitent uttered, with or

without the stimulus of rack or thumbscrew. So, when she brought her almost helpless charge back to Castel Vawr, she left her to the care of servants. 'Your women will look to your comfort,' she said coldly, as she withdrew.

Presently—it was not very long, by the mere prosaic measurement of hours and minutes, but it seemed an age to those who waited—there came the deep roll of the expected carriage, and the clash of hoofs and spurning of gravel, as the foam-flecked horses stopped in front of the stately main entrance of Castel Vawr. There was Sir Pagan, apologetic and uncomfortable; and there, in her plain black garb, was the lovely young Marchioness, the rightful sovereign, come back from unjust exile, from loneliness, suffering, suspicion undeserved, to take possession of her own. But there was no sparkle of triumph in those pure, clear eyes; no pride in the sad smile with which Clare of Leominster acknowledged the greetings of the obsequious servants, drawn up in double file to welcome their real mistress.

'My sister—where is my sister?'—that was all she said.

And when crestfallen Lady Barbara came almost penitentially to meet her and to crave her forgiveness for a great injury unwittingly done; and when the present Marquis, who alone, of privileged wedding-guests, lingered for a while, came up to say some good-natured words, Clare's answer to both of these loftily placed personages was such as became her. 'I thank you for your kind words, my lord,' she said gracefully to the Marquis, who could never forget that he had been Dolly Montgomery; 'and I hope, some day, we may be friends. At anyrate, on my side, as on yours, I am sure there is no feeling which is not friendly.'

To Lady Barbara she simply said: 'Do not, I beg of you, take it so much to heart. I never, Lady Barbara, looked on you as really my enemy. You stood for the right, as matters seemed. But now, forgive me, I can have but one thought—my sister.'

'Poor thing—poor thing! I hope, Lady Leominster, you will consider,' stammered out the kind, fat, blundering Marquis, reddening to the roots of his dyed hair, in a manner that made even rough Sir Pagan, speechless in the background, feel himself a Stoic and a man of the world in comparison. Very soft-hearted was weak Dolly Montgomery, and yet so shy, that it had caused him a painful effort to intercede for the offender. He had done his duty, however; and it was with a sense of relief that he turned upon Sir Pagan, whom he had met in many a resort of London men, and told the baronet first that he was awfully glad, and then that he was awfully sorry, and in fact was glibly incoherent. But Sir Pagan understood him perfectly well.

'Your sister, Lady Leominster, is up-stairs,' replied Lady Barbara, with extra stiffness. 'In bringing her back—overcome as she was by emotion, due to her sin having found her out—from the church which her presence disgraced, I felt that my acquaintance with Miss Cora Carew closed. In your hands I leave her; for, under present circumstances, even with your Ladyship's permission, Castel Vawr could be no longer a home for me. Preparations, then, for

my departure have already commenced. As for your miserable sister'—

'Miserable, yes; unhappy, yes. But spare me words of blame, where she is concerned, I pray you, Lady Barbara,' answered Clare gently, but proudly. 'Be sure that she, poor thing, suffers the most. It is not for us to break a bruised reed.'

Then the eyes of Lady Barbara, imperious eyes, angry, exacting, met those pure steadfast ones of Clare, Marchioness of Leominster, gentle, good, and merciful, in that hour of sudden success, that intoxicates so many with the fierce thrill and passion of triumph, but which merely served to show the girl's noble nature at its best. In her seemed realised some of the highest attributes of the chivalrous race from which she sprang—that tenderness to a worn-out servant, an old horse, an old hound, a feeble falcon that could hawk no more, that the decayed House she sprang from had been noted for of old. And as with consideration for a disabled retainer or a dumb friend past his work, so was it with open foes. More than one knight of the Carews, victorious after a sharp struggle, had held up his lance in the flush of the pursuit, and bidden his men, hot in chase after the runaways, 'spare Christian blood, and let the poor knaves go free.'

Lady Barbara was of another mould. The *lex talionis* was dear to her, and she had somewhat of Draco's austere spirit about her. She did like the sinner to suffer for his sin. The haughty spinster would have made a pattern squaw of the Sioux or the Comanches, always ready to inflict inexorably, or to endure unflinchingly, the tortures of the stake; nor did she see why culprits should not pay their penalty, richly deserved. But, somehow, she understood that in Clare she had met with a nature superior to her own; and, with a few confused words, she gave way to the new mistress of Castel Vawr.

Clare went to her sister. It was no easy matter to reach her. The unhappy pseudo-Marchioness retained enough of authority to enable her to deny admission to the apartments which she still occupied. For a time the trembling women who guarded her door kept to their post. 'Her Ladyship's orders—please, My Lady,' they repeated, with the instinct of long-practised obedience. But, after one or two repulses, Clare put them aside, gently but firmly. She went in, alone, through the pretty rooms, to where her conquered rival, in her last stronghold, awaited the dreaded coming of the sister whom she had injured, and who was now to be her judge. The bride-elect lay on her bed—her pale, tear-stained face half-hidden by the curtains, that were partly drawn, still in her bridal finery, a heap, as it were, of glimmering whiteness and flashing gems, cast recklessly down—in an attitude of despair. A bright fire of crackling logs burned in front of the bed, and by its light—for already clouds were dimming the fitful sunbeams of the short wintry day—the famous diamonds of the House of Leominster, stones that had a history, shone like stars on the head, the bosom, the slender arms, of the vanquished usurper, whose air of utter prostration seemed the more complete because of its contrast with the splendour of her wedding-array.

'I said I would not see you—I gave orders that I should not be disturbed,' she said sullenly.

'I had to force my way to you,' answered the

silvery tones of Clare, as she bent over the bed. 'I am at home now, you know, Cora, dear; and it is for me to insist,' she added, half playfully, half tearfully, as she tried to take one of the bride's cold hands in hers.

Resentfully, her sister pushed her back. 'How you must hate me!' she cried out shrilly, as she raised her head, and looked with wild eyes at the intruder, like a hunted animal driven to bay.

'I hate you, dear sister! Clare hate Cora—her other self, the dear one that grew up at her side, when we two were poor neglected young things, after our mother died, in our Devon home!' said the sweet, kind voice; and, somehow, the girl who lay upon the bed, gorgeous in her bridal attire, winced at every soft word as at a blow.

'You—must hate me—as I deserve!' she said, sinking back and trying—so it seemed—to hide her face among the pillows.

'Believe me, my own sister, Cora dear, I loved you throughout, and in spite of all,' went on the Marchioness. Nor even when, in that memorable interview in Leominster House, she had appealed in vain to her usurping sister's better nature, had there been such pathos and such music in her voice—never had she pleaded before as she pleaded now—now, when all were won over to her side, now in the hour of success. 'Had it not been for Wilfred's sake— But never mind that now. Come, Cora, let all be forgotten and forgiven. Let us kiss and be friends! It has been a dreadful dream—a painful time. Poor Clare has been very sad and very lonely; nor have you, dear, been happy, I am sure; but now I have come home it will be all right, and we two shall be loving sisters, as before, and'

'Is it possible?' cried the girl, looking up, and thrusting back from her temples the dishevelled gold of her hair. 'Can you forgive me even that—or are you mocking me?' Her eyes, swimming in tears, met those eyes of Clare's, which might have been the eyes of an angel, glorious, merciful, looking down upon her; and for the first time, her heart, warped, but not hardened, was touched. She hid her face.—'Clare, Clare!' she broke out passionately, 'I was wicked, I was mad—a false sister, a fickle friend! All that may now be said of me is true, and I acknowledge the great wrong I did you. But it was because I was weak, and let myself be lured on by the persuasions of that French temptress, of the wily intriguer, who first whispered in my ear how easy would success be, and how great the prize to be won. But, sister, your wretched Cora has been punished already. Indeed, indeed, I have repented, ever since, of that wickedness. I was too bucklered in my stubborn pride—we Carews are proud—and too much ashamed, to own the truth, often as I longed to tell it. Often and often, in the stillness of the night, "Oh, would that I had never done it!" has been my cry, as it might have been that of a lost spirit. I felt like one. I did not dare to pray. And yet, I was obstinate in my evil path. Never, I fear, should I have had the grace to own the truth; but now I am glad—yes, sister, glad, that the mask is torn off, and my sin has found me out, and men know me for the hateful thing I am! And—and I will go away, and not be a sorrow or disgrace to those who bear my name, any more.'

Very gently, soothingly, and with infinite patience—such patience as love alone confers—her nobler sister calmed, with kisses and tender words, the passionate sorrow of the wild and wayward girl. 'All is forgiven; let all be forgotten, and let us two be as before. Come, Cora, dear—for old Clare's sake!'

And at last the frantic outburst of grief and self-upbraiding was hushed; and, calling her women, and leaving them to disrobe her, Clare left her unhappy sister, broken in spirit indeed, but not utterly desperate, now that the dreaded meeting had taken place. And then the Marquis went, and even Lady Barbara departed, and only Mr Pontifex and Sir Pagan stayed on with the sisters at Castel Vawr.

### THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE OF PORT-ROYAL.

ONE of the most common popular ideas connected with Jamaica is, that it is periodically afflicted with earthquakes and hurricanes, whose ravages are of the most appalling character, and on the most extensive scale. To this absurd impression the Creoles have themselves in some degree contributed; for having once been visited with one of the most severe earthquakes on record—that which destroyed the flourishing town of Port-Royal in 1692—and having suffered on the 28th of August 1712 and the same day in 1722, from an unusually destructive hurricane, they continued for more than a hundred and fifty years to impress these facts upon the public mind, by observing the anniversaries of these two disastrous events as solemn fasts. It was not till 1867 that the obligatory observance of these anniversaries was rendered permissive by the legislature.

But if earthquakes are not so common in Jamaica, or indeed in any of the West India islands, as to cause that normal dread of them which prevails in Peru and some other countries, their occurrence is still a sufficiently ordinary event to justify the alteration of the well-known supplication in the litany in all the Anglican churches throughout the colony into, 'From earthquake, lightning, and tempest, good Lord, deliver us!' One, two, or perhaps three, take place annually; and if unusually severe, a kitchen chimney may be thrown down, or an ill-constructed wall of an outside building slightly cracked. But accidents are extremely rare; and beyond a notice of a few lines in a local paper the following day, the earthquake is forgotten almost as soon as it is over.

No one, however, who has once experienced a sharp shock of earthquake, will desire its more frequent recurrence. For the most part, these shocks occur during the night; and whether it is that the silence and solemnity of the hour contribute to the unpleasantness of the sensations which they produce, their effect upon all living things is of the most painful and awe-inspiring description. Just before an earthquake happens, an indescribable stillness, easily recognisable by an experienced observer, seems to fall upon nature. The very wind appears to hold its breath, and with the rest of creation, animate and inanimate, to wait in terror for the approaching convulsion. Then comes a low and deep rolling

noise, gradually growing louder, till it resembles a number of heavily laden wains crushing down the stones on a roughly metalled road. The house begins to rock; doors fly open, crockery rattles, furniture is moved from its place; and a feeling of the most abject and utter powerlessness and insignificance seizes one, which is closely allied to fear, and which is apparently shared by the lower animals as well as by mankind. In a moment all is over; and then, as by a sudden impulse, dogs begin to bark, cocks to crow, horses to neigh, and cattle to low; and you spring from your bed, probably to discover that you are feeling very sick, headachy, and uncomfortable. Creoles say that the first shock of an earthquake seldom does damage. It is the succeeding ones which they fear. The remark appears to derive confirmation from the story of the great earthquake which reduced Port-Royal to ruins.

Towards the end of the seventeenth century, Port-Royal was the principal town in Jamaica, and for a place of its size, probably the richest spot in the world at the time. Spanish-Town—or as it was then called, St Jago de la Vega—had ceased to be the capital. As for Kingston, it was but a petty village; and the now populous plains of Liguanea were barren and bare—covered with wild 'bush,' with a few negro huts dotted about over the wide expanse of scrub and grass, with here and there clumps of cedar and other timber-trees, of which no traces now remain.

Port-Royal was founded in 1657 by General Brayne, and was at first known by the name of Point Cagway or Cagua, a corruption probably of *carragua*, the Indian name of the corato or great aloe, which overspreads the adjacent Salt-Pan Hill. The little promontory on which the town was built resembled the figure of a scorpion. Between its two antennæ lay its noble harbour, in which a thousand tall ships might, except in hurricanes, ride in safety. Its rise had been as rapid as had been the fall of its great rival St Jago de la Vega. In 1661, when it was visited by Captain Hickeringill, its sandy bay was covered with only about five hundred houses. In 1672 the number of residences had increased to eight hundred and fifty. In 1673 its population was estimated at nineteen hundred and seventy-seven souls, of which three hundred and twelve were negroes, and the remainder were whites. Twenty years later, when it was at the height of its prosperity, the number of its houses was calculated at two thousand, and its population had increased to three thousand five hundred.

Yet the town possessed few natural advantages. It had neither earth, wood, nor water. Very little of it could boast of even a solid foundation; the greater part of it being built on sand. The spit of land on which it stood was joined on to the coral reef of the Palisades by a mere ridge of the same unstable material. Yet on this shifting basis, enlarged and strengthened by piles and wharfs driven into the beach, stood the larger portion of the town. Here were the principal streets, the King's House, where the Governor resided, the school, the church, and the Navy Yard. Here stood three of the forts which guarded it. With the exception of Fort Charles and a few of the houses on the southern side, which were built on a rock, all rested on the same uncertain foundation.



Jamaica was very proud of Port-Royal in those days. Its houses were sound, substantial buildings, built of brick, and as high as the houses of London were at the same period. Its principal fort carried sixty pieces of ordnance, 'as good as any that London could afford.' It exported ginger annatto, cacao, cotton, pimento, fustic, mahogany, and lignum vitæ; and the bulk of its population consisted of a moneyed, or at least a money-making class—merchants, tavern-keepers, vintners, and 'retailers of punch.' The last formed an unusually large body. Their shops were much frequented by the Spaniards; and they were under the especial patronage of the buccaneers, who at that time swarmed in the island. The old Histories are full of not very edifying stories of the orgies which used to take place in these close and filthy haunts. One man is reported to have spent in one of them seven hundred and fifty pounds sterling in a month. After the town was reduced to ruins, there were not wanting those who attributed to these disorderly houses the calamity which had swallowed up the innocent with the guilty.

The 7th of June 1692 was a hot, clear, sunshiny day. Scarcely a cloud was to be seen, and not a breath of air relieved the intensity of the heat. About twenty minutes to twelve, a very slight trembling of the ground was perceived, which was at once recognised as a shock of earthquake. A second shock, stronger than the preceding, accompanied with a hollow rumbling noise, immediately succeeded, followed almost without a moment's cessation by a third, which lasted about a minute. In two minutes from the commencement of the first shock, the city was in ruins. All the principal streets—which were next to the water—sunk at once, and with them the people who were on them. A high rolling wave closed over them, and in an instant, sixteen hundred human beings—amongst them the Attorney-general, the Provost-marshal, and the Lord-secretary—found a grave. Incredible as it may almost appear, one of those who thus descended into the pit was permitted to return to the land of the living. This was Louis Galdy, a Frenchman. Swallowed up by the second shock, he was by the third thrown into the sea, where he saved himself by swimming until a boat took him up. He lived for forty-four years afterwards; becoming a member of the House of Assembly, and subsequently Churchwarden for Port-Royal. He was buried at Green Bay, adjoining the Apostle's Battery; and there, on his tombstone, on a white marble slab, bearing his arms, with the motto, 'Dieu sur tout,' is still to be read the following inscription, which gives the particulars of his miraculous escape: 'Here lies the body of LOUIS GALDY, Esquire, who departed this life at Port-Royal, the 22d December 1736, aged eighty. He was born at Montpellier, in France; but left that country for his religion, and came to settle in this island, where he was swallowed up in the great earthquake in the year 1692, and, by the providence of God, was by another shock thrown into the sea, and miraculously saved by swimming until a boat took him up. He lived many years after, in great reputation, beloved by all who knew him, and much lamented at his death.'

The bank of sand which reached from the fort

to the Palisades was submerged along its whole length. Some of the streets were laid several fathoms under water, and the sea rose as high as the upper stories of the houses which remained. It was supposed that the weight of so many brick houses contributed to their downfall; for—as was also observed in the great earthquake which ravaged Syracuse and other towns in Sicily in the following year—the ground gave way as far as the houses rested on a sandy foundation, and no farther.

The sea was no less agitated than the land. The harbour presented all the appearance of a storm. Huge waves rolling on to the shore, snapped the cables of large ships, drove some of them from their moorings, and upset others. The *Swan* frigate, which was lying by the wharf to careen, was driven over the tops of the highest houses, and was thus providentially the means of saving some hundreds of the inhabitants. Dead bodies covered the surf, and for days and weeks afterwards floated up into Kingston harbour, or were found strewn along the coast.

Fortunately for us, we possess in two letters, written by the then Rector of Port-Royal, one of the most graphic and at the same time touching accounts of this dreadful catastrophe.

'On Wednesday the 7th,' he writes on the 22d June 1692, to a friend, 'I had been at prayers, which I did every day since I was Rector of Port-Royal, to keep up some show of religion amongst a most ungodly and debauched people, and was gone to a place near the church where merchants used to meet, and where the President of the Council then was. To this gentleman's friendship, under the direction of the gracious and over-ruling will of Providence, I ascribe my own happy and miraculous escape, for by pressing instances I was prevailed upon to decline an invitation which I had before accepted, to dine with [a gentleman] whose house upon the first concussion sank into the sea, and with it his wife, his children, himself, and all the guests who were with him—every soul perished in this general, this dreadful devastation! Had I been of the number of his guests, my fate had been involved in theirs. But to return. We had scarce dined at the President's, before I began to feel the earth heave and roll under me. Said I: "Lord, sir! what's this?" He replied composedly: "It is an earthquake; be not afraid; it will soon be over!" But it increased; and we heard the church\* and tower fall, upon which we ran to save our lives. I quickly lost him, and made towards Morgan's Fort, which, being a wide, open place, I thought to be there secure from the falling houses; but as I made towards it, I saw the earth open and swallow up a multitude of people, and the sea mounting in upon us over the fortification. I then laid aside all hope of escaping, and resolved to make towards my own lodgings, there to meet death in as good a posture as I could. From the place where I was forced to cross through two or three very narrow streets, the houses and walls fell on each side of me. Some of the bricks came rolling over my feet, but never hurt me. When I came to my lodgings, I found all things in the order I left them. I

\* The cracked bell of the church of old Port-Royal is still preserved in the Public Museum, Kingston.

then went to the balcony, to view the street in which our house stood, and saw never a house down there nor the ground as much as cracked. The people, seeing me, cried out to come and pray with them. When I came into the street, every one laid hold of my clothes and embraced me, so that I was almost stifled with their kindness. I persuaded them at last to kneel down and make a large ring, which they did. I prayed with them near an hour, when I was almost spent with the heat of the sun and the exercise. They then brought me a chair—the earth working all the while with new motion, and trembling like the rolling of the sea—inasmuch that when I was at prayers I could hardly keep upon my knees. By the time I had been half an hour longer with them, setting before them their sins and previous provocations, and seriously exhorting them to repentance, there came merchants of the place, who desired me to go on board some ship to refresh myself, telling me that they had a boat to carry me off. I found that the sea had swallowed up the wharf and all the goodly brick houses upon it, most of them as fine as those at Cheapside, and two entire streets beyond that. From the tops of some houses which lay level with the water, I first got into a canoe, and then in a long boat, which put me on board a ship called the *Siam Merchant*. There I found the President safe, who was overjoyed to see me. I continued in it that night, but could not sleep for the returns of the earthquake almost every hour, which made all the guns of the ship to jar and rattle.

Next day I went from ship to ship to visit those who were bruised and dying, also to do the last office at the sinking of several corpses which came floating from the Point. This, indeed, has been my sorrowful employment ever since I came on board this ship. Besides, the people being so desperately wicked, it makes me afraid to stay in the place, for every day this terrible earthquake happened as soon as night came on.

A company of lewd rogues whom they called Privateers fell to breaking open warehouses and houses deserted, and to rifle their neighbours, while the earth trembled under them, and the houses fell on some of them in the act. . . .

The day when all this befell us was very clear, and afforded not the suspicion of the least evil; but in the space of three minutes, about half an hour after eleven in the morning, Port-Royal, then the finest town of the English plantations, the best emporium and mart of this part of the world, rich, plentiful of all good things, was shaken and shattered to pieces, sunk into and covered, for the greatest part, by the sea. Few of the houses are left whole, and every day we hear them fall.

Out of the whole town, the fort and about two hundred houses were all that was left standing. Upwards of two thousand people, whites and negroes, perished.

In a subsequent letter, the Rector writes: 'It is a sad sight to see this harbour—one of the finest I ever saw—covered with dead bodies of people of all conditions, floating up and down without burial; for our burying-place was destroyed by the earthquake, which dashed to pieces tombs; and the sea washed the carcases

of those who have been buried out of their graves. We have had accounts from several parts of the island, but none suffered like Port-Royal; whole streets with their inhabitants were swallowed up by the opening of the earth, which, when shut upon them, squeezed the people to death, and in that manner several are left with their heads above ground; only some heads the dogs have eaten; the others are covered with dust and earth by the people who yet remain in the place.'

Few persons, however, remained. By far the greater portion of the survivors precipitately left the town, and took refuge in the plains of Liguanea. There, exposed to the noxious vapours with which the air was poisoned, dwelling in wretched huts, which scarcely protected them from the sun or from the rain, with insufficient food, scared minds, and debilitated bodies, it is not surprising that malignant fever broke out amongst them, and that those whom the earthquake left, the pestilence devoured. The plague, in fact, became general. Three thousand persons are said to have died of it. At Kingston, five hundred graves were dug in a month, and two or three bodies buried in each grave.

For more than a month afterwards, slight shocks continued to be felt. 'During these convulsions,' says Long, 'the most offensive odours were emitted from every fissure and opening made in the sand near the harbour. The sky became dull and reddish, which indicated a plentiful discharge of vapours from the earth; the weather grew hotter than had been observed before the shock; and such swarms of mosquitoes infected the coasts as to astonish the inhabitants; the beauty of the mountains was quite effaced, and instead of the lively, youthful verdure, they appeared distorted with fragments, bare and furrowed.' Browne, speaking of the same event, says: 'The mountains rumbled, cracked, and opened in several places;' and Sir Hans Sloane observes: 'I have seen in the mountains afar off bare spots, which the inhabitants told me were the effects of earthquakes throwing down part of the hills, which continued bare and steep.'

Other districts of the island besides Port-Royal suffered severely from the earthquake. On the north side, upwards of a thousand acres of land were sunk and thirteen persons engulfed. It left not a house standing at Passage Fort, and only one in Liguanea. It destroyed most of the planters' habitations in the country, and all in St Jago de la Vega, except those which had been built by the Spaniards, which were very low, were 'of ground rooms only,' and rested 'on posts, which were as much buried underground as they stood above.' Nay, even the eternal hills were believed to have been affected by it. 'Some were of opinion that they had sunk a little; others, that the whole island had somewhat subsided; for they observed that several wells in Liguanea did not require so long a rope by two or three feet as they did before the earthquake. However,' adds Long, 'it is more natural to account for the change to suppose that the water had risen higher; for in all these violent convulsions of the earth, it is well known that springs are mostly affected.'

Little by little, as their fears wore off, the inhabitants began to return. But when they came to examine the extent of the injuries which

their town had received, it was found that the sand on its south side had sunk so low that it was feared the sea would encroach too fast, and endanger the few houses that were still left standing there. To guard against this, the legislature enacted that this portion of the town should be rebuilt on its old site. But those who could do so, erected their houses on a more stable foundation; and accordingly round the rock where the principal fort used to stand, rose the second and still existing town of Port-Royal.

## THE ROSERY FOLK.

### CHAPTER VI.—AUNT SOPHIA ON BOATS.

THE encounter completely spoiled the doctor's walk, and he turned back sooner than he had intended, meeting Aunt Sophia and Naomi Raleigh in the garden, and accompanying them in to the breakfast-table, where the matter was forgotten in the discussion that ensued respecting returns to town. Of these, Scarlett would hear nothing, for he had made his plans. He said they were to dine at five; and directly after, the boat would be ready, and they would pull up to the lock, and then float down home again by moonlight.

'Well,' said Scales, with a shrug of the shoulders, 'you are master here.'

'No, no,' replied his host; 'yonder sits the master;' and he pointed to his wife.

'How many will the boat hold safely, dear?' said Mrs Scarlett.

'Oh, a dozen, easily. Eighteen, if they would all sit still and not wink their eyes. We shan't be above seven, so that's all right.'

'You need not expect me to go,' said Aunt Sophia sharply. 'I'm not going to risk my life in a boat.'

'Pooh! auntie; there's no risk,' cried Scarlett. 'You'd better come.'

'No; I shall not!' said the lady very decisively.

'Why, auntie, how absurd!' said Scarlett, passing his arm round her waist. 'Now, what is the very worst that could happen?'

'Why, that boat would be sure to upset, James, and then we should all be drowned.'

'Now, my dear old auntie,' cried Scarlett, 'the boat is not at all likely to upset; in fact, I don't think we could upset her; and if she were, it does not follow that we should be drowned.'

'Why, we should certainly be, boy,' cried Aunt Sophia.—'Naomi, my dear, of course you have not thought of going?'

'Yes, aunt, dear; I should like to go very much,' said Naomi.

'Bless the child! Why?'

'The river is lovely, aunt, with the shadows of the trees falling upon it, and their branches reflected on its surface.'

'O yes; very poetical and pretty at your age, child,' cried Aunt Sophia. 'You never see the mud at the bottom, or think that it is wet and covered with misty fog in winter. Well, I suppose you must go.'

'Really, Miss Raleigh, we will take the greatest care of her,' said Prayle.

'I really should like to take the greatest care of *you*,' muttered the doctor.

'Well, I suppose you must go, my dear,' said Aunt Sophia.

'Oh, thank you, aunt!' cried the girl gleefully.

'Now, look here, James,' said Aunt Sophia; 'you will be very, very careful?'

'Of course, auntie.'

'And you won't be dancing about in the boat or playing any tricks?'

'No—no—no,' said Scarlett, at intervals. 'I faithfully promise, though I do not know why.'

'You don't know why, James?'

'No, dear. I never do play tricks in a boat. No one does but a madman, or a fool. Besides, I don't want to drown my little wife.'

'Now, James, don't be absurd. Who ever thought you did?'

'No one, aunt,' said Mrs Scarlett. 'But you will go with us, will you not?'

'No, my dear; you know how I hate the water. It is not safe.'

'But James is so careful, aunt. I'd go anywhere with him.'

'Of course you would, my child,' said Aunt Sophia shortly. 'A wife should trust in her husband thoroughly and well.'

'So should a maiden aunt in her nephew,' said Scarlett, laughing. 'Come, auntie, you shan't be drowned.'

'Now, James, my dear, don't try to persuade me,' said the lady, pulling up her black lace mittens in a peculiar, nervous, twitchy way.

'I'll undertake to do the best for you, if you are drowned, Miss Raleigh,' said the doctor drily. 'I'm pretty successful with such cases.'

'Doctor Scales!' cried Aunt Sophia.

'Fact, my dear madam. An old friend of mine did the Royal Humane Society's business for them at the building in Hyde Park; and one very severe winter when I helped him, we really brought back to life a good many whom you might have quite given up.'

'Doctor, you horrify me,' cried Aunt Sophia.—'Naomi, my child, come away.'

'No, no: nonsense!' cried Scarlett. 'It's only Jack's joking way, auntie.'

'Joke!' cried the doctor; 'nonsense. The ice was unsafe; so of course the idiots insisted upon setting the police at defiance, and went on, to drown themselves as fast as they could.'

'How dreadful!' said Prayle.

'Very, for the poor doctors,' said Dr Scales grimly. 'I nearly rubbed my arms out of the sockets.'

'Kitty, dear, you stop with Aunt Sophia, then,' said Scarlett. 'We won't be very long away.'

'Stop!' cried Aunt Sophia sternly. 'Where is it you are going?'

'Up to the lock and weir,' said Scarlett. 'You and Kitty can sit under the big medlar in the shade till we come back.'

'The lock and weir?' cried Aunt Sophia sharply. 'That's where the water comes running through a lot of sticks, isn't it?'

'Yes, aunt, that's the place.'

'And you've seen it before?'

'Scores of times, dear.'

'Then why do you want to go now?'

'Because it will be a pleasant row.'

'Nonsense!' said Aunt Sophia shortly, 'pulling those oars and making blisters on your hands. Well, you must have your own way, I suppose.'

'All right, aunt. You won't think it queer of us to desert you?'

'Oh, you're not going to desert me, James.'

'Kitty will stay with you.'

'No; she will not,' said the old lady. 'I'm not going to deprive her of her treat.'

'I shan't mind, indeed, aunt,' cried Mrs Scarlett.

'Yes, you would; and you shall not be disappointed, for I shall go too.'

'You will, aunt?' cried Scarlett.

'Yes; if you promise to be very careful. And you are sure the boat is safe?'

'As safe as being on this lawn, my dear aunt. You trust to me. I am glad you are going.'

Aunt Sophia looked at the frank manly face before her, saw the truth in the eager eyes, and her thin, yellow, careworn countenance relaxed into a smile.

'Well, I'm going, James, because I don't want to disappoint your little wife,' she said to him in a low tone; 'but I don't see what pleasure it can give you to have a disagreeable old woman with you in the boat.'

They had moved off a little way from the others now, Scarlett having kept his arm round the old lady's waist, evidently greatly to her gratification, though, if it had been hinted at, she would have repudiated the fact with scorn.

'Can't you, auntie?' he said seriously. 'Well, I'll tell you.' He paused then, and seemed to be thinking.

'Well?' she said sharply; 'why is it? Now you are making up a flowery speech.'

'No,' he said softly. 'I was thinking of how precious little a young fellow thinks of his mother till she has gone. Auntie, every now and then, when I look at you, there is a something that brings her back so much. That's why I like to have you.'

Aunt Sophia did not speak; but her hard sharp face softened more and more as she went into the house, to come out, ten minutes later, in one of the most far-spreading Tuscan straw-hats that ever covered the head of a maiden lady; and the marvel to her friends was that she should have been able to obtain so old-fashioned a production in these modern times.

#### CHAPTER VII.—UP TO THE WEIR.

'That's the style. Hold her tight, Monnick.—Now, auntie, you first. Steady; that's the way. You won't swamp her.'

'But it gives way so, James, my dear,' said Aunt Sophia nervously.

'There you are. Sit down at once. Never stand up in a boat.—Is the cushion all right? That's the way.—Now, Naomi.—Hand her in, Jack.—Come along, Kitty.'

Mrs Scarlett gave her hand to her husband as soon as Naomi Raleigh was in, and stepped lightly from the gunwale to one thwart, and then took her place beside Aunt Sophia, Naomi being on the other.

'Arthur, old fellow, you'd better sit behind them and ship the rudder. Shorten the lines, and you can steer.—Ready, Jack?' he said as Prayle stepped into the boat and sat down on a thwart behind the ladies.

'Oh!' cried Aunt Sophia with a little scream; 'take him out; he's too heavy. He'll sink the boat.'

'Ha-ha-ha!' laughed the doctor.

'It's all right, auntie, I tell you,' cried Scarlett, making the boat dance up and down as he stepped in, and, stripping off his flannel jacket, rolled up his sleeves over his arms.

The doctor stepped in and imitated his friend, both standing up, fine muscular specimens of humanity, though wonderfully unlike in aspect.

'Now, you told me it was dangerous to stand up in a boat, James,' cried Aunt Sophia. 'Pray, pray, take care. And look, look—the boat has broken loose!' For the gardener had dropped the chain into the forepart, and it was drifting slowly with the stream.

'Ah, so she has,' cried Scarlett merrily; 'and if we don't stop her, she'll take us right to London before we know where we are.'

'But do, pray, sit down, my dear.'

'All right, auntie,' said Scarlett, dropping into his place, the doctor following suit.

'Oh, oh!' cried Aunt Sophia, catching tightly hold of her companions on each side; 'the boat's going over.'

'No, no, aunt, dear,' said Mrs Scarlett; 'it is quite safe.'

'But why did it rock?' cried the old lady tremulously. 'And look, look; there are only two of them there, and we are four at this end! We shall sink it, I'm sure.'

'Now, auntie, it's too bad of you to set up for a stout old lady, when you are as light as a cork,' cried Scarlett, dropping his oar with a splash.—'Ready, Jack?'

'Ready, ay, ready,' said the doctor, following suit; but his oar only swept the sedge.

'Gently,' said Scarlett; 'don't break the oar.—'

'That's better; now you have it,' he said, as, the head of the gig turned more and more, the doctor's oar took a good hold of the water; and in a few moments they were well out from the shore, the steady vigorous strokes sending them past the sloping lawn of the Rosery, which looked its best from the river.

'Place looks pretty from the water, doesn't it, Arthur?' shouted Scarlett.

'Delightful. A most charming home—charming, charming,' said Prayle, lowering his voice with each word, till it was heard as in a whisper by those on the seat in front.

'Don't feel afraid now, do you, auntie?' cried Scarlett to Aunt Sophia.

'N—not quite so much, my dear. But won't you make yourself very hot and tired?'

'Do him good, ma'am,' said the doctor; 'and me too.—Gently, old fellow, or you'll pull her head round. I'm not in your trim.'

Scarlett laughed, and pulled a little less vigorously, so that they rode on and on between the lovely banks, passing villa after villa, with its boat-house, lawn, and trimly kept garden. Then came a patch of trees laving their drooping branches in the stream; then a sweep of wood, climbing higher and higher into the background



on one hand; while on the other the hills receded, leaving a lawn-like stretch of meadow-land, rich in the summer wild-flowers, and whose river-edge was dense with flag and sedge and willow-herb of lilac pink. The marsh-marigold shone golden, and the water-plantains spread their candelabra here and there. Great patches of tansy displayed their beautifully cut foliage; while in sheltered pools, the yellow water-lilies sent up their leaves to float upon the calm surface, with here and there a round green ball in every grade of effort to escape from the tightening scales to form a golden chalice on the silver stream.

By degrees the beauty of the scene lulled Aunt Sophia's fears to rest, and she found sufficient faith in the safety of the boat to loosen her clutch upon the ladies on either side, to admire some rustic cottage, or the sweep of many-tinted verdure, drooping to the water's edge; while here and there, at a word from Scarlett, the rowers let the boat go forward by its own impetus, slowly and more slowly, against the stream, so that its occupants could gaze upon some lovely reach. Then, as they sat in silence, watching the beauty spread around, the boat grew stationary, hung for a moment on the balance, and began drifting back, gliding with increasing pace, till the oars were dipped again.

'The evening is so lovely,' said Scarlett, breaking a long silence, 'that I think we might go through the lock.'

'Right,' cried the doctor. 'I am just warming to my work.'

'I think it would be delightful,' said Mrs Scarlett.

'O yes,' said Naomi. 'Those islands are so beautiful.'

'I don't think any part could be more beautiful than where we are,' said Aunt Sophia, rather shortly.

'O yes, it is, aunt, dear,' said Scarlett. 'There: you trust to me.'

'Well, it seems I must, for we women are very helpless here.'

'Oh, you may trust us, aunt. We won't take you into any danger.'

As they were speaking, the boat was rowed round a sharp curve to where the river on each side was embowered in trees, and stretching apparently like a bridge from side to side was one of the many weirs that cross the stream; while from between its piles, in graceful curves, a row of little waterfalls flowed down, each arc of water glistening golden and many tinted in the evening sun.

'There!' cried Scarlett.—'Easy, Jack.—What do you think of that, aunt, for a view?'

'Yes,' said the old lady thoughtfully; 'it is very sweet.'

'A very poet's dream,' said Prayle softly, as he rested his elbow on the gunwale of the boat, his chin upon his hand.

'It is one of my husband's favourite bits,' said Mrs Scarlett, smiling in the face of him she named.—'Look, Naomi; that is the fishing-cottage, there on the left.'

'I have not seen the weir for years—twenty years,' said Aunt Sophia thoughtfully; 'and then it was from the carriage, as we drove along the road.'

'Not half so good a view as this,' said Scarlett.

—'Now, then, we'll go through the lock, row up for a mile by the Dell woods, and then back.'

'But you will be tired, my dear,' said Aunt Sophia, whom the beauty of the scene seemed to have softened; and her worn sharp face looked wistful and strange.

'Tired?' said Mrs Scarlett, laughing. 'O no, aunt; he's never tired.'

'Well,' said Scarlett, with a bright look at his wife, 'I'll promise one thing—when we're tired, we'll turn back.'

'Yes, dear; but there's all the way to return.'

'Oh, the river takes us back itself, aunt,' said Mrs Scarlett merrily. 'Row up; and then float back.'

'Ah, well, my dears, I am in your hands,' said Aunt Sophia softly; 'but don't take me into danger, please.'

'All right, auntie.—There's one of the prettiest bits,' he added, pointing to where the trees on the right bank opened, showing a view of the hills beyond.—'Now, Jack, pull.'

Ten minutes' sharp rowing brought them up to the stout piles that guarded the entrance to the lock, whose slimy doors were open; and as they approached, they could see the further pair, with the water hissing and spirting through in tiny streams, making a strange echo from the perpendicular stone walls that rose up a dozen feet on either side.

'Lock, lock, lock, lock!' shouted Scarlett in his mellow tones, as the boat glided in between the walls, and Aunt Sophia turned pale.

'They shut us up here, don't they, James, and then let the water in?'

'Till we are on a level with the river above, and then open the other pair,' said Scarlett quietly. 'Don't be alarmed.'

'But I am, my dear,' said the old lady earnestly. 'My nerves are not what they were.'

'Of course not,' said the doctor kindly.—'I wouldn't go through, old fellow,' he continued to Scarlett. 'Let's paddle about below the weir.'

'To be sure,' said Scarlett, as he saw his aunt's alarm. 'I brought you out to enjoy yourselves.—Here—hi!' he cried, standing up in the boat, and making Aunt Sophia lean forward, as if to catch him and save him from going overboard.—'All right, auntie.—Hi!—catch!' he cried to the lock-keeper, throwing him a shilling. 'We won't go through.'

The man did not make an effort to catch the money, but stooped in a heavy dreamy manner to pick it up, staring stolidly at the occupants of the boat.

Aunt Sophia uttered a sigh of relief, one that seemed to be echoed from behind her, where Arthur Prayle was seated, looking of a sallow sickly gray, but with his colour rapidly coming back as they reached the open space below the weir, where the water at once seemed to seize the boat and to sweep it downwards, but only to be checked and rowed upwards again towards the weir.

'There, auntie, look over the side,' cried Scarlett. 'Can you see the stones?'

'Yes, my dear,' said Aunt Sophia, who was evidently mastering a good deal of trepidation. 'Is it all shallow like this?'

'O no. Up yonder, towards the piles, there

are plenty of holes fifteen and twenty feet deep, scoured out by the falling water when it comes over in a flood. See how clear and bright it is.'

Aunt Sophia sat up rigidly; but her two companions leaned over on each side to look down through the limpid rushing stream at the stones and gravel, over which shot away, in fear, shoal after shoal of silvery dace, with here and there some bigger, darker fish that had been lying head to stream, patiently waiting for whatever good might come.

'Yes, my dears, it is very beautiful,' said Aunt Sophia. 'But you are going very near the falling water, James. It will be tumbling in the boat.'

'Oh, we'll take care of that, auntie,' said Scarlett merrily. 'Trust to your boatman, ma'am, and he will take you safe.—What say, Arthur?'

'I say, are there any large fish here?'

'Large fish, my boy? Wait a moment.—Pull, Jack.' They rowed close up to a clump of piles, driven in to save the bank from the constant washing of the stream.—'Now, look down, old fellow,' continued Scarlett, 'close in by the piles. It's getting too late to see them well. It ought to be when the sun is high.—Well, what can you see?'

'A number of dark shadowy forms close to the bottom,' said Prayle.

'Ay, shoals of them. Big barbel, some as long as your arm, my lad—ten and twelve pounders. Come down some day and we'll have a good try for them.'

'Don't go too near, dear,' said Aunt Sophia.

'All right, auntie.—Here, Jack, take the boat-hook, and hold on a moment while I get out the cigars and matches.—Ladies, may we smoke? Our work is done.'

'A bad habit, James,' said Aunt Sophia, shaking her head at him.

'But he has so few bad habits, aunt,' said Mrs Scarlett, smiling.

'And you encourage him in those, my dear,' said Aunt Sophia.—'There, sir, go on.'

'Won't you have a cigar, Arthur?'

'Thank you; no,' said Prayle, with a grave smile. 'I never smoke.'

'Good young man!' said the doctor to himself as he lit up.

'Man after your own heart, aunt,' said Scarlett merrily, as he resumed his oar; and for the next half-hour they rowed about over the swiftly running water, now dyed with many a hue, the reflections from the gorgeous clouds that hovered over the ruddy sinking sun. The dancing wavelets flashed and sparkled with orange and gold; the shadows grew more intense beneath the trees; while in one portion of the weir, where a pile or two had been worn away, the water ran down in one smooth soft curve, like so much molten metal poured from some mighty furnace into the hissing, boiling stream below.

'I never saw it so beautiful before,' cried Scarlett excitedly. 'It is lovely indeed.—Look, aunt.—Why, Arthur, it was worth a journey to see.'

'The place is like one seen in some vision of the night,' said Prayle softly.

'Hah! yes,' exclaimed the doctor thoughtfully; 'it is enough to tempt a man to give up town.'

'Do, old fellow, and you shall have us for patients,' cried Scarlett. 'We never want a doctor, and I hope we never shall.'

'Amen to that!' said Scales, in a low serious tone. 'Ah!' he continued, 'what a pity it seems that we have so few of these heavenly days.'

'Oh, I don't know,' said Scarlett. 'Makes us appreciate them all the more.'

'I think these things are best as they are,' said Prayle, in his soft dreamy tenor. 'Yes; all is for the best.'

Mrs Scarlett looked at him uneasily, and Aunt Sophia tightened her lips.

'I should like to duck that fellow, and fish him out with the boat-hook,' thought the doctor.

Then the conversation ceased. Words seemed to be a trouble in the beauty of that evening scene, one so imprinted in the breasts of the spectators that it was never forgotten. The boat was kept from floating down with the quick racing current by a sharp dip of the oars just given now and then, while every touch of the long blue blades seemed to be into liquid gold and silver and ruddy gems. The wind had sunk, and, saving the occasional distance-softened lowing from the meads, no sound came from the shore; but always like distant thunder, heard upon the summer breeze, came the never-ceasing, low-pitched roar of the falling water at the weir.

The silence was at last broken by Scarlett, who said suddenly, making his hearers start: 'Now then, Jack, one row round by the piles, and then home.'

'Right,' said the doctor, throwing the end of his cigar into the water, where it fell with a hiss; and, bending to his oar, the light gig was sent up against the racing water nearer and nearer to the weir.

The ladies joined hands, as if there was danger, but became reassured as they saw their protectors smile; and soon after, quite near to where the water came thundering down from where it was six feet above their heads, instead of the stream forcing them away, the water seemed comparatively still, the eddy setting slightly towards the weir.

'Here's one of the deep places,' said Scarlett. 'I fished here once, and my plummet went down over twenty feet.'

'And you didn't catch a gudgeon?' said the doctor.

'Not one,' replied Scarlett.

'How deep and black it looks!' said Prayle softly, as he laved one soft white hand in the water.

'Enough to make it,' said Scarlett.—'deep as that. I say, what a place for a header!'

'Ah, splendid!' said the doctor; 'only, you mustn't dive on to pile or stone. I say, hadn't we better keep off a little more?'

'Yes,' said Scarlett, rising, oar in hand. 'I never knew the eddy set in so sharply before.—Why, auntie, if we went much nearer, it would carry us right in beneath the falling water, and we should be filled.'

'Pray, take care, James.'

'To be sure I will, my dear auntie,' he said, as he stood up there in the soft evening light. 'I'll take care of you all, my precious freight; and waiting his time, he thrust the blade of his

oar against a pile, placed one foot upon the gunwale, and pressing heavily, he sent the boat steadily farther and farther away.

'Back water, Jack,' he said.—'Now!' As he spoke, he gave one more thrust; but in the act there was a sharp crack as the frail ashen oar snapped in twain, a shriek of horror from Mrs Scarlett as she started up, and a dull, heavy plunge, making the water foam up, as James Scarlett went in head foremost and disappeared.

### ACTING IN EARNEST.

It is well known that during those hours which the late Mr Charles Dickens devoted to literary labour, so thoroughly did he throw himself into the different characters of his works, that for the time being he thought, plotted, spoke, and acted only in their respective persons, forgetting altogether that he was either a novelist or Charles Dickens, or indeed any other than that particular individual whose portrait had so long by mental intercourse become indelibly implanted on his mind. To the habitual practice of this trait, therefore, a very large proportion of his success is to be attributed; for it must always be maintained that in the truthful delineation of character—and each individual character embodies a variety of the human passions—all the genius of an exceptionally qualified novelist or dramatist is to be traced; and he who can so completely identify himself with the creations of his imagination as to sink in them the consciousness of his own personality, must needs present a chain of characterisation, as natural as it will be imposing and attractive.

And if this be true of an author, with how much greater force must it not apply to an actor, who becomes at once the instrument or the interpreter of the dramatist, and whose business it is to represent faithfully all those emotions which have been allotted to the character that he impersonates? It is therefore not only necessary that the *histrion* act his part with all due intelligence, and with every attention to details in the matter of costume and other accessories; but he must actually *feel* the character—to lose himself so completely, that, for the time present, he become in turn Othello, Macbeth, Romeo, or any other of those personages which his art calls upon him to assume.

A characteristic anecdote, ably illustrating this fact, has lately been reported—on the authority of M. Jules Claretie—touching upon Salvini's conception of Othello. It appears that one evening the great tragedian was sorely pressed by a party of friends to give them as a recitation the last monologue of Othello. At length he consented, and after a few moments rose, and began in that fine resonant voice with which few members of his profession have been so gifted. But suddenly, and in the middle of a line, he paused, then, with a gesture significant of disappointment, exclaimed: 'No; it is impossible! I am not in the situation. I am not prepared for this supreme anguish. In

order to render the frantic despair of Othello, I need to have passed through all his tortures. I need to have played the whole part. But to enter thus the soul of a character without having gradually penetrated into it—I cannot; it is impossible!' Salvini is moved by the associations of his part; and from the moment that he steps on the stage, he is no longer Salvini, but Othello, Lear, or any other of Shakspeare's masterpieces. It is jocularly said in Italy, that Salvini always carries in his pocket a free pardon, signed by Victor-Emmanuel, and countersigned by the Minister of Justice, in case when he plays Othello, of his smothering Desdemona in downright earnest.

Another impassioned actor of the very highest class was the late Mr Macready. 'I have often watched him,' writes Mr George Augustus Sala, 'from the flies before he went on, standing at the wing, apparently lashing himself into the proper frame of excitement needed for the particular part which he was playing, and muttering meanwhile in a seemingly incoherent manner to himself. But I have been assured that these utterances were by no means incoherent, and that thoroughly identifying himself with the part, he unfeignedly believed himself, for the nonce, to be Hamlet, Macbeth, or what not; and would hold the most passionate discourse with himself, touching the guilt of Claudius, the gray hairs of Duncan, and the potency, gravity, and reverence of the Signory of Venice, his very noble and approved good masters.' On one occasion, immediately after the curtain had been rung up on the first act of *Macbeth*, an unlucky actor in the company chanced to stumble upon the tragedian during his passionate preparations, the consequence of which was that Macready, quite unwittingly, dealt him a blow on the hand with such force that the blood flowed forth; and as at that instant the victim was to make his entrance on the scene, he impersonated the 'bleeding soldier' only too naturally, and much to the astonishment of the other actors.

Talma, also, was so realistic an actor, that, in order to work up his grand bursts of passion, he would seize upon any unfortunate super whom he came upon behind the scenes, and shake him until he himself had become breathless, and the man frightened beyond all control at his assumed violence. Nevertheless, the peculiarities both of Macready and Talma were only in accordance with that precedent furnished in ancient history, though with less disastrous results. According to Plutarch, *Æsop*, the Roman actor, so interested himself in the characters he undertook, that one day when he played *Atreus*, he, in that scene where it falls to his lot to consider how he might best destroy the tyrant *Thyestes*, worked himself up into such a pitch of ungovernable rage that he struck one of the minor performers with his sceptre and laid him dead at his feet.

From the earliest days of the Greek theatre,

the drama held a foremost position among the arts, and was considered side by side in importance with oratory. Nor during its reign among the Romans, at a later period, was this high estimation of the tragic muse suffered to abate. The ancients infused such an intense earnestness and zeal into their acting, that no effort or sacrifice was ever deemed too great, if, by its employment, the interests of their art could be in anywise enhanced. And how well these interpreters of the dramatists of old acquitted themselves on all occasions has been fully exemplified in the instance of Pulux, who, on the very day on which he was to impersonate Electra in one of the heroics of Sophocles, deeply mourned the death of his only son; yet this did not inspire him with sufficient cause to tear himself from the theatre and his duties towards the public as an actor. And since, by a peculiar dramatic coincidence, the part he was to play was an exact resemblance of his own condition—a fond father bewailing the loss of his child—he, in order to render his grief the more poignant and natural, employed on the stage the identical funeral urn containing the ashes of his lamented son, at which he was not only visibly affected himself; but the entire assemblage were touched unto tears at this exhibition, so harrowing in its reality, so intensely soul-inspiring in its sorrow.

Descending at once to the time of Shakspeare, and continuing our survey through the whole history of the modern drama, we discover the same earnestness that characterised the acting of the ancients. Of Betterton, the contemporary of the Immortal Bard, it has been recorded, that none was ever more qualified by nature and by genius to act what Shakspeare wrote; and that he never for a single moment, while on the stage, conducted himself as an actor, but as the character he represented. We are told also that whenever he played Hamlet he was actually seen to turn pale as the ghost appeared, so thoroughly did he enter into the feelings of the *titled rôle*, so deeply could he allow his imagination to drink in the horrors of such a situation.

Garrick possessed the same powers of realisation. A grocer in Lichfield—Garrick's native place—on the occasion of a brief visit to London, was desired by his neighbour, Peter Garrick, to wait upon his brother at Drury Lane Theatre on his behalf; for which purpose he furnished him with a letter of introduction. In due course he arrived; yet, before presenting himself at the stage-door, the grocer thought he would first see the performance, as he wished to satisfy himself at the outset as to the personal appearance of David Garrick. The theatre was crowded in every part; and when the idol of the public came on the stage as Abel Drugger, their enthusiasm knew no bounds. The consequence of this visit, however, was that the grocer returned to Lichfield without having presented his letter. He thus explained himself to Peter: 'Your brother may be rich, as I daresay the man who lives like him must be; but though he be your brother, he is one of the shabbiest, meanest, and most pitiful hounds I ever saw in the whole course of my life!'

A worthy successor to Garrick, more especially perhaps in Shakspearean rôles, was Spranger Barry. So terrible did he appear in the jealous

scene of *Othello*, that as he pronounced the words, 'I'll tear her all in pieces!' his muscles visibly stiffened, his veins distended, his eyes almost forced themselves from their orbits, and every fibre of his body partook of that passion which carried all before it. Men and women in all parts of the house were equally affected, the frail sex shrieking outright; while Bernard, in his *Recollections*, confesses that he could not sleep all night after having witnessed such a performance.

Speaking of Barry's earnestness in this particular passage, we cannot refrain from calling to mind Mr Edwin Booth's experience in the same portion of the tragedy, as, when only a year or two ago, while performing in a theatre at Fort-George in the Far West, the audience were so carried away by his terrific earnestness of purpose, that at this point they rose to a man, and drawing their bowie-knives and revolvers, declared that 'if he did not drop his diabolical game at once, they would make dead-meat of him!'—upon which revelation, the tragedian dropped his acting, and the manager dropped the curtain.

Throughout all such scenes in *Othello* and other plays, Barry was himself so intensely moved, that his powers of utterance were considerably weakened, and real tears often gushed forth from his eyes. Apropos of this subject, too, Charles Kemble once told Mr Adolphus that as often as he (Kemble) acted Cassio, on his brother John's pronouncing the words as only he could pronounce them, 'I do believe it, and I ask your pardon,' he caused the tears to flow readily from his eyes. 'One must feel to make others feel,' once remarked an eminent actress, who often shed tears when excited by the situations in which the heroine of her performance found herself; and Miss Kelly used to relate how she felt the hot tears dropping from Mrs Siddons's eyes when playing one of her most pathetic parts.

Nowadays, weeping plays are not quite so popular as formerly. At one time, people seem to have frequented the theatre evidently as much to be made sorrowful as to be amused; and when a particularly touching incident was represented, pocket-handkerchiefs were plentifully brought into requisition. As often as Mrs Siddons appeared on the stage, she worked upon their sensibilities so earnestly, that they would be in momentary expectation of shedding tears as a matter of course. As an amusing instance, therefore, of mistaken pathos, Mr J. Croker Wilson tells the story of a lady who wept all through Mrs Siddons's Rosalind, in *As You Like It*, thinking it was *Jane Shore*!

Edmund Kean was wont to portray his characters with terrible force. It has been stated that when whetting the knife in the *Merchant of Venice*, the great tragedian was so terribly in earnest, that Young, who played Antonio, used to tremble for his very life! A parallel story to this, in which a fellow-actor found grave reason to tremble indeed, is related of George Frederick Cooke. One night, Cooke, after having during the day quarrelled with one of the company, was observed to be intently sharpening the edge of his sword in the greenroom. This was a few minutes before going on the stage as Hamlet; and being questioned, he returned: 'Yes, I and Mr Laertes will settle our little



dispute to-night.' As he was popularly known to be rancorous and violent on such occasions, this news startled his intended victim; yet, as no possible excuse could prevent him from going on the scene and engaging Hamlet in the proper order of the play, he stood so far on the defensive, that flinging himself upon his adversary, and seizing him by the collar, he threw him down on his back on the stage, and planting his knee upon his chest, solemnly swore that he would not suffer him to rise or the play proceed until he had received his positive assurance of doing him no mischief either there or on any future occasion. We need scarcely add that many among the audience must have been somewhat struck upon beholding this new reading of Shakespeare's text!

Stage-fighting is at all times attended with more or less danger, no matter how proficient the combatants may have become by training. At the very first representation of *Michael Strogoff* at the Adelphi Theatre, Mr Charles Warner received a serious sword-slash across the hand, which put him to very considerable inconvenience.

Even more serious accidents are to be found in the annals of the stage. Quite recently, a case was brought to light at a theatre at Poitiers, in France, where, during a performance of *Les Pirates de la Savane*, an actor was shot dead by his fellow. Whether the fatal issue of this catastrophe was to be attributed to accident, carelessness, or design, has never been discovered; nor—as in all similar instances—have the most rigid legal inquiries proved of the least avail in solving the mystery as to how such a firearm could be charged with a bullet; while the 'property-master,' whose business it is to superintend all such arrangements—as well as to himself load the same with powder and paper *only*—solemnly avers his utter ignorance of the circumstance.

Accidents of another kind, again, are frequent, and at times attended with great danger. Notably these are to be met with in elaborate set scenes, where scaffoldings, a complex system of rostrums, bridges, turrets, embattlements, or other elevated portions of framework are employed, which are liable to give way at any moment beneath the weight of an actor, and precipitating him to an immense depth on, or even below the stage, are generally attended with great personal injuries. It will not be necessary to recur to these facts more particularly in this place—our own stage-experience might indeed furnish a few examples—yet, going back to ancient history, we even there discover sufficient precedent for such catastrophes. In those spectacular tragedies, for instance, in which the gods descend in chariots from the roof of the stage, the ascents of heroes to the realms of bliss on the backs of eagles, and the use of other such extravagant machinery was called into aid—these often afforded the means of unfolding a tragedy in the reality; and yet the performers entered so thoroughly into their parts that they paid little heed to the hazardous risks which they thereby encountered. Suetonius tells us of an actor who undertook the part of Icarus, in the presence of Nero and thousands of spectators in one of the largest of the Roman theatres, and so exerted himself, 'that though he fabled the character, he realised the catastrophe; for, falling from

a prodigious height, he was dashed to pieces, and the Emperor was covered by his blood.' This was certainly acting in earnest.

Touching for a moment upon the lyric drama, Sir John Hawkins has told us, in his *History of Music*, how that celebrated songstress, Mrs Tofts, whose triumphant success was first signalled by her rendering of Camilla in the Italian opera of that name, was so affected by the regal dignity which she had to assume in that character, that it exerted a disastrous effect upon her mind. She ultimately, however, regained her proper frame of mind, and again resumed her lyric representations, to the delight and admiration of all who heard her.

Sometimes natural feelings conquer those that are artificial in the actor. On the occasion of the Olympic Gascon Company, with Mr John Nelson as leading artist, visiting Aberdeen, a large and fashionable audience had assembled on the opening night to witness his highly extolled impersonation of Frank Faraday, in the romantic and touching drama *Driven from Home*, and Joe the outcast in *The Ocean Waif*. During the first-named play, all went well; and the deep pathos which the actor assumed in his character of the oppressed son, exiled from his own family, and subjected to every possible disaster, though innocent of any crime, made itself manifest in the eyes of many among the audience, though they were little aware that his seemingly artificial sorrow was only too real. In the second piece, he found it difficult to conquer his rising emotions; and soon, faltering in his delivery, he sank back into a chair, sobbing aloud, and completely broke down. In a few incoherent words, he then told the audience that he had all the evening been suffering from a very painful illness, consequent upon the sudden death of his brother, of which he had only been informed whilst in the theatre; it had been with extreme difficulty that he had dragged through the former piece; but now he could proceed no further. At this juncture, he was led off the stage; nor for some moments afterwards were his hysterical sobs sufficiently subdued to prevent them reaching the audience from behind the scenes.

Another incident even more distressing happened during the performance of a comedy. The actor was a low comedian already high in the public estimation. His business was, therefore, to amuse the audience by his antics; but unhappily, his whole bearing was on this particular night so unsuited to his part, and so foreign to the general conception of his talents, that popular indignation was levelled against him; nor could the audience account for the change, except on the supposition that he must be intoxicated. Some even protested against his being allowed to appear before them in such a state. At length, the actor advanced to the centre of the footlights, and explained to the audience in a few touching words the cause of his bad acting. 'My wife,' he said, 'died an hour ago.'

Verily, might not many a member of an actor's profession exclaim with Molière?—'My life is a sad comedy in five thousand acts. It is very droll to the people in front; but it is bitter to the man behind the scenes.'

## COMMON SHELLFISH.

ALTHOUGH, at a well-to-do-fishmonger's, the humble mussel, periwinkle, cockle, whelk, &c., are rarely seen, they really form an article of considerable commercial value in many districts, especially in the east end of London and in seaport towns. Of those enumerated above, the mussel is probably the least in repute, although, doubtless, the time is not far distant when it will be as carefully cultivated, and held in as much estimation amongst us, as it is in France, where every cookery-book contains a large number of recipes for converting this bivalve into soup and every kind of savoury dish. At present, although this mollusc is cultivated here, it is principally for bait; but in some parts of France, where it is much appreciated, the same care is bestowed on the production of the mussel as on that of the oyster; and this trade forms a large branch of industry. For several centuries, there have been mussel-farms, or *bouchots*, on the coast of France, and those situated in the Bay of Aiguillon are especially noted. These farms afford occupation to the *bouchotiers*, who hand over their cargoes of shellfish, when returning from the gathering-grounds, to be cleaned and packed by their women and children. This mollusc is propagated in shallow bays on piles or wattles, upon which the spat is deposited, and where, with proper care and attention, it proves eventually most profitable. When of sufficient size, the mussels are taken off in carts, which distribute, to all the accessible towns and villages, the rich salt-water harvests.

Mussel-culture is extensively carried on at various places on the coast of Scotland, as well as of England, being a necessity as bait for many kinds of fishing. In some seaports, the supply is not equal to the demand, and large quantities are imported from Hamburg. At Lyme, the propagation of the mussel is thought of sufficient importance to be under the control of the town corporation, as at some places the mussel-beds have been destroyed by their being carted away for manure, although they are not very efficacious for this purpose. It is principally in the large manufacturing towns that mussels are consumed in any large quantities, as, generally speaking, a prejudice exists against their use, owing to symptoms of poisoning having sometimes followed after eating them, although it has only occurred after their being taken off copper sheathing, or from being gathered from a spot polluted with sewage.

Mussels soon after planting yield a profitable crop, and they are always wholesome when they are obtained from a spot where the water is pure. If a feeling could be roused as to their not being a dangerous food, no doubt they would soon come into repute as an edible in England.

Cockles are also cultivated in what are called by courtesy 'gardens' at Starcross and other places, and command a ready sale, as, besides being, in the estimation of some connoisseurs, a toothsome morsel, the shells are useful when broken up for repairing paths. Cockles will not bear a long transport successfully, as it is difficult to reproduce their *habitat* while *en voyage*.

The limpet when boiled is edible; but it is seldom eaten, except by the roughest of the Irish

and Orkney seafaring population; though in times of famine, the limpet has been largely employed by the starving people.

Periwinkles, or winkles, are of course old favourites amongst those to whom the aristocratic oyster is an unattainable luxury. The best are those gathered off rocks; and the larger they are, the higher the price they fetch. Their collection along the Irish and Scotch coasts affords a living to hundreds of persons.

Although the whelk is a still coarser mollusc, it affords food for the poor. But it is as a bait that it is of the greatest importance. Scallops are, of course, very good eating, and served hot and well cooked, form a most palatable dish. But in America, there is 'no shellfish held in such repute as the clam, which for hundreds of years, served in some form or another, has been the national dish. Proofs are left of the way in which the ancient inhabitants of America have utilised shellfish for ages, in the huge heaps of shells which are found in all the old villages along the coast.

Inland, snail-'gardens' are to be found in several continental countries. Here, various species are cultivated with the greatest assiduity, and are fattened for sale before sending to the markets. They are in the greatest demand before Lent, when thousands of the largest kinds are sent off to the convents and monasteries, for the sustenance of their inhabitants during the prescribed period of fasting.

## OCTOBER.

WHEN swallows dream of southern skies,  
When round the gaunt unsightly bones  
Of weary woods October moans,  
A voice within me wakes and cries:  
'Go, count the churchyard stones.'

Strange with what speed my task wheels round,  
So strange, I oft times deem that I  
Stand by this yew eternally,  
And watch each fresh memorial mound  
Rise—an embodied sigh.

Ah, Change unchanging, deathless Death,  
Your shadows fall across our ways  
As erst in golden Grecian days  
They fell, and froze the lyric breath  
Of warm Ionia's lays.

Yet not when Spring fresh-crowned with hope  
Bids meadows break in song and flower,  
Or Summer's dim Lethean hour  
Draws peaceful breath from slope to slope,  
Know I your giant power;

Nor when the great world's nakedness  
Chaste Winter's fingers drape with snow,  
And all the Northern trumpets blow,  
Till lands are reeling with their stress,  
Comes this relentless woe:

But only when the last leaves swing,  
And tattered Autumn blows her stave,  
Like wanderer in a loveless cave  
I grope, and cry: 'Ah, Death, thy sting;  
Thy victory, O grave.'

L. J. G.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fourth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No. 1035.—VOL. XX.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1883.

PRICE 1½d.

## 'ESQUIRES' AND 'GENTLEMEN.'

THE question is often asked: 'Shall I call him Mr Jones, or Jones, Esq.?' and the answer is: 'Oh, put Jones, Esq.; everybody is an Esquire nowadays; and it may offend him to put Mr Jones.'

Now, whether it is offensive to Jones or not, is immaterial, because he either has a right to the title of Esquire, or he has no right to it, and this depends upon the social position in life of Jones. In looking over the list of persons present at a *levée*, we never see any Esquires mentioned, but a list of 'Messieurs' is given, a title not found in any table of precedence in England; but on reference to the most authentic tables, we find, after knights' younger sons, come *esquires*, gentlemen, yeomen, tradesmen, artificers, labourers. Thus, it appears that an esquire comes above a 'gentleman,' and below the younger sons of knights.

The word esquire is derived from the French *écuyer*, and the Latin *scutum*, meaning a shield; or rather, the hide of which shields were anciently made, and afterwards covered. An esquire was originally he who attended a knight in the time of war and carried his shield, whence he was called *écuyer* in French, and *scutifer* or *armiger* in Latin. The following extract from an old work on Heraldry, shows that in former days the title of Esquire was held only by persons who came under the rules which gave a man the title, and not, as in the present day, by anybody who considers himself entitled to it: 'In the reign of Henry V., by a statute passed in the first year of his reign, it was enacted that in all cases of outlawry, the additions of the estate, degree or profession of the defendant, should be inserted in the process; and it thus became necessary to ascertain who were entitled to the degree of Esquire; and it was determined by the most learned in the degrees of honour that there were seven sorts of esquires—namely (1) Esquires of the king's body, limited to four; they keep the door of the king's bedchamber whensoever he shall please to go to

bed, walk at a coronation, and have precedence of all knights' younger sons. (2) The eldest sons of knights and their eldest sons successively. (3) The eldest sons of the youngest sons of barons, and others of the greater nobility. (4) Such as the king invests with collars of SS, as the kings-at-arms, heralds, &c., or shall grant silver or white spurs to; the eldest sons of these last mentioned only could bear the title of esquire. (5) Esquires to the Knights of the Bath, being their attendants on their installation; these must wear coat-armour, according to the law of arms, are esquires for life, and also their eldest sons, and have the same privilege as the esquires of the king's body. (6) Sheriffs of counties, and justices of the peace (with this distinction, that a sheriff, in regard to the dignity of his office, is an esquire for life; but a justice of the peace only so long as he continues in the commission), and all those who bear special office in the king's household, as gentlemen of the king's chamber, carvers, sewers, cupbearers, pensioners, serjeants-at-arms, and all that have any near or especial dependence on the king's royal person, and are not knighted; also captains in the wars, recorded in the king's lists. (7) Counsellors-at-law, bachelors of divinity, law, and physic; mayors of towns are reputed esquires, or equal to esquires (though not really esquires), also the king's pennon-bearer, who is a person that carries the king's flag, either at war or at a funeral.'

Camden, in his *Britannia*, makes out only four sorts of esquires—(1) The eldest sons of knights, and their eldest sons in perpetual succession. (2) The eldest sons of younger sons of peers, and their eldest sons in like perpetual succession. (3) Esquires created by the king's letters-patent or other investiture, and their eldest sons. This creation has long been disused. (4) Esquires by virtue of their offices, as justices of the peace, and others who bear any office of trust under the Crown, if styled esquires by the king in their commissions and appointments.

'Esquires of the king,' mentioned in the previous list, are now disused. Barristers-at-law are now fully possessed of the title 'Esquire;' but

it seems that the degree of barrister-at-law is of greater worth than the title 'Esquire' or degree of M.A. The Court of Common Pleas—a great many years ago—refused to hear an affidavit read because a barrister named in it was not called Esquire.

The real reason why there are so many Esquires in the present day is easily explained by the fact, that just as people use arms who have no heraldic right to do so, so they choose the highest title they can decorate their names with; and as the investiture or creation of Esquire has now become obsolete, there is not the same reason why a man should not call himself Esquire, as there is to prevent him calling himself 'Sir' or 'Lord.'

Nearly a hundred years ago, it seems that those who wished to preserve the title or dignity of Esquire for those who came within the rules before mentioned, were much vexed at the common use of the title. One writer says: 'There is a general opinion that every gentleman of landed property that has three hundred pounds a year is an esquire; which is a vulgar error, for no money whatsoever, or landed property, will give a man properly this title unless he come within the rules; and no person can ascribe this title where it is not due, there being no difficulty in drawing the line. But the meaner ranks of the people, who know no better, do often basely prostitute this title; and, to the great confusion of all rank and precedence, every man who makes a decent appearance, far from thinking himself in any way ridiculed by finding the superscription of his letters thus decorated, is fully gratified by such address.' Shakspeare says: 'Let none presume to wear an undeserved dignity.'

Let us now return to our friend Jones, and if he is not to be addressed as Esquire, what shall we call him? We must say *Mr Jones*, for that is the title of a 'gentleman.' Who, then, are gentlemen? Under this name, all are included who are not yeomen, tradesmen, artificers, or labourers. The word is from the French *gentil*, and the Saxon *man*—that is, a man well born, or one that has done something worthy either in peace or war, whereby he deserves to bear arms and to be accounted a gentleman. The following extract from Guillim's *Display of Heraldry* is worthy of notice: 'In these days he is a gentleman who is commonly so taken, and whosoever studieth the laws of this realm, who studieth in the university, who professeth liberal sciences, and, to be short, who can live without manual labour, and will bear the port, charge, and countenance of a gentleman, he shall be called "Master," and shall be taken for a gentleman.'

A few years ago, a difficulty arose in one of the police courts in London. A person described as 'a gentleman' was charged with swearing, and he was also charged with disorderly conduct. But the charge of swearing was under a statute of George II., which enacts 'that every labourer, sailor, or soldier, profanely swearing, shall forfeit one shilling; every other person under the degree of a gentleman, two shillings; and every gentleman or person of superior rank, five shillings to the poor of the parish wherein such offence was committed.' The case was proved. 'But,' said the magistrate, 'you are not a labourer, soldier,

or sailor; and it is certain *you are not a gentleman.*' So he was fined two shillings, as being of the class 'every other person.'

Degrees of nobility and gentry were in use before the Norman Conquest, for the Saxons admitted to the estate of gentry only those who had increased their wealth or gains by honest husbandry or as merchants. In Saxon times, there were the earl and churle, theyne and under theyne; and in Lambert's *Perambulation of Kent* it is stated: 'If a churle so thrived that he had fully five hides of land of his own, a church and a kitchen, a bellhouse and a gate, a seat and several office in the king's hall, then he was thenceforth the theyne's right worthy. And if a theyne so thrived that he served the king on his journey, rode in his household, if he then had a theyne which him followed, who to the king's expectations had five hides, and in the king's palace his lord served, and thrice with an errand had gone to the king, he might afterwards play his lord's part at any need; so a theyne could become an earl, and an earl could become an earl right worthy. And if a merchantman so thrived that he passed over the wide sea thrice of his own craft, he was thenceforth the theyne right worthy. And if a scholar so thrived, through learning that he had degree and served Christ, he was thenceforth of dignity and peace so much worth as thereunto belonged, unless he forfeit, so that he lose the use of his degrees.'

It is a common thing to find in old churchyards the names of persons on tombstones followed by the word 'gent' or 'gentleman,' which shows that in those days the title was more thought of than it is now. According to the laws of honour, gentlemen had certain privileges; but, like the esquires, there is now no certainty as to the right of a person to call himself either 'esquire' or 'gentleman.'

There is yet another class of people, the yeomen. Sir Edward Coke says: 'A yeoman is he that hath free land of forty shillings by the year, who was anciently thereby qualified to serve on juries, vote for knights of the shire, and do any other act, where the law requires one that is *probus et legalis homo*.'

The yeomanry were famous in olden times for archery and manhood. Our infantry, which so often conquered the French and repulsed the Scots, was composed of yeomen; but in these days, the yeomanry, though in some parts they are more disciplined and better drilled than in other districts, cannot surpass in valour and hardness the yeomen of days gone by.

It seems hard to class tradesmen, artificers, and labourers together as 'the rest of the commonalty,' for under the head of 'tradesmen' we have some of the wealthiest and wisest men in the country; but just as many of our nobility are traders, so many of our manufacturers are, by virtue of public offices held by them, endowed with titles of honour. A man may be 'Mr' in his private business, and a Right Honourable as a public man.

The people of England are divided into certain ranks and degrees, and it is good and necessary that these ranks and degrees should be preserved. It has been said that 'All men are by nature equal;' but this is a false proposition, for all men are by nature unequal, and very unequal. We



may discover within a few weeks after a child is born a marked difference between it and other children; and as it grows in years, and its mind and body become developed under a course of 'education,' the difference or inequality of nature becomes more distinct every day, even if other children have the same and equal advantages. All men have an equal right to justice or to their own property; but one man has rights and claims which another has not, for the ordinary blood-relationships show this; father and son, husband and wife, have equal, but different rights; and in short, whenever one man is set over another, there are equal rights, but the things they have a right to are manifestly unequal. That all men should be equal, is contrary to nature, and such a condition of things would bring about much misery and destroy all happiness. The experiment has been tried; but the result has been assassination, murder, and anarchy. In England, so excellent is our form of government, that the son of the poorest and humblest man may rise to the highest position in the church, law, army, navy, or any other department; and there is no limit to the wealth and honour a man may achieve by honest industry.

# ONE FALSE, BOTH FAIR;

OR, A HARD KNOT.

## CHAPTER XLIII.—CONCLUSION.

THE time of those most eminent family solicitors Pounce and Pontifex was too valuable for Mr Pontifex, the real, if not the titular, head of the firm, to spare more than two or three days, even to so important a client as the Marchioness of Leominster, mistress of Castel Vawr. It is with these veteran legal advisers of the great, as it was of old in Merovingian France with mayors of the palace—the man who knows all must manage all, for the comfort of His Grace or the Earl. Even Clare, grateful as she felt to her own lawyer, Mr Sterling, for his good service and faith in her cause, soon to be splendidly recompensed, and never forgotten, felt that Pounce and Pontifex must still keep the title-deeds and transact the business of the almost princely House of which her husband had been chief. The Lincoln's Inn solicitors were like grand functionaries of state, true to the reigning sovereign, and to displace them would have been almost as much an act of vandalism as, to modernise Norman Castel Vawr with terra-cotta pottery and encaustic tiles.

Mr Pontifex stayed for his instructions. The only one of them to which he demurred was the order to pay into the hands, the false greedy hands, of Countess Louise de Lalouve the large sum of money which Clare had promised her.

'Such a foreign adventuress as that must be paid for her trouble, of course; but surely not, Lady Leominster, enriched so undeservedly. A more moderate sum would amply'—

'I promised, Mr Pontifex; and I must keep my word to the letter, no matter how the guerdon has been earned, or how base may be the recipient,' interrupted Clare.

Mr Pontifex seemed as if still inclined to remonstrate; but at that moment a servant entered the room and delivered him a letter.

He opened and read it. It was from Mr Sterling, and was very brief:

DEAR SIR—It will be unnecessary for Her Ladyship the Marchioness of Leominster to trouble herself further in the matter of the reward promised to the foreign Countess de Lalouve. She and her husband were yesterday apprehended in London by two French agents of police, on a charge, which, if proved against them, will render them liable to possibly life-long imprisonment. I have also learned much as to that wicked woman's proceedings in the painful case in which I have had the honour to act for her Ladyship; and I find that even a few days ago the Countess's husband offered, if the hush-money were raised by the side which you then represented, to withdraw from the bargain made with my late client, and leave her to her fate. In these circumstances—which I think can be verified by Miss Cora Carew—her Ladyship may consider herself fully exonerated from any promise which in good faith she may have made to that worthless and treacherous woman.

And so this matter was settled as Mr Pontifex had wished.

It was a bad time for Sir Pagan when the little lawyer went away from Castel Vawr. Mr Pontifex was not congenial company for the half-educated baronet of sporting tastes; but, at any rate, he was a man; and gentlemen of Sir Pagan's degree of culture and intellectual calibre can only talk to men. The out-at-elbows lord of Carew had promised his sister Clare that he would stay with her at her Border castle as long as his presence would be a comfort and a protection to her, and he kept his word, though time hung very heavily on his hands; and to stroll and smoke about the stables, and take counsel with the veterinary surgeon about a sick horse, and chat with neighbouring farmers over a promising colt or the breaking-in of a kicking filly, were his only resources. It was not for very long that Sir Pagan was to be condemned to lead a solitary life at Castel Vawr. Clare was soon to have, in Arthur Talbot, a protector and a companion for the rest of her days; and indeed, before two months were over, a very quiet wedding, without pomp or glitter or ceremony, and in which the Rector of the parish was deemed of sufficient parson-power to tie the marriage-knot, without episcopal or even archidiaconal aid, took place in the little church which had witnessed the interrupted espousals of the pseudo-Marchioness and Lord Putney. And then Arthur Talbot and Clare of Leominster were man and wife, and the castle had a new master, and Sir Pagan was free to go back to his bachelor bower in Bruton Street.

Sir Pagan did not go alone. On one point all Clare's persuasions had failed. Cora Carew was inexorable. In vain did the Marchioness plead with the sister who had for a time supplanted her to let the past be forgotten, and to live with her, cherished and beloved, until such time as she should herself marry.

'You are very, very kind, my own dear, noble Clare,' answered the contrite girl; 'it is like you to wish it, and like you to urge it; but it can never be. I shall be no man's wife now, young as I am. I have worn the bride's veil and the bridal

white for the first and last time. Yesterday, I sent to Lord Putney a very humble letter, craving his pardon for the injury I had been about to do him. He was absurd in some respects, but he was honest. I owed him that much of reparation. Nor ever again shall I look Society in the face.—'Yes, I forgot,' she added quickly, and with a sudden light in her sad eyes; 'when I am on my way, as I shall often be, I hope, to smooth a sufferer's pillow and minister by a bed of pain, then I may meet the scornful eyes of those who knew me, and not be ashamed.'

Nothing which her sister could say, no entreaty, no argument, could make Cora flinch from her purpose. 'No, Clare, dearest,' she replied resolutely; 'I see my road before me now clearly; and the future with me must help to atone for the past. If I was obstinate in wrong, now I shall be steadfast, for my conscience-sake, in what I believe to be right. And not even your dear voice can make me swerve from the life I have chosen.'

Cora therefore lives at her brother's house in Bruton Street, occupying the same rooms which her sister formerly tenanted, and giving up her days and her thoughts to works of mercy. Of the three thousand a year which she receives from the bounty of the Marchioness, a third, by arrangement, goes to Sir Pagan, and thereby greatly lightens the burdens and promotes the comfort of that impecunious but well-meaning baronet; while the remainder is expended, almost to the last sixpence, in the good works for which a vast city offers only too extended a field. In the squalid far East of London, where poverty is normal, and the wolf prowls ever at the doors of myriads, Cora's plain little brougham and Cora's simple attire, and her lovely face, thin and careworn now, but with a soft earnestness in the blue eyes, are familiar sights. And blessings follow her as she goes, for she has lightened many a heavy heart and brightened many a desolate hearth. Her only visits are to the poor and the afflicted. She has kept her word. Society will never again see Cora Carew attempt to take her place in its ranks.

For Madame de Lalouve and her husband, Nemesis, as we have already indicated, was waiting. The perfidious are not seldom too little on their guard against the possible treachery of others. It was so in this case. The confession of a foreign partner of theirs in a former crime had turned evidence against them, and they were, as we know, apprehended. Their trial in Paris shortly followed, and they were both sentenced to a period of twenty years' imprisonment, which sentence, if still alive, they are at the present moment working out in one of the convict establishments of France.

There is so much of fraud and so much of folly and of frivolity to mingle with the wholesome tide of life, that it is not very likely that Silas Melville, now principal of the Private Inquiry Office, will soon find his occupation gone.

Nurse Dawson's last years were spent in comfort, thanks to the bounty of her former charge the Marchioness, of whom the old woman thought and spoke consistently as dear Miss Clare. A less interesting person, Mary Ann Pinnett, disappeared about the time of the Countess de Lalouve's apprehension, and we have no desire to seek out her whereabouts.

As a matter of form, the notice of action was withdrawn; and the case of Leominster, otherwise Carew v. Carew, otherwise Leominster, expunged from the assize roll at Marchbury courthouse. The gentlemen of the long-robe of course had their retaining fees and their 'refreshers,' to console them for the loss of an opportunity for forensic display.

Of Clare and Arthur, loving and beloved, and making a wise and noble use of the gifts of fortune, there is not much to tell. There are happy homes with which the chronicler feels as if he had no right to meddle, and it may suffice to say that never had any reigning Marchioness of Leominster been so loved and honoured by rich and poor around Castel Vawr as was Clare, the castle's bright and beautiful young mistress. The present Marquis and his wife—for Dolly Montgomery has at length consented to become a Benedick—are on friendly terms there, and even grim Lady Barbara is an occasional visitor.

And Lord Putney? There were those who thought that what had occurred would have been enough to break his withered heart, or supposing that organ to be too tough for such a catastrophe, would at anyrate damp his buoyant spirits. He did certainly go abroad for a time; but after a short rustication in Paris, Nice, Cannes, he reappeared, in the early flush of the London season, at his club. The veteran dandy seemed impervious to mental distress and unconscious of ridicule. There he was, tripping as lightly as ever on the points of his varnished boots, staring as pertinaciously as ever through his gold-rimmed eyeglass, still tapping his enamelled snuff-box, and relating his well-worn anecdotes, as of old. 'I really don't think I shall marry, really, now,' was his airy answer to a blundering attempt at condolence on the part of some well-intentioned friend. And perhaps, at his time of life, and after the recent shipwreck of his hopes of conjugal felicity, his lordship's prospects as a marrying man are nil.

THE END.

## PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF AN INDIAN OFFICIAL.

I HAVE two objects in view in placing some Indian experiences before the public. One is, to bring home to those who 'stay at home' the responsibilities and difficulties that often devolve upon their countrymen in India; many of whom are very young men. I do so in the hope of lessening the tendency to criticise and to find fault with those who work in bad climates and far away from home. Their hands, indeed, should be strengthened, so that in taking responsibilities upon themselves, they may do so cheerfully, with the feeling that their countrymen will regard their work with a kindly eye as 'done for the best.' How often have Indian officials been deeply hurt by disparaging remarks with reference to their work made in the Houses of Parliament by individuals who, from want of Indian experience, were quite incapable of forming a correct opinion on the subjects they handled so freely.

My second object is, to show to young men who are drawn towards India, that industry in

their work will invariably be successful. Indeed, a man with special knowledge of any subject will sooner or later be sure to find the advantage of it. I knew an ensign who obtained a civil appointment of between seven and eight hundred pounds per annum, simply because he had made himself in some measure fit for it by working at engineering at leisure times. So a knowledge of geology, botany, or of any natural science, has often greatly promoted a man's career. Even a good voice, or musical ability, has drawn attention to a man, and opened a door of advancement. Industry and steadiness are the preliminaries of success. I need hardly mention the necessity of extreme moderation in the use of alcoholic drinks. Perhaps 'abstinence' might be the better recommendation; at all events, every one should give it a fair trial, extending over a considerable period. Certainly those whose duty takes them out much in the sun should be more than moderate. Provided men have constitutions fairly suited to a hot climate, and take proper precautions, the sun need not be feared.

It is not the man with brilliant showy qualities that India wants. Take Outram, Havelock, the Lawrences, and many other leading men—their success was due to their strong sense of duty, and to the honesty and determination of their characters. Sterling characters they were indeed, greatly perfected by the responsibilities thrown upon them early in life. Strong in themselves, and stronger in their reliance on a Higher Power, they were ready, when the time came, to act, and they acted not in vain. So a steady persistence in the work that comes to the hand of any one in India will most surely meet with its reward. There was a private soldier at the taking of Seringapatam, who eventually gained a commission, and who long held a staff appointment of great responsibility. He had a large family, and all his daughters married officers or Civil Service gentlemen; two of his sons, after distinguished careers in the army, being now general officers. His success was due simply to a conscientious sense of duty and integrity of character. The power of acting in emergencies was wonderfully exemplified in his case, when arriving one morning at the Grand Arsenal, which was under his charge, he found one of his subordinates out of his mind, walking about a magazine of ammunition smoking a large cigar. Quietly entering into conversation with the lunatic, he walked slowly with him towards the door, and once outside, he snatched the cigar away and crushed it between his hands until every spark was extinguished.

In spite of all that detractors say of the little good English rule has done for India, it is certain that every English official has great power for good or for evil. How many well-known instances have existed, and still exist, of the popularity of civilians, who, though firm and strict, are nevertheless just and kind in dealing with natives. There are still military officers whom their men will follow through fire and water. Let those, then, who think of Indian service, take it to their heart that they are undertaking a career that may be good and noble if they will. As their opportunities of doing good will be very great, so will their responsibilities be heavy. But

if they will pursue a steady consistent course of duty, treating natives as they would wish to be treated themselves, were their places reversed, the reward will come. The natives of India very much resemble children in character, and require similar treatment; and there are no people in the world more amenable to kindness. Once gain their affections and confidence, and anything may be done with them. Cases are not unknown of the civilian collector being greeted joyfully throughout his district tours. And if there is a reverse side to the picture, so much the more incumbent is it upon those who desire India's welfare to work with all their might to counteract the defects that necessarily appertain to a foreign rule. We have our national defects, making us more or less unpopular with foreign nations, and many characters wanting in discipline find their way to India. But as our treatment of natives generally has much improved and is improving, we may hope that at no distant day there will be little to say against us on this head.

I will now relate one of my earliest experiences of Indian life, which made a deep impression upon me. The story is strictly true, with the possible exception of some minor details, as, having made no notes at the time, I tell it from memory.

Some thirty years ago, the adjutant of one of the Indian cavalry regiments was killed under very peculiar circumstances. He was standing carving a joint at his dinner-table one evening after dark, when a muffled figure sprang into the room from the veranda behind him, fired, and disappeared as quickly as he entered. The poor officer, who was alone with his wife at the time, received a mortal wound, and soon died. The usual inquiries took place, for some time unsuccessfully, until at last a trooper of the same regiment was charged with the crime. Circumstances, however, had caused a strong feeling to prevail both for and against him in the station where the murder was committed; in consequence of which, a court-martial was ordered to try the case at a large station some two hundred miles distant; and there, prisoner, witnesses, and all concerned, were ordered to proceed. I was then a young officer, doing duty at this very station, and was ordered, by way of gaining experience, to attend the court throughout the trial. As it extended over two or three weeks, it gave me an excellent opportunity of becoming acquainted with the forms and manner of conducting the proceedings of courts-martial. The scene was indeed imposing on the first day of its assembling. The president and members of it, some thirteen or fifteen in number, were all field-officers, in full dress. The judge-advocate, who prosecuted, was an officer of great legal experience; and the interpreter was an English officer who lived entirely among natives. He was brought in from a distant station in consequence of his being a perfect linguist. Most truly he deserved the distinction of being directed to supersede all the interpreters at the station, one of whom, under ordinary circumstances, would have been ordered to perform the duty. He used to take a paper written in English, full of legal phrases and technical terms, and without ever having seen it before, translate it into the purest Hindustani, reading it off, as it seemed, from the paper before him.

On the first day of the court-martial, after all the formalities had been fulfilled, orders for the assemblage having been read, president, members, judge-advocate, and interpreter, all sworn, the prisoner was ordered into court. I shall never lose the impression made upon me by his entrance. A man almost of the finest appearance I ever saw in any country, perhaps six feet four inches in height, dressed in the handsome light-blue uniform of the Indian cavalry, walked in. His bearing was truly noble as he took his place at the further end of the room between the two English soldiers who guarded him. When asked if he was 'Guilty or not guilty' of the crime laid to his charge, he replied in a calm, clear voice: 'Yih kam meere hath se nuheen hua' (I did not do this work). The trial then proceeded. One witness deposed to having seen the prisoner running towards his house, in a somewhat bent position, as if hiding something under his clothes, assumed to be a gun, on the night the adjutant was shot. Other evidence stated that pieces of a gun, apparently newly buried, had been found under the soil of a garden close to the prisoner's house. More witnesses swore that the prisoner, who had been reduced from the grade of havildar (or sergeant) by the action of the deceased adjutant, had in their presence threatened to do for him, and so on. At first sight, the evidence, though only circumstantial, seemed overwhelming against the prisoner; but the sifting considerably changed the complexion of the case.

The prisoner was ably and enthusiastically defended by a young officer, who before entering the army had studied law. Owing to the efficient manner in which the defence was conducted, much of the evidence was shaken; and it was proved that the bullet found in the deceased officer's body, and produced in court, could never have been fired from the gun found buried in the garden near the prisoner's house. This break-down of what was thought to be the strongest evidence created a great sensation; but still the prosecution was pushed on, and in the end the prisoner was found guilty, and sentenced to death. A very strong feeling, however, prevailed in some minds that he was not the actual perpetrator of the deed. Such seemed to be the opinion of the commander-in-chief, or rather of his legal adviser; for after a long delay, though the finding of the court was confirmed, the sentence was commuted to transportation with hard labour for life. Some remarks were added, not very judiciously, to the effect that such a punishment was worse than death—that the prisoner would linger out a miserable existence in irons, and so on. The attempt to excuse the alteration of the sentence was unwise, because, as the sequel will show, on convicts reaching the penal settlement, they become subject to the rules there made for them. They were treated according to their conduct after arrival, not according to the crime for which they were transported. The truth is there was just a doubt, in the absence of any direct proof, about the prisoner being the actual murderer, and hence it was decided not to carry out the extreme penalty of the law.

During the time—some four months, I think—before the sentence was published, the prisoner might be seen taking his daily walk before the

main-guard of the station, with two soldiers guarding him. He retained always the same dignified and noble bearing, and his behaviour rather increased the sympathy that had been enlisted in his favour. At last the matter was ended by the publication of the sentence; and the prisoner was removed to the penal settlement of Penang, in the Straits of Malacca.

Soon after, I proceeded to join my regiment and for the next two years I was more or less travelling in different parts of India. At the end of this period, I found myself at Singapore, acting as adjutant and interpreter of a wing of my regiment, sent over on account of some disturbances among the Chinese. Singapore is about two days' steaming from Penang. From motives of interest, I inquired and ascertained that the good conduct of the cavalry trooper, who had been sent there, had commended him to his superiors. Some eighteen months afterwards, I was pleased to find that I had been selected to fill the appointment of Superintendent of Convicts and Executive Engineer Officer at Penang. This success was due to my having passed as interpreter in the Hindustani language and to having some engineering knowledge. On taking up the appointment, I found the situation to be as follows. Some six months previously, during a flogging parade, one of the convicts had attacked and killed the English sergeant who superintended the jail. He then proceeded to attack other officials; and would have succeeded in killing them, had it not been for the conduct of the ex-trooper and one other convict. At the risk of their lives, they seized the murderer and took him to the guard. All the petty officers, themselves convicts, promoted for good behaviour, ran off and returned when the *émeute* was over. It naturally became incumbent upon the authorities to reward the two men who had behaved well, and they were promoted to the lowest grade of petty officer. This was a sort of probationary position only; but it was thought best to be cautious in improving the cavalry soldier's status, as the newspapers had already commented on the very different treatment he was receiving compared with that described in the sentence of the commander-in-chief.

I saw the convict trooper for the first time in Penang one morning when visiting the brick fields. He was superintending a body of convicts treading clay in a large pit for bricks, work to which the worst characters—namely, those who had committed serious crimes since they had entered the convict establishment—were put. These men all wore thirteen-pound leg-irons; and terrible-looking ruffians they were. Many of them were Indian Thugs, who could probably boast of murders by the score, caught in the days when Colonel Sleeman broke up their society. Then there were dacoits from Bengal, Sikhs from the Punjab, Parsees from Bombay, and perhaps the greatest villains of all were Chinese pirates from Hong-kong. But to return to our convict, whom I could not recognise in the least degree. He seemed entirely altered—had shrunk away, and his bright cheerful manner was gone. I thought it best that neither he nor any of the other officials of the establishment should know that I was personally acquainted with his antecedents. I heard, however, that he always



declared his innocence, and complained that his life had been spoiled. His behaviour as convict and as petty officer had been simply perfect—in reality he was the most satisfactory man among a body of fourteen hundred convicts.

Further acquaintance with the establishment showed the system of management to be a mixture of laxity and severity. Convicts of good conduct got tickets-of-leave in two or three years after arrival, and were allowed to live in the town, keep shops, and so on. Many of them were rich, and all had money. They were, however, subject to be recalled into jail, failing good behaviour, and were liable to the same punishments as other convicts. There was a gang of robbers among those in the jail, who, with the connivance of some of the petty officers, were let out by a back-entrance to commit robberies in the town. Under these circumstances, it was most important to promote to the grade of petty officer any man who could in the least degree be trusted. The ex-trooper was the first on the list for promotion. The superintendent had nothing to do with the crime for which he was transported, and his claims could not in justice be overlooked. On stating the facts of the case to the representative of the Straits government, I was directed to promote the man, the only reservation being, that the belt and silver plate, the badge of office, should not be used in the public streets. This was to prevent, as far as possible, public attention being drawn to the case; for Indian newspapers, often in want of subjects, were in those days not very scrupulous as regards the dressing up of a story, provided it could be made interesting. As long as I remained, he showed himself to be fully worthy of promotion, retaining his reserved though respectful demeanour, and seemed to think of nothing but his duty. After a time, the effects of a fever, caught long before, sent me to England, and I saw the trooper no more. But what says the reader: Guilty or not guilty?

Later on, I was much and long occupied in judicial matters, and accustomed to weigh and sift evidence; but after many years of reflection, I have still never been able to form a conclusion as to this man's guilt or innocence, and the case remains in my memory as one 'Not proven.'

## THE ROSERY FOLK.

### CHAPTER VIII.—THE DOCTOR ABOARD.

THE thrust given by Scarlett before the breaking of the oar, aided by the impetus given by his feet as he fell, sent the boat back into the rapid stream beyond the eddy; and in spite of the doctor's efforts, he could not check its course, till, suddenly starting up, he used his oar as a pole, arresting their downward course as he scanned the surface towards the piles.

'Sit down, Mrs Scarlett!' he cried in a voice of thunder.—'Hold her, or she will be over.'

Aunt Sophia had already seized Mrs Scarlett's dress, and was dragging her back, the three women sitting with blanched faces and parted ashy lips, gazing at the place where Scarlett had gone down.

'Don't be alarmed; he swims like a fish,'

said the doctor, though grave apprehension was changing the hue of his own countenance, as he stood watching for the reappearance of his friend.

'Help! help!' cried Mrs Scarlett suddenly; and her voice went echoing over the water.

'Hush! be calm,' cried the doctor.—'Here, quick—you—Mr Prayle! Come and shove down the boat-hook here. She's drifting. Mind, man, mind!' he cried, as Prayle, trembling visibly, nearly fell over as he stooped to get out the boat-hook.

He thrust it down into the water, but in a timid, helpless way.

'Put it down!' cried the doctor; and then, seizing an oar by the middle, he used it as a paddle, just managing to keep the boat from being swept away.

They were twenty yards at least from where Scarlett went down; but had he possessed the power to urge the boat forward, Scales dared not have sent it nearer to the piles with that freight on board. And still those terrible moments went on, lengthening first into one and then into a second minute, and Scarlett did not reappear.

'Why does he not come up?' said Prayle, in a harsh whisper.

'Silence, man! Wait!' cried the doctor hoarsely, as he saw Mrs Scarlett's wild imploring eyes.

'He must have struck his head against a stone or pile,' thought the doctor, 'and is stunned.' And then the horrible idea came upon him, that his poor friend was being kept down by the tons and tons of falling water, every time he would have risen to the top. Two minutes—three minutes had passed, and, as if in sympathy with the horror that had fallen upon the group, the noise of the tumbling waters seemed to grow more loud, and the orange glow of sunset was giving place quickly to a cold gray light.

Aunt Sophia was the next to speak. 'Do something, man!' she cried, in a passionate imploring voice. But the doctor did not heed; he only scanned the surface of the foamy pool.

'There, there, there!' shrieked Mrs Scarlett. 'There, help!—James! Husband! Help!'

She would have flung herself from the boat, as she gazed wildly in quite a different direction; and the doctor, dropping the oar across the boat, sent the frail vessel back from him, rocking heavily; for he had plunged from it headlong into the rushing water, but only to rise directly; and they saw him swimming rapidly towards where something creamy-looking was being slowly carried by the current back towards the piles. The doctor was a powerful swimmer, but he was weary from his exertions. He swam on, though, rapidly nearing the object of his search, caught it by the flannel shirt, made a few tremendous strokes, to get beyond the back-set of the current, and then turned a ghastly face upward to the air. The gig was fifty yards away now, Prayle being helpless to stay its course; and though the doctor looked round, there was neither soul nor boat in sight to give them help.

It was a hard fight; but the doctor won; for some thirty or forty strokes, given with all his might, brought him into the shallow stream, and then the rest was easy; he had but to keep his friend's face above the water while he tried to

overtake the boat. For a moment he thought of landing; but no help was near without carrying his helpless burden perhaps a mile, the lock being on the other side, its keeper perhaps asleep, for he made no sign.

'Cannot that idiot stop the boat?' he groaned. 'At last—at last!' He uttered these words with a cry of satisfaction, for Prayle was making some pretence of forcing the boat up-stream once more.

The doctor was skilful enough to direct his course so that they were swept down to the bows; and grasping the gunwale with one hand, he panted forth: 'Down with that boat-hook! Now, take him by the shoulders. Lean back to the other side and draw him in.'

The swimmer could lend but little help; and Prayle would have failed in his effort, and probably overturned the boat, but for Aunt Sophia, whose dread of the water seemed to have passed away as she came forward, and between them they dragged Scarlett over the side.

The doctor followed, with the water streaming from him, and gave a glance to right and left in search of a place to land.

'It would be no use,' he said quickly. 'While we were getting him to some house, valuable minutes would be gone.—Now, Mrs Scarlett, for heaven's sake, be calm!'

'Oh, he is dead—he is dead!' moaned the wretched woman, on her knees.

'That's more than you know, or I know,' cried the doctor, who was working busily all the time. 'Be calm, and help me.—You too, Miss Raleigh.—Prayle, get out of the way!'

Arthur Prayle frowned and went forward.

Mrs Scarlett made a supreme effort to be calm; while Aunt Sophia, with her lips pressed tightly together, knelt there, watchful and ready, as the doctor toiled on. She it was who, unasked, passed him the cushions which he laid beneath the apparently drowned man, and, at a word, was the first to strip away the coverings from his feet and apply friction, while Scales was hard at work trying to produce artificial respiration by movements of his patient's arms.

'Don't be down-hearted,' he said; 'only work. We want warmth and friction to induce the circulation to return. Throw plenty of hope into your efforts, and, with God's help, we'll have him back to life.'

There was no sign of life in the figure that lay there inert and motionless; but no heed was paid to that. Animated by the doctor's example, aunt and niece laboured on in silence, while the boat rocked from their efforts, and the water that had streamed from the garments of the doctor and his patient washed to and fro.

For the doctor's face was scarlet with his exertions, and the great drops of perspiration stood now side by side with the water that still trickled from his crisp hair.

'Don't slacken,' he cried cheerily. 'I've brought fellows to, after being four or five times as long under water, in the depth of winter too. We shall have a flicker of life before long, I'll be sworn. Is he still as cold? I can't stop to feel.'

Aunt Sophia laid her hand upon the bare white chest of her nephew in the region of his heart; and then, as her eyes met the doctor's, her lips tightened just a little—that was all.

'Too soon to expect it yet.—Don't be despondent, Mrs Scarlett. Be a brave, true, little wife. That's right.' He nodded at her so encouragingly, that, in the face of what he was doing, Mrs Scarlett felt that all little distance between them was for ever at an end, and that she had a sister's love for this true, earnest man.

'Where are we?' he said at last, toiling more slowly now, from sheer exhaustion.

'Very nearly down to the cottage,' replied Prayle; and the doctor muttered an inaudible 'Thank God!' It was not loud enough for wife or aunt to hear, or it would have carried with it a despair far greater than that they felt.

'Can you run her into the landing-place?'

'I'll try,' said Prayle, but in so doubting a tone, that the doctor uttered a low ejaculation, full of impatient anger, and Kate Scarlett looked up.

'Naomi! Quick! Here!' she cried. 'Kneel down, and take my place.'

'Yes; warmth is life,' panted the doctor, who was hoarse now and faint. 'Poor woman! she's fagged,' he thought; 'but still she is his wife.' There was a feeling of annoyance in his breast as he thought this—a sensation of anger against Kate Scarlett, who ought to have died at her post, he felt, sooner than give it up to another. But the next moment he gave a sigh of satisfaction and relief, as he saw her rise and step lightly to where Prayle was fumbling with the oar.

'Sit down!' she said in a quick imperious manner; and, slipping the oar over the stern, she cleverly sculled with it, as her husband had taught her in happier times, so that she sent the gig nearer and nearer to the shore. But in spite of her efforts, they would have been swept beyond, had not the old gardener, waiting their return, waded in to get hold of the bows of the gig and haul it to the side. As it grated against the landing-stage, the doctor summoned all the strength that he had left, to bend down, lift his friend over his shoulder, and then stagger to the house.

#### CHAPTER IX.—A HARD NIGHT'S WORK.

'Yes,' said Scales excitedly, as he bent over his patient, whom he had placed upon the floor of the study, after ordering fresh medical help to be fetched at once—'yes—there is hope.'

As he spoke, Kate Scarlett uttered a low wail, and Aunt Sophia caught her in her arms; but the stricken wife struggled to get free. 'No, no; I shall not give way,' she panted; 'I will be brave, and help.' For, as the doctor slowly continued his efforts to restore the circulation, there came at last a faint gasp; and soon after, the medical man from the village came in, cool and calm, to take in the situation at a glance.

By this time, Scarlett was breathing with some approach to the normal strength, and Scales turned to his confrère. 'Will you'—he began. He could say no more, from utter exhaustion and excitement, but left the new-comer to complete his task.

It was not a long one now; for soon after, James Scarlett opened his eyes and gazed about; but the light of reason had not yet returned.

'He's dying!' wailed Mrs Scarlett, as she saw her husband's eyes slowly close once more.

'No, no!' said Scales quickly. 'It is exhaustion

and sleep. 'He'll go off soundly now for many hours, and wake up nearly well.'

'Are you saying this to deceive me?' cried Mrs Scarlett.

'Indeed, no; ask our friend here.'

Mrs Scarlett looked at the other appealingly, and he confirmed his confrère's words. But still she was not convinced, so pale and motionless her husband lay, till the doctor signed to her to bend over and lay her ear against her husband's breast.

Then, as she heard the regular heavy pulsation of his heart, she uttered a low, sobbing, hysterical cry, turned to Scales, caught his hand in hers, kissed it again and again, and then crouched lower upon her knees at her husband's side, weeping and praying during his heavy sleep.

The local doctor stayed for a couple of hours, and then, after a short consultation with Scales, shook hands. 'You have done wonders,' he said on leaving.

'No,' said Scales quietly; 'I only persevered.'

'There! he's going on capitally now,' he said, after a time.—'Mr Prayle, you need not stay.'

'Oh, I would rather wait,' said Prayle. 'He may have a relapse.'

'Oh, I shall be with him,' said the doctor confidently. 'I will ask you to leave us now, Mr Prayle. I want to keep the room quiet and cool.'

Arthur Prayle was disposed to resist; but a doctor is an autocrat in a sick-chamber, whom no one but a patient dare disobey; and the result was that Prayle unwillingly left the room.

'Got rid of him,' muttered the doctor.—'Now for the old maid,' who, by the way, has behaved like a trump.

'I don't think you need stay, Miss Raleigh,' he whispered. 'You must be very tired now.'

'Yes, Doctor Scales,' she said quietly; 'but I will not go to bed. You may want a little help in the night.'

'I shall not leave my husband's side,' said Mrs Scarlett firmly.—'Oh, Doctor Scales, pray, pray, tell me the truth; keep nothing back. Is there any danger?'

'Upon my word, as a man, Mrs Scarlett, there is none.'

'You are not deceiving me?'

'Indeed, no. Here is the case for yourself: he has been nearly drowned.'

'Yes, yes,' sobbed Mrs Scarlett.

'Well, he has his breathing apparatus in order again, and is fast asleep. There is no disease.'

'No; I understand that,' said Mrs Scarlett excitedly; 'but—a relapse?'

'Relapse?' said the doctor in a low voice and laughing quietly. 'Well, the only form of relapse he could have would be to tumble in again.'

'Don't; pray, don't laugh at me, doctor,' said Mrs Scarlett piteously. 'You cannot tell what I suffer.'

'O yes, I can,' he said kindly. 'If I laughed, then, it was only to give you confidence. He will wake up with a bad nervous headache, and that's all.—Now, suppose you go and lie down.'

'No; I shall stay with my husband,' she said firmly. 'I cannot go.'

'Well,' he said, 'you shall stay.—Perhaps you will stay with us as well, Miss Raleigh,' he added. 'We can shade the light; and he is so utterly

exhausted, that even if we talk, I don't think he will wake.'

'And he will not be worse?' whispered Mrs Scarlett.

'People will not have any confidence in their medical man. Come, now, I think you might trust me, after what I have done.'

'I do trust you, Doctor Scales, and believe in you as my husband's best and dearest friend,' cried Mrs Scarlett. 'Heaven bless you for what you have done!' She hurriedly kissed his hand; and then, after a glance at her husband's pale face, she went and sat upon the floor beside Aunt Sophia's chair, laid her hands upon the elder lady's knees, and hid her face, sitting there so motionless that she seemed to be asleep.

'I wish she would not do that,' muttered the doctor; and then: 'I hate a woman who behaves in that lapdog way.'

Just as the sky was becoming flecked with tiny clouds of gold and orange, the first brightness that had been seen since the evening before, a few muttered words and a restless movement made doctor and wife hurry to the extempore couch.

'Kate! Where's Kate?' exclaimed Scarlett in a hoarse cracked voice.

'I am here, dear—here at your side,' she whispered, laying her cheek to his.

'Has the boat gone over? Save Kate!'

'We are all safe, dear husband.'

'Fool!—idiot!—to go so near. So dangerous!' he cried excitedly. 'Jack—Jack, old man—my wife—my wife!'

'It's all right, old fellow,' said the doctor cheerily. 'There, there; you only had a bit of a ducking—that's all.'

'Scales—Jack!—Where am I? Where's Kate?'

'Here, dear love, by your side.'

'My head!' panted the poor fellow. 'I'm frightened. What does it mean? Why do you all stare at me like that? Here! what's the matter? Have I had a dream?'

'Be calm, old fellow,' said the doctor. 'You're all right now.'

'Catch hold of my hand, Kate,' he cried, drawing in his breath with a hiss. 'There's something wrong with—here—the back of my neck, and my head throbs terribly. Here! Have I been overboard? Why don't you speak?'

'Scarlett, old fellow, be calm,' said the doctor firmly.—'There; that's better.'

'Yes; I'll lie still. What a frightful headache! But tell me what it all means.—Ah! I remember now. The oar broke; and I went under. I was beaten down.—Jack—Kate, dear—do you hear me?'

'Yes, yes, dear love; yes, yes,' whispered Mrs Scarlett, placing her arm round his neck and drawing his head upon her breast. 'It was a nasty accident; but you are quite safe now.'

'Safe? Am I safe?' he whispered hoarsely. 'That's right, dear; hold me—tightly now.' He closed his eyes and shuddered, while Mrs Scarlett gazed imploringly in the doctor's face.

'The shock to his nerves,' he said quietly. 'A bit upset; but he'll be all right soon;' and as he spoke, the doctor laid his hand upon his friend's pulse.

Scarlett uttered a piercing cry, starting and gazing wildly at his old companion. 'Oh! It

was you,' he panted; and he closed his eyes again. —'Don't leave me, dear—don't leave me! It kept me down,' he said, with another shudder, and speaking as if to himself. 'It kept me down till I felt that I was drowning.—Jack Scales!' he cried aloud, 'how does a man feel when he is drowned?'

'Don't know, old fellow. Never was drowned,' said the doctor cheerily.—'Now, look here; it's only just sunrise, so you'd better go to sleep again, and then you'll wake up as lively as a cricket.'

'Sunrise?—sunrise?' said Scarlett excitedly.—'sunrise?' And as he spoke, he looked round from one to the other. 'Why, you've been sitting up all night!' Then, clinging tightly to his wife's hand, he closed his eyes once more, and lay muttering for a time.

Mrs Scarlett kept following the doctor's every movement with her wistful eyes till he said in a whisper: 'Let him sleep, and I'll come back presently.'

'Don't you leave me, Kate,' said Scarlett, shuddering.

'No, no, dear,' she said tenderly; and the poor fellow uttered a low sigh, and remained with his eyes closed, as the doctor softly left the room, beckoning to Aunt Sophia to follow him.

'I'm going to get a prescription made up,' he said. 'I'll send off the groom on one of the horses; there will be a place open in the town by the time he gets there.'

'Stop a moment,' said Aunt Sophia, clutching at his arm. 'Tell me what this means. Why is he like this?'

'Oh, it is only the reaction—the shock to his nerves. Poor fellow!' he muttered to himself, 'he has been face to face with death.'

'Doctor Scales,' said Aunt Sophia, with her hand tightening upon his arm—'shock to his nerves! He is not going to be like that patient of yours you spoke of the other day?'

The sun was up, and streaming in upon them where they stood in the plant-bedecked hall, and it seemed as if its light had sent a flash into the soul of John Scales, M.D., as he gazed sharply into his querist's eyes and then shuddered. For in these moments he seemed to see the owner of that delightful English home, him who, but a few hours before, had been all that was perfect in manly vigour and mental strength, changed into a stricken, nerveless, helpless man, clinging to his wife in the extremity of his child-like dread.

'No, no! Absurd, absurd! Only a few hours' rest, and he'll be himself.' He hurried into the study, and hastily wrote his prescription, taking it out directly to where the groom was just unfastening the stable-doors.

'Ride over to the town, sir? Yes, sir.—But, beg pardon, sir—master, sir? Is he all right?'

'Oh, getting over it nicely, my man. Be quick.'

'I'll be off in five minutes, sir,' cried the groom; and within the specified time, the horse's hoofs were clattering over the stable-yard as the man rode off.

'Like my patient of whom I spoke!' said the doctor to himself. 'Oh, it would be too horrible! Bah! What an idiot I am, thinking like that weak old lady there. What nonsense, to be sure!'

But as he softly re-entered the room, he hardly dared to meet the young wife's questioning eyes, as she besought him silently to help her in this time of need.

(To be continued.)

## THE MONTH:

### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THOSE who have taken the trouble to read the Reports of the various sections of the British Association, published in connection with their recent successful meeting at Southport, will have gained a very good insight into the progress of scientific research. They certainly cannot complain that the fare provided is limited in quantity, nor can they say of it that it is of so technical a nature that only very few can easily digest it. The subjects discussed are indeed of a varied nature, and many of them are of exceptional popular interest. The time has happily gone by when science was only another name for 'dry-as-dust' theories, and the British Association for its advancement are doing a good work when they bring before the public matter which commands something more than mere advancement of knowledge. There are not wanting those who hint that the proceedings are too much of a social character, and that the intended visit of the Association to Canada next year smacks so much of festive greetings, that the real aim of the meeting will be lost sight of. Let them remember that 'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,' and that what is strictly true of our youngsters at school, may possibly be true also of 'children of a larger growth.' The next meeting of the British Association will be held at Montreal, in August 1884, and, from all accounts, the Canadians are determined to give the members a royal welcome. The legislature has voted a liberal sum to defray expenses; and railway and steamboat Companies are making generous arrangements for excursions to different localities. In 1885, the Association meets at Aberdeen.

From the last volume of trade Reports published by the Foreign Office we gather some interesting information regarding Panama, a city which is perhaps destined, when the interoceanic canal is completed, to become one of the most important places on the earth. Since the establishment of the canal-works, the population has increased enormously. Including Colon and Panama, the Atlantic and Pacific termini of the canal, together with the villages between them, there exists a population of thirty-six thousand people, half of whom are British. The climate during the dry season—December to April—exhibits a steady temperature of about eighty-two degrees Fahrenheit; but during the rest of the year, when rain and storms prevail, it is much hotter. Accidents from lightning are common, and are likely to remain so; for in the city of Panama there is not to be found a lightning-rod. There is no mutton in the country; and when any lucky resident is able to procure a joint, he invites his friends to partake of the unusual delicacy. The Indian equivalent for the word Panama is 'plenty of fish'; and plenty there is, with the curious difference, that those which are taken from the Atlantic side of the Isthmus are



far superior to those on the Pacific side, which latter are not firm, and become tainted very soon after they leave the water. The Isthmus for fifty years had been free from earthquake shocks; but in September last year, the pleasant sense of security which long immunity had cherished was suddenly shaken. On that occasion, many buildings were thrown down; and since that time the inhabitants have had unpleasant reminders—in the shape of three to five shocks per month—that they are not exempt from the influence of those subterranean forces which form such a terror to dwellers in Central America.

Much has lately been written concerning another projected canal, namely, that which its promoters say can be made to connect the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, by utilising the valley of the Jordan. From all accounts, the scheme, which at present exists only on paper, is likely to stop at that primary stage. No one can say that the project is impracticable, because in these days of advanced engineering and powerful appliances, very little is absolutely impossible. But it is evident that the cost of the undertaking must be prohibitory. A large portion of the route lies at a level of about seven hundred and fifty feet above the sea, and is composed of hard rock. A competent authority calculates that the excavation of one mile of the channel having this height, and a bottom width of three hundred feet, with sloping sides, would represent more than double the whole contents estimated for the Panama Canal. But supposing that the country through which the canal was to be cut was as flat as Holland, the route would be so long in comparison with that of Suez, that ships would have to be enticed by low rates. The older Company would of course at once lower theirs to the same amount, and they are so rich that they must win in the end. Apart from these considerations, there is another objection to the flooding of the Jordan Valley—we mean the annihilation of such places as Tiberias, the Lake of Gennesareth, Bethsaida, and Capernaum, which represent to most of us something more than mere historic interest.

Baron Nordenskjöld's expedition to Greenland has come to an end; and although his surmise, that the interior of that continent would present a succession of verdant plains, and that 'Greenland's icy mountains' only held true of its inhospitable coast, turns out to be incorrect, the voyage has by no means been void of results. His search for cosmic dust was not a difficult one, for dust there was in plenty on the endless snow-fields which cover the country. Whether this dust is of cosmic origin or not, will of course form the subject of careful inquiry. The expedition has secured rich collections of botanical, zoological, and geological specimens, and has penetrated farther into the continent of Greenland than any of its predecessors.

The subject of re-forestation Ontario has lately been occupying the government of that province, at whose instance a Report has been compiled by Mr R. W. Phips of Toronto, dealing in an exhaustive manner with the whole question. This Report opens with an account of the wealth represented by forests of the province at the time when the earliest settlers came upon the scene. Pine, maple, oak, beech, ash, and many other trees were abundant; but the ground

had to be cleared; there was no use for the trees, and so the forests were simply burned down, a process which was regularly carried on for many years. Ontario is now in many parts almost denuded of trees, and wood for use has to be brought from a distance. Mr Phips recommends replanting, precautions against fire, and economy in dealing with the forests which still remain. The government have distributed this Report gratuitously among the farmers of the province, and there is every reason to believe that they will take speedy measures to comply with its recommendations.

We may remind our readers that an international Forestry Exhibition is to be held in Edinburgh next year. The executive Committee have for some time been busy in classifying the various sections and exhibits, and have obtained many promises of support from both home districts and foreign countries. If the success of the enterprise could be measured by the importance of the subject with which it deals, it will be successful indeed.

Mr E. J. Lowe, F.R.S., who for many years has been engaged in meteorological observations, has lately made a most generous offer to the nation. Recognising the importance of regular observations on our western coasts, where barometrical waves can be carefully watched on their arrival across the Atlantic, and before they get modified in character by journeying over Britain, he proposes the erection of an observatory near Chepstow. He offers to give the site, to find lime and stone for building purposes, to present his valuable collection of instruments, books, and papers to the proposed establishment, and to start the enterprise with his guidance and advice—on condition that a sufficient sum be raised to build the observatory, and to endow it with income enough for the maintenance of a limited staff of assistants. Before this offer was made public, Mr Lowe gave notice of his intention to the Meteorological Office, who sent down their Secretary to view the proposed site and to report upon the same. The report having been satisfactory in every way, the department will endeavour to help the scheme to the best of their power, and will undertake to publish returns for this Bristol Channel Observatory, when complete. It only now remains for the public to back Mr Lowe's generous action, not only with their mere approval, but in a more substantial manner.

Our American friends have lately been much excited concerning some supposed human footprints in sandstone discovered in Nevada. Perhaps their excitement has been increased by the knowledge that two eminent authorities differ in their readings of this story of the rocks—one maintaining that the footprints were those made by some race of big-footed men, and the other being as confident that a large sloth is responsible for them. The latter view would seem to be the most probable. Each footprint measures from eighteen to twenty inches in length, and is about eight inches wide. It is considered that their size—and more especially the distance between the right and left series, about eighteen inches—is strong evidence that they are not of human origin. Photographs and casts of the footprints, which have since been carefully examined, confirm this view.

Some very interesting and successful experiments have lately been made in the *Zuider Zee* with Professor Holmes's Siren Fog-horn, which point to the conclusion that collisions can be rendered almost impossible by its use. The object of the experiments was to ascertain how far the apparatus was available for carrying on a conversation between two ships by means of short and long sounds, on the dot-and-dash or Morse alphabet system. Two vessels were chosen for these experiments, and on each was a fog-horn blown by steam and worked by a telegraph clerk. The ships separated until they were out of one another's sight; but in spite of this, a conversation was briskly kept up, and was readily read off and understood. We can easily understand how by means of such an equipment a ship, on hearing another's fog-horn, could inquire what course she was steering, and other particulars which would happily prevent all chance of collision. An amusing incident occurred during the progress of the experiments referred to. The captain of an outward-bound steamer fancying that the unusual sounds represented the groans of anguish of a vessel in distress, bore down on one of the signalling vessels to render prompt assistance. When he found out the real cause of the unwonted noise, he turned back, and vented his disgust in no measured terms.

Any foreign artist visiting the English metropolis with a view to studying the statues of our great men that he finds among the streets and squares of the city, would soon be prompted to exclaim that they do not come up to a very high standard. Many of them appear to be of one pattern, which exhibits a gentleman in a frockcoat and high collar, with his right leg bent forward, and his extended arm holding what purports to be a roll of paper, but which might pass for a policeman's truncheon. The equestrian statue of the Iron Duke has now happily been taken down; and it is announced that competitive designs for a new statue of the great General will shortly be invited. Commenting upon this, 'An Engineer,' and evidently a severely practical one, writes to the *Times*, and suggests that as a good statue of Wellington, modelled from life, is already available at Edinburgh, the best course to pursue would be to cast another from it. He argues, that in his profession, where a good model already exists, it is copied, and that the result is generally much better than if a new design were attempted. The idea is original, and will probably be received with disgust by rising artists. But although the proposal will hardly be seriously entertained, it will do good in reminding our sculptors, that if they cannot produce first-class work, there is a means at hand of duplicating the works of acknowledged merit which we already possess.

A proposed statue to another great man is also just now exciting public attention; we allude to the scheme for keeping green the memory of William Murdock, the inventor of gas-lighting and many other things besides. Associated for nearly the whole of his life with Boulton and Watt at the famous Soho works, he stamped his genius on many a contrivance which brought fame and profit to others, whilst their inventor remained almost unknown. But his chief work was the discovery of the system of gas-lighting,

which, however much we are tempted to complain of, with the glories of electricity before us, has been of vast importance to the world at large. It seems curious that the inventor of such an important system should have remained almost unknown for so many years. He gave his invention freely to the community, whereas, had he selfishly protected it by patents and royalties, his fame would have been noised abroad. It is now proposed to erect a statue to his honour on the Thames Embankment, and to purchase his residence at Birmingham for the establishment of an International Gas Museum, combined with a Reading-room and Library for the use of the working-classes. A Committee has been formed with that laudable object, under the presidency of Sir William Siemens.

In the middle of last month there sailed from the Thames two vessels, the *Dacia* and the *International*, both belonging to the Telegraph Works Company, whose mission it was to survey the route, and to lay a new cable between Cadiz and the Canary Islands. The different countries of the world are now so connected with these ocean lines of communication, that the expedition referred to may not be considered to have any special interest attached to it. This might be the case if cable-laying were the only purpose contemplated; but on this occasion the expedition carries a scientist, Mr J. Y. Buchanan, whose experience as a member of the *Challenger* Expedition qualifies him for the work he has to do. It is intended to combine the commercial purposes of the voyage with a systematic course of scientific observations. Although much has been done by other governments in deep-sea research, nothing has been done by Britain since the cruise of the *Challenger*. The Telegraph Company are now determined to take up the matter as a private enterprise, and they are entitled to all honour for doing so. It is intended to land at the Salvage Islands—a little known group, lying between Madeira and the Canary Islands—to collect specimens there, and to ascertain whether these points of land have any connection with certain submarine banks or plateaux discovered by recent soundings.

Some new life-saving appliances lately formed the subject of certain interesting experiments on the Thames. Copeman's Seat Life-buoy consists of deck-seating in eight-foot lengths, furnished underneath with metal cylinders nine inches in diameter, which form air-chambers. The seat is hinged, so that it will, when required, open out and form a floating raft. In the experiments referred to, which took place from a Thames steamer, several men jumped into the water, and quickly found a resting-place on the buoys thrown to them. The seats can also be joined together to form a life-raft, which can be arranged for use, as was demonstrated, by four men in as many minutes. This life-raft was boarded by eight men, and exhibited great buoyancy and handiness. It can be fitted with a sail if required. These rafts are intended for large vessels, and have already been adopted by the Peninsular and Oriental Company. The seat-buoys are more especially constructed for river and channel work, and will no doubt be largely adopted.

We learn from the *Standard* that Dr Ayres, a colonial surgeon, has made an official Report on

the subject of Opium-smoking, which has caused no little stir at Hong-kong. He asserts his belief that, contrary to preconceived ideas, the habit of opium-smoking has no effect whatever upon the human body in a medical sense. He himself has smoked twelve pipes at a time, and has carefully watched Europeans who have indulged in the habit to the same degree. There is, he says, no alteration in the pulse, temperature, or cerebral faculties. He believes that the noxious properties of the drug are destroyed in the process of combustion, and that beyond the habit being a very mischievous one for those who cannot afford the idleness which it entails, he looks upon it as being harmless. Views of a similar nature have been held by others; but it would be as well if, in the interests of science, some authoritative trials were made as to the effect of the drug when used like tobacco. Of course, no one questions its poisonous properties when simply eaten.

We are indebted to the journal named *The Dyer* for some interesting notes relative to the artificial colouring of growing flowers by applying dye-stuffs to the mould in the pots, and changing the tints of cut flowers by allowing their stems to soak in weak dye solutions. The colour can, it is said, be altered at will by these means without in any way impairing the freshness or perfume of the flowers. Beautiful effects are produced by prepared lakes; but the exact preparation is unfortunately not described. Flowers will absorb some tints in preference to others, and when treated with a secondary colour like purple—made up of blue and red—will in some cases separate the constituents, and exhibit blue and red veins. It would seem that these curious experiments open up a field of inquiry which has been very little trenched upon, and no doubt some of our readers will be anxious to try their hands at painting, or rather dyeing, the lily.

Mr Herkomer, the eminent artist, is engaged in establishing at Bushey, near Watford, an Art School, which will be unique so far as this country is concerned. It will be for him a labour of love; for although he will be the sole master, his services will be given gratuitously to the sixty students whom he intends to gather round him. No one will receive payment for services rendered, except the necessary servants and the models employed. On such liberal conditions the expenses to the students will be little. Indeed, for a fee of eighteen pounds one can be made free of the establishment for nine months, that period being the minimum time for which a student must engage to work with Mr Herkomer. Every student is required to send in specimens of his work, for the school is not intended for mere beginners. The work will be entirely from living figures, and life-sized studies will be chiefly encouraged. It is obvious that only very few of the hundreds of applicants who will endeavour to gain admission, can be enrolled on Mr Herkomer's staff. Such admissions will be entirely governed by the proficiency shown in the works sent in.

Mr Serrell, a young American of New York, has just received a gold medal from the Lyons Academy for an ingenious machine he has invented for the automatic reeling of silk from cocoons by means of electricity, which has been warmly received by the French silk-manu-

facturers. By the employment of this contrivance, silk can now be wound off the cocoons, which was previously impracticable, on account of the heavy cost of the labour expended on the work.

Musicians will be glad to hear that a neat and simple little contrivance for turning over the pages of music has been invented by an Armenian mechanic named Erghanian, and patented in several European countries. This small apparatus is worked silently by a treadle, and gently picks up the page, which it lays smoothly on the opposite one. It can be applied to any ordinary music-stand, and will doubtless be of great use in orchestras, avoiding by its use the pause and flapping of leaves, when the violin-players have to wait and turn over the pages of their music.

M. Fréchéle, a French chemist, has ascertained by a delicate analysis that a great deal of milk sold to the public, in addition to being adulterated with water, has sirup of glucose mixed with it. This glucose has the effect of bringing the milk up to its normal density, and therefore defies detection by the use of an ordinary lactometer.

A patriotic manufacturer at Rouen has designed some handkerchiefs for the purpose of diffusing military knowledge. They are printed on linen in indestructible black. The information was compiled by two officers of high position; and besides comprising a complete system of drill, valuable hygienic information is given, and all sorts of instruction appear as to the best means of rendering assistance to the wounded, and how to help a comrade home who is injured. Great personal cleanliness is enjoined, and sound advice given as to hunger, thirst, sleeping, marching, &c. In fact, nothing is forgotten, and the whole forms a complete encyclopædia of military information. Patriotism is encouraged by such sentences as, 'Love your country before everything; always be ready for defence'; 'Never forget that the true soldier is like a lion when fighting, and a lamb after victory.'

Last month we referred to the Strontia process of extracting sugar from beetroot molasses, and stated that the value of beetroot sugar imported into England annually was ten thousand pounds sterling. This sum should have been ten million pounds. The increase of this import during the last ten years has been very great. In 1870, one hundred and sixty-five thousand tons of beetroot sugar were imported to this country, and in 1882 the quantity had risen to four hundred thousand tons.

#### BOOK GOSSIP.

A VERY entertaining little production, entitled *Sea Monsters Unmasked*, forms one of the series of handbooks issued in connection with the Great International Fisheries Exhibition. It is written by Mr Henry Lee, sometime naturalist of the Brighton Aquarium. He begins with a brief account of ancient legends and traditions as to the monstrous marine animals which were popularly believed to exist in the less travelled regions of ocean. The subject of many of these old superstitions was the semi-fabulous kraken, which is referred to in a Norwegian manuscript as far

back as A.D. 1180. It has been spoken of by many writers since, some of whom tell us that it was of such enormous dimensions that a regiment of soldiers could conveniently manœuvre on its back. By a learned Dane we are informed that on one occasion a certain bishop found the kraken quietly reposing on the shore, and mistaking the enormous creature for a huge rock, erected an altar upon it, and performed mass. 'The kraken respectfully waited till the ceremony was concluded, and the reverend prelate safe on shore, and then sank beneath the waves.' The back or upper part of the kraken was believed to be an English mile and a half in circumference, and one old naturalist who mentions this, adds: 'Some say more, but I chuse the least for greater certainty.' The same writer, describing the kraken as seen rising to the surface of the sea, says it 'looks at first like a number of small islands surrounded with something that floats and fluctuates like sea-weeds.' The probability is, as Mr Lee suggests, that the story of this monstrous animal was nothing more than an exaggerated account of some octopus or other large animal of the cuttle-fish tribe.

Immense cuttle-fishes have certainly been seen, and those who are interested in the octopus and such like, will find many curious and striking incidents connected with them related in Mr Lee's pages. That modern mystery, the Great Sea Serpent, also receives from the author a very fair degree of attention, and the historical notes which he has collected on the subject afford reading of an attractive kind. Mr Lee's conclusions, as respects this wonder of the sea, are: (1) That, without straining resemblances, or casting a doubt upon narratives not proved to be erroneous, the various appearances of the supposed 'Great Sea Serpent' may now be nearly all accounted for by the forms and habits of known animals; but (2) That to assume that naturalists have perfect cognisance of every existing marine animal of large size would be quite unwarrantable; therefore, it is not impossible that among these animals may be marine snakes of greater dimensions than we are aware of. On more than one occasion the latter theory has been supported in this *Journal*.

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Another handbook issued under the same auspices as the foregoing, deals with the subject of *The Salmon Fisheries*. It is written by Mr Charles E. Fryer, and will be of much use to all who take an interest in the propagation of salmon and the increase of our salmon supply. The handbook deals with such matters as the fecundity of the salmon, its life-history, the various changes the fish undergoes from the egg to the full-grown animal, through its different stages of parr, smolt, and grise. Attention is also given to the various legal enactments which have been framed for the better regulation of salmon fisheries and the prevention of abuses. The cause of the deterioration of these fisheries is discussed, and suggestions made for their improvement and extension, including the whole machinery of weirs, mill-dams, salmon ladders or passes, as well as the artificial propagation of the fry. Both

this and the before noticed handbook are, it may be added, carefully illustrated, and each is published at the price of one shilling.

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In the palmy days of our old friend *Fraser's Magazine*, there appeared in its pages, between 1830 and 1838, a series of eighty-one portraits and groups, under the title of 'A Gallery of Illustrious Literary Characters,' the greater number of which portraits were from the graphic pencil of the late distinguished artist, Daniel Maclise, R.A. On two former occasions these portraits were collected in whole or in part, and separately published, the public quickly buying up the editions; and now a third collection has been made and published by Messrs Chatto and Windus, London, under the title of *The Maclise Portrait Gallery*. In this edition the portraits have been reproduced in a reduced, but avowedly accurate form, and are accompanied by notes, biographical and critical, by Mr William Bates, B.A.

The book will be acceptable to many, yet it is not altogether to be commended. In the first place, it is to be regretted that the portraits have been reduced, as they thus at once fall in value as compared with former issues. Then the notes are needlessly extensive; they occupy five hundred closely-printed pages in small type, and seem to us to be prolix and unmethodical. But apart from these obvious defects, the volume will always command much interest. The portraits are unfailingly clever, and generally highly characteristic, especially those of Lockhart, Scott, Rogers, Talleyrand, Hogg, Benjamin Disraeli (late Lord Beaconsfield), Thomas Carlyle, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and some others. Any one who is content to look at the portraits, and only take an occasional dip into the somewhat chaotic text, will find amusement and pleasure for many a quiet half-hour.

#### OCCASIONAL NOTES.

##### WORKMEN'S HOMES AND PUBLIC-HOUSES— A PRACTICAL WORK.

SINCE the publication of 'Workmen's Homes and Public-houses,' in last month's issue of this *Journal*, we have received the gratifying intelligence that there is at least one Abstinence Society which, in the words of our informant, is 'working on the lines suggested by the writer of our article.' This is the Glasgow Abstainers' Union, the twenty-ninth annual Report of which is before us. For the guidance of others interested in the work of social reform, we may state what are the objects of the Union referred to, as given in this Report. They are: (1) A Domestic Mission, to improve the condition and increase the comforts of the working-man's home; (2) Cookery Classes, to endeavour to remove one of the recognised causes of intemperance—unsuitable and badly cooked food; (3) Public-houses without the Drink, to provide comfortable places of resort for working-men in the evenings, and during the day substantial well-cooked meals; (4) A Sea-side Home, to help in restoring to



health industrious poor people who are unable to help themselves or those depending on them, by reason of weakness or ill-health; (5) Saturday Evening Concerts, to provide popular and innocent entertainment for the masses of the people on Saturday night, and to promote a taste for good music; (6) Asylum Concerts, to promote in some small measure the enjoyment and well-being of the patients; and (7) the Abstinence Pledge, to assist personal efforts to overcome drinking habits, and to provide a safeguard against the forming of such.

In connection with the second of these objects—cookery classes—it is pleasing to observe that the work of the Glasgow Abstinents' Union has taken a very practical shape, in respect that they held in April last, and are again to hold in January next, an Exhibition and Competition of Plain Household Cookery. The prospectus states that the Directors of the Union, 'in their efforts to lessen and counteract the evil influence and attractions of the public-houses, endeavour through their Domestic Mission Agencies to improve the condition and increase the comforts of the working-man's home, and believe that, amongst other things, if substantial, well-cooked, and tidily set meals were more common, there would be much less drinking.' They have for some time past conducted Cookery Classes in their mission districts; and in order still further to promote the object they have in view, they arranged for a Competition in Domestic Cookery, as stated, which took place in April last; and as it excited considerable interest, and was most successful, they have been encouraged to make arrangements for a second competition in January. The prize-list is well apportioned, and encourages competition in the making of broth, pea-soup, rice-soup from bones, lentil soup, Irish stew, &c.; in the boiling of beef, potatoes, &c.; in the cooking of tripe, steak, mutton-chop, and the like; as also of baking potato, wheat-meal, and barley-meal scones; and a number of other dishes suitable to the working-man's table and within his means. The objects of this Union are of great practical value; and we have no doubt that those who wish to know more of its organisation and working will receive the requisite information by applying to the secretary, Mr James Airlie, 58 Bath Street, Glasgow.

#### OIL ON THE WATERS—AN ANCIENT MIRACLE.

The use of oil in allaying stormy waters is not a modern discovery, as will be seen by the following extract from Bede's *Ecclesiastical History*, book iii. chap. 15 (Bohn's edition, p. 133): 'How great the merits of Aidan were was made manifest by the all-seeing Judge, with the testimony of miracles, whereof it will suffice to mention three as a memorial. A certain priest, whose name was Utta, a man of great gravity and sincerity, and on that account honoured by all men, even the princes of the world, being ordered to Kent, to bring from thence, as wife for King Oswy, Eanfleda, the daughter of King Edwin, who had been carried thither when her father was killed; and intending to go thither by land, but to return with the virgin by sea, repaired to Bishop Aidan, entreating him to offer up his

prayers to our Lord for him and his company, who were then to set out on their journey. He, blessing them and recommending them to our Lord, at the same time gave them some holy oil, saying: "I know that when you go abroad you will meet with a storm and contrary wind; but do you remember to cast this oil I give you into the sea, and the wind shall cease immediately; you will have pleasant, calm weather, and return home safe." All which fell out as the bishop had predicted. For, in the first place, the winds raging, the sailors endeavoured to ride it out at anchor, but all to no purpose, for the sea breaking in on all sides and the ship beginning to be filled with water, they all concluded that certain death was at hand. The priest at last remembering the bishop's words, laid hold of the phial and cast some of the oil into the sea, which, as had been foretold, became presently calm. Thus it came to pass that the man of God, by the spirit of prophecy, foretold the storm that was to happen, and by virtue of the same spirit, though absent, appeased the same. Which miracle was not told me by a person of little credit, but by Cynemund, a most faithful priest of our church, who declared that it was related to him by Utta the priest, on and by whom the same was wrought.—It may be added that Bishop Aidan lived twelve and a half centuries ago.

#### DANGEROUS POTTERY.

A communication has lately been made by M. Peyrusson to the Academy of Sciences in Paris, calling attention to the danger to the public health by the use of pottery which has been finished off with a glaze in the manufacture of which white-lead is used. It is desirable that this form of glaze should be replaced with one made of silicate of soda and borax, as it has been found that the acid of certain vegetables, and even of milk slightly turned, is sufficient to dissolve a portion of lead from the surface, if left in the vessel several hours. This has been the origin of several mysterious cases of illness near Beauvais, with symptoms of slow poisoning, from apparently unknown causes, few people imagining that their sufferings were caused by the earthenware in general use. M. Peyrusson is of opinion that if glazed vessels are placed in water kept at a heat of one hundred degrees for half an hour or so, they lose their dangerous properties, and are no longer acted upon by the acids contained in so many articles of food in daily use.

#### QUININE FROM GAS-TAR.

For some time we have been accustomed to the idea that the sweetest scents and most brilliant colours, besides powerful disinfectants, are obtained from gas-tar. In addition to these manufactures, we now learn that from this material a useful medicine can be obtained. A long series of experiments carried on by Professor Fischer, an eminent chemist of Munich, has resulted in the discovery of a white powder in the residuum of gas-tar which contains all the medical properties of quinine, added to the advantage that it assimilates more easily with the digestive organs than quinine itself. It has been proved to be wonderfully efficacious in subduing fever, ice being unnecessary. One great advantage of

this discovery will be the cheap rate at which it can be sold, by which means it would be brought within the reach of those poor people who require quinine, but who find it difficult to purchase so expensive a drug.

PHOTOPHORE, AN ELECTRIC LAMP TO ILLUMINATE ORGANIC CAVITIES.

Surgery is likely to derive a substantial benefit by the happy application of an incandescent lamp by M. Hélot and M. Trouvé, as by its employment the hands are left unfettered for operating. This lamp is arranged so that the rays are concentrated and thrown forward; it is of light construction, and is fixed in the centre of the forehead on a band that encircles the head. As this invention is easily managed and gives a powerful light, it is expected to take the place of the various laryngoscopes in use, which, in spite of constant improvements, are always to a certain degree unsatisfactory and incomplete. This instrument will be of especial use in diseases of the throat, eyes, and ears, and in any place where an examination is difficult to make. The photophore can also be mounted on the top of a brass rod and placed on a table; and can be either doubled or quadrupled at pleasure, by which means the eyes of several patients could be examined at the same time.

THE HAUNTED CASTLE.

Once upon a time I pondered,  
Musing on things high and deep,  
As my castle halls I traversed—  
Lofty tower and donjon-keep.

Here, I cried, all is familiar;  
Many a year I've owned this place;  
Yet, methinks, some closer searching  
Unknown mysteries might trace.

Well I know each lofty chamber,  
Pillared hall and shadowy cell;  
Yet, it may be, there are corners  
Where dark things unnoticed dwell.

Here are galleries of beauty,  
Where the glorious sunbeams fall;  
There are corridors mysterious,  
Tenanted by ghosts in thrall.

Haply yonder winding staircase  
Leads to chambers unexplored;  
I would fain, my lamp re-trimming,  
See what chattels there are stored.

What is here—a secret panel?  
Never this my gaze hath met;  
And I, pausing on the threshold,  
Hesitate to enter yet.

Of I've passed this very doorway;  
Smooth and perfect seemed the wall;  
But the lamplight, faint and waning,  
Glanced not where the shadows fall.

Courage, Soul! why so reluctant?  
Press the spring and enter in.  
Ah, what fearful revelation  
Meets my gaze—a Secret Sin!

Sorely is my spirit troubled  
By this unexpected sight;  
But this most unwelcome inmate  
Must be dragged forth to the light.

What, another—and another!  
This must be the haunted room!  
Hark! I hear the spectres pleading  
For a respite from their doom:

'Truly you mistake our nature;  
False intruders we are not.  
Let us dwell in peace and quiet  
In this dim secluded spot.

'Know that all our names are noble—  
Self-reliance; Dignity;  
Moral Worth; Religious Duty;  
Prudence; Zeal; and Clemency.'

'False!' I cried, 'are all these titles.  
Will they bear the searching light?'  
Then I turned the lamp full on them,  
And they cowered with afright.

One by one they shrank and quivered  
'Neath the fiercely blazing flame,  
And I read upon each spectre,  
Writ in fire—its real name:

Self-reliance was Presumption;  
Dignity, a proud flesh-worm;  
Moral Worth, Self-exaltation;  
And Religious Duty, Form;

Prudence proved Convenient Falsehood;  
Zeal, false energy, self-led;  
Clemency, a Sin Defender.  
How I shuddered as I read!

Quickly then from out its scabbard  
Forth my Spirit-sword I drew,  
And this band of vile impostors  
With its double edge I slew:

Cast them out, and cleansed the chamber,  
Letting in a fresher air;  
And lo, seven other spirits—  
Pure and lovely—entered there!

In that cell a lamp now burneth  
With a light that ne'er shall cease;  
And the erewhile haunted chamber  
Is a home of joy and peace.

ELIZABETH ROWBOTHAM.

The Conductor of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL begs to direct the attention of CONTRIBUTORS to the following notice:

1st. All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3d. MANUSCRIPTS should bear the author's full Christian name, Surname, and Address, legibly written; and should be written on white (not blue) paper, and on one side of the leaf only.

4th. Offerings of Verse should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fourth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No. 1036.—VOL. XX.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1883.

PRICE 1½d.

## FLORIDA 'CRACKERS.'

A CRACKER is a poor white native of Florida. How this strange appellative came into existence does not seem clear. The Floridians say it originated in the habit the poor white wanderers had of cracking their cattle-whips, as a sort of recall for the strayed members of their herds. But the usage has disappeared, if it ever existed; to-day, the native stockmaster goes through the forest, and hammacks in search of wandered calves, with a curious lowing whoop, that rings like a weird bell in the immense solitudes. 'Cracker' has fallen to a term of irritating contempt, and is applied to the mean whites, as 'nigger' is to the blacks. And strange is the effect of this opprobrious word upon the negroes.

One day passing along the quay at Jacksonville—which has become the virtual capital of Florida—I observed two black men quarrelling. Amid the shower of epithets, the word 'Cracker' struck my ear. The man thus called became furious, and fell upon his antagonist literally with tooth and nail. He evidently had been supremely insulted, and no verbal retaliation could satisfy him.

The first of the Cracker race that I saw was during a voyage up the St John's river. It was near sundown; and the last flare of yellow rays was blazing upon a bare and lonely savanna, making its sterile desolation the more melancholy, from the glare. Almost suddenly, the light waned and faded out, giving place to a sombre blar-gray, as the steamer swept round a promontory. Standing rigid as effigies upon this promontory were four human figures—a man, two women, and a girl. Their eyes seemed to be fixed upon the westering sun; yet the lack-lustre vacancy of the stare had no 'speculation' in it. A far-off, half-distraught gaze it was, such as I had never observed before. A party among our passengers were making the air ring with loud talk and louder laughter; but the four figures remained motionless, peering westward, as if utterly unconscious of the rushing steamer

and its noisy merry-makers. The swirl of the water rose into great curved billows at their feet; the dense smoke of the pine-wood from the funnel swept by them; yet the four remained passive, giving no more sign of consciousness than the sheaf of palmetto-trees behind them. From the place where I stood, on the upper deck, to these people was not more than twenty-five or thirty feet; so that I had the fullest opportunity of noting their queer imperturbability, as the speed of the steamer was lessened in working round the point. Their clothing seemed much worn; and a haggard, weary expression seemed to rest upon their thin faces. This living apparition lasted but a minute; for after rounding the cape, the steamer quickly shot into a canal-like reach of the river; and the four silent, unmoved beings were left in the dim, swift-falling, tropical night.

'Who are those singular people?' I asked the captain, who happened to be standing by. 'Crackers,' said he, as indifferently as if they had been turtles.

I saw much of these people subsequently; but the remembrance of the lonely family standing on the brink of the shadowy river, surrounded by deadly swamps, swarming with reptiles fierce and subtle, has continued among the most vivid of my Cracker souvenirs. Somewhere in the forest behind them doubtless was the den they called home. How rude and elementary a Cracker habitation can be, I found the next day, in my journey across the peninsula.

I had lost my way in going from one recent settlement to another a few miles distant. On every side dark pine-trees extended, varied now and then by little coverts of oaks, where fires or the axe had made a small clearing. Through the thin crowns of the pines, the fervid heat of mid-day seemed to descend more oppressively than in an exposed plain. Now and then a blast of balsamic and burning air coming from the Gulf of Mexico swept through the woods, making them hum in a strange thrilling diapason. Huge butterflies wavered about the cactus plants; great

yellow humble-bees boomed lazily among the scrub; dragon-flies of many sizes shot across the path like prismatic meteors. A sort of starling, inky black, screamed harshly and fitfully from the topmost branches of the pines; and floating high in the palpitating ether was a pair of buzzards sweeping in vast curves, without any apparent motion of their rigid wings.

The prostrating heat, the dismal uniformity of the pine-trees, the fierce energy of nature, and the indifference of the living things about me, were oppressive to the last degree. For the insects that were settled upon the flowers remained quiescent under my observation. Chameleons and lizards gamboled round the trunks of the trees, and distended their green throats until they became scarlet, as if in elfish mockery of man. The loneliness grew more than depressing—it became stupefying. Had I not been anxious to get out of the labyrinth, into which a lumber track had misled me, I should have sat down magnetised, as it were, by the heat and the overpowering solitude.

After a long detour, I came to a small lake, and on the other side of it, I saw a thread of blue smoke ascending behind a knoll of young oaks. As I drew near, I perceived a small weather-worn log-hut, and beside it a man putting some sticks upon a smouldering fire. A sort of fish-kettle was raised upon some stones over the fire. Although I came upon him unawares, the man did not manifest the least surprise. Nevertheless, he seemed shy, suspicious, and ill-conditioned, being anything but pleased at my appearance. His age might have been forty, more or less; for I found afterwards that a Cracker's face is no exact index of age. He was unwholesomely pallid, having that curious waxy tissue peculiar to his species. His gaunt frame was merely integumented with yellow flesh, and was very scantily provided with raiment, a much and clumsily bepatched shirt, and a most effectually worn pair of pants, being his sole attire. His furzy hair was matted, and his wiry beard was tangled and neglected. His eyes had the same vacant lustreless expression that had struck me in those of the group standing upon the river's bank. Even in the words my importunity extorted from him, there was an accent of vague dreariness, and he looked meditatively away from me, as an animal does when one attempts to examine its eyes. But he was not indifferent to my remarks; on the contrary, he was keenly curious to know who and what I was, though he hid his feelings under the habitual mask of stolid distancy and inhospitable boorishness. He listened to my story of bewilderment in the forest as impassively as a cow might have done, and when I finished and asked him in what direction my destination lay, he pointed nonchalantly towards the south.

I was thirsty, hungry, and tired. Having found a harbour of refuge, I desired to get repose and refreshment before resuming my journey. I therefore endeavoured to negotiate with the man for something to eat and for his help as a guide. But the requests were churlishly received; to my demand for food he vouchsafed me a vague shake of the head; to my entreaty for a drink of water he pointed to the lake. I was confounded by the brutish selfishness of the fellow, and would

have left him in disgust; but I really needed his assistance to reach the little settlement hidden in this endless wilderness. After a time, he agreed to take me to the place I was seeking, for fifty cents. His misanthropy now yielded a little; and he condescended to inform me that he was engaged in boiling potatoes. During our previous conversation, or rather my monologue—for the Cracker recluse had only bestowed upon me the curtest of answers to my inquiries—the fire had died out. Seeing this, he grew almost active in his efforts to rouse up the embers; and succeeded, by prolonged and skilful blowing from his thin blue lips, to restore the fire; soon the pine-twigs were blazing, and the larger pieces began to ignite.

As this took place, I heard the light crackling of leaves near at hand, and turning round, saw two female forms approaching. The Cracker paid no attention to them, and that suggested they must be members of his family. For an instant the women stared at me; then, with forward glances and in Indian file, they went towards the shanty. I was so glad of these new elements of society, that I hastened towards them, and by making for the door, I intercepted them upon the threshold. This brought them to a stand-still. To my courteous good-morning they made no answer, nor would they look me in the face. I asked permission to share the family dinner, for which I would pay. I hurriedly explained how I had lost my way, and that the gentleman standing by the fire was going to accompany me to my destination at his convenience.

'Very well,' said the eldest of the women, and straightway entered the house. Her companion said nothing, but silently followed. Whether this pair of words was a general agreement to my request for dinner, and a temporary enjoyment of intercourse with her household, I could not gather. However, I put the most generous construction upon the phrase, and looked into the hut with something of a frontiersman's freedom. The women appeared to be mother and daughter; the first perhaps forty, withered and yellow, as though vitality had been exhausted by chronic malaria and insufficiency of food. Her dress was dingy and tattered, her hair rudely bunched into an uncomely heap. The daughter might be twenty, though the age of young women is not guessable in the far South; some girls of fifteen look fully matured. This young Crackeress was as ill-dressed and as untidy as her mother. A poor, ill-washed, whitish-gray gown seemed to be almost her sole clothing, except a pair of wretched galoshes. Her feet were unstockinged, however, for through the rents of her shoes appeared many evidences of the fact. The sun, and the water with which she dressed her hair, had rendered it the colour of lustreless hay. It was scanty, and tied in a loose knot. Her eyes were of a light gray, dull and unemotional, yet showing the quick inquisitiveness of a squirrel, when she was excited by a spasm of curiosity. Like her parents, she seemed debilitated by privation and swampy exhalations, and stunned by the savage seclusion of the woods and the absence of social communication. She was wholly bereft of the graces of maidenhood; nor had she a visible trace of those modest charms which sentimental



theorists have supposed to be the gift of sequestered girls. A lonely, idle, purposeless life had reduced her to the mental condition of an Indian, and had she been copper-complexioned instead of the unhealthy yellow, I would have believed her an aboriginal inhabitant of Florida.

The retrogression of the high-bred, progressive Caucasian towards the inferior Red-man is very striking among the Crackers, who have sprung from two or three generations of degenerated whites. The omnipotent influences of forest solitude, of climatic exhaustions, of bad water, and of an existence without ambitions, bear down body, mind, and morals to the level of the native savage. Such environments mentally debase all who are subject to them.

I could not resist the inference that, after the lapse of a century or two, the finest European race, if left to itself in Florida, would sink to perhaps a lower condition than the Indians themselves. For the developed intellect having gone chiefly towards the ideal, declines, amid the vast realities of nature, to a level beneath that of the savage, who has progressed in his special way under silvan conditions. All the mental up-building which civilisation has effected becomes impedimental, when white people revert to a state from which their ancestors emerged ages ago. Hence, unless they keep up contact with external civilisation, and indeed apply its methods in their daily lives, they must become victims to a degeneracy of which we in England have no conception.

While I continued to speak to the Cracker women, who sat listlessly in the hut, they did not manifest any desire to make acquaintance with me. Had I addressed two of Madame Tussaud's inanimate figures, they would have displayed as much interest as those before me. No doubt much that I said was utterly indifferent to them; perhaps my language was almost foreign to them, for the vocabulary of the Crackers is necessarily limited. They are mostly illiterate, and are not concerned with subjects that lie out of their contracted range. I bore the taciturnity of the ladies without effort, since I wished to study Cracker life as far as circumstances permitted; so, while talking, I examined the details of the miserable hovel in which their lives were passed. It was about sixteen feet square, built of small pine-logs, and roofed with rough boards. Through the intervals between the logs, the air and light came freely. It had no floor; being on the crown of the knoll, the rain flowed away from it as it fell. There was no fireplace, for Cracker cooking is always done in the open. A clumsy shelf stood at one end of the hut, and upon it were placed a few plates and cups. In the middle of the dwelling was a sort of bench, though used as a table; beside it, two or three rickety chairs. Such were all the visible household gods. Where the family slept, or how they slept, was not apparent to my uninstructed eyes. It was evident enough, however, that domestic *convenances* were as little considered as domestic comforts. It was also evident that there was no accommodation for a belated guest, and that I must sleep on the ground, if I got lost again in the forest; for I did not doubt that Cracker habitations were pretty much alike. Whether my conversation grew oppressive, or whether the need of narcotic refreshment was

urgent, I could not determine; but after a while the lady of the house arose and said something which I did not understand, for it was muttered rather than uttered. Taking it as the Cracker mode of terminating an interview, I retired, while the lady proceeded to the fire, and deliberately filled and lighted a short black pipe.

Her husband had meantime been successful in getting the kettle to boil, and stood contemplating his achievement with his back against a tree. He did not pay the slightest attention to his wife as she lit her pipe; but after a few clouds of the smoke had slowly roused him with its fragrance, he put his hand into the pocket of his pantaloons and drew forth a rope of rudely twisted tobacco-leaves. From this he bit a mouthful, and began to masticate it with the quiet enjoyment of a ruminating animal. His eyes left the steaming kettle and dwelt upon his bare and dusty feet, as if they were a beatific vision. The lady of the house went to the shady side of the hut and sat down upon an upturned box; there she inhaled the fumes of her pipe, coughing from time to time; and expectorating copiously. Her daughter sat near her and gazed dreamily at the ground.

As a feebly interested observer of these varied occupations, I began to find them monotonous after a time, and finally to be intolerable, before dinner. My appetite had that peculiar accentuation well known to Floridians at mid-day; for the peninsula, I may remark, is notorious for the gastric energy of its inhabitants and visitors. I had breakfasted at half-past six, had walked many miles, had come to terms for dinner, which was clearly ready, for the lid was removed from the kettle. Yet the women of the establishment seemed as unconscious of the meal and the guest as though this were a foodless world. Happily, the old lady's tobacco got burnt out at length; she coughed at her ease; put the pipe in her pocket, and then calmly bade her daughter 'put out the potatoes.'

The latter rose still more calmly, and brought a much oxidised tin vessel, perforated with numerous inartistic holes, probably made with a building-nail. Into this vessel, the contents of the kettle were poured, at a short distance from the fire. The water being drained off, the vessel was carried into the hut, whence issued some minutes afterwards a subdued whoop. It roused my host from the steadfast contemplation of his feet; he pulled the tobacco from his mouth, placed it upon a log, and went towards the hut without saying a word to me. Taking the whoop as a comprehensive invitation to dinner, I followed the Cracker into his home, and found the family seated at table. With an austere gesture from her dirty index-finger, my hostess assigned me the vacant seat beside herself. I took it, with thanks, and waited for further courtesies. But in vain. The members of the household assisted themselves to the potatoes, which stood in the same vessel upon the table, and which furnished the *pièce de résistance* and all besides. Neither fish, flesh, fowl, bread, nor even common salt was upon this frugal board. A simpler feast could not be imagined; a less inviting and satisfying one I have never heard of, out of a long-beleaguered city. The potatoes were not what the Americans call 'Irish potatoes,' from excess of politeness or

from botanical ignorance. Those before me were 'sweet'-potatoes, a sort of yam. I had tasted them before, and had been contented with a limited experience. Now they were all that I had to dine upon. As I was not invited to join my friends in disposing of the feast, I fell into Cracker modes, and helped myself to a couple of the sodden roots, and followed their example in stripping them longitudinally and throwing the skins upon the table, which I need scarcely say had no cloth upon it.

I bit the yellow, sickly, sticky, starchy mass, and endeavoured to make the best of things. But I was new to Cracker cuisine. I believe I could have swallowed as much soap as easily. Whether it was the earth adhering to the potatoes that caused the vile flavour, for I do not suppose that they were washed before cooking, or whether the kettle or the tin vessel were filthy with accumulated impurities, I cannot say; I left the table hurriedly, evoking thereby all the astonishment that my entertainers were capable of. When I returned and begged for a drink of water, they were still suffering from acute amazement, and really stared at me without reserve. But they did not hasten to give me water. Either through negligence, or because it was not the family custom to drink at dinner, there was no water upon the table. The mother bade the girl fetch some. Now, filial piety is not vehement in advanced American society; in the most retarded, such as I then moved in, it is inappreciable to a stranger. At anyrate, the young lady paid not the slightest attention to her mother's request, but went on peeling and eating sweet-potatoes with much relish. At length her father rose, and without other rebuke than that of example, he took a singularly unclean-looking pail from under the dining-table and gravely quitted the house. I felt grateful for his *obligance*; but further experience of Cracker conduct induces me to believe that I was bestowing commendation upon an undeserving object. My host's individual thirst was most probably the cause of his journey to the lake. Soon he returned, placed the pail upon the table, and forthwith helped himself therefrom. Then his wife drank from the tin can which supplied the place of glasses to the diners; then the young lady partook of a copious draught. I waited to the last. It was well that I did so, for I made another breach of good manners. I had again to hurry outside. The water was positively loathsome. It was warm, brackish, and turbid, as though the pail had contained milk. Swallow it I could not.

Such was the dinner to which white people of my own race and speech had sat down and eaten. I do not think that omnivorous man partakes of any food that so degenerates him as the sweet-potato, when it becomes the staple, as it is said to be, of Florida Cracker households for a large part of the year. Its nutritive value must be small, and it lacks the flavour of the tuber that is found upon the tables of British households. But it is easily cultivated, is an almost sure crop, and yields prolifically. In a climate like that of Florida, moist and hot, several crops can be got in the year. No doubt, this wretched diet is largely the cause of the physical deterioration of the Crackers. The solitude of their lives, their

apathetic indifference to all things external to their narrow sympathies, their suspicion of strangers, and the contact with negroes and Indians, are sufficient to deflect them into avenues of being far apart from those pursued by white people in the more settled parts of the United States; but their repulsive and monotonous food intensifies their degradation, and makes amelioration almost impossible. Events now taking place, however, will probably arrest the downward career of these people, and compel them to play a part in the civilising of their native state, or to perish in the stern onrush of an invading world.

Florida is the winter sanatorium of America, and it is becoming dotted with orange and lemon groves, wherever these fruits will flourish. Railways, steamboats, stage-wagons, are penetrating further into the peninsula each year, and vast amounts of capital are flowing into the state. This brings with it Northern people, who are the antitheses of the torpid, furtive, unsocial Cracker, and with whom they cannot have any but hostile relations. Ere this century be spent, these mean whites will either be absorbed into the ranks of the new Floridians; or they will be confined to the irreclaimable swamps of their native land. The downfall of negro slavery included the abolition of the poor white semi-savage. Slavery created the Cracker; freedom will destroy him; or rather, let us hope, will win him back to the civilisation from which his fathers lapsed.

## THE ROSERY FOLK.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

### CHAPTER X.—AFTER THE MISHAP.

SUCH an accident could not occur without the news spreading pretty quickly; and in the course of the morning, several of the neighbours drove over to make inquiries, the trouble having been so far magnified that, as it travelled in different directions, the number of drowned had varied from one to half-a-dozen; the most sensational report having it that the pleasure-boat had been drowned as well, and that men were busy at work trying to recover it up by the weir.

The groom had returned; the patient had partaken of his sedative draught and sunk into a heavy sleep, watched by his wife; while the doctor had gone to lie down for a few hours' rest, for, as he said, the excitement was at an end, and all that was needful now was plenty of sleep. Arthur Prayle had betaken himself to the garden, where he read, moralised, and watched John Monnick, who in his turn, dug, moralised, and watched the visitor from beneath his overhanging brows.

Aunt Sophia and Naomi were in the drawing-room reading and answering letters; the former doing the reading, the latter the answering from dictation; for there was a cessation from the visiting that had gone on all the morning.

'Now I do hope they will leave us at peace,' said Aunt Sophia. 'Talk, talk, talk, and always in the same strain. I do hate country visiting-calls; and I will not have my correspondence get behind.—Now then, my dear, where were we?'

'East Boodle silver-lead mines,' said Naomi.  
'Ah, of course. Expect to pay a dividend of twelve and a half per cent?'

'Yes, aunt dear,' said the girl, referring to a prospectus.

'Humph! That's very different from consols. I think I shall have some of those shares, Naomi.'

'Do you, aunt?'

'Do I, child? Why, of course. It's like throwing money in the gutter, to be content with three per cent. when you can have twelve and a half. Write and tell Mr Saxby to buy me fifty shares.'

'Yes, aunt dear. But do you think it would be safe?'

'Safe, child? Yes, of course. You read what all those captains said—Captain Pengammon and Captain Trehum, and Captain Polwhiddle.'

'But Mr Saxby said, aunt, that some of these Cornish mines were very risky speculations; don't you remember?'

'No, my dear; I don't. I wonder that I remember anything, after yesterday's shock.'

'But I remember, aunt dear,' said the girl. 'He said that if these mines would pay such enormous dividends, was it likely that the shares would go begging, and the owners be obliged to advertise to get them taken up.'

'Yes; and Captain Polwhiddle in his printed Report says that there is a lode of unexampled richness not yet tapped; though one would think the silver-lead was in a melted state, for them to have to tap it.'

'Yes, aunt dear; but Mr Saxby said that these people always have a bit of rich ore on purpose to make a show.'

'I don't believe people would be so dishonest, my dear; and as for Mr Saxby—he's a goose. No more courage or speculation in him than a frog. Not so much. A frog will travel about and investigate things; while Mr Saxby sits boxed up in his office all day long, and as soon as a good opportunity occurs, he spoils it. I might have made a large fortune by now, if it had not been for him. Write and tell him to buy me a hundred twenty-pound shares.'

The letter was written, read over by Aunt Sophia, in a very judicial manner, through her gold-rimmed eyeglass, approved, and had just been addressed and stamped, when there was the sound of wheels once more, and the servant shortly after announced Lady Martlett.

At the same moment the visitor and Doctor Scales entered the drawing-room from opposite doors, the latter feeling bright and refreshed by his nap; and Aunt Sophia and Naomi looked on wonderingly as Lady Martlett stopped short and the doctor smiled.

Her Ladyship was the first to recover herself, and walked towards Aunt Sophia with stately carriage and extended hand. 'I have only just heard of the accident,' she said in a sweet rich voice. 'My dear Miss Raleigh, I am indeed deeply grieved.' She bent forward and kissed Aunt Sophia, and then embraced Naomi, before drawing herself up in a stately statuesque manner, darting a quick flash of her fine eyes at the doctor and haughtily waiting to be introduced.

'It's very kind of you, my dear Lady Martlett,' said Aunt Sophia—'very kind indeed; and I'm

glad to say that, thanks to Doctor Scales here, my poor nephew has nearly recovered from the shock.—But I forgot; you have not been introduced. Lady Martlett; Doctor Scales.'

'Doctor Scales and I have had the pleasure of meeting before,' said Lady Martlett coldly.

'Yes,' said the doctor; 'I had the pleasure of being of a little assistance to her Ladyship;' and as he spoke he took a sixpence out of his pocket, turned it over, advanced a step with the coin between his finger and thumb, as if about to hand it to its former owner; but instead of doing so, he replaced it in his pocket and smiled.

Lady Martlett apparently paid no heed to this movement, but bowed and turned to Aunt Sophia; while the doctor said to himself: 'Now, that was very weak, and decidedly impertinent.' I deserve a snub.'

'Doctor Scales and I met yesterday—the day before—really, I hardly recollect,' said Lady Martlett. 'It was while I was out for a morning ride. He was polite enough to open a gate for me.'

'Oh, indeed!' said Aunt Sophia quietly; and she wondered why the visitor should be so impressive about so trifling a matter.

'And now, tell me all about the accident,' said Lady Martlett; 'I am so fond of the water, and it seems so shocking for such an innocent amusement to be attended with so much risk.'

'I was always afraid of the water,' said Aunt Sophia; 'and not without reason,' she added severely; 'but against my own convictions I went.'

'But Mr Scarlett is in no danger?'

'O dear, no,' said the doctor quickly.

'I am glad of that,' said the visitor, without turning her head, and taking the announcement as if it had come from Aunt Sophia.

'Thanks to Doctor Scales's bravery and able treatment,' said Aunt Sophia.

'Pray, spare me,' said the doctor, laughing. 'I am so accustomed to blame, that I cannot bear praise.'

'I am not praising you,' said Aunt Sophia, 'but telling the simple truth.—What do you say, Naomi?'

'I did not speak, aunt,' replied the girl.

'Tut! child; who said you did?' cried Aunt Sophia pettishly. 'You know that the doctor saved your cousin's life.'

'O yes, indeed,' cried Naomi, blushing, and looking up brightly and gratefully; and then shrinking and seeming conscious, as her eyes met those of their visitor gazing at her with an aspect mingled of contempt and anger—a look that made gentle, little, quiet Naomi retire as it were within herself, closing up her petals like some sensitive bud attacked by sun or rain.

The doctor saw it, and had his thoughts upon the matter, as, upon his threatening to beat a retreat, Aunt Sophia said: 'Well, never mind; I can think what I please.'

'Think, then, by all means,' he said merrily.—'Flattery is hard to bear, Lady Martlett.'

'I am not accustomed to flattery,' said the visitor coldly, and she turned away her head.

'That is a fib,' said the doctor to himself, as he watched the handsome woman intently. 'You are used to flattery—thick, slab, coarse flattery—to be told that you are extremely beautiful, and

to receive adulation of the most abject kind. You are very rich, and people make themselves your slaves, till you think and look and move in that imperious way; and yet, some of these days, *ma belle dame*, you will be prostrate, and weak, and humble, and ready to implore Doctor somebody or another to restore you to health. Let's see, though. I called you *belle dame*. Rather suggestive, when shortened and pronounced after the old English fashion.—Well, Miss Raleigh, of what are you thinking?' he said aloud, as he turned and found Naomi watching him; Lady Martlett having risen and walked with Aunt Sophia into the conservatory.

'I—I—'

'Ah, ah!' said the doctor, laughing. 'Come, confess; no evasions. You must always be frank with a medical man. Now then?'

'You would be angry with me if I were to tell you,' said the girl.

'Indeed, no. Come, I'll help you.'

'Oh, thank you—do,' cried the girl with a sigh of relief, which seemed to mean: 'You will never guess.'

'You were thinking that I admired Lady Martlett.'

'Yes! How did you know?' cried the girl, starting.

'Diagnosed it, of course!' cried the doctor, laughing. 'Ah, you don't know how easily we medical men read sensitive young faces like yours, and— Oh, here they come back.'

In effect, Lady Martlett and Aunt Sophia returned to the drawing-room, the former lady entirely ignoring the presence of the doctor till she left, which she did soon afterwards, leaving the kindest of messages for Mrs Scarlett, all full of condolence, and quite accepting the apologies for her non-appearance. Then there was the warmest of partings, while the doctor stood back, wondering whether he was to be noticed or passed over, the latter seeming to be likely; when, just as she reached the door, Lady Martlett turned and bowed in the most distant way.

Then John Scales, M.D., stood alone in the drawing-room, listening to the voices in the hall as the door swung to.

'Humph!' he said to himself. 'What a woman! She's glorious! I like her pride and that cool haughty way of hers! And what a voice!'

'No; it won't do,' he muttered, after a short pause. 'I'm not a marrying man—not likely to be a marrying man; and if I were, her Ladyship would say, with all reason upon her side: "The man must be mad! His insolence and assumption are not to be borne."'

'Talking to yourself, doctor?' said Mrs Scarlett, entering the room, looking very pale and anxious.

'Yes, Mrs Scarlett; it is one of my bad habits.—How is my patient?'

'Sleeping pretty easily,' she said. 'I came to ask you to come and look at him, though.'

'What's the matter?' cried the doctor sharply; and he was half-way to the door as he spoke.

'Nothing, I hope,' exclaimed Mrs Scarlett, trembling; 'but he alarms me. I—I am afraid that I am quite unnerved.'

The doctor did not make any comment till he had been and examined the patient for a few minutes, Mrs Scarlett hardly daring to breathe

the while; then he turned to her with a satisfied nod: 'Only the sedative. You are over-anxious, and must have some rest.'

#### CHAPTER XI.—MR SAXBY COMES DOWN ON BUSINESS.

The next day and the next, James Scarlett seemed to be better. He was pale and suffering from the shock, speaking gravely to all about him, but evidently trying to make the visitors feel at their ease. He pressed them to stay; but the doctor had to get back to town; so had Prayle, though the latter acknowledged the fact with great reluctance; and it was arranged that they were to be driven over to the station together.

That morning at breakfast, however, a visitor was announced in the person of Mr Frederick Saxby.

'Saxby? What does he want?' said Scarlett. 'Why, he must have come down from town this morning. Here, I'll fetch him in.' He rose and left the room, and the doctor noted that his manner was a good deal changed.

'Unpleasant business, perhaps,' he thought; and then, as his eyes met Mrs Scarlett's: 'She's thinking the same.'

Just then Scarlett returned, ushering in a good-looking rather florid man of about thirty-five, over-dressed, and giving the impression, from his glossy coat to his dapper patent-leather boots, that he was something in the City.

Mr Saxby was extremely polite to all before he took his place, bowing deferentially to the ladies, most reverentially to Naomi, and apologetically to the gentlemen; though, as soon as the constraint caused by his coming in as he did, had passed, he proved that he really was something in the City, displaying all the sharp dogmatic way of business men. He chatted a good deal upon subjects that he assumed to be likely to interest his audience—how Egyptians were down, Turkish were up, and Hudson's Bays were slashing, an expression likely to confuse an unversed personage, who might have taken Hudson's Bays for some celebrated regiment of horse. He several times over tried to meet Aunt Sophia's eyes; but that lady rigidly kept them upon her coffee-cup, and not only looked very stern and uncompromising, but gave vent to an occasional sniff, that made Mr Saxby start, as though he looked upon it as a kind of challenge to the fight to come.

Despite the disturbing influences of Aunt Sophia's sniffs and the proximate presence of Naomi, by whom he was seated, and to whom, in spite of his assumption, he found himself utterly unable to say a dozen sensible words, Mr Frederick Saxby, of the Stock Exchange, managed to partake of a most excellent breakfast—such a meal, in fact, as made Dr Scales glance inquiringly at him, and ask himself questions respecting digestion and the state of his general health.

It was now, as the breakfast party separated, some to enter the conservatory, others to stroll round the garden, that Aunt Sophia met Mr Saxby's eye, and nodding towards the drawing-room, said shortly: 'Go in there!—Naomi, you can come too.'



Mr Saxby heard the first part of Aunt Sophia's speech as if it were an adverse sentence, the latter part as if it were a reprieve; and after drawing back, to allow the ladies to pass, he found that he was expected to go first, and did so, feeling extremely uncomfortable, and as if Naomi must be criticising his back—a very unpleasant feeling, by the way, to a sensitive man, especially if he be one who is exceedingly particular about his personal appearance, and wonders whether his coat fits, and the aforesaid back has been properly brushed.

Naomi noted Mr Saxby's uneasiness, and she also became aware of the fact that Arthur Prayle strolled slowly off into the conservatory, where he became deeply interested in the flowers, taking off a dead leaf here and there, and picking up fallen petals, accidentally getting near the open window the while.

'Now, Mr Saxby,' said Aunt Sophia sharply, 'you have brought me down those shares?'

'Well, no, Miss Raleigh,' he said, business-like now at once. 'I did not buy them, because'—

'You did not buy them?'

'No, ma'am. You see, shares of that kind'—

'Pay twelve and fifteen per cent., and I only get a pitiful three.'

'Every year, ma'am, regularly. Shares like those you want me to buy generally promise fifteen, pay at the rate of ten on the first half-year'—

'Well, ten per cent., then,' cried Aunt Sophia.

'Don't pay any dividend the second half-year, and the shares remain upon the buyer's hands. No one will buy them at any price.'

'Oh, this is all stuff and nonsense, Mr Saxby!' cried Aunt Sophia angrily.

'Not a bit of it, ma'am,' cried the stockbroker firmly.

'But I say it is!' cried Aunt Sophia, with a stamp of her foot. 'I had set my mind upon having those shares.'

'And I had set my mind upon stopping you, ma'am. That's why I got up at six o'clock this morning and came down.'

'Mr Saxby!'

'No use for you to be cross with me. Fighting against my own interest in the present; but while I have your business to transact, ma'am, I won't see your little fortune frittered away.'

'Mr Saxby!' exclaimed Aunt Sophia again.

'I can't help it, ma'am; and of course you are perfectly at liberty to take your business elsewhere. I want to make all I can out of you by commission and brokerage, etcetera; but I never allow a client of mine to run headlong, and run himself, or herself, down a Cornish mine, without trying to skid the wheels.'

'You forget that you are addressing ladies, Mr Saxby.'

'Beg pardon; yes,' said the stockbroker, trying hard to recall what he had said. 'Very sorry; but those are my principles, ma'am.—I'm twenty pounds out of pocket, Miss Raleigh,' he continued, 'by not doing this bit of business of your aunt's.'

'And I think it is a very great piece of presumption on your part, Mr Saxby. You need not address my niece, sir; she does not understand these matters at all. Am I to understand, then, that you refuse to buy these shares for me?'

'Yes, ma'am, most distinctly. I wouldn't buy 'em for a client on any consideration.'

'Very well, sir; that will do,' said Aunt Sophia shortly. 'Good-morning.'

'But, my dear madam'—

'I said that will do, Mr Saxby,' said Aunt Sophia stiffly. 'Good-morning.'

Mr Saxby's lips moved, and he seemed to be trying to say something in his own defence, and he also turned towards Naomi, as if seeking for sympathy; but she only cast down her eyes.

'Perhaps Mr Saxby would like to walk round the garden before he goes away,' continued Aunt Sophia, looking at a statuette beneath a glass shade as she spoke. 'He will find my nephew and the doctor there.—Naomi, my dear, come with me.'

'Really, madam'— began the stockbroker.

'Of course you will charge your expenses for this visit to me, Mr Saxby,' said Aunt Sophia coldly; and without another word, she swept out of the room.

'Well, if ever I'— Mr Saxby did not finish his sentence as he stood in the hall, but delivered a tremendous blow right into his hat, checking it in time to prevent injury to the glossy fabric; and then, sticking it sideways upon his head, and his hands beneath his coat-tails, he strolled out into the garden.

Ten minutes later, Aunt Sophia returned into the drawing-room, and as she did so, a tall dark figure rose from where it was bending over a book.

'Bless the man! how you made me jump,' cried Aunt Sophia.

'I beg your pardon—I'm extremely sorry, Miss Raleigh,' said Prayle softly. 'I was just looking through that little work.'

'Oh!' said Aunt Sophia shortly.

'By the way, Miss Raleigh—I am sure you will excuse me?'

'Certainly, Mr Prayle, certainly,' said Aunt Sophia, who evidently supposed that the speaker was about to leave the room.

'Thank you,' he said softly. 'I only wanted to observe that I am engaged a great deal in the City, and—er—it often falls to my lot—er—to be aware of good opportunities for making investments.'

'Indeed,' said Aunt Sophia.

'Yes; not always, but at times,' continued Prayle. 'I thought I would name it to you, as you might perhaps feel disposed to take shares, say, in some object of philanthropic design. I find that these affairs generally pay good dividends, while the shareholders are perfectly safe.'

'Thank you, Mr Prayle,' said Aunt Sophia shortly. 'I don't know that I have any money to invest.'

'Exactly so,' exclaimed Prayle. 'Of course I did not for a moment suppose that for the present you would have; but still I thought I would name the matter to you. There is some difficulty in obtaining shares of this class. They are apportioned amongst a very few.'

'And do they pay a high percentage?'

'Very, very high. The shareholders have been known to divide as much as twenty per cent. amongst them.'

'Indeed, Mr Prayle.'

'Yes, madam, indeed,' said the young man, as solemnly as if it had been some religious question.

'That settles it then,' said Aunt Sophia cheerfully.

'My dear madam?'

'If they pay twenty per cent., the thing is not honest.'

'My dear madam, I am speaking of no special undertaking,' said Prayle; 'only generally.'

'Special or general,' said Aunt Sophia dogmatically, 'any undertaking that pays more than five per cent. is either exceptionally fortunate or exceptionally dishonest. Take my advice, Mr Prayle, and if ever you have any spare cash to invest, put it in consols. The interest is low, but it is sure.—Now, as you are soon going, I will say good-bye.'

'The old girl is cunning,' said Arthur Prayle to himself; 'but she will bite, and I shall land her yet.'

'Ugh! How I do hate that smooth, dark, unpleasant man!' said Aunt Sophia, hurrying up to her bedroom. 'He always puts me in mind of a slimy snake.'

Moved by this idea, Aunt Sophia carefully washed her hands in two different waters, and even went so far as to smell her right hand afterwards, in happy ignorance of the fact that snakes are not slimy, but have skins that are tolerably dry and clean. So she sniffed in an angry kind of way at the hand she washed, though its scent was only that of old brown Windsor soap, which had for the time being, in her prejudiced mind, become an odour symbolical of deceit and all that was base and bad.

'Ah!' she exclaimed, after another good rub, and another sniff; 'that's better now.'

An hour later, the doctor, Prayle, and Mr Saxby had taken their leave, the last fully under the impression that he had lost a very excellent client.

'Most pragmatic old lady,' he said to the doctor.

'Well, she has all the crotchets of an old maid,' said Scales. 'Ought to have married thirty or forty years ago. I don't dislike her, though.'

'Humph! I didn't, yesterday, Doctor Scales,' said Saxby; 'to-day, I'm afraid I do. How she could ever have had such a niece!'

Prayle looked up quickly.

'Ah, it does seem curious,' said the doctor, with a dry look of amusement on his countenance. 'Would it not be more correct to say, one wonders that the young lady could ever have had such an aunt?'

'Eh? Yes! Of course you are right,' said Mr Saxby, nodding. 'Or, no! Oh, no! That won't do, you know. Impossible. I was right. Eh? No; I was not. Tut—tut! how confusing these relationships are.'

Mr Saxby discoursed upon stocks right through the journey up; and Mr Prayle either assumed to, or really did go to sleep, only awakening to take an effusive farewell of his companions at the terminus; while Saxby, to the doctor's discomposure, took his arm, saying, 'I'm going your way,' and walked by his side, talking of the weather, till, turning suddenly, he said: 'I say: fair play's a jewel, doctor. Are we both—eh?—Miss Naomi?'

'What, I?—thinking of her? My dear sir, no!'

'Thank you, doctor. First time I'm ill, I'll come to you. That's a load off my mind!'

'But really, Mr Saxby, you should have asked Mr Prayle that question.'

'Eh? What? You don't think so, do you?'

'I should be sorry to pass any judgment upon the matter, Mr Saxby,' said the doctor quietly; 'and now we part. Good-day.'

'Prayle, eh?' said Saxby. 'Well, I never thought of him, and— Ah, she's about the nicest, simplest, and sweetest girl I ever saw! But, Prayle!'

People wondered why the smartly dressed City man stopped short and removed his glossy hat to rub one ear.

#### WANTED, A PRODIGY.

A LARGE number of prodigies are daily wanted, and advertised for in the newspapers. Agents make a livelihood by procuring them, or something like them. Salaries are offered, ranging from mere food and shelter, or twenty pounds a year, to upwards of a hundred for a special prodigy, or some hundreds a year for a prodigy not afraid of withering in a hot country. The advertisement runs somewhat in this style: Wanted, a Governess to teach fluent conversational French and German, Italian or Spanish, elementary Latin and Science. Must be a first-class pianist, and teacher of singing, drawing, and painting; and must be willing to take entire charge of!— Here the number of young hopefuls is stated, from one to half-a-dozen, and there is added an awe-inspiring claim for 'unexceptionable references,' put in to secure some rest for the door-bell and to save the letter-box from choking with answers.

'I wish I could earn money,' we once heard a well-educated girl say dolefully; 'but no one would have me as a governess; I am not a live polyglot dictionary!' A live polyglot dictionary is, in fact, what many employers wish to find for their children. Whether such human dictionaries are to be found, or whether the children would be the better for having them, is quite another thing. There certainly are to be found any number of attempts at playing the rôle of a polyglot-dictionary governess, and any number of bewildered babies toddling straight out of the nursery to stagger and tumble about among the ruins of Babel. We can sympathise with that sharp little American boy, who, on hearing that a new governess was coming, turned from meditatively smearing the window with his fingers, to declare that the Tower of Babel was a great mistake—evidently alive to the 'confusion of tongues' likely to be introduced along with the expected lady!

Children take delight in learning for the first time the words of a foreign language; it is one of the eccentricities of childhood that they will even try to make up a new language in play, and coin words and invent written alphabets that

would puzzle the memory of the Philological Society itself. But when more than one foreign tongue is taught to them; when each, seen in detached glimpses, is a despair-provoking mystery; when it bristles with rules and is entangled with idiom, all connected with classes of words not yet distinguishable even in the mother-tongue; when successive dictionaries are searched awkwardly for words like needles in the proverbial bundle of straw; when, as Hans Breitmann says, 'all the nouns have zhenders, and all the zhenders are hard'—then it becomes questionable whether young children in the midst of their two or three languages are not as confused, disheartened, and lost as ever were the hapless Babes in the Wood. Their delicate brain and sensitive nervous-system are unequal to the strain of such lessons, and, as dull and idle scholars, they find the schoolroom an awful place of reluctant labour. The time of recreation comes, and there is hope of some chance of happy training at least for undeveloped muscle and limb; but the prim daily walk is almost as awful as lesson hours, for the brain is set to work again; the governess becomes a walking phrase-book to teach some foreign language conversationally. For some time it is entertaining to the children; but at last it may become burdensome for the mind to have any work to do during the free hour among grass, trees, and sunshine. Still the teacher must persist in her duty, sanctioned by custom; and lo! the children find themselves under the charge of a lady who has left her English at home, and who, among English ducks and other biped prattlers, by the innocent waters of an English pond, feigns an ignorance of the country's language as complete and helpless as if she were a shipwrecked mariner just landed on unknown shores.

It is one of the mysteries—and is it not one of the mistakes?—of the modern fashion of home education that foreign languages are the necessary qualification of any one who wishes to teach. Foreign languages are often the only things asked for in choosing a governess; and, in a word, foreign languages seem to be the children's first need in life, and the mother's first thought when she is advertising for a lady who will during the greater part of the day 'take entire charge' of her children. It is true that in these days a knowledge of French is taken for granted in the well educated; and the power of at least reading German as well, is becoming almost a necessity among the cultured, and even in business dealings in the commercial world. It is true, also, that familiarity with any foreign language is in itself a pleasure-giving possession; and that it is far more easily acquired in childhood and in youth than in later life. But, however important it may be to learn languages eventually, or even to learn one side by side with the mother-tongue almost from the beginning, the study of two or three at a time must always be

a labour of bondage and bewilderment for very young brains; and when we think what a solid, beautiful, and perfect work ought to be done in the 'building-up,' the education, of a child, it becomes false and foolish on the face of it to say that the knowledge of foreign languages is the first qualification of an educator, and the test that ought to be used in choosing one.

When an impossible number of languages and acquirements are not asked for, the next best thing to an English polyglot speaker—or perhaps a better thing—is supposed to be a foreign instructress, who can at least teach her own language, even if she can teach nothing else. All sorts of mistakes come in the train of this fashionable rage for having a foreign governess or nurse. It is well known that in Paris many of the English girls who have not sufficient position or education to offer themselves for the higher grade of *institutrice*, or, as we say, governess, and who take the place of *gouvernante* to little children, have never in their own country been accustomed to speak Queen's English; and teach bad grammar, provincialisms, and perhaps slang, to Marie and Jules, while Madame and Monsieur complacently believe the dear children are learning the English tongue in its native purity. Not long ago, an English gentleman, a resident in Paris, meeting some small friends of his on their way home with an English *gouvernante*, gave them a chance of showing off their new accomplishment, of which the little people were rather proud. 'Where have you been?' he began. The small folks translated mentally, and at last said: 'We beed to the house of grand-mamma, and we beed to the Champs-Élysées.' The gentleman smiled; and the *gouvernante* translating the smile, explained to her young charges: 'My dears, don't say we beed; say, we was'—which was, truly enough, the plural of the past tense in her own vocabulary. The converse may sometimes hold good, as regards foreign governesses in this country.

There is often injustice done to the children by giving languages the first place in instruction; but there is also injustice done even to the eligible and accomplished governess in expecting her to know perfectly a whole list of modern languages, to be capable of teaching two or three branches of the fine arts with excellence in each—to do all this while she is taking entire charge of her pupils and forming their character, so that no time is left to her for self-culture. But not even here do the requirements of employers cease. The prodigy wanted must combine with her polyglot powers and her union of talents as musician, artist, and living primer of sciences, an amount of self-abnegation and humble indifference to choice and comfort such as are seldom to be found in human nature. She must have unvarying patience under routine, readiness to forget her own tastes on every occasion, and will to bear any number of slights, and to assume any number of extra duties at the whim of her employers. The person of whom all this is expected is generally a lady, whose natural right

to respect, to deference, and to courteous treatment, is still keenly felt; whose family misfortunes—the cause of her present position—while leaving her all her refinement, have only added to her sensitive power of suffering; and very often her years are those of inexperienced ardour, when disappointments are most painful, and when coldness or loneliness is most chilling, and above all, when youthful mistrust of her own money-worth causes the strength to be overtaxed, and every concession to be given through the desire to please and to succeed. The woman of human limited intellect, and human need of sympathy and relaxation, who could surmount all difficulties, and know all, teach all, assume all responsibility worthily, and adapting herself to all circumstances, bear all that is required of such a governess—would be a prodigy indeed.

When a popular author wrote *The Fortunes of the Scattergood Family*, a good many years ago now, in describing Clara Scattergood's position 'in a genteel family,' a piquant remark was introduced, which holds true of others beside poor Clara and her inconsiderate employers: 'Society has the same links in the scale as the animal creation; and a governess in such a family was evidently considered the connecting tie between the family and the domestics.' That the educator of the children should be lowered by her office itself almost to the position of a servant, indicates a false appreciation of the worth of the children and the nobility of the office of preparing them for life. Clara Scattergood's meeting with a kindly visitor, and the consequent pages of happy romance, are fiction, not fact—or a fact that hardly ever occurs in the routine of a teacher's life. At least in English life, her recreations, her hopes of eventual rest, and her possibilities of marriage, are very few; and if she be on the lookout for romance, she makes a grave mistake in expecting to find it in her situation, as in the novel. She may marry abroad; but seldom will be given, or will chance to find, honourable admiration while she is in the house of strangers on home-soil.

But Clara's troubles are real and true to life. Vulgarity in command may jar perpetually upon the governess's refinement; the servants may feel at liberty to patronise or insult her; if she be poor, her poverty may become known, and the sneers of the more fortunate may reach her, as the stage-whisper of household talk. The children themselves, whom she yearns to love and make friends with, may catch up her words with their much admired sharpness, and conscious of 'mamma's' opinion of the new governess, may make her heart-sick with lack of respect, and with still more painful indifference to her kindness. Or if she escapes all these aggressive troubles, there are more passive ones in store for her. Even where a lady rules, where servants keep at a distance, and children are childlike and affectionately inclined, the lady in the school-room will often have, as the phrase goes, to put her pride in her pocket, and dismiss sensitiveness as out of place. She will seldom meet with constant and sympathetic consideration from the beginning of her engagement to the final packing of her trunks, although it is true the whole time that she is a woman of education, kindness, and refinement, living in the home of another woman

similarly gifted, perhaps, but more favoured by fortune, and that these two are linked in their interests by one golden link—the children of the household. The children are, or ought to be, the most prized possession of one of these two women, the source of most of the tenderness which time has developed in her nature, and their future welfare her nearest and dearest hope; yet she pays to their guardian and instructress perhaps less than she affords to the maid who dresses her hair, or to the head-servant in her kitchen, whose highest task is to prepare a dinner; and the governess has little more of her heart or of her sincere courtesy than these. Surely, there is something wrong here; and yet this is the state of things in a thousand households. 'Society has the same links in its scale as the animal creation; and a governess is considered the connecting tie between the family and the domestics.' The woman who could give entire satisfaction, holding such gifts and such an office, in such a position, would be a prodigy not only of intellect, but of more than feminine tact, and more than human self-forgetting virtue.

There are probably mistakes on both sides, in such a widely mistaken state of affairs. Is it not possible that part of the double mistake arises from a false and low idea of what education is? If a governess could teach with the untiring precision and perfection of a teaching-machine; if she could impart to her pupils—without turning their hair gray even in pinafore days—a knowledge of all the languages and all the 'ologies, make them familiar with all manner of music and painting that ever bewitched a drawing-room, and pile on top of these studies all other 'accomplishments'—she would in the end have 'accomplished' nothing whatever, unless a far different kind of instruction and guidance were given as well. French, German, piano and violin music and singing, and the use of pencil and palette, are not education in themselves, though they may be a useful and ornamental part of it. To mould soul, mind, and body for life's duties; to develop all that is noble in each, and to set firmly before the coming life the highest ideal of the good, the true, the beautiful—this is more like the solid work of education, and this building-up—upon which all the rest is merely decorative—depends upon homely and humble lessons from some one capable of teaching them from the heart, and making such teaching attractive. It is a great gift, this power of forming an ignorant, perhaps faulty child, to be what the poet called 'a perfect woman nobly planned'; it is a gift given to few, and not to be tested by examinations or affirmed by certificates. It is part of the mother's office, a part which in these busy days she has frequently to cede to another, she herself having neither time, nor perhaps teaching power, nor ability for the intellectual training which the child may have the capacity, and therefore the right to receive. And if it be part of the mother's office, there can hardly be a higher office on earth than that of education even in the home school-room.

If the fortune-favoured woman would but have a sense of this, she would seek diligently in this acceptance of the term for the best educator, would spare neither money nor considerate affection in order to repay her; would remember



her, and keep her friendship for gratitude's sake, when the task of years was done. She would not expect perfection, nor superhuman freedom from fault or weakness; but she would share home-life with her so far at least as to insure her enjoyment of a home, and she would bear in mind her own equal share of fault and imperfection, smoothing all difficulty because of the one aim, to prosper which these two would find themselves united. On the other hand, so confidential a position would require in her who held it a jealous regard for household secrets and for the family welfare of those whose roof she shared; and it would demand also from her a far higher purpose than the earning of a salary, and qualities of mind and heart such as can only be found where the teacher, in accordance with the mother's hopes and plans, loses all selfish aims in the pure desire of benefiting the children. She may prepare them for life brilliantly, but her highest duty is to prepare them well. The 'Education' advertisements suggest far other ideas than these; but then, the marvellous being who is 'wanted' is hardly a true educator; and we question if a satisfactory prodigy has ever been discovered by the exacting class of advertisements; for the advertisers understand human nature as little as they understand the work of a worthy teacher, or the honour that is her due when that precious possession is found.

## THE BLATCHFORD BEQUEST.

### IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

THE waves were tumbling in heavily on Oversea beach. It was too dark to see the white line of surf, from the row of houses which fronted the sea; but the sullen roar of each wave as it broke, and the sharp crash of the shingle as it followed the retreating flood, were audible at a much greater distance off than Marine Parade. The wind blew in fierce gusts, sending the rain against the window-panes like a whip with a thousand lashes falling at the same moment. No one, except, perhaps, a passionate poet with a raging heart, and a constitution good enough to defy cold and wet, would, of his own free-will, be out of doors on such a night as this.

The Rev. Cuthbert Wrey, curate in charge of St Nicholas, that little galvanised iron offshoot of St Mary's, Oversea, was not a poet; therefore, he felt heartily glad when he arrived at the door of his lodgings in Marine Parade, without having been flattened by the force of the gale against the low walls and railings which inclose those wind-swept little gardens facing the sea. He was afraid to unbutton his mackintosh, to get at his latchkey—let the wind have one fair chance, and he expected to find the garment stripped from his shoulders and blown into ribbons—so he knocked, rather impatiently, at the door.

'An awful night, Mrs Roberts!' he said to his landlady, when, by dint of united efforts, they had closed the door and barred out the uproarious wind.

'Yes, sir; an awful night,' replied Mrs Roberts,

taking the dripping mackintosh and broad-brimmed hat. 'So awful, sir,' she added, apologetically, 'that I thought it better to read a sermon at home, instead of coming to hear you this evening.'

'Quite right. Did you more good, I daresay,' answered the curate pleasantly, and as one whose belief in the efficacy of sermons was not unassailable. 'I'm sure I wouldn't have gone to church to-night, if I could have helped it.'

Mrs Roberts looked grave at hearing such sentiments proceed from the cloth. 'Your tea is quite ready, sir,' she said. 'Would you please take off your wet boots before you go up? They mark the stair-covering so, and washing is so expensive.'

The Rev. Cuthbert complied. He went upstairs in his stockings; and having changed sundry dripping articles of attire, drew his chair to the table and commenced his tea or supper, or whatever the meal might be called.

Curates are not a well-paid race, and the stipend allotted to the curate of St Nicholas, in return for the assistance he gave the rector of that dreary little watering-place, Oversea, was hardly enough to provide delicate fare, such as induces people to linger over their tables. He ate his cold meat with a healthy appetite, drained out the last drop from the teapot, filled his pipe, and rang for the tea-things to be cleared. 'You may leave the kettle, Mrs Roberts,' he said. 'I think, after my wetting, I may indulge in a glass of hot whisky-and-water.'

'Quite right, sir,' said the landlady. 'Ah, it's on a night like this, one pities the teetotalers.'

'All extreme people must be pitied,' Mrs Roberts, said the curate, smiling. 'But bring another glass with mine, and I will give you some.'

Although the good lady murmured something about only taking spirits twice a year, a second glass made its appearance, and she left the room with the materials for a comfortable nightcap in her hand.

Cuthbert Wrey pushed back the table, wheeled his chair in front of the fire, put his feet on the fender, and clasping his hands behind his head, sat watching the smoke curling from his pipe. He felt that if any man had a right to enjoy perfect rest that evening, it was the curate of St Nicholas. He had conducted two services, and attended the afternoon classes. He had visited his sick, and, so far as he knew, done all that duty demanded of him. Now let him take his ease for an hour or two. He saw nothing to interfere with it, unless the wind should blow the windows in.

Cuthbert Wrey was a man of about twenty-eight, tall, muscular, and good-looking. His features, although strongly marked, were not irregular; indeed, a very little more would have made him a remarkably handsome man. Perhaps he looked at the worst, as we see him now with his face in repose. Its expression was not quite

a happy one. It bore at times a kind of dissatisfied look—a look which, it seemed, might soon grow habitual. His brows had a trick of frowning until they almost met, and at the same time the corners of his mouth fell in a slightly scornful manner—whether in scorn at the world in general, or himself in particular, it is doubtful if he could have determined. Anyway, his face was not exactly the face of a happy, successful, or contented man. Yet, when he spoke, even when another's affairs occupied his mind, and he was not thinking of Cuthbert Wrey, this expression completely vanished. His words were kind, and the smile which accompanied them always frank and pleasing as the words themselves. Altogether, he was a great favourite with both the rich and poor of Oversea.

He did not look very clerical as he sat in the shabby armchair. His long black coat had been replaced by a comfortable loose-fitting garment, a relic of his Oxford days; sad enough in its decay, but not in its hue.

Well-earned as his rest was, he did not seem to enjoy it much. He gazed on his smoke-clouds for a long time, and the dissatisfied expression on his face deepened. Then he sighed, and releasing his right hand, swept it round with a kind of hopeless gesture. His arm was a long one, and in the circuit it made, came in contact with the black sermon-case which he had deposited on the mantelpiece, and which contained the discourse he had so recently delivered to the scanty congregation who had braved the weather. It fell at his feet; and with a grim smile on his face, Cuthbert let it lie.

'It's no use,' he said, looking at the ill-treated sermon, and apparently addressing his remarks to it—'it's no use. How can I expect to convince others, if I can't convince myself? I wrote that sermon for myself; I preached it for myself, not for my flock; yet I am more full of doubt than before. The hard work, the penury, I did not mind, until I began to doubt. There must be an end to this. Why did I take orders?' he continued, looking fiercely at the passive sermon-case. 'Why did I take orders? Now, to answer that question, a man must know himself better than I do. I had to make my living in one profession or another. I was ambitious, and, I believed, clever. The Church was easy to enter, and I may have fancied there was a career there for a clever man. It was no wrong to think this; for in those days I believed I could do my duty as a clergyman. Then my frame of mind at the time!'—here his eyes grew sad and his voice dropped. 'Margaret had just died. She never knew I loved her; but I knew it. And then, Travers—ah, Travers, Travers, my friend! with your sweet childlike trust in every old tradition—your silvery tongue—you are answerable for my mistake. Those walks together, those arguments of yours, the fervid eloquence of which so moved me, that for a time I could see all things by your own light! In leaving the Church, I shall not be accused of self-interested motives. I have nothing in view. On the other hand, I don't make much sacrifice. Fifty shillings a week is not a great income for a man to earn. I will set about making the change at once.—Well, Mrs Roberts, what is it?' he asked testily, as his landlady knocked,

entered, and cut short his meditations in a moment.

'Some one from "The Folly," sir, with this note.'

'Mrs Blatchford is worse, I suppose?' said the curate, opening the note. It contained a few hastily written lines from the doctor: 'I am afraid Mrs B. cannot last out the night. She is anxious to see you. Come at once.'

'Poor woman!' ejaculated Cuthbert. 'So much better she seemed yesterday, and now dying.'

'Is she indeed, poor thing?' said Mrs Roberts, with a sympathetic face.

'Yes; I must go at once.' He took off his lounging-coat, preparatory to assuming his clerical garb. 'I don't know how I shall get there through this weather.'

'There is a carriage waiting, sir.'

'Then go down, and say I shan't be a minute.'

Cuthbert attired himself as quickly as he could. Then, with a half-sigh, he took his pocket communion service, and prepared himself for the solemn duty before him. He felt it no grievance to be called from his fireside. Duty was clear enough, and no doubts harassed him on that score. He would have gone as willingly to the poorest member of his congregation, or any one else's congregation, who needed his aid, as he went to the richest lady in Oversea, as Mrs Blatchford was reputed to be. He spoke a pleasant word to the coachman, a shapeless bundle of wraps, on the box, and entered the brougham, which drove off as fast as the horses could draw it. It was not at a great rate of speed, for the road was steep and the gale still at its height, blowing the reins into graceful curves, commencing at the driver's hands, and ending at the horses' bits; even at times threatening to overturn the carriage entirely.

The dying woman lived in a large house on the top of the hill overlooking Oversea. In whatever part of the town you stood, you could see that house. When first built, it had been christened some high-sounding name; but that name had long since vanished. Nicknames often cling to people and to things much longer than their proper names, and for years this house had been known as 'The Folly,' or sometimes as 'Barnes Folly.' The original Barnes from whom it derived this distinction was a sanguine man, who had imbibed the notion that, with proper treatment, Oversea was destined to become one of the most fashionable seaside resorts in England. He was a tradesman who had made money in the place, and claimed for it natural advantages which few others could be persuaded to see. His theory was, that if suitable residences were erected, people of station and importance would flock to them. The feeling was patriotic, honourable, and ruinous. He tested the truth of it by building a huge house on the very top of the hill. It cost him several thousands, and when finished, no one could be tempted either to buy or to rent it. Lacking a tenant, Mr Barnes lived there himself for some years—he could scarcely be said to occupy it; being a bachelor, his belongings and himself barely filled a corner. By-and-by, some other speculations went awry; Mr Barnes was ruined, and died, eventually, in the county union. Then the mortgagee took possession, and finding another

sanguine man, sold him the house for about one-third of the sum it cost Barnes. After that, it made a few intermittent, spasmodic, and unavailing efforts to earn a livelihood. At various times, it was a boarding-house without boarders, an hotel without guests, a school without pupils, and a hydropathic establishment without patients. Then it gave up the battle, and for several years lay void and lethargic—its only use in the world being that of serving as a capital landmark to the Channel pilots, or a warning to speculators who might fancy that Oversea could be made anything of.

Shortly after Cuthbert Wrey entered upon his duties as curate of St Nicholas, Barnes' Folly took a new start. The gossip of the place said that a rich widow, now the owner of the deserted mansion, had made up her mind to reside in it. It is not clear how Mrs Blatchford became possessed of such an undesirable property; probably it was by way of mortgage; but it had been hers for several years, and her intentions were as gossip asserted. The shuttered windows were once more opened; painters, plasterers, and paper-hangers spent a busy and profitable three months in the house; van-loads of furniture arrived, and Barnes' Folly was again inhabited.

As no one save an eccentric person would have lived in such a house from choice, the Oversea folk were not surprised at finding that Mrs Blatchford was eccentric. She was a widow of about fifty-five—without, so far as people knew, son, daughter, or near relative. She was haughty as a Spaniard, proud as Lucifer, and cold as the east wind. She lived in dreary solitude in the big house, neither going into society nor entertaining company. That she was rich, was self-evident; but no one knew the true extent of her wealth. To those of her own station with whom chance brought her into contact, she was repellently polite; to her inferiors, she was rigidly just. She subscribed to the various local charities in a severe, business-like, but substantial manner; and, although living alone, her establishment was conducted on a liberal scale, most comforting to the Oversea tradesmen. She drove about in her great carriage, a stately solitary lady; and with the exception of Cuthbert Wrey, no one in the neighbourhood could be said to stand on terms of friendship with her.

Curiously enough, between Mrs Blatchford and the curate something very much like friendship had existed for some years. As in duty bound, he had called upon her shortly after her arrival. It may be his natural manner and pleasant words had made an impression upon her—anyway, he had not found her so stern and repellent as she appeared to her other visitors. A little while afterwards, he had been able to render her a trifling service, or so it appeared; but it had in all probability saved her house from becoming the prey of burglars. Since then, the solitary lady had shown him decided marks of her favour. Cuthbert was a gentleman, and if a very poor one, perfectly independent—far too much so, to let the rich lady imagine she was in any way condescending by showing him friendship. Moreover, he was a clever, clear-headed man, such as a woman likes to consult when any difficulties arise in her business affairs. So Mrs Blatchford found not only his society entertaining, but, on

occasions, his help and advice valuable. Thus it was that he was the one person she seemed glad to see; and for a long time he had been, if not the only visitor, the only welcome visitor at The Folly.

On his side, when he had penetrated the veil of reserve with which she covered herself, Cuthbert found her an intellectual, well-informed woman. From chance remarks, he decided that her nature had been spoiled and her life soured by some great grief; and he soon found that she possessed an iron will, and determination to have her own way at any cost. Yet she was not exacting or unreasonable; and to him, whose interests could in nowise clash with her own, she appeared a sincere, if somewhat undemonstrative friend. It can scarcely be said that he loved her—her nature was not a lovable one—perhaps it was good-natured pity at her loneliness that induced him to visit her so often and to trouble himself about her affairs. Certainly it was with no thought of personal advantage—unless it were for the use of her well-stocked library; although malicious people who knew not Cuthbert, wagged ill-natured tongues, and prophesied that one day the strangely assorted pair of friends would forget the disparity of their years.

During the last few months, it had been the man's turn to want an adviser. His doubts as to his fitness for the profession he had chosen, needed to be ventilated. Each day, the feeling that he must no longer remain in the Church grew stronger and stronger; yet he dreaded taking the final step. Mrs Blatchford had given him good counsel, and advised him to act as honesty of purpose impelled him. Only the day before she was taken ill, she had said, with more feeling than he had ever known her exhibit: 'Mr Wrey, you are my friend, perhaps my only friend. I can see you are troubled. Make an end to this, and be yourself once more. I am as fond of you as I am of any one in the world. I am old enough to be your mother. If you want money for a fresh start in life, you must take it from me.'

Cuthbert had declined the offer, firmly but gratefully. If he left the Church for conscience-sake, he must make some sacrifice, or he would not feel right in his own mind. Still, he was glad to think that this stern, proud woman was so kindly disposed towards him.

Since that day, he had not seen her. The next day, she was taken seriously ill, and doctors and nurses were summoned. Of course he had called regularly until to-day, when his duties had been so heavy, he could not find time to mount the hill. And yesterday he had heard she was so much better.

The horses struggled bravely to the top of the hill on which The Folly stood, braving the fury of the storm. A grave servant, whose face spoke of impending calamity, showed Cuthbert into the library, where the doctor joined him.

'She has been delirious all day,' he said—'calling for her son.'

'Her son! Has she a son?' asked Cuthbert, surprised.

'She must have; and by the way she talks, I should think he had been but little joy to her. Consciousness returned about an hour ago, but it means the end. She asks for you continually, and you are barely in time. Come with me.'

He was barely in time. Mrs Blatchford was dying fast. Her aquiline features were sharp and drawn; but her face bore a softer expression than Cuthbert could remember having seen upon it. He knelt beside her and took her hand. Seeing she strove to speak, he leant his ear close to her lips. 'Under my pillow,' were the only words he could catch. He put his hand as directed, and drew forth a letter addressed to himself.

'Shall I read it?' he asked softly.

The slight movement she was able to make was a negative one. Cuthbert again bent down to catch her faint words. 'Read it,' she gasped—'after my funeral—alone. Promise—swear you will obey it to the letter.'

'So far as I consistently can, I swear—I promise, on my honour as a gentleman.'

His words seemed to satisfy her. He felt the faintest pressure of her fingers; then, like one who has done with worldly things, she sank once more into stupor. The doctor, until now, had, from feelings of delicacy, drawn aside. He came near and shook his head ominously. Nothing more could be done.

Yet she awoke again. Her fingers tightened round Cuthbert's, and her disengaged hand seemed trying to find him through darkness. She even spoke again, and her voice, although faint, was distinct and passionate. 'My son—my only child! You have come back at last—at last. But it is too late. I forgave, but I could not forget. I have done it for the best, darling.—He is a true man, and will keep his oath.—Good-bye. You have come back, and I fear nothing.'

So Honoria Blatchford died, happy in the merciful delusion that the hand she held was that of the son with whom, years ago, she had parted in anger, and whom she had never since seen.

### THE SENSE OF SMELL.

Of all the senses possessed by that 'protean animal' man, not one is more easily dispensed with than that of smell. It must be within the experience of many of us to have met individuals enjoying good health, spirits, and intellectual activity, and yet quite devoid of the power of perceiving odours. Still, we may accept it as an axiom, that just as there is no waste and nothing unnecessary in the material world, so the deprivation of the faculty of smell is a loss of one source of pleasure, of one of the outworks of animal life, and without it we are all more liable to the intrusion of matters into our bodies of a hurtful character, often, perhaps, to the exclusion of material that might be useful, pleasurable, and necessary. The perfect animal is capable of most acute emotions both of pain and pleasure; but as experience teaches us that these terms are relative to each other, so we find that those organisations rendered imperfect by training, surroundings, or formation of unhealthy habits, are often pleausurably affected by circumstances which would cause distress, disease, or even death to the perfectly normal and healthy constitution. These observations of course hold true for all our senses; but confining our remarks strictly to the subject in hand, we

will jot down a few facts relating to what may be termed the healthy and unhealthy use of the olfactory organs.

A man blessed with the full power of smell goes through this world possessed, as we have already said, of a pleasure, sensual perhaps, but still a pleasure, hardly second to any afforded him by the other faculties. There is no mind, 'barbarian or Greek,' that is not—often unconsciously—influenced by the perfumes or the malodours that one may meet with in the daily course. Take the scents of the flowers. Who is there that proceeding along some leafy country lane, does not encounter a delicate odour, which irresistibly carries his memory back to days when, younger and freer from real care, he gambled amongst the gems of nature to which the suggesting perfume belongs—

The smell of violets, hidden in the green,  
Pours back into my empty soul and frame  
The time when I remembered to have been  
Joyful and free from blame.

This power of association is indeed the most remarkable of all the phenomena which demand attention when studying this subject. An instance is on record of a lawyer whose delight was to get within range of a farmyard. And why? His childhood had been spent amid the sights, sounds, and scents that surround the farmhouse; and so the familiar ammoniacal exhalations carried him back to the green fields and rustic pleasures of his youthful home.

The writer has himself met with an individual whom the noisome smell of sulphuretted hydrogen gratified and pleased. His explanation was, that many of his happiest days were spent as a student in a well-known chemical laboratory, where certainly that smell prevailed to an unusual extent. A kindred smell, namely, that of rotten eggs, is highly appreciated by the Chinese; but this, of course, is rather a cultivated preference than one due to association. Similarly, asafetida and valerian are the delight of many Eastern nations. A French author tells us of a young lady who loved beyond all perfumes the smell of old books. Perhaps, with affectionate solicitude, she had been the constant attendant upon some old bookworm of a father or guardian, and hence the leathery mustiness took her back to days when, quietly happy, she seemed to recognise in the dusty tomes living and trusty friends.

Many instances are mentioned by different authorities of persons being rendered faint, or otherwise painfully affected, by such odours as musk, civet, and even in some cases by the more generally agreeable one of the rose. Often, however, this effect is due more to imagination than to anything else; for example, Dr Carpellini tells us of a lady who could not bear the smell of the rose, and actually fainted on receiving a visit from a friend who carried one; and yet the flower, the cause of all the trouble, was an artificial one, and quite innocent of scent!

Many uncivilised tribes, compelled by their lack of other resources to cultivate to perfection the animal senses, are able to smell as keenly as the bloodhound, and can track their objects of search for miles, aided only by the marvellous delicacy of their olfactory nerves. Blind persons also often experience this extraordinary exaltation



of the sense. A blind gentleman who had formed a morbid antipathy to cats, acquired thereby a sense of smell so keen, that he could tell the proximity of pussy even where several doors intervened between him and the object of his dislike, and when he had no means of acquiring a knowledge of its presence except by the exercise of the nerves of smell.

Some ingenious minds have thrown out a suggestion, that we might teach the blind to read by having an odour to represent each letter of the alphabet. Sydney Smith remarked: 'We may even live to see the day when men may be taught to smell out their learning, and when a fine scenting-day shall be considered as one peculiarly favourable to study.' We are afraid, however, that the nose as an appreciator of odours is too delicate an organ, and too readily dulled, to have so much thrown upon it. The constant smelling of one odour, as is well known, quickly destroys our perception of that particular one. Richelieu used to live in an atmosphere so perfume-laden as positively to be painful to his visitors, whilst he himself was unconscious of the suspicion of a smell. More practical illustrations can be quoted from the personal experience of many of us. Go into the great majority of National, British, or Board schoolrooms when they are thronged with the children and teachers; directly you enter, you are assailed by the repulsive greasy odour caused by the organic exhalations from the bodies and clothes of the inmates. You complain of the smell, and suggest a want of ventilation; but in nine cases out of ten, the master or mistress strenuously denies the existence of any smell whatever, and avers that the ventilating appliances have met with the approval of the omniscient inspector, and evidently marks you down as a fastidious 'fusser.'

Or call on a friend, one of whose unwritten laws is the avoidance of draughts. You are ushered into a hall redolent of all the dinners and other meals that have been consumed during the past week, and you gladly and hopefully pass on to the drawing-room, which you find, however, is also bathed in an atmosphere the odour of which is indefinable, but decidedly not sweet. You endeavour to obtain your friend's ideas on smells and so forth; and gradually you discover, by cautious sounding, that he looks upon his abode as a model of what a well-ventilated, inodorous residence should be. You sigh to yourself, and enter your host on your mental tablets as another example of one who has lost the power of appreciating certain disagreeable odours by too constant an experience of them.

Those employed in occupations such as bone-boiling, chemical-manure making, and the like, are able to exist amid smells of the most sickening character, in virtue of this same fact.

From these instances, we ought to be able to derive some notion of the advantages to be gained from the sense of smell. We are endowed with olfactory nerves to enable us to distinguish dangers to our health co-existing with odours repugnant to a normal sense of smell, and also to excite lively and pleasurable emotions, which may help to make an oftentimes weary struggle more bearable. At the same time, if we would fully avail ourselves of the services offered by our power to smell, we must carefully avoid too prolonged an indulgence

in any one odour; and we must remember, that although a bad smell in itself may not be specifically poisonous, it will yet have a tendency to lower the health; and it may be the forerunner, or at anyrate the indicator of the existence of disease, or the conditions of disease.

### BLUE FLOWERS AND BEES.

WE have long seen that Nature never sought to make a secret of the fact that insects owe their very life to flowers; and now it is no novelty to remark that the benefit is absolutely mutual, and that without the industry of insects certain flowers would actually cease to exist. Both English and foreign naturalists have placed the matter beyond a doubt; and Darwin's convincing experiments upon the superiority of cross-fertilised over self-fertilised flowers are fresh in every mind. The subject has been already touched on in this *Journal*; and discovery leading on to discovery, some very curious facts have lately been elicited with regard to the preference shown by hitherto supposed illogical creatures for certain colours.

It is true that close observers have long been aware that beetles, bees, and flies display manifest likings for different kinds of plants; that certain flowers are only visited by certain insects, which will pass over many apparently tempting honey-cups in a diligent search for the particular one they prefer; but by what rules they are habitually guided, it has been thought impossible to discover. Now, by some still more recent investigations, we are led to think many insects are provided with a colour-sense; that small flies as a rule prefer white; most beetles, yellow; and that blue flowers are specialised for fertilisation by bees; blue being the favourite colour of bees, and the adaptation having gone on *pari passu* on both sides; so that as the bee-flowers grew bluer, bees grew fonder and fonder of blue; and as they grew fonder of blue, they have more and more constantly preferred the bluest flowers.

But before getting up to this point, it must be understood that every plant has a long history of its own, and that this history leads us on through a wonderful series of continuous metamorphoses. In the earliest flowers, there were simply leaves, stamens, and ovules; the stamen and ovary being by origin modified leaves. All stamens show a tendency to become flattened out into petals. In the centre of the water-lily—one of the simplest types of flowers—a regular gradation from the perfect stamen to the perfect petal may be traced. We find the ordinary stamen with stalks and yellow anthers; and then the stalks grow broader, and pollen sacs less perfect; then a few stamens like petals, only they have imperfect anthers at the very top; and then the true petals. There are many other cases in which the stamens seem to have turned into petals; in almost all double flowers, the outer petals are produced from the inner stamens. Evolution is generally traceable, and the parent form does not always die out. The duckweed still exists the most primitive flower of all, consisting of a stamen and a pistil growing out of the edge of the leaf, and hardly to be seen without a lens; but the pistil contains true seeds, and it is thought that all existing flowering-plants are descended from this inconspicuous original one. By degrees, insects

visiting the tiny flowers and cross-fertilising them, brought stronger and better blossoms to bloom; several stamens and several carpels made compound flowers out of simple single ones; stamens gradually crowded out from the middle, became flattened into petals; and petals changed from their original white or yellow, beginning first to be variegated, various pigments being contained in the ordinary tissues of plants, and requiring but little modification to produce pink, purple, and blue.

These different hues being laid up in the tissues of plants—an example of which is familiar to us all in the varying tints of autumn leaves—a faint colour-change is not an unlikely accident. Soil, climate, and cultivation are known to alter the original colours of flowers. The wild forget-me-not wanders from yellow to pink, from pink to blue; the wallflower turns from yellow to red, violet, and purple; and it is quite fair to believe that through the selective agency of insects, one particular colour being chiefly visited by them, either by chance or actual preference, that colour may be transmitted through generations, until it becomes a permanent one. Sir John Lubbock, after a series of experiments, arrives at the conclusion that blue is the favourite colour of bees. That they possess a sense of colour, there can be no manner of doubt. By placing honey on slips of glass resting on black, white, yellow, orange, blue, green, and red paper, he found that however often the slips might be transposed, the blue was the one preferred; yet, in a list of plants best loved by bees, given in Wood's Manual for their management, not a single really blue flower finds a place. We know, however, that blue flowers are comparatively rare, and it would appear that the spontaneous variations which make towards blue are less frequent than those which make towards pink, red, purple, or orange. Monkshood, larkspur, and columbine are chiefly fertilised by bees; and Darwin, watching the flight of a humble-bee from a tall larkspur in full flower to another plant of the same species at the distance of fifteen yards, which had not yet a single flower open, thinks that they were able to recognise it by the buds, which showed a tinge of blue.

Colour would seem to vary most on the most curiously developed flowers; and those which have been most highly specialised are usually purple, lilac, or blue. Now, bees and butterflies may be said to be highly specialised insects; and Grant Allen draws from this, that if the more specialised and modified flowers, which gradually fitted their forms and the position of their honey glands to the forms of bees or butterflies, showed a natural tendency to pass from yellow, through pink and red, to purple and blue, it would follow that the insects which were being evolved side by side with them; and which were aiding at the same time in their evolution, would grow to recognise these developed colours as the visible symbols of those flowers from which they could obtain the largest amount of honey with the least possible trouble.

Darwin unconsciously adds weight to a deduction which at first sight seems to be almost too poetic and fanciful, by remarking that self-fertilised flowers are generally uniform in tint; whilst it is the habit of cross-fertilised ones to become darker. Should we be able to follow these arguments step

by step, there will no longer be any hesitation in the matter; we shall no longer find any difficulty in believing that since blue is the especial symbol of advancement, the aristocratic bee should constantly prefer it.

#### A 'POOR' RICH MAN.

On a summer morn—long faded  
Into distance of the Past—  
In a chamber warm and shaded,  
By an awful gloom pervaded,  
A 'poor' rich man breathed his last.

'Mid the outside beauty lying  
Round his fair and stately home,  
Sad and lonely he lay dying—  
Only summer winds were sighing,  
Only raindrops broke the gloom.

All around was wealth and splendour;  
Yet no weeper came to shed  
Tears of sorrow, true and tender—  
Such as only love can render—  
By his solitary bed!

Hirelings, set to watch, had slumbered  
As his dying breath he drew,  
For they knew his hours were numbered,  
And they cared not, nor were cumbered  
With Love's servings, kind and true.

(Love had stood, perchance, and waited  
To retrieve the dying breath,  
Till the agony abated,  
Till the spirit worn, belated,  
Fled into the arms of Death!)

With observance high and stately,  
He was borne unto his tomb;  
And hired mourners, all sedately—  
Who had laughed aloud so lately—  
Wore long faces full of gloom!

While the muffled bells tolled slowly  
From the belfry overhead,  
And the 'De Profundis' holy,  
Sung by voices melancholy,  
Sounded, for the silent dead!

Only when his head was covered  
With the earth all brown and cold,  
Pitying eyes at last discovered  
One poor woman's form, which hovered  
O'er the silent, voiceless mould.

Only one he had forsaken  
And betrayed in her lost youth,  
Came to mourn—as if o'ertaken  
By her grief—as if to waken  
Him to honour, love, and truth.

Yea, she wept as if despairing,  
With a heart by anguish torn,  
While the idle crowd, uncaring,  
Some with bitter jests unsparing,  
Mocked her! pallid and forlorn!

J. H.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fourth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No. 1037.—VOL. XX. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1883.

PRICE 1½d.

## THE BYWAYS OF NATIONAL FINANCE.

IN an article on the National Ledger (No. 980 of this *Journal*), we lately presented our readers with a brief account of the debit and credit sides of a balance-sheet which deals with the vast sum of nearly one hundred millions sterling per annum, and showed whence this magnificent income is derived, and into what services it is divided, for the purpose of carrying on the Queen's government. We, however, dealt only with the immense sums received in the aggregate from various sources, and expended upon the various services, or departments, into which the administrative power of the State is divided; and although we gave a few curious details with regard to some of the items which figure on both sides of the vast account, we by no means exhausted the stock of curiosities with which a long and tedious search into the byways of the national finance has made us familiar. Most of our readers are of course aware that although it is to his ledger that the merchant turns to ascertain how his business stands, it is to the daybook, or rough account, that he must go to obtain a knowledge of those items which, like the bricks in a house, serve to build up the edifice of which he is justly proud. It is to the national daybook, therefore, that we now direct the attention of our readers, while, like patient showmen, we exhibit some of the facts and curiosities of the colossal work which is both the terror and pride of the British taxpayer.

The first principal portion of the national revenue is that which is described under the head of 'Customs,' and though comparatively few articles, amongst the shiploads of merchandise which are daily brought to our shores, are subjected to a customs-tariff, it is astonishing to find that this branch of the revenue-creating departments of the government brings in no less a sum than twenty millions in round figures. Tobacco brings into the exchequer annually the large sum of nine millions for customs-duty alone, showing that the national pipe is a very capacious one, and that we ought first to glance about us

at home, ere calling the Germans a 'nation of smokers.' Nine millions! And the quantity imported for 1881-2 reached the surprising total of fifty millions eight hundred and thirty-nine thousand two hundred and twenty-nine pounds' weight—of which only seventy pounds was snuff! The real value of this great quantity of tobacco is not more than about three millions sterling, and the duty raises it to nine. This means, that out of, say, threepence paid for an ounce of tobacco, twopence goes to the government, and only a penny to the dealer. Tea, at the moderate charge of sixpence a pound duty, produces a yearly sum of nearly four millions, the quantity taxed in 1881-2 being about two hundred and ten millions of pounds! Coffee, at twopence duty on the pound, only brought in about two hundred thousand pounds. Raisins, figs, prunes, cocoa, chicory, beer, wine, mum, and spruce, are the other eatables and drinkables which have to pay custom to the State, but which, some day or another, will doubtless be admitted free of any duty. Gold and silver plate are also taxed by the customs authorities, and there is a heavy inland duty on the home produce of these precious metals.

The Excise duty on alcoholic drinks brings into the national exchequer twenty-three millions sterling; but it is encouraging to the friends of temperance to find that this source of income is gradually and surely diminishing year by year.

The tax on dogs seems to have been a happy thought; for, by the energetic collection made by the Inland Revenue officers in the year 1881-2, the handsome sum of three hundred thousand pounds has accrued to the national exchequer. This tax, like all new taxes which are more than usually unpopular, was evaded to such an extent in the first year or two of its existence as to render it comparatively valueless. In the year 1878, however, the Inland Revenue authorities instituted some twenty thousand prosecutions, which soon had the desired effect. The room in the Inland Revenue department at Somerset

House in which the registers of these proceedings are kept is known by the name of the 'Dogs' Office,' and the clerks employed therein as 'Jolly Dogs.' This tax has produced one great national advantage in the disappearance from our streets of numberless canine prowlers, and has thus been the means of reducing the risk run from that terrible and distressing disease, hydrophobia.

Under the head of 'Stamps' we find the probate and legacy duties—or, as some call them, the death-duties—producing a sum of seven millions; and these are perhaps the most justifiable and least irritating of all the national imposts. One item in this part of our daybook has a very questionable complexion, and is—or appears to be, to say the least of it—a heavy tax upon education. We refer to the sum of twelve thousand pounds, or thereabouts, which is received by the Civil Service Commission as 'examination fees.' These fees are taken from successful and unsuccessful candidates alike, and are never returned, although in many instances the few shillings required have been scraped together in the face of many untold hardships by the half-starved, out-of-a-situation city clerk. Of course, we speak here of the candidates for writerships, who, if they pass the examination, find that their fate is to be the slaves of the service with plenty of hard work, but very little pay. The City merchant who would take advantage of the hundreds of needy applicants for place by fining them two shillings and sixpence each, and so accumulating therefrom a handsome income, would be scouted from the society of decent traders, and yet this is exactly what the State does under the somewhat misleading term of 'examination fees.' Until quite lately, the fee paid by candidates for writerships was five shillings.

Patent medicines and playing-cards increase the national income by one hundred and fifty thousand pounds in the case of the former, and fourteen thousand in that of the latter, the gross total for stamps used as 'fees' being about six hundred and fifty thousand pounds. While we are on this subject of fees, it is worthy of notice that a sum of about five thousand pounds annually is received by the Registrar-General's Department (England) for copies of certificates of births, deaths, and marriages, supplied to the public for legal and other purposes.

The old window-tax—or the tax upon light, as it used to be appropriately termed—finds a substitute nowadays in the inhabited house duty, which, with the land-tax—known together as the Queen's taxes—brings into John Bull's capacious purse nearly three millions of money. But perhaps the most inquisitorial and annoying of all our imposts is the income-tax, which is so elastic and of so handy a nature, that every Chancellor of the Exchequer flies to it, the moment an increase of revenue is required, for the purpose of restoring the financial equilibrium.

Without making any special reference to that most useful of all the public departments the Post-office, we may remark that its receipts for stamps alone exceed eight millions sterling.

A curious item is that of discharge-money, smart-money, and forfeited pay from the army and navy, which for the year 1881-2 amounted to more than seventy thousand pounds. Discharges from the army are now obtained on payment of ten pounds, instead of twenty as formerly; while, if the soldier remains seven years with the colours, he is paid twenty-one pounds by the State, as deferred pay, and permitted to retire into Civil life (in the Reserve), with a further payment of sixpence a day for five years longer, when he becomes free again. What an improvement on the old state of things!

The Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum shows a payment into the exchequer of seven thousand pounds 'for maintenance'—money, we may presume, wrung by Act of Parliament from many a poor person for the faults or misfortunes of others. In the same category we may place the receipts from the reformatories and industrial schools of the United Kingdom, which—being 'parental contributions for maintenance of children,' &c.—amount to the sum of twenty-four thousand pounds.

Convict labour in England and the colonies is remunerative to the extent of eighteen thousand pounds, and county courts pay the exchequer half a million; while the value of the old precept, 'Waste not, want not,' is exemplified by the fact that the Stationery Office saves the country by the sale of waste-paper alone the sum of eleven thousand pounds! 'Void' money orders gave the state a nice little present of five thousand pounds; while perhaps the most curious of all these items is the repayment into Her Majesty's Treasury of two thousand pounds as 'money which the recipient did not desire to retain.' We hope he may never have to ask for it again!

Having thus extracted from the debit side of this vast account some of the most interesting details, and pondered with our readers over the curiosities therein revealed, we will now glance at the credit items, which are quite as deserving of our close and serious attention. We cannot, of course, in the brief space at our disposal, give one half of the interesting and instructive matter which the parliamentary blue-books contain on this vital subject of the national accounts; and indeed, our purpose is only to give those of our readers who have no time to study the matter for themselves, some idea of the manner in which the large sums which form the revenue of the country are collected and expended.

For the 'receipt of custom' alone, five thousand two hundred and twenty-three clerks, collectors, and other officials were required in 1881-2, at an expense to the State of one million for salaries, &c.; and for the collection of the inland revenue (excise, &c.), five thousand nine hundred and sixty-five persons were employed, at an expenditure for salaries of nearly two millions. The largest of the national establishments is the Post-office, which employs nearly fifty thousand



persons, at a cost of five millions and a half. The Education Department for England, though only employing eight hundred and six officials, shows an outlay of three millions of the public money. The Office of Works, with three thousand seven hundred officials, cost the country last year more than one million; and the Home Office, with only four hundred and twelve *employes*, a million and three-quarters.

There are nearly eighty departments in all, in which a whole army of clerks and other officials are employed, at a cost for the current year of twenty-five million two hundred and ninety-two thousand two hundred and eighteen pounds. The Civil Service has been likened to a large beehive, and the comparison is, in one respect at least, a very good one. For instance, if we take any one of these huge Civil departments, we shall discover therein the usual appearance of a beehive, with its inhabitants divided into the same classes of workers and drones. But there is this great difference—that whereas in the beehive proper the 'workers' are the best treated, in these State beehives the very opposite principle too often is applied.

A very large hole is made in the national income by the army and navy, as represented by the Admiralty and War Office departments. For the current year, it is estimated that nearly thirty millions will be required to be expended on these two services alone. This wonderful sum of money, if it could be applied to other uses, would suffice to relieve the land of pauperism; while if we joined to it the millions annually expended in drink, we should in a very few years be able to rid the world of more than half the human wretchedness it contains.

Amongst the greatest curiosities of the national accounts is that vast iniquity which is the result of folly in the policy of our ancestors, and which is popularly termed the national debt. Here, again, the State is called upon to pay a yearly sum of twenty-eight millions as interest alone. The 'debt,' which before the Revolution of 1688 was called the 'King's Debt,' was at that time no larger than six hundred thousand pounds; but it increased by leaps and bounds as soon as it was made 'national,' until in 1883 it reaches the enormous total of nearly eight hundred millions! Imagination fails to grasp the magnitude of such a sum, and cannot speculate as to how much better the world would have been had it been applied to higher and nobler purposes than the mere art of slaying our fellow-men.

The grand total of payments during the past year on behalf of our royal family was in round numbers about nine hundred thousand pounds, excluding the cost of the royal parks, which would make the whole sum over a million.

Leaving the region of these immense sums, we will now direct our attention to the real curiosities of the expenditure side of the day-book, which are to be found in the numerous payments out of the public purse for purposes that cannot fail to amuse and surprise our readers. The pension list alone contains a mine of wealth of this description, one of the most curious items being the payment annually of sixteen hundred and twenty pounds four shillings (!) to the 'heirs of the Earl of Kinnoull.' The

story of this grant is as follows: In the year 1627, Charles I. gave the Caribbee Islands in the West Indies to the Earl of Carlisle. At the death of Lord Carlisle's son, the grant devolved to his cousin the Earl of Kinnoull, from whom Charles II. bought back the proprietary rights which his father had granted to the Earl of Carlisle, giving him in lieu thereof an annuity of a thousand pounds, payable from the four-and-a-half per cent. duties levied on exports from the islands. It is now charged to the consolidated fund. But it has long since been assigned out of the family to which it was granted; and the so-called 'heirs' to whom the money is now paid are persons who have bought the right to the annuity as one would buy ordinary railway shares.

Another curiosity in this way is a sum of sixty-two pounds nine shillings and eightpence, which was granted to the Duke of Grafton by Charles II. as compensation for the loss of office as clerk of the pipe! This is also in alien hands, a later Duke having been so ungracious as to sell so curious an annuity out of the family. Yet another State curiosity is the annuity which is known as the Duke of Schomberg's pension, and which amounts annually to nine hundred and eighty-four pounds. This money is paid to persons who are called the 'heirs of unredeemed fractions!' These 'heirs' are six persons, whose shares vary from three hundred and fifty to fifty pounds.

Loss of office under the Crown seems to be a highly remunerative transaction, to judge by the handsome pensions which John Bull pays to men who have only been a few years in his service. In the year 1880, for instance, no less than fifty-seven clerks under fifty years of age, and thirty-seven under forty, were pensioned off for various causes, on sums varying from one hundred and fifty to seven hundred pounds per annum! Indeed, it has lately become quite the fashion in the Civil Service for an office which wishes to benefit certain of its *employes* at the expense of others, to apply to the Treasury for a reorganisation. It presents a scheme which the Treasury either accepts in its entirety, or modifies or extends, as it seems best to the powers that be. A rush is made at John Bull's purse. A few individuals retire from the service on handsomer pensions than they ought to have been paid as salaries, and with heavy bonuses beside; while their places are filled by Writers, who are compelled to do for tenpence an hour—with no other prospect or advantage—the work for which the retiring pensioners received splendid salaries. We will only give one instance of this kind of curiosity. It is the case of a clerk who elected to leave the service at *forty-one* years of age. He entered it at sixteen, served twenty-five years, and was receiving a salary of four hundred pounds a year. On leaving, he received a bonus of one thousand pounds, and a pension of two hundred and fifty. And this is but a sample case of the curiosities of the pension-list; indeed, it is crowded with them.

We trust we have written enough, however, to illumine to a certain extent the dim and narrow byways and recesses of English finance, or at least to create in the minds of our readers an inclination to search for themselves into the

musty records of the past, or the pleasant volumes which, clothed in the azure uniform of the State, adorn many a bookseller's stall in the streets of London.

## THE ROSERY FOLK.

### CHAPTER XII.—A WIFE'S APPEAL.

Two months of the life of John Scales passed away, during which he had three opportunities of gaining good additions to his practice, but in each case he set himself so thoroughly in opposition to the medical men with whom he was to be associated, that they one and all combined against him; and the heterodox professor of strange ideas of his own had the satisfaction of learning that his services would be dispensed with.

'It doesn't matter,' he said to himself. 'I'm a deal happier as I am. Strange I haven't heard from James Scarlett, by the way. I'll give him a look in at his office. What a paradise of a place the Rosery is! I wonder how the Diana is that I met—Lady Martlett. If I were an artist, I should go mad to paint her. As I'm a doctor,' he added reflectively, 'I should like her as a patient.'

'I shall be ready to believe in being influenced, if this sort of thing goes on,' said the doctor, a couple of hours later, as he read a letter from Mrs Scarlett, giving him a long and painful account of his friend's state of health.

'Had four different doctors down,' read Scales. 'Hum—ha, of course—would have asked me to come too, but they refused to meet me. Ha! I'm getting a nice character, somehow. Say they can do no more. Humph! Wonder at that. Growing moral, I suppose. Might have made a twelve-month's job of it. Humph! Cousin, Mr Arthur Prayle, been so kind. Given up everything to attend to dear James's affairs. I shouldn't like him to have anything to do with mine. Will I come down at once? James wishes it. Well, I suppose I must, poor old chap. They've been dosing him to death. Poor old boy! the shock of that drowning could hardly have kept up till now.' The upshot of it was that the doctor ran down that afternoon.

Next morning, on entering the study, he found Mrs Scarlett and Prayle seated at the table, the latter leaning towards his cousin's wife, and apparently pointing to something, in a small clasped book, with the very sharply pointed pencil that he held in his hand.

Prayle started, and shifted his position quickly. Mrs Scarlett did not move, beyond looking up at the doctor anxiously, as his stern face was turned towards her.

'I beg your pardon,' he said; 'I did not know that you were engaged.'

'Mr Prayle was explaining some business matters to me,' said Mrs Scarlett. 'Don't go away. You said you should like to talk to me this morning.'

'Yes,' replied the doctor coldly; 'but the business will keep.'

'O no; don't go,' said Mrs Scarlett anxiously.

'Perhaps I shall be *de trop*,' said Prayle smoothly.

'Well, Mr Prayle, perhaps you would kindly give me half an hour.'

'Certainly,' cried Prayle, with a great assumption of frankness.—'Mrs Scarlett will tell me, perhaps, when she would like to go on with these accounts?'

'Oh, at any time, Arthur,' said Mrs Scarlett anxiously. 'Pray, do not think I am slighting them; but this seems of so much more importance now.'

'When and where you please,' said Prayle softly. 'Don't study me. I have only my cousin's interest at heart.' He rose, smiling, and left the room; but the smile passed off Prayle's countenance as the door closed; and he went out angry-looking and biting his lip, to walk up and down the garden, turning from time to time to the book he held in his hand.

The doctor was very quiet and grave, as he took the chair pointed to by Mrs Scarlett; and as he gazed at her rather fixedly, his face seemed to harden.

'I am very glad you have come,' she said. 'James seems to be more restful and confident, now you are here. He always thought so much of you.'

'We were such old companions; perhaps that is it.'

'Well, you have seen him again this morning. You said I was to give you time. Now, tell me what you think. You find him better?'

'I must be frank with you, Mrs Scarlett,' said the doctor. 'No; I do not.'

'And I was so hopeful!' said the poor woman piteously.

'It would be folly for me not to speak plainly—I think cruelty. I find him worse.'

Mrs Scarlett let her head go down upon her hands, covering her face, and the doctor thought that she was weeping; but at the end of a minute, she raised her head again, and looked at her visitor, dry-eyed but pale. 'Go on,' she said in a voice full of suppressed pain.

'I cannot help telling you plainly what I think.'

'No; of course not. Pray, hide nothing from me.'

'Well, it seems to me,' he continued, 'that in bringing him back as it were to life, I left part of my work undone.'

'O no!' cried Mrs Scarlett.

'Yes; I brought back his body to life and activity, but I seem to have left behind much of his brain. That seems half dead. He is no longer the man he was.'

'No,' sighed Mrs Scarlett. 'What you say is true; but surely,' she cried, 'you can cure him now.'

The doctor remained silent and thoughtful for a few minutes. 'I think when I was down here—at the time of the accident—I told you at the table about a patient I was attending—a gentleman suffering from a peculiar nervous ailment.'

'O yes, yes!' cried Mrs Scarlett. 'I remember. It seems to be burned into my brain, and I've lain awake night after night, thinking it was almost prophetic.'

'I've thought so too,' said the doctor drily, 'though I never fancied that I was going to join the prophets.'

'But you cured your patient?'

'No; I am sorry to say that my efforts have been vain. It is one of my failures; and I think it would be a pity for me to take up poor Scarlett's case.'

'But he wishes it—I wish it.'

'You have quite ceased going to Sir Morton Laurent?'

'O yes. He did my husband no good; and the excitement of going up to town—the train—the carriage—and the cab—and then seeing the doctor, always upset him dreadfully. I am sure the visits did him a great deal of harm.'

'Perhaps so, in his nervous state. Maybe, under the circumstances, you were wise to give them up.'

'I am sure I was,' responded Mrs Scarlett.

'And the local doctors?'

'He will not see them; he says they aggravate him with their stupid questions. And yet he must have medical advice.'

'How would it be if you took him abroad—say to some one or other of the baths? There you would get change of air, scene, the tonic waters for him to drink, and medical attendance on the spot.'

'No, no; no, no; it is impossible! You shall judge for yourself,' cried Mrs Scarlett. 'He would never bear the change. You will find that he is only satisfied when he is here at home—safe, he calls it, within the garden fences. He will not stir outside, and trembles even here at the slightest sound.'

'But surely you could hit upon some clever medical man who would be able to manage his case with skill, and in whom my poor friend would feel confidence.'

'Whom could I find? How could I find one?' exclaimed Mrs Scarlett. 'There is no one but you to whom I can appeal.'

'Is this truth, or acting?' thought Scales. 'Why does she want me here?'

'I have thought it all out so carefully,' continued Mrs Scarlett. 'You see he is alarmed at the very idea of a doctor coming near him.'

'And yet you bring me here.'

'Yes; you are his old schoolfellow, and he will welcome you as a friend. The fact of your being a doctor will not trouble him.'

'I see,' said Scales.

'Then, while being constantly in his company, you can watch every change.'

'Nice treacherous plan, eh, Mrs Scarlett!' said the doctor, laughing.

'Don't call it that,' she said pitifully. 'It is for his good.'

'Yes, yes; of course—of course. It's only giving him his powder in jam after all. But, tell me, if I agree to take his case in hand—'

'Which you will?' interrupted Mrs Scarlett.

'I don't know yet,' he replied drily. 'But supposing I do: how often would you want me to come down here?'

'How often?' echoed the lady, with her eyes dilating. 'I meant for you to come and live here until he is well.'

'Phee-ew!' whistled the doctor, and he sat back in his chair thinking and biting his nails. 'What does she mean?' he thought. 'Am I too hard upon her? Is my dislike prejudice, or am I justified in thinking her a woman as deceitful

as she is bad? If I am right, I am wanted down here to help some one or other of her plans. I won't stop. I'm sorry for poor Scarlett, and I might do him good, but—'

'You have considered the matter, and you will stay, doctor, will you not?' said Mrs Scarlett sweetly.

'No, madam; I do not think it would be fair to any of the parties concerned.'

'Doctor!' she cried appealingly, 'oh, pray, don't say that. Forgive me if I speak plainly. Is it a question of money? If it is, pray, speak. I'd give up half of what we have for my husband to be restored.'

'No, madam,' said the doctor bluntly; 'it is not a question of money. Several things combine to make me decline this offer; principally, I find a want of confidence in undertaking so grave a responsibility.'

'Doctor!' cried Mrs Scarlett, rising and standing before him, with one hand resting upon the table, 'you are trying to deceive me!'

'Indeed, madam—'

'You never liked me, doctor, from the hour I was engaged; you have never liked me since.'

'My dear Mrs Scarlett!—'

'Listen to me, doctor. A woman is never deceived upon such points as this; she as readily notes the fact when a man dislikes as when he admires. I have never injured you.'

'Never, madam.'

'I have, for my dear husband's sake, always longed to be your friend; but—be frank with me, doctor, as I am with you—you never gave me a place in your esteem.'

The doctor was silent.

'I don't know why,' continued Mrs Scarlett, with tears in her eyes, 'for I have always tried to win you to my side; but you have repelled me. You have been friendly and spoken kindly; but there was always a something behind. Doctor, why is all this— No; stop! Don't speak to me—don't say a word. What are my poor troubles, or your likes and dislikes, in the face of this terrible calamity? You dislike me, Doctor Scales. I do not dislike you; for I believe you to be an honourable man. Let us sink all our differences. No, I beg—I pray of you to stop here—to give up everything else to the study of my poor husband's case. My only hope is in you.'

As she made this appeal with an intensity of earnestness that was almost dramatic in its tone and action, the doctor imitated her movement and rose to his feet.

'Mrs Scarlett,' he said coldly, 'you are excited now, and you have said several things that perhaps would have been as well left unsaid. I will not reply to them; for I agree with you that the question of James Scarlett's health and restoration is one that should sweep away all petty differences. I trust that I have always treated my poor friend's wife with the greatest respect and deference, and that I always shall.'

'Yes, yes,' said Mrs Scarlett sadly; 'deference and respect;' and as she gazed at him, there was a pained and wistful look in her suffused eyes that seemed to make him hesitate for the moment; but as she added, rather bitterly—'that is all,' the way to his heart, that was beginning to open a little, reclosed, and he said sternly:

'No; I feel certain that it would be far better that I should not monopolise the treatment of my friend's case, and that.'—

'Hush!' exclaimed Mrs Scarlett quickly, for the door opened, and the object of their conversation, looking thin, pale, and with a scared and anxious expression on his countenance, came quickly into the room.

'Ah, Jack, here you are then!' he exclaimed. 'I've been looking for you everywhere. Here, come and sit and talk to me.'

'All right,' said the doctor, in his blunt way. 'What do you say to having out the ponies and giving me a drive?'

'Drive?—a drive?' repeated Scarlett uneasily. 'No, no. It is not fine enough.'

'Lovely, my dear fellow, as soon as you get outside.'

'No; not to-day, Jack. Don't ask me,' said Scarlett excitedly, as his wife sat down and took up a piece of work. 'The ponies are too fresh. They've done nothing lately, and one of them has developed a frightfully vicious temper. I shall have to sell them.'

'Let's go on the water, then; a row would do you good.'

Mrs Scarlett darted an imploring look at the doctor; but if intended to stay his speech, it came too late.

'Row? No!' said Scarlett with a shudder. 'I never go on the water now. My left wrist is so weak, I am afraid I have somehow sprained one of the tendons. Don't ask me to row.'

Mrs Scarlett darted a second imploring look at the doctor, and he saw it, as it seemed to him, to say: 'Pray, don't allude to the water;' but it was part of his endeavour to probe his friend's mental wound to the quick, and he went on: 'Laziness, you sybaritish old humbug! Very well, then; I'll give up the rowing, and we'll have the punt, and go and fish.'

'Impossible; the water is too thick, and I don't think there are any baits ready.'

'How tiresome!' said the doctor. 'I had made up my mind for a try at the barbel before I went back.'

'Before you went back?' cried Scarlett excitedly; and he caught his friend by the arm—'before you went back! What do you mean?'

'Mean, old fellow? Why, before I went back to London.'

'Why, you're not thinking of going back—of leaving me here alone—of leaving me—me—' He trailed off, leaving his sentence unfinished, and stood looking appealingly at his friend.

'Why, my dear boy, what nonsense you are talking,' replied Scales. 'Leave you—alone? Why, man, you've your aunt and your relatives. There's your cousin out there now.'

'Yes, yes—of course—I know. But don't go, Jack. I'm—I'm ill. I—I want you to set—to set me right. Don't—don't go and leave me, Jack.'

'Now, there's a wicked old impostor for you, Mrs Scarlett!' cried the doctor, going close up to his friend, catching him by both shoulders, giving him a bit of a shake, and then patting him on the chest and back. 'Not so stout as he was, but sound as a roach. Lungs without a weak spot. Heart pumping like a steam-engine—eyes

clear—skin as fresh as a daisy—and tongue as clean. Get out, you sham Abram! pretending a pain to get me to stay!'

'Yes, of course I'm quite well—quite well, Jack; but a trifle—just a trifle low. I thought you'd stop with me, and take—take care of me a bit and put me right. I'm—I'm so lonely down here now.'

Mrs Scarlett did not speak; but there was a quiver of the lip, and a look in her eyes as she turned them upon the doctor, that disarmed him.

'She does care for him,' he said to himself. 'She must care for him.'

'I tell you what it is,' he said aloud; 'you've been overdoing it in those confounded greenhouses of yours. Too much hot air, moist carbonic acid gas, and that sort of thing.—Mrs Scarlett, he has been thinking a deal more of his melons than of his health.'

'Yes; he does devote a very, very great deal of attention to them,' assented Mrs Scarlett eagerly.

'To be sure, and it is not good for him.—You must go up to town more and attend to business.'

'Yes, of course; I mean to—soon,' said Scarlett, with his eyes wandering from one to the other.

'Here, you must beg off with Mrs. Scarlett, and come up with me.'

'With you? What! to town?'

'To be sure; and we'll have a regular round of dissipation: Monday pops; the opera; and Saturday concerts at the Crystal Palace. What do you say?'

'No!' said Scarlett, in a sharp, harsh, peremptory way. 'I am not going to town again—at present.'

'Nonsense, man!—Tell him he may come, Mrs Scarlett.'

'O yes, yes; I should be glad for him to go!' cried Mrs Scarlett eagerly; and then she shrank and coloured as she saw the doctor's searching look.

'There, you hear.'

'Yes, I hear; but I cannot go. The glasshouses could not be left now.'

'What, not to our old friend Monnick?'

'No; certainly not; no,' repeated Scarlett hastily. 'Come out now—in the garden, Jack. I'll show you.—Are you very busy in town—much practice?'

'Practice?' cried Scales, laughing, and thoroughly off his guard as to himself. 'Not a bit, my dear boy. I'm a regular outcast from professional circles. No practice for me.'

'Then there is nothing to take you back,' cried Scarlett quickly, 'and you must stay.—Kate, do you hear? I say he must stay!'

There was an intense irritation in his manner as he said these words, and his wife looked up in a frightened way.

'Yes, yes, dear. Of course Doctor Scales will stay.'

'Then why don't you ask him?' he continued in the same irritable manner. 'A man won't stop if the mistress of the house slights him.'

'But, my dear James,' cried Mrs Scarlett, with the tears in her eyes, 'I have not slighted Doctor Scales. On the contrary, I was begging that he would stay when you came in.'

'Why?—why?' exclaimed Scarlett, with increasing excitement. 'You must have had some



reason. Do you hear? Why did you ask him to stay?

'Because I knew you wished it,' said Mrs Scarlett meekly; 'and I thought it would do you good to have him with you for a time, dear.'

'Do me good! Such sickly nonsense! Just as if I were ill. You put me out of patience, Kate; you do indeed. How can you be so childish!—Come into the garden, Jack. I'll be back directly I've got my cigar-case.'

'Shall I fetch it, dear?' asked Mrs Scarlett eagerly.

'No; of course not. Any one would think I was an invalid;' and he left the room.

'Mrs Scarlett,' said the doctor, as soon as they were alone, 'I will stay.'

'God bless you!' she cried, with a burst of sobbing; and she hurried away.

### AN INDIAN EPIC.

SOME of our readers may have heard of Sourindro Mohun Tagore, the President of the Bengal School of Music; but probably few are acquainted with the *Victoria-Gitika*, of which he is the author—a poem 'celebrating the deeds and the virtues of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen Victoria and her renowned predecessors.' As will be seen, the scope of the epic is vast, and furthermore, has been set to music, with which Sourindro Mohun Tagore is also to be credited. The composition, including its English translation, occupies no less than three hundred and seventy pages. However, this can scarcely be considered lengthy, when it is known that the poem commences with William the Conqueror, and closes with a fervent eulogy on the Electric Telegraph. The volume, which was first issued in 1875, is printed and published at Calcutta by a native firm, and is highly creditable, from a typographical point of view.

In the preface, the author states that in order to impart to Englishmen an insight into the nature of Indian rhythm, the poetry 'has been set to Hindu music; and, in doing so, *murch-chhanas* and other Hindu musical graces have been omitted, partly because of the peculiar nature of European instruments, and partly of the absence of their proper signs and symbols in English music.' Without entering into an elaborate technical description of the Indian notation, we may remark that there are seven notes in Hindu music, named *sharja*, *risava*, *gandhara*, *madhyama*, *panchama*, *dharbata*, and *nishada*. These are indicated by their initials, *sa*, *ri*, *ga*, *ma*, *pa*, *dha*, *ni*, corresponding to the English notes C, D, E, F, G, A, B. There is, however, no stave in the Hindu music, the notes being arranged in Indian file, like the syllables of the solfa notation. A miniature semaphore stationed over a note signifies a sharp; an equally small pyramid or *delta* represents a flat; while 'very sharp' or 'very flat' is indicated by a tiny 'o' placed over the respective symbols. Again, there are various devices for representing the simple, compound, and broken *matras*, or musical metres; but without the aid of examples, an explanation of these might not prove very intelligible.

It may be pertinent to the present subject to relate that during a recent visit to Calcutta we

met one or two Hindu instrumentalists, and were struck with the zealous manner in which they defended their musical system. Mr Mookerjee, a highly educated native, and complete master of the English language, endeavoured to prove to us the immense superiority of Bengali over European music—stating that the former had twenty-two sounds in its scale, comprising quarter and one-third tones; while the latter had no lower subdivision than semi-tones. He further asserted that the Bengali scales were geometrically perfect; while those of European nations were formed by temperament. Mr Mookerjee then showed us some ancient Sanskrit music, and one or two antique instruments regarded by him as 'considerably ahead of the piano'—amongst others, a large guitar, which he held to be identical with the ten-stringed psalter of King David! We had seen some such guitar the previous Sunday at the Free Church native school, where Mr Mookerjee was choir leader, and where the instrument accompanied the hymns. There was also a wonderful long-bodied drum, the pitch of which was regulated by a piece of dough stuck on the tympanum, and from which the performer, by the alternate use of finger-tips, knuckles, and palm, extracted a variety of unwonted and at times ludicrous sounds.

Though a stranger might regard Indian instrumental music as rather wearisome, this quality does not arise from any lack of an orchestra fully equipped according to oriental ideas. In another volume, entitled *Yantra Kosha*, also by Sourindro Mohun Tagore, we have a 'Treasury of the musical instruments of ancient and modern India, and of various other countries.' This comprises the names of as many as one hundred and thirty-six instruments now or formerly in use in Hindustan. Many of these are played with the bow; and the antiquity of some of them has been dwelt upon by so great an authority as Antoine Stradivarius, who tells us that 'Hindustan has been the birthplace of the instruments played with the bow, and has made them known to other parts of Asia.' This does not admit of a moment's doubt, as the instruments are actually in existence, bearing unmistakable marks of their Indian origin. If we wish to find the instrument played with a bow in its original state, we must take it in its simplest form, where no art has been employed to render it more perfect. Thus we find it in the *ravanastrom*, formed of a cylinder of sycamore wood, partly hollowed.' The same writer has also said that in Indian music 'the extreme sensibility of the natives finds expression,' and that Indian poetry 'is eminently rich in all its branches.' Of the latter, the work of Sourindro Mohun Tagore may be taken as a fair modern example. We will therefore briefly glance at the literary aspect of the *Victoria-Gitika*.

The translation of these Sanskrit verses has but too evidently been undertaken by a native hand, perhaps by the author himself, the dignity of several passages being impaired by unfortunate misapprehensions as to English colloquial usage and fitness of epithet. A short flight over the contents of the book, with the help of a few quotations, will give the reader some idea of its merits. At the same time, it is but just to remember that what sounds awkward or inflated

in English may be rotund and elegant in the original, just as a Bengali does not appear to so great advantage in European costume as in his native cotton raiment and flowing muslin *chadda*. The poem commences with the following 'Salutation': 'To that Being who is the Lord of the three worlds—who pervades all the objects in the universe, both animate and inanimate—who is Supreme and full of pure intelligence, has neither beginning nor end, and is invariable—from whom living things derive their existence, and in whom they live—and in whom men whose minds, free from all earthly desires, are entirely taken up with Him, enjoy eternal bliss, I offer my Salutation in the hope of being freed from the entanglements of the world.' After this lofty and pious prelude, the author thus apostrophises the Queen: 'O my mother Victoria! who watchest over us like a guardian deity, sprung as thou art from a glorious ancestry, I intend to describe it before I dwell on thy virtues and deeds.'

In accordance with this announcement, we now find the poet singing that 'William the Conqueror, who was rich in honour, wise, and most powerful, and stood high in general estimation, was king of England.' The italics have much in common with the Bon Gaultier phrase depicting the fierce 'Phairson' as a 'most superior pairson.' William Rufus, again, was 'mild, peaceful, and well skilled in the art of government.' Henry I., 'the patron of the nobles, after protecting his subjects with fatherly care, was crushed by the jaws of Death and numbered among the gods.' Not the least curious feature of the *Victoria-Gitika* is the ingenious variety of terms in which the 'grim king of terrors' is alluded to. For instance, Stephen 'relinquished the royal crown and ascended to heaven.' The 'mighty King Henry II. left his frail body—the abode of sorrows and sufferings, and with it relinquished the exalted throne, and was rewarded by Indra with the enjoyment of unalloyed everlasting bliss.' King Richard, too, 'having enjoyed his kingdom after the example of Rāma Chandra, died under the condition of existence and ascended to heaven.' 'Much-esteemed' John, we are told, was followed by the 'sagacious' Henry III., who 'laid the foundation of the British parliament,' a council which we are confidentially informed was 'as wise as Brihaspati.' Passing lightly over the reigns of the Edwards, and over the Black Prince, who, 'subject to the course of time, went to the region of the gods,' the poem states that 'there rose on the throne the moon of that race, Richard II.' In the next page, however, we find that this monarch 'set like a sun!' Henry IV. in turn became king of England, 'a kingdom worthy of being coveted by the gods;' and further on the poet tells us that Henry V. 'left this nether world and betook himself to heaven.'

Coming down to the reign of Henry VII., we glean that he was 'Indra-like powerful,' and that 'during his time the continent of America, equal in extent to half of the globe, was discovered.' It is related to the credit of Henry VIII. that he 'defeated in battle the unrivalled Scotch;' while it is chronicled of Edward VI. that 'after having protected his subjects for a short time, he gave up his mortal tenement under the laws which govern mortal man.' No adjective is applied to

Queen Mary; but Queen Elizabeth was 'pious,' of 'exquisite beauty, and noble qualities.' 'When, for the desire of heaven, this noble-hearted queen, worthy of universal applause, finished the career of human life—a variegated scene of happiness and misery—and with it renounced, the vast empire, transitory riches, and numerous friends and relatives, the renowned Tudor family became extinct.' During the reign of James I., 'revered by the learned,' there was born, 'for the benefit of mankind, a celebrated historian of universal reputation, Sir Walter Raleigh.' King James 'having left his mortal mould,' Charles I. reigned in his stead.

We have now reached the historically delicate question of the Commonwealth; but Sourindro Mohun Tagore finds his Muse conveniently complaisant. King Charles, 'suddenly falling an untimely victim to the intrigues of the wicked conspirators with whom England then abounded, and was bereft of king, she was left in the hands of the subjects.' The 'sagacious' people then placed at the head of the Commonwealth Oliver Cromwell, 'wise and madly furious in warlike exploits.' Charles II., 'possessed of political acumen, made the throne of England once again receive a king,' and 'spared no efforts to establish the Royal Society of London.' A page or two later, we read that James II., 'after having reigned for some time in the heavenly kingdom of England, died and accepted the hospitality of the celestial regions.' Then William and Mary ruled the land, and 'established a public treasury under the name of the Bank of London.' To them succeeded Queen Anne, 'the goddess incarnate of welfare and happiness,' by whom 'far-famed England and wealthy Scotland were united.' Need it be remarked that this 'generous Princess' in due course also 'abjures her mortal tenement?' In like manner it is put on record that 'that Indra-like sovereign George I., in the fullness of time 'had access to the enjoyment of heaven.' The reign of George II. is amply dilated upon, and the British conquests in India are extolled with a warmth that should leave no doubt as to the loyalty of the bard. The deeds of 'glorious' Warren Hastings are detailed, as well as those of his successor Lord Cornwallis, while the Marquis of Wellesley is lauded because during his administration daily newspapers in Bengali were first published in India.

This brings us to remark one noteworthy point about this Indian epic. It is more than sufficiently effusive in respect of warlike exploits, but likewise attaches considerable importance to the progress of art, science, and literature. 'Under the auspices of Charles I. were published for the first time newspapers instrumental to the welfare of the subject,' while 'there were also invented the thermometer and barometer; those waving banners of wise scientific skill.' During the Commonwealth, Milton flourished, 'who acquired world-wide celebrity for his verses flowing from the nectareous deep.' The reign of George II. was signalised by the voyages of Admiral Anson, 'who, as it were like the sun, performed his circuit of the world.' In the days when 'intelligent George IV.' was king, the 'most cruel suttee-rite' was abolished; and Captain Johnson, 'travelling in a winged and swift-moving steam-boat, performed for the first time a safe voyage

to India.' Again, thanks to 'the wise king' William IV., 'steam-carriages, swift as lightning, and travelling before the wind, capable of bearing an immense weight, and moving with a deep, tremendous roar like violent wind that blows on the day of universal dissolution, were set a-going!' After this magnificent display of Queen's English, one scarcely marvels at the poet's gratitude to Lord William Bentinck for 'having spared no effort to introduce the English language into India—a language which is pregnant with manifold virtues, and which enables us to insure honour and wealth. By this means he has fastened us in the meshes of a debt of obligation, which we shall never be able to break through, not even in mistake.'

The poem concludes with a series of grandiloquent addresses to Her Majesty, descriptive of the manifold blessings which have accrued to India during her enlightened rule. For example, a useful but prosaic invention is thus poetically alluded to: 'O Mother Victoria! we are feasting our eyes with gaslight, which dims the rays of the moon—a light by which thou hast made bad roads comfortable to pass through during night—a light which has been made to defy even the most powerful wind.' Again, the following is worth quoting, if only for its amusing printer's error: 'The electric telegraph, of universal fame, which carries distant news in a moment through means of *ineligible* signals, has been for the first time exhibited to us by thee.'

Sourindro Mohun Tagore commences his 'Conclusion' by observing that the people of India have in various ways attracted Her Majesty's attention—some by erudition, some by heroism, some by affluence, and others 'by reaching the heavenly kingdom of England, after having crossed the vast ocean.' As for himself, he says: 'With this little poem as my bark in the vast, solemn main, and through the favourable assistance of the Muse to steer its course—a goddess through whose kindness, mother, even the ignorant easily attain the liberty of speech, unskilful and illiterate though I am, I have reached the foot of thy throne, O thou merciful Empress of India; and O I know not what would ultimately befall me by the will of the Almighty.'

Thus concludes our review of this interesting panorama of English history, as seen through Hindu eyes. The work certainly forms a unique tribute to the Queen, being projected on a scale which no poet of the United Kingdom has yet rivalled.

## THE BLATCHFORD BEQUEST.

### IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

CUTHBERT rose, and gently disengaging his hand, left the room. The letter he placed in his breast, even in his grief wondering what the contents could be. He waited down-stairs until the doctor joined him.

'We can do nothing else,' that gentleman said. 'Let us go home.'

The carriage was in readiness, and took them to their respective abodes.

'Poor woman!' said the doctor as they parted;

'what a dreary, lonely death. She seemed to have no friend except you. If you know her lawyer's address, you had better telegraph the first thing in the morning. Who are her near relatives?'

'She has none. She told me, once her relatives were all distant ones, and she liked none of them. I will telegraph, as you suggest.'

'You will be certain to come in for a good thing,' continued the doctor, rather enviously.

Cuthbert started. He had not considered the probability, and felt annoyed at the remark. 'I neither believe nor expect it,' he said. 'We were friends, and that is all.'

'Well, wait, and see.—Good-night, if you won't come in,' said the doctor, as the carriage stopped at his door.

Cuthbert went to his room, raked together his smouldering fire, and for a long time sat thinking over the deathbed scene. He felt truly sorry at the loss of a friend, and, with all her peculiarities, a true friend; yet, in his sorrow, he could not help wondering what the contents of that mysterious letter, lying before him, could be. It must have been written when Mrs Blatchford was in good health, as the writing on the cover was firm and powerful. Well he knew that plain but characteristic handwriting—just the sort one would have expected from a stern and strong-minded woman. But speculation was idle; for some days he must remain in ignorance of the wishes he had so solemnly promised to see carried out; so he locked the letter in his desk in company with the maltreated sermon, which Mrs Roberts had picked up and reverentially placed on the table; then feeling worn-out with the work of the day, he went to bed and slept an untroubled sleep.

At an early hour next morning, Mr Harding, solicitor, Lincoln's Inn Fields, learned that one of his best clients was dead; and by the first possible train he made his appearance at Oversea. He looked rather curiously at the curate as they met, and his manner was polite, if not deferential. Cuthbert was glad to see the legal adviser appear so promptly, thinking his advent would shift all responsibility from his shoulders.

'And what day will you fix for the funeral, Mr Wrey?' asked the solicitor, after hearing what little there was to hear about his client's rather sudden death.

'What day will I fix!'

'Yes. If you don't know it, I may as well tell you that unless Mrs Blatchford has made a fresh will within the last few months—a most unlikely event, as we were entirely in her confidence—entirely—unless she has made a new will, you are the sole executor.'

'I am!'

'Yes, you; and I may add, a beneficiary to a considerable extent. Our client was a strange woman, Mr Wrey—strange and eccentric; but perfectly sane—perfectly sane.'

'No one who knew her could doubt that.'

'No—fortunately, perhaps, for you—no. The will is in duplicate. You will find one copy in her secretaire; the other is at our office. For form's sake, you had better ask her relatives, although they are but distant ones.'

'I don't even know their names, so must leave it all to you, Mr Harding.'

'Then, I will send you a list. Saturday would suit me very well, if you wish me to come down and pay the last tribute of respect to my poor client—I may say, friend.'

'Saturday be it, if it rests with me,' replied Cuthbert, who was longing to be alone and digest Mr Harding's intelligence.

What did it mean? The lawyer's enigmatical and impressive words—the promise given to the dying woman, and in the background the sealed letter? He thought about it long, earnestly, and anxiously. He guessed that the dead hand laid some heavy burden upon him, and he longed to know what it might be, feeling that no weight could be heavier than the suspense he must endure during the five days which must elapse before he could open that mysterious letter. But again and again he vowed, as a true man, he would carry out in their entirety the wishes of the dead woman, though he longed for the day to come when he might set his mind at rest as to what was required of him.

It came at last. He had followed Mr Harding's instructions; and cousins bearing the name of Blatchford, and cousins bearing other names, assembled in Oversea. The rector, as was due to his richest parishioner, performed the ceremony, which, for the convenience of those who came from a distance, was fixed as late as the light would allow. Then the mournful party assembled in the large dining-room at The Folly, and Mr Harding read the will. It was short—very short. If any of the hearers fostered hope, it only lived through fifty lines of clerkly writing on a sheet of foolscap. The testatrix kept no one long in suspense. A few generous but not absurd legacies to old servants, a couple of charitable bequests, and then—whilst the most stoical of the relatives held his breath or fidgeted in his chair—the whole of the residue, real and personal, to my friend, Cuthbert Wrey, clerk in holy orders—he to be also sole executor. That was all; too plain, too simple, not to be fully understood by the most commonplace intelligence. There was no outward evidence of disappointment, no outcry, no passionate or scandalous scene. No cousin had been sanguine enough to think his chance worth much, and each one had the consolation that if he got nothing, his kin were in the same plight. All had been prepared for disappointment. For many years Mrs Blatchford had held little communication with her family. She had responded, as a duty, to any appeals for assistance made by the most needy members; but no one had been foolish enough to expect the reversion of any part of her wealth. So, after all, the Rev. Cuthbert Wrey was the most astounded of the party.

He seemed dazed. He scarcely heard the lawyer's whispered congratulations or his old rector's outspoken ones. He bowed mechanically as the majority of the cousins filed from the room. The very magnitude of the bequest told him that something lay behind the words of the will. Had he been given five, ten, even twenty thousand pounds, he might have recognised it as an act of generous friendship. But all—everything! The dead woman's last words rang in his ears; the letter, lying in his desk at home, rose before his eyes. Whatever that will might say, Cuthbert knew that its true meaning lay in that sealed cover, and his only wish was to get home and

learn his fate. He could bear the uncertainty no longer. The only persons left in the room were the lawyer, the rector, and two little knots of antagonistic cousins, who had recovered from their surprise, and were conversing in low but excited tones at opposite windows.

'I feel bewildered,' he said, rising and draining a glass of wine. 'I must go home, and think it over quietly.'

'Quite right, my dear boy,' said the rector, whispering as he shook hands: 'Don't trouble about to-morrow. I will take the whole service at the church, and Tinley shall come round to St Nicholas.'

'I daresay you will run up to town and see me next week,' suggested Mr Harding; 'or if you like, I will come down again.'

'Yes, yes; I will come up,' said Cuthbert. Then he left the house, and walked home to Marine Parade.

He went to his room, shut and locked the door, then took out the letter. From force of habit, he wheeled his chair round to its usual position in front of the fire, and prepared to set his mind at rest as to the true value of the will he had so lately heard read. He had actually torn the cover open—in another minute he would have known all—when a temptation rose, stood before him, and stared him in the face—a temptation so perfectly organised, with each feature so sharply and clearly defined, that it might have owned a palpable and tangible form. *Should he destroy the unread letter?*

Cuthbert Wrey, like every other son of Adam, had many times in his life been tempted to sin, error, or folly; but never as yet to commit an act which would in his own eyes and in the eyes of the world rank as base dishonour. His first sentiment was that of surprise—surprise at such a thought presuming to invade his brain—so, in scorn and anger, he bade it be gone and trouble him no more. But the thought remained—it remained, and every moment gathered strength, purpose, and cohesion. It spoke with thrilling words; it woke old dreams; it unfolded wings, and bore him to the top of a mental mountain, and bade him gaze on the future and the glories thereof; whilst, like a strange rhythm, the words of the will beat upon his ears: 'All my real and personal estate to my dear friend, Cuthbert Wrey.' He sat motionless, the half-opened letter in his hand, in front of him the glowing coals, which in three seconds could reduce the paper he held to tinder.

The thoughts, the ideas, the visions which crossed his mind during the hours he sat there, unable to do what was right, and unwilling to do what was wrong, would fill a book. He knew enough of his friend's affairs to guess that the wealth she had to dispose of was great. It was not a question of a few paltry hundreds, which tempted him; nor, to do him justice, was it the possession of great riches. It was the career those riches would open to him; for, although not a brilliant success in the calling he had chosen, Cuthbert Wrey had not lost faith in himself or his talents. It was not common greed that assailed him, although the stake, he knew, was a large one. He saw himself freed from the profession he had no love for; he saw wealth open the doors of public life to him, and the



dream of younger days realised. He even saw himself famous and wielding power. Yes; the winged thought showed him all this, and more, from the pinnacle which commanded the future; urging him, for the sake of these things, to laugh at scruples, and to turn his back on what men call honour. And hour after hour he sat with beads of perspiration on his brow, the letter trembling in his trembling hands; whilst below him, and so near, the fire threw out little spits and darts of flame, as though urging him to commit the secret to its keeping, and let it be hidden for ever and ever in the depths of its wicked red heart.

He yielded again and again in theory; but he could not bring himself to do so in deed. However the conflict might end, there was one thing he felt he would not do—he would not read that letter before he destroyed it. Its message should perish with it. If he committed crime, he would remain in ignorance as to its extent and influence on other people's destinies. Only if right and honour conquered, would he read. So he sat on and on, making a good fight—sat until the fire died out. He would not trust himself to replenish it, and almost laughed as a fantastic thought came to him—how sullen and disappointed the half-burned cinders looked.

But the candles were living, and would do the work equally well. With a great effort of will, he rose and extinguished them. For some time he sat in darkness; then he found himself searching for his matches. Too well he knew why he wanted them. He struck one with an unsteady hand. It went out, but not before he caught sight of his white changed face reflected by the mirror. 'Shall I see my face like that all my lifetime,' he muttered, 'if I do this thing?' He threw the match-box from him.

Yet the letter was still in his hand. It was as easy to tear it to pieces as to burn it. Although still mistrusting himself, he was growing stronger every minute. He groped his way to the secretaire, placed the letter in its former resting-place, turned the lock, and went to bed.

In the morning he was himself again, but feeling—if the mind may be compared to the body—as he had sometimes felt after a hard bout of football at Rugby—although rested and refreshed, with a sense of fatigue and recollection of a severe struggle still lingering.

'I will never laugh again at old Luther's battle with the Evil One,' he said, almost humbly. 'I see how easily an imaginative and superstitious man may believe in his personality.'

Cuthbert Wrey never forgot that night; ever afterwards he was lenient, perhaps too lenient, with transgressors; but before he condemned, he thought of that glowing fire and the unread letter trembling in his hand.

After breakfast he took the letter, and in a calm business-like way sat down to read it. It was something like he had anticipated. It was dated some months back, carefully worded and written:

MY DEAR MR WREY—To-day I have made my will. If I judge you rightly, no one will be more surprised than you at its contents. I leave you all; but I leave it in trust. Years ago, my son, my only child, left me—or I should

rather say I cast him off. The life he had led amply justified this step. But he is my son yet. I love him; but I dare not leave him money to work evil with. Where he is, I know not, having neither seen nor heard of him since we parted in anger. He may be changed, or he may change. If so—if you are satisfied that he is living even the life of an ordinary man, the income arising from my property must be his. If he marries, or is married, all must be settled on his children—all except five thousand pounds, which I beg you to accept as a token of friendship. Should my son be dead before me, and leave no children, take and use my wealth as your own, and may it bring you greater happiness than it has brought me. I trust you in this as few women of my age have ever trusted a man. If I urged you to keep faith, I should show doubt, and this letter would be waste paper. You will read this after my death, and will, I am pleased to think, regret a little your friend,  
HONORIA BLATCHFORD.

P.S.—His name is Ralph.

It was as he had imagined—coupling her last words with the delivery of that letter—she gave with one hand and took away with the other. Knowing Mrs Blatchford's character so well, he could read plainly between the lines of that letter. He could see the pride which had kept her to the text, but not to the spirit of a determination she had vowed should be irrevocable. However much her son had wronged her, she had forgiven him in her heart; but having sworn she would not leave him a penny, had in this extraordinary way compounded with her self-respect.

Although the passing dream of great wealth must come no more, Cuthbert could only feel thankful. He could with a clear conscience accept the five thousand pounds, the interest on which would give him about double the income he now enjoyed. He could free himself from his bondage, and make a fresh start under easy circumstances. So he felt very grateful, and vowed that the instructions that letter contained should be followed to the best of his ability. That Ralph Blatchford was dead, never entered his mind. He would hear of his mother's death, and make his appearance—next week, next month or next year, according to the distance at which his tent was pitched. Whether he would be fit to be trusted with the money, must be an after-consideration. The decision would be a great responsibility; but he hoped, after last night's struggle, to be able to judge fairly. For himself, he was now a free man, with five thousand pounds; and Cuthbert went that evening to the little galvanised iron apology for a church, and preached his last sermon with a thankful heart.

After such a turn of fortune's wheel, no one wondered at his leaving his profession immediately. Legal matters were settled; the will duly proved, and although caveats were threatened by sundry relatives, the threats came to nothing; and Cuthbert Wrey, to all appearance, stepped from a curate's stipend of one hundred and twenty pounds into rents, dividends, and interest, amounting at the least to four thousand pounds a year; and as yet Ralph Blatchford had made no sign.

By Cuthbert's instructions, the notice of Mrs Blatchford's death was inserted in the newspapers of nearly every civilised country. Then, as nothing was heard of the wanderer, the notice was changed into an advertisement requesting Ralph Blatchford to communicate with Messrs Harding & Co., Solicitors, &c. Several impostors responded to it, and told incredible tales; but were in turn dismissed. So months went on, and readers of newspapers in all parts of the world found the repetition of the same advertisement growing monotonous and a trifle irritating.

Cuthbert meanwhile lived in London, occupying inexpensive rooms, and determined to limit his expenditure to the interest on the sum to which he was morally entitled. He strove to keep himself from building castles which might be shattered any moment. He had entered for the bar, thinking that was the best opening for his ambition. The few people who knew him, and were acquainted with the terms of the will, wondered at his mode of life. Why should a man of his wealth wish to adopt a profession? He told no one, not even his solicitors, under what reservation he held the property. He worked hard, for it was his nature to do so, and managed to live contentedly enough for a year; willing to resign everything when called upon so to do. Then, gradually, he began to grow unsettled. No word or tidings came of Ralph Blatchford. Another year passed; and then, only then, Cuthbert Wrey thought—perhaps hoped—that Ralph Blatchford was known not in the land of the living.

After this, the advertisements appeared at intervals only. Still Cuthbert feared to enter into his kingdom. 'I will wait another year,' he said. 'Then I shall be a barrister. If he turns up by that time, I will try and succeed as an advocate; if not, I must believe he is dead.'

In due time he was called to the bar; but never held a brief nor appeared in any court. Ralph Blatchford was still unheard of; and Cuthbert made up his mind to use and enter into full enjoyment of his strangely acquired wealth.

### WHITE PIGMENTS.

THE term pigments is generally applied to coloured powders used in painting. We are not going to discuss the propriety of using the words 'white pigments'—whether white can be called a colour, and so on—but shall content ourselves by asserting, that of all pigments the most important is white; and without this white pigment, few colours, if any, could be obtained.

There are two characters which determine the quality of any pigment—namely, tint and covering-power or 'body.' In the case of a white pigment, for instance, the tint may be good or bad; that is, it may be a yellowish, bluish, or reddish white—in a word, not a pure white; and this quality, which has a considerable influence on the commercial value of the pigment, is not at all easy to detect by the unaided eye. The best means, perhaps, is to place a small quantity of the specimen to be tried upon half a sheet of ordinary blue note-paper, by the side of a similar quantity of a perfectly pure white pigment; then, folding

the paper over both, and slightly pressing it down until the edges of the two specimens are brought into contact, any difference of tint will be at once detected when the fold is lifted up. We have seen this test applied successfully to several samples of white pigments which were very different in tint, but in which the eye alone—without the little device just mentioned—failed to detect any difference at all.

With regard to covering-power or 'body,' it means the property of being able, when mixed with some fluid such as water or oil, to cover a large surface so as to render invisible the colour of the wood or stone beneath. In testing this property in pigments, it is usual to mix them with the requisite quantity of oil and apply them to a black board.

Another point of great importance to the colour-dealer is the manner in which the white pigment comports itself with oil. Some mix badly with oil; others, however opaque as powders, become more or less transparent; and some form a soap, or 'saponify' the oil. This quality, which has the effect of rendering the paint less opaque than it should be, is observed to a certain extent with white-lead and oxide of zinc.

Colours used as water-colours or as a distemper, like the water-colours of the artist, whitewash, and distempers for the walls of buildings, &c., are nothing more than the pigment in a state of fine powder mixed with the requisite quantity of water, together with a little size or gum, and made either into a solid paste, which is allowed to dry in moulds—water-colours—or used in the form of fluid—whitewash, distemper. Many substances can be used for painting in this manner which are totally useless, or nearly so, as oil-paints, on account of their want of 'body,' or covering-power.

Oil-colours are by far the more important, since they are much more largely used; they are more durable, and resist the action of the air and water. They are made by mixing the pigment with linseed oil and turpentine. Linseed oil is taken in preference to others, because it is a 'drying-oil;' that is, it loses its fluidity by exposure to the air, forming a kind of varnish over the surface upon which it is spread. In this respect, linseed oil can be improved by an artificial treatment, which consists in boiling it with some metallic oxides and taking away the scum which rises.

Now, to show the great importance of a white pigment, we must state that it forms the basis of all oil-colours, whatever may be their tints; it gives to all these various yellows, greens, reds, and blues, the requisite covering-power, and brings them to the desired shade. If these colours, such as red oxide of iron, vermilion, cobalt blue, &c., possessed sufficient body, and could be used by themselves, they would be too dark for most purposes. But as they possess very little body, and in some instances none at all to speak of, they must be mixed with the white pigment to form paints, so that the desired tint or shade and the requisite covering-power are both obtained at the same time.

Hitherto, white-lead has been the white pigment almost exclusively used for this important purpose. Its covering-power is so remarkable that it can convert almost any colour into an oil-paint, and, we need scarcely add, it is very largely used by itself

as a white colour. This white-lead is said to have been known to the ancient Greeks and Romans; but we have some doubts on the subject; nevertheless, it has been an important branch of manufacture in Holland, Vienna, Paris, Birmingham, &c., time out of mind, and has found employment for millions of capital. Apart from the unhealthy nature of this manufacture, as well as the great danger of poisoning to which it exposes the men and women engaged in the works, as well as house-painters and others who mix colours as a means of livelihood, it has other serious drawbacks. It turns a dirty yellow or brown colour where it is exposed to impure air. In the atmosphere of towns, there is always present a certain quantity of sulphur, and this attacks the white-lead and discolours it. In the next place, white-lead saponifies the linseed oil in the course of a comparatively short time, so that before many months have elapsed, it allows the painted surface to appear through the colour in many places. All these things taken into consideration, but more especially its poisonous nature, have induced many practical men to inquire after a substitute for white-lead.

In process of time, 'Kuhlmann's White' appeared above the industrial horizon. This was sulphate of baryta, or baryta-white produced in a new manner, by the late Professor Kuhlmann, then a wealthy chemical manufacturer at Lille. This substance, which is beautifully white, has been long used to adulterate white-lead; but it has very little covering-power as an oil-paint. The same may be said of carbonate of lime (chalk) and carbonate of baryta, both of which are used for the same purpose. They are mixed with the carbonate of lead 'to make it go further,' but they cannot replace it.

Then came the antimony-paint, 'Stenhouse's White,' the discovery of Dr Stenhouse, an eminent Scotch chemist, which made a great stir when it was first produced. At that time, large quantities of antimony ore were imported for the first time from Borneo; it was a new ore, an oxide of antimony, and splendid specimens of it were shipped to England. But it is not a pure white, though it does very well in mixed colours; and it is liable, like white-lead, to darken by exposure to impure air in theatres, dining-rooms, hotels, &c.

Oxide of zinc, produced by burning metallic zinc and condensing the fumes, is another white pigment of some importance. It was long ago proposed as a safe substitute for the dangerous lead pigment. But the painters do not like it; it covers badly, it saponifies the oil, and is expensive; and in spite of all that has been said about it, it has not been able to supplant white-lead. Nevertheless, it is a white pigment which well deserves the name, having considerable covering-power, and is still largely used in spite of the defects attributed to it.

These are all the substances, save one, which can be ranked as white pigments, and are notable as fulfilling, more or less, the requisite conditions of tint and covering-power. The exception is the more important white pigment, known as 'Griffiths's White,' from the name of Mr Thomas Griffiths, F.C.S., of Liverpool, where it is manufactured by the Sanitary Paint Company. This white, which was described by us in a recent article

on 'Lead Poisoning' (No. 1016), really appears to have solved the difficult problem referred to above. But the solution was not obtained without considerable labour and a large expenditure. Dr Phipson, in his Report to the International Congress, says: 'It is one of the most useful and ingenious discoveries of modern times;' and the Duke of Northumberland, Chairman of the Royal Sanitary Institute, in presenting the gold medal of that Society to Mr Griffiths, stated the new white pigment to be 'the greatest discovery ever made for preventing the dreadful suffering caused by the use of lead-paint.' 'Griffiths's White,' a substance to which we have on a former occasion alluded, has for its basis sulphide of zinc, which is combined with baryta and magnesia. It is produced in precipitating a solution of zinc by solutions of baryta and magnesia, submitting the product to calcination, washing, grinding, &c. It is a simple process enough, though rather too complicated a branch of chemical manufacture to be described here in detail, and does not require very great expertness on the part of the workmen. But there is no dangerous poison at work here; not a single case of illness from this cause has been known since the manufactory existed—now several years—and numerous experiments have shown that the covering-power of this new white is actually greater than that of white-lead.

There is an old saying that 'it never rains but it pours,' and it is perfectly applicable to the present case. The new white pigment was found to be non-poisonous, and to be superior to white-lead as a pigment, and more durable. It does not saponify the linseed oil, nor does it become discoloured by bad air. There remained only the question of cost, and this was solved by showing, in house-painting, for instance, that where white-lead cost twenty-three shillings a hundredweight, and 'Griffiths's White' twenty-seven shillings, there was an economy in favour of the latter of no less than ten shillings a hundredweight, on account of its marvellous covering-power.

It can now be only a question of time to see the pernicious white-lead industry superseded by the production of this new Liverpool white.

#### ORANGE-FARMING.

MAKING every allowance for the circumstance that nine or ten years must elapse between the periods of planting orange-seed and gathering the crop—should grafting or budding not be resorted to—it will probably be found that, among the long catalogue of cultivated fruits, the orange tribe afford the most satisfactory financial results. Accordingly, it is not surprising that orange-farming in various parts of the world has hitherto been mainly confined to persons of capital, to whom a pleasant agricultural life was an object, and a few years spent in a waiting attitude a matter of little importance. At first sight, therefore, it may seem like a kind of cruel joke, or at all events a paradox, to recommend this industry to the immigrant with limited means, about to seek a home and an immediate income in northern New Zealand; yet the facts to be presently adduced appear to promise him considerable encouragement to occupy at least part of his time and land in orange-farming.

When the orange race is thus alluded to, the reader is not to expect a treatise upon the different species so ably described by the eminent naturalist Risso, in his *Natural History of the Orange*, published in Paris in 1818—the Adam's apple or forbidden fruit, bergamot orange or mellarosa, citron, lemon, the sweet and acid lime, the sweet and bitter orange, and pomelo or pompelmoose—but only reference to a few prominent features connected with the pursuit generally in one or two places, upon which a favourable opinion, as regards prosecuting the industry at the antipodes, may be based.

The members of the orange family number fully two hundred varieties; and, although originally hailing from the tropical banks of an Indian river, these have spread into most lands, becoming rapidly acclimatised or modified wherever they have been cultivated under even the most moderately favourable circumstances. Where, on the other hand, individuals of the family, such as the lime, in the West Indian island of Montserrat, have been introduced into a specially congenial climate and soil, they evince a degree of superiority that astonishes persons acquainted only with the limes of the East. This small island of eight miles in length by five in breadth, consisting of a cluster of mountain-tops rising abruptly out of the depths of the Caribbean Sea, is now the principal home of the lime-farming industry, which dates there only from the year 1852. An enterprising planter, Mr Burke, commenced the first orchards, which at present, under the Montserrat Company, cover more than six hundred acres, and contain one hundred and twenty thousand trees. It is said that no more beautiful sight can anywhere be witnessed than the two miles of road which intersect this orchard, when the limes are covered with fruit and the air laden with their fragrance. At first, the speculation was unprofitable, on account of the large outlay of capital required; but now, with an annual export of more than eighty thousand gallons of lime-juice to this country alone, the industry is rightly regarded as both important and remunerative.

In the island of Trinidad, great attention has of late years been paid to orange-cultivation, many good sorts, including the Portugal silver and St Michael, having been imported. Such success has attended those efforts, that, in 1877, trial consignments shipped to London were pronounced the best then offered in the market, except similar varieties received about the same period from Brazil; the former selling for eight shillings a box of one hundred oranges, and the latter fetching eleven shillings. In Trinidad, the shrubs are reared about twenty-five feet apart, thus admitting sixty-five or seventy trees per acre. The smallest average yielded in unfortunate seasons is five hundred oranges per fruiting tree, and the highest average one thousand. Taking the lesser crop as an example, the whole harvest will seldom fall below thirty-two thousand five hundred oranges, which, at the modest price on the spot of five shillings a hundred, shows a gross return of eighty-one pounds five shillings an acre. It is a curious circumstance connected with the rearing of this favourite fruit—which fits in admirably with the necessity which exists for plucking it in a green state when sent to a

distant market—that the trees from which unripe fruit is gathered bear plentifully every year; whereas those allowed to fully ripen their oranges, only yield abundant harvests during alternate years.

The great age to which the orange-tree lives and bears, is an important consideration for the colonist, who might, by a little self-denial, and through a judicious first selection and expenditure upon an orange grove, virtually endow his posterity with an annually increasing income. Risso, in the work already alluded to, mentions that in the convent of St Sabina, at Rome, there is an orange-tree said to be six hundred years old; and at Nice, in 1789, there was another which usually bore between five and six thousand oranges; its trunk took two men to encircle it, its crown was more than fifty feet from the ground, and its age was lost in antiquity. Even in England, orange-rearing, during a considerable portion of the year in the open air, has not been attended with much difficulty, as witness the Beddington orchard in Surrey, of which Bishop Gibson, in his contributions to Camden's *Britannia*, says it 'was one hundred years old in 1695;' the Hampton Court orange-trees, some of which are stated to be more than three hundred years old; and various gardens in South Devonshire, where, trained against the walls, and only protected with straw mats during winter, are specimens which have flourished for at least a century.

Whatever remarks may be made concerning the orange are equally applicable to the lemon, with the exception that the latter, being much more hardy, will grow freely in the open air in climates where the former would inevitably perish. In the south of England, when, properly sheltered by walls and protected during winter, the lemon yields very fair crops of good fruit; and in cold Perthshire, as far north as the old cathedral city of Dunblane, lemon seedlings of about five feet high, in pots, may be seen in the approach to one of the villas in the neighbourhood during summer and autumn, filling the air with their exquisite perfume, especially after rain, and adding beauty to their surroundings by their glossy evergreen foliage. It may prove interesting to know that foreign cattle are particularly fond of lemons, and that in Brazil, where this favourite product is now naturalised, the herds eat greedily of the fallen fruit, their flesh acquiring an agreeable aromatic flavour from this dainty food.

It is mainly towards the New World that the intending planter and immigrant should look for gratifying financial results connected with orange and lemon raising. Certainly, it is in California that this industry at present shows statistics more extraordinary and encouraging than almost anywhere else. There, we are informed, an average tree yields, at the age of ten to twelve years, one thousand oranges; that forty oranges may be seen hanging from a single bough, which must be supported, to hinder it from breaking under the fragrant weight; that individual trees yield two thousand oranges, and one distinguished specimen three thousand oranges, per annum; that one man is capable of looking after a plantation of twenty acres; and that a fruiting orchard of ten acres is expected to return an annual profit of two thousand pounds. Pleasing reading as the above may possibly be to the intending farmer, even those cheerful figures are transcended as one



gets nearer to New Zealand. In New South Wales, there are certain orange plantations the annual gross return from which is given as five hundred pounds per acre; and single trees are pointed out to the inquiring traveller which, for more than twenty years, have rewarded the proprietor with each three hundred dozen of the finest fruit per annum.

It will naturally be objected, perhaps, that, although the foregoing information may be interesting enough, it offers no guarantee that orange-culture is suitable for New Zealand; and that, in any case, no poor colonist could afford to wait nine or ten years for his first harvest. In reply to the first objection, we learn from an official source (Report of the New Zealand Colonial Industries Commission for 1880), that in the Auckland district—the one selected by some of our countrymen for the commencement and prosecution of tea and silk farming shortly, as well as for the industry advocated in this article—'good oranges and lemons have been produced for many years, although no attention has been paid to the selection of sorts or to special culture.' Also, that the annual return per acre is estimated at a hundred pounds. As the capabilities of Auckland are not usually reckoned inferior to those of New South Wales, probably this modest valuation of the orange crop will be found far under the truth; whilst the genial warmth of the climate, the fairly copious and well distributed rainfall, and volcanic nature of the soil, clearly indicate this province as one likely to favour the growth of the lime to probably as great perfection as its more robust relatives the orange and lemon.

To the second objection, it may be answered that by the well-understood process of grafting or budding, fruiting trees from strong seedlings may now be obtained about or after the second year. It is not unlikely, besides, that the curious and interesting new French system of plant-vaccination may be made available ere long to accomplish a crop even earlier. Against grafting and budding, it is sometimes urged that, as the fruiting orange or lemon tree thus produced will be a dwarf, although it may bear early, the produce will be limited. On the other hand, it is asserted that the grafted dwarf is likely to live longer than the unmutated seedling, and that it yields choicer varieties of fruit.

Another question may still be asked with reference to the outlet, in a comparatively limited community like that of New Zealand, for all the oranges, lemons, limes, citrons, bergamots, pome-loes, and forbidden fruit, the planter and immigrant of the future may hope to produce. To this final query, it will surely only be necessary to add, that at present the colonists pay importers the handsome sum of ninety thousand pounds a year for jams, jellies, and preserves of various kinds—of which a large proportion, if not all, might pass into the pockets of colonial growers, were facilities completed—which they doubtless soon will be—for preparing these luxuries, including marmalade, on the spot. On the whole, it seems plain that, equally with the planter of means, the active immigrant, having a taste for gardening and some little experience, may, in the intervals of his ordinary agriculture in New Zealand, soon surround his farmhouse or cottage

with fruiting oranges, lemons, and the rest of this valuable group; besides bringing forward thousands of seedlings in odd corners of his land, to become in time a source of wealth to his posterity, if not to himself.

### FUNNY SAYINGS OF CHILDREN.

At a public meeting in Edinburgh some time ago, Professor Blackie told his audience the following story: 'A little boy at a presbytery examination was asked, "What is the meaning of regeneration?" "Oh, to be born again," he replied.—"Quite right, Tommy. You're a very good boy. Would you not like to be born again?" Tommy hesitated, but on being pressed for an answer, said: "No."—"Why, Tommy?" "For fear I might be born a lassie!" he replied.'

This appears to be an excellent illustration of the folly of asking children difficult theological questions before they are old enough to grasp the difference between worldly fact and divine allegory.

Much more to the point, and a splendid specimen of childlike reproach, was the reply of a little urchin, who, with his brothers and sisters, were always scolded by their grandfather whenever they dared to invade the precincts of his library. 'Would you like to go to heaven, Bertie?' his mother asked of him one evening, when she had been reading to him Mrs Hemans's beautiful verses on the *Better Land*. 'No, mamma,' was the quick response.—'You wouldn't like to go to heaven, my son! Why?' 'Why, grandpapa will be there, won't he?'—'Yes; I hope he will.' 'Well, when he sees us children, he'll come scolding along and say: "Whew! whew! what are you all here for?" No, mamma; I don't want to go to heaven, if grandpapa is going to be there.'

We cull the following from one of the French papers: A little boy was sitting by the bed of his grandmother, who was very ill. 'Ah, my poor child,' she said, 'I am very bad; I am going to die.' He looked very much mystified for a few minutes, and then suddenly exclaimed: 'Why will you die? Does God want an *old* angel?'

'Grandpapa,' said another intelligent little fellow, 'who made those great ditches in your forehead?'

'God, my dear.'

'What did he make them for?'

'I don't know, Willie. Don't ask silly questions.'

Willie was thoughtful for a few moments, and then said: 'I know now! Father can tell how old his cows are by the wrinkles on their horns. Is that what God put wrinkles on your brow for, grandpapa?'

Some remarkable answers are sometimes given by children in response to questions put to them in school. At a school at Wallsend, near Newcastle, the master asked a class of boys the

meaning of the word 'appetite,' and after a brief pause, one little boy said: 'I know, sir; when I'm eatin', I'm 'appy; and when I'm done, I'm tight.'

Another teacher asked a bright little girl what country was opposite to us on the globe.

'I don't know, sir,' was the reply.

'Well, now,' pursued the teacher, 'if I were to bore a hole through the earth, and you were to go in at this end, where would you come out?'

'Out of the hole, sir,' replied the pupil with an air of triumph.

Children frequently put puzzling questions at home to their parents on various subjects, as is evinced by the one which a smart boy, who had been reading the newspaper, put to his father. 'Pa, has the world got a tail?' 'No, my boy; it is quite round,' replied his parent.—'Well,' persisted young hopeful, 'why do the papers say "so wags the world," if it ain't got a tail?'

As an instance of juvenile precocity, we may mention the stratagem employed by a little six-year-old fellow whose mother had told him that it was impolite to ask for cakes or other things which they might see being prepared, while visiting at other people's houses. Calling at a house in the neighbourhood where a cake was being made, he eyed the precious composition very wistfully for some time without speaking, but at last he ventured to say in an undertone: 'Mother says it's not polite to ask for cake.' 'No,' was the reply; 'it does not look well for little boys to do so.'—'But she didn't say I must not eat a piece, in case you gave it to me,' was the unanswerable rejoinder.

Of a similar kind was the suggestion of a little girl who, while at a party, had left upon the table half an orange. On passing the house the next morning, she thought of the orange, and feeling like finishing it, she entered and said to the lady: 'Mrs M——, I left part of an orange here last night, and I have called to see about it. If you cannot find it, you needn't trouble yourself about it, as a whole small orange will do just as well.'

Children, if permitted, will sometimes try to argue a question; but it is seldom that they venture on closing an argument, when it is particularly addressed to them. A certain Aunt Betsy was, however, trying to persuade her little nephew to go to bed, and by way of argument, said that all the little chickens went to roost at sunset. 'Yes,' replied the boy; 'but the old hen always goes with them.'

A little girl who had heard that every one was made of dust, was one day standing at the window, and appeared to be very intently watching the eddies of that staple of creation as they were whirled up by the wind. Her mother, observing her, asked her what she was thinking about; and she responded in a very serious tone: 'I thought, mamma, that there was going to be another little girl.' This, however, was not so precocious an answer as that wrung from another little girl who was reproved for playing with the boys, and was told that being seven years old, she was too big for that now. 'Why, grandma,' she replied, 'the bigger we grow, the better we like 'em.'

Some children are often amusing by reason of their conceit, as in the case of the young French gentleman of the mature age of five, who, on

being told that the baby wanted to kiss him, said: 'Yes; he takes me for his papa.'

Amusing answers also occur when attempts are made to tax a child's memory about things with which it may be imperfectly acquainted. In this category may be reckoned the two following incidents.

'Well, my child,' said a father to his little daughter, after she had been to church, 'what do you remember of all the preacher said?' 'Nothing,' was the timid reply.—'Nothing!' he exclaimed in a severe tone. 'Now, remember, the next time you must tell me something of what he says, or you will have to be punished.' Next Sunday, the child came home with her eyes all wild with excitement. 'I remember something to-day, papa,' she cried eagerly. 'I am very glad of it,' said her father. 'What did he say?'—'He said: "A collection will now be made!"'

We will close our paper by an amusing example of childish scepticism. A little boy about four years of age was saying his prayers at his mother's knee, and when he had finished the Lord's Prayer, she said: 'Now, Willie, ask God to make you a good boy.' The child raised his eyes to his mother's face for a few moments, as if in deep thought, and then startled her with the reply: 'It's no use, mamma. He won't do it. I've asked him a heap o' times.'

#### AFTERWARD.

O STRANGE, O sad perplexity,  
Blind groping through the night;  
Faith faintly questions can there be  
An afterward of light?

O heavy sorrow, grief and tears,  
That all our hopes destroy;  
Say, shall there dawn in coming years  
An afterward of joy?

O hopes that turn to gall and rue,  
Sweet fruits that bitter prove;  
Is there an afterward of true  
And everlasting love?

O weariness, within, without,  
Vain longings for release;  
Is there to inward fear and doubt  
An afterward of peace?

O restless wanderings to and fro,  
In vain and fruitless quest;  
Where shall we find above, below,  
An afterward of rest?

O death, with whom we plead in vain  
To stay thy fatal knife;  
Is there beyond the reach of pain  
An afterward of life?

Ah yes; we know this seeming ill,  
When rightly understood,  
In God's own time and way fulfil  
His afterward of good.

E. W.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fourth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No. 1038.—Vol. XX.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1883.

PRICE 1½d.

## THE RECENT ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

THERE landed on our shores a few weeks since the two English observers bringing details of the results of the observation of the recent eclipse which they had been sent out to secure; for, as many of our readers are doubtless aware, an eclipse of the sun invisible in this country, but visible over the region of the South Pacific, took place on the sixth of last May. Such an event is always an important one for those who interest themselves in solar research, and many are the hopes built upon it, because it is at these not too frequently recurring periods, that the best opportunities for inquiry into the constitution of the solar orb present themselves. But this eclipse possessed more than the usual interest and importance; great were the hopes entertained concerning it, and it was more than ever necessary that observations of it should be secured. The reason for this is to be sought in the exceptional duration of the phenomenon on the occasion referred to; the length of totality—that is, the time during which the sun's disc was totally obscured—being among the greatest of the present century.

IN the eclipse which was observed last year in Egypt, the length of totality was less than a minute; whereas in the South Pacific on the sixth of last May, the dark body of the moon totally eclipsed the sun's light during a period of nearly six minutes. This difference in the length of totality depends mainly upon the varying distance of the moon from the earth, and to a less extent upon the variation in the apparent diameter of the sun, consequent upon the elliptic form of the earth's orbit.

THE moon in her course round the earth is not always at precisely the same distance from its primary, being at one time slightly beyond a mean distance, and at another as slightly within it; her apparent diameter of course being smaller or greater according as she occupies the former or the latter position. At her mean distance, the moon presents to us a disc whose diameter is nearly the same as that of the sun. When an

eclipse, therefore, occurs in that part of the lunar orbit, its duration is short. This was the case in Egypt last year. If, however, an eclipse take place when the moon is at a minimum distance from the earth, the length of time taken by the moon to traverse the sun's disc, and consequently the duration of totality, is proportionally greater. As we have said, the varying diameter of the sun is not without its influence on the length of totality; nor must it be forgotten that when the moon is nearest the earth, she travels most quickly; but the effects of these causes are to a great extent masked by the more important one of the distance of the moon from the earth.

THE eclipse, then, of the sixth of May had an exceptional duration, and this for the causes we have briefly indicated. It can easily be imagined that so golden an opportunity was not to be allowed to pass unheeded; and in spite of the great distance it was necessary to go from home in order to secure observations, England, France, Austria, and Italy sent trained observers to the South Pacific; whilst the United States also sent a strong contingent to observe the phenomenon. The spot selected for the observation, and one well in the centre of totality, was Caroline Island. This is really not a single island, but a group of those little coral islets which form so marked a feature of this portion of the Pacific. Covered with a luxuriant growth of the cocoa-nut palms, whose graceful outlines project themselves upon the blue sky beyond, the little group has a pleasing aspect when viewed from the sea. The islands in their irregular outlines range themselves around a central lagoon, whose waters idly lap the inner fringe of reef; whilst outside, the broad Pacific rolls its vast waters to where, on either hand, the blue sky mingles with the deeper tint of the waters to add the last touches to a pleasing scene.

HERE, without accident, the polyglot band of earnest observers arrived. The landing of the instruments was effected with much difficulty, owing to the rocky nature of the shore. They were, however, landed without damage; and the

observers made ready for the eclipse. But when all this had been done, when observatories had been fitted up, and instruments arranged, the momentous question of weather still remained. If it chanced to be unfavourable, should a thick bank of clouds blot out the sun from view, all the trouble, all the enthusiasm, all the expense would have availed nothing. Nor were the fears on this head, as the event proved, altogether groundless. Early on the morning of the eclipse, the weather was very unsettled, and the sky by no means free from clouds. As the morning wore on, the clouds which threatened to prevent the observation dispersed somewhat, and as the time for the eclipse approached, the sky was moderately clear. These were anxious moments for the observers as they hastened to and fro, anxious to see that everything down to the minutest detail was in order, so that no fault in the arrangements might cause the loss of any of the precious minutes of observation.

At length the moment for the commencement of the eclipse arrived. The moon's dark body began to hide the brightly shining disc of the sun from view; and that darkness peculiar to eclipses spread itself over the face of nature. As the moon advanced in its steady course, this became more pronounced; but it was noticed by the observers that much of the weird colouring of the landscape usually seen was absent on this occasion. The dark shadow of the moon continued to sweep over the earth; and just before totality, the silvery light of the so-called corona appeared around the moon's edge. As the advancing moon cut off more of the sun's light, the silver glow became more distinct, surrounding the moon like the effulgence which the older painters placed around the heads of their saints. The rose-coloured prominence-flames, which at this period of an eclipse usually form so marked a feature, were conspicuously absent in the present one, only one or two small prominences being visible in the photographs taken by the English observers. This, combined with the absence of the lurid light which generally falls over the landscape, made this eclipse less a spectacle than is usually the case. The whole scene—the dark black moon, the beautiful glow of the corona, the weird light from the prominences—is usually one which for grandeur, awe, and impressiveness, may be said to stand alone.

The observations have now commenced, and the telescope and the spectroscope, the photographic plate, and the eye of the trained observer, are each doing their utmost to unravel some of the mysteries of the constitution of that mighty orb which bears such potent sway over the earth and the other members of the system to which she belongs. Whilst the observers are thus engaged, a few moments may be profitably spent in considering the present state of solar research, so that the results which have been obtained may be the more easily understood, and their importance the more readily appreciated.

In the early history of mankind, these wonderful phenomena were regarded with the utmost terror, being looked upon as exhibitions of the divine anger of the deity men worshipped. But with the progress of civilisation, these feelings were dispersed, and men began to observe such

phenomena in an intelligent manner, recording the facts which they observed for the benefit of those who should come after. Thus, the weird colouring to which we have alluded as being so characteristic and constant a feature in a solar eclipse, was remarked as long since as the year 840 A.D.; and Kepler informs us that during the solar eclipse which took place in the autumn of 1590, the reapers in the fields of Styria were much struck by the strange hues of the autumn landscape. The corona and prominences to which we have referred were also seen by these early observers. The earliest allusion to the corona is, we believe, that made by Philostratus, who mentions the fact that the death of the Emperor Domitian had been predicted by a total eclipse, 'when a certain corona resembling an iris appeared around the sun.' Many speculations were made regarding the true nature of this corona, and the prominence-flames which flickered around the moon's edge. Kepler himself supposed the corona to be a lunar atmosphere—a theory which was held by many up to a very recent date—and many old observers suggested the possibility that the prominences were simply clouds floating in such an atmosphere. Unfortunately for this theory, later observations revealed the indubitable fact that the moon does not carry these prominences with her, but passes over them, and obscures them from view as she crosses the solar disc. Such an observation of course clearly proves that the prominence-flames belong not to the moon, but to the sun which she eclipses. As to the corona, however, the dispute still went on. Some still asserted it to be the atmosphere of the moon; others held that it was produced by sunlight in our own air; whilst yet another class of theorists clung to the belief that the whole appearance was simply the effect of diffraction around the moon's edge. The independent demonstration, however, of the fact that the moon does not possess an atmosphere, gave the first theory its death-blow; but it still remained a moot-point how much of the corona belonged to the sun itself, and how much was due to optical causes.

In 1868, a new era in the history of eclipse observation may be said to have commenced. Wollaston and Fraunhofer, Kirchhoff and Bunsen, had done their work, and their labours had resulted in the production of the spectroscope, an instrument destined to almost revolutionise the science of astronomy. The spectroscope was first employed in eclipse observation in the great Indian Eclipse of 1868, when Dr Janssen examined the spectrum of the prominence to find that they consisted mainly of hydrogen vapour at an intense temperature. This was certainly a very definite and valuable acquisition to our then knowledge of the sun. Still, the question of the corona remained outstanding. It had been observed, however, that it gave a continuous spectrum, and this was something. The American Eclipse of 1869 advanced matters somewhat; but even then it was considered quite possible that the corona might have a terrestrial, or at least a non-solar, origin. The results of the observation of later eclipses, however, were to show that at all events the base of the corona belonged to the sun; these portions gave a spectrum resembling that of a cooled prominence, and therefore undoubtedly forming part of the solar atmosphere.



This being so, the constitution of the sun may be thus imaged. The spectroscope has demonstrated that the brightly shining disc of the uneclipsed sun is made of substances, many of them identical with terrestrial elements, in a state of intense heat. Next this photosphere—as this visible portion of the sun is designated—is an intensely heated atmosphere, consisting of the vapours of the substances which make up the photosphere; outside of all being the corona.

But it has been suggested that in this atmosphere there exist not the terrestrial elements themselves, but only the germs of them. It is, in fact, held by some that the bodies which we designate elements only appear to be such because our feeble temperatures are insufficient to further reduce them, but that the intense heat of the sun breaks them up into yet simpler forms, which exist at different heights in the solar atmosphere. It can readily be imagined that a view of so startling a nature, and one so opposed to current ideas, must receive strong confirmation ere it can be accepted by scientific men; and it so happens that the most stringent and crucial tests of the truth or worthlessness of this view can be applied only during an eclipse. The English observers, therefore, set themselves the task of recording the constitution of the various parts of the solar atmosphere successively brought within the searching analysis of the spectroscope by the moon in her passage, these observations being entirely photographic. The results obtained, however, are not altogether those which were looked for by the advocates of this new view, which must await a further test. Some beautiful photographs of the corona have been obtained which reveal much delicate detail, and the English observers also succeeded in photographing for the first time the flash of bright lines seen immediately before and after totality. Professor Hastings of the American party devoted his attention to a spectroscopic examination of the corona, and his observation has led him to the belief that the greater part, if not indeed the whole of it, is an effect of diffraction about the moon's edge; but this view of the corona is one which, we think, will not be generally accepted. Part of the corona has undoubtedly a real existence at the sun, and although some small portion of it may be the result of diffraction, Professor Hastings has probably exaggerated the effects arising from such a cause.

The French observers took photographs of the whole region round the sun on a large scale; but although these were exposed during the whole of totality, they do not show more detail than the best of those taken on a smaller scale by the English observers, which were exposed only for two minutes. That Will-o'-the-wisp, the intra-Mercurial planet Vulcan, whose existence has been inferred from considerations connected with the movements of Mercury, was again diligently searched for during this eclipse. These observations have apparently been rewarded with success. M. Trouvelot saw a red star a few degrees to the north-west of the sun during the eclipse, which he believes must be the hitherto hypothetical Vulcan. But this conclusion is one which certainly requires the confirmation and adhesion of the other observers who searched for such a planet.

It will thus be seen that much valuable work was done by the little band of observers at the Caroline Islands, and new fields of thought and work open themselves to the gaze of the solar physicist. It must not be expected that the observation of every eclipse will result in the settlement of outstanding questions. Concerning this subject, the known is so little, the unknown so vast, that for some years to come the discovery of fresh difficulties and the propositions of new questions, rather than the settlement of old ones, must be looked for. There is, we think, no science more fascinating than that of astronomy; there is no grander problem in that science than that of the constitution of the sun; for it must not be forgotten that the spectroscope has revealed to us the fact that there are many stars of a general similar constitution to that star which we call the sun; and it may prove that the knowledge of its constitution will be the key to that of a whole group of stars; nay, it may even lead us to an intimate knowledge of the constitution of the universe itself.

## THE ROSERY FOLK.

### CHAPTER XIII.—BROTHER WILLIAM AT HOME.

BROTHER WILLIAM went very regularly to the *Scarletts*, and took Fanny's magazines, handing them to her always with an air of disgust, which resulted in their being snatched angrily away. Then he would sit down, and in due time partake of tea, dwelling over it, as it were, in a very bovine manner—the resemblance being the stronger whenever there was watercress or lettuce upon the table. In fact, there was something remarkably ruminative in Brother William's slow, deliberate, contemplative way; while, to carry on the simile, there was a something almost in keeping in the manners of Martha Betts, a something that while you looked at the well-nurtured, smooth, pleasant, quiet woman, set the observer thinking of Mrs *Scarlett's* gentle Jersey cows, that came up, dewy lipped and sweet breathed, to blink and have their necks patted and ears pulled by those they knew.

In justice to Martha Betts, it must be said that she never allowed her neck to be patted nor her ears pinched by Brother William; and what was more, that stout yeoman farmer would never for a moment have thought of presuming to behave so to the lady of his choice; and that she was the lady of his choice he one day showed. It was a pleasant afternoon, and Brother William had been greatly enjoying a delicious full-hearted lettuce that John Monnick had brought in expressly for the servants' tea. Perhaps it was the lettuce which inspired the proposal that was made during the temporary absence of Fanny from the tea-table.

'Pretty girl, Fanny; ain't she, Martha?'

'Very; but I would not tell her so. She knows it quite enough.'

'She do,' said Brother William; 'and it's a pity; but I'm used to it. She always was like that, from quite a little un; and it frets me a bit when I get thinking about her taking up with any one. You don't know of any one, do you?'

'Not that she's taken with,' said Martha, in the quietest way. 'There's the ironmonger's

young man, and Colonel Sturt's Scotch gardener ; but Fanny won't notice them.'

'No,' said Brother William, biting a great half-moon out of a slice of bread-and-butter, and then looking at it regretfully, as much as to say : 'See what havoc I have made.'—'No, she wouldn't. I don't expect she'll have any one at all.'

'Oh, there's no 'knowing,' said Martha, refilling the visitor's cup.

'No ; there's no knowing,' assented Brother William ; and there was silence for a few minutes.

'You've never been over to see my farm, Martha Betts,' said Brother William, then.

'No ; I have never been,' assented Martha in her quiet way.

'I should like you to come over alone, and see it,' said Brother William ; 'but I know you wouldn't.'

'No ; I would not,' said Martha.—'Was your last cup sweet enough ?'

'Just right,' said Brother William thoughtfully.—'But you would come along with Fanny, and have tea, and look round at the beasts and the crops ?'

'Yes,' said Martha, in the most matter-of-fact manner, as if the proposal had not the least interest for her. 'But Fanny would not care to come.'

'I'll make her,' said Brother William quietly ; and he went on ruminating and gazing sleepily at the presiding genius of the tea-table. Then Fanny came back, took a magazine from her pocket, and went on reading and partaking of her tea at the same time, till Brother William said suddenly : 'Fanny, I've asked Martha Betts and you to come over to tea o' Friday, at the farm. Be in good time. I'll walk back with you both.'

Fanny looked up sharply, and was about to decline the honour, when a thought that made her foolish little heart beat, and a quiet but firm look from her brother's eye, altered her intention, and she, to Martha's surprise, said calmly : 'Oh, very well. We will be over by four—if we can get leave.'

There was no difficulty about getting leave, for Fanny took the first opportunity of asking her mistress, and that first opportunity was one day when Mrs Scarlett was busy in the study with Arthur Prayle.

Mrs Scarlett looked up as the girl paused and hesitated, after taking in a letter ; and Arthur Prayle also looked up and gazed calmly at the changing colour in the handsome face.

'What is it, Fanny ?' said Mrs Scarlett.

'I was going to ask, ma'am, if I might go with Martha—on Friday—to my brother's farm—to tea. My brother would bring us back by ten ; or if you liked, ma'am, I could come back alone much sooner, if you wanted me.'

'Oh, certainly, Fanny. You can go. I like you to have a change sometimes.'

'And shall I come back, ma'am—about nine ?' said the girl eagerly.

'O no ; certainly not,' replied Mrs Scarlett. 'Come back with Martha, under your brother's charge.'

Mrs Scarlett inadvertently turned her face in the direction of Prayle, as she spoke, and found his eyes fixed upon her gravely, as he rested his

elbows on the table and kept his finger-tips together.

'Certainly not,' he said softly. 'You are quite right, I think ;' and he bowed his head in a quiet serious manner, as if giving the matter his entire approval.

Fanny said, 'Thank you, ma'am ;' and it might have been supposed that this extension of time would have afforded her gratification ; but an analyst of the human countenance would have said that there was something almost spiteful in the look which she bestowed upon Arthur Prayle, as she was about to leave the room.

In due time the visit was paid, Fanny and Martha bestowing no little attention on their outward appearance ; and upon crossing the bridge and taking the meadow-path, they were some little distance from the farm, when Brother William encountered them, with a very shiny face, as if polished for the occasion, and a rose in the button-hole of his velveteen coat.

'How are you, Martha Betts ?' he said, with a very bountiful smile ; and he shook hands almost too heartily to be pleasant, even to one whose fingers were pretty well hardened with work.—

'How are you, Fanny, lass ?' he continued ; and he was about to bestow upon the graceful well-dressed little body, a fraternal hug and kiss, but she repelled him.

'No ; don't, William. There, that will do. I'm very glad to see you ; but I wish you wouldn't be such a bear.'

'Bear, eh ?' said Brother William, with a disappointed look. 'Why, I was only going to kiss you, lass. All right,' he said, smiling again. 'But she mustn't think of having a sweetheart, Martha Betts, or he'll be wanting to hug her too.'

Brother William's face was a study as he let off this, to his way of thinking, very facetious remark. His bountiful smile expanded into an extremely broad grin, and he's need to Martha Betts for approval, but only to its other so stern and grave a look, that his smile grew stiff, then hard, then faded away into an expression of pain, which in turn gave way to one that was stolid solemnity frozen hard.

'It's a nice day, ain't it ?' he said at last, to break the unpleasant silence that had fallen upon the little group, as they walked on between hedges bright with wild-roses, and over which the briony twined its long strands and spread its arrowy leaves. There was the scent of the sweet meadow-plant as it raised its creamy blossoms from every moist ditch ; and borne on the breeze came the low sweet music of the weir.

But somehow these various scents, sights, and sounds had grown common to the little party, or else their thoughts were on other matters, for Fanny the pretty seemed to be looking eagerly across the meadow towards the river and down every lane, as if expecting to see some one on the way towards them. From time to time she hung back, to pick and make little bouquets of wild-flowers, but only to throw them pettishly away, as she found that her brother and fellow-servant kept coming to a full stop till she rejoined them, when they went on once more.

As for Brother William and Martha, they diligently avoided looking at one another, while their conversation was confined to a few words, and those were mostly from Brother William, who

said on each of these occasions: 'Hadn't we best wait for Fanny?'

'To which Martha Betts responded: 'Well, I suppose we had.'

Martha seemed in nowise delighted with the appearance of the pretty cottage farm, with its low thick thatch and dense ivy, which covered the walls like a cloak. Neither was she excited by the sight of the old-fashioned garden, gay with homely flowers; but she did accept a rosebud, and a sprig of that pleasant herbaceous plant which Brother William called 'Old Man,' pinning them tightly at the top of her dress with a very large pin, which her host took out of the edge of his waistcoat.

'That is a pretty dress,' he said admiringly. 'One o' my favourite colours. There's nowt like laylock and plum.'

'I'm glad you like it,' said Martha quietly; and she then followed Brother William into the clean, homely keeping-room, where Joe's wife—Joe being one of Brother William's labourers—who did for him, as he expressed it, had prepared the tea, which was spread upon one of the whitest of cloths. Beside the ordinary preparations for the infusion of the Chinese leaf, there was an abundance of country delicacies: ham of the host's own growing and curing; rich moist radishes; the yellowest of butter, so sweetly fresh as to be scented; the brownest of loaves, and the thickest of cream.

Martha looked round at the bright homely furniture of the room, the bees-waxed chairs, the polished bureau of walnut inlaid with brass, the ancient eight-day clock, and the side-table with its gray-and-red check cotton cover, highly decorated tea-tray, set up picture-fashion, and a few books.

'Ah,' said Brother William, seeing the direction of his visitor's eyes, 'I haven't got many books. That's the owd Bible. Got mine and Fanny's birthdays in. That's mother's owd hymn-book; and here's a book here, if you like. If Fanny would lay that up by heart, 'stead o' reading them penny gimcracks, she'd be a-doing herself some good.' As he spoke, he took up a well-used old book in a brown cover, which opened easily in his hand. 'That's Bowcroft's *Farmer's Compendium*, that is. I'll lend it to you, if you like. Stodge-full of receipts for cattle-drinks and sheep-dressings; and there's a gardener's calendar in it too. I wouldn't take fi' pound for that book, Martha. There ain't many like it, even up at Mr Scarlett's, I'll be bound. That's litrichur, that is.'

Fanny did not enter with them. She preferred to have a good look at the garden, she said; and she lingered there for some time, her 'good look at the garden' taking in a great many protracted looks up and down the lane, each of which was followed by a disappointed aspect and a sigh.

'Don't you take off your bonnet and jacket, Martha Betts?' said Brother William. 'You can go up to Fanny's old bedroom, or you can hang 'em up behind the door on the peg.'

Martha thought she would hang them up on the peg that was behind the door; and Brother William looked stolidly on, but in an admiring way, as he saw the quick deft manner in which his visitor divested herself of these outdoor articles of garb, made her hair smooth with a touch, and

then brought out an apron from her pocket, unrolled it, and from within, neatly folded so that it should not crease, one of those natty little scraps of lace that are pinned upon the top of the head and called by courtesy a cap.

'Hah!' said Brother William, as the cap was adjusted and the apron fastened on; 'the kettle is byling, but we may as well look round before you make the tea.'

'Thank you,' said Martha calmly.

'This is the washus,' said Brother William, opening a door to display a particularly clean whitewashed place, with red-brick floor. There was a copper in one corner; at one side, a great old-fashioned open fireplace with clumsy iron dogs, and within this fireplace, in what should have been the chimney corner, an iron door, nearly breast high.

'That's the brick oven,' said Brother William, noticing the bent of his visitor's eyes. 'We burn fuzz in it mostly; but any wood does. Them hooks is when we kill a pig. The water in that there pump over the sink's soft; there's a big tank outside. That other pump you see through the window's the drinking-water. It never gets dry. Nice convenient washus; isn't it?'

'Very,' said Martha quietly; 'only there ought to be a board put down front of the sink, for a body to stand on.'

'There is one outside. Mrs Badley must ha' leff it there when she cleaned up,' cried Brother William eagerly; and Martha said 'Oh!'

Then he led the way back into the keeping-room, and opened a second door, while Martha's quick eyes were taking in everything, not an article of furniture escaping her gaze; not that she was admiring or calculating their quality or value, but as if she were in search of some particular thing that so far she had found absent; this object being a spot of dirt.

'This here's the dairy,' said Brother William, entering, and holding open the double doors of the cool, dark, shady place—brick-floored, like the washhouse, but with a broad erection of red brick all round like a rough dresser, upon which stood rows of white-lined pans, with a large white table in the middle, and the churn, scales, and beaters, and other utensils used in the preparation of the butter, along with the milk-pails at one end.

Martha's wandering eyes were as badly off as Noah's dove in the early days after the flood; they could find no place to rest, for everything was scrupulously clean. The cream looked thick and heavy and almost tawny in its yellowness; and upon two large dishes were a couple of dozen rolls of delicious-looking butter, reposing beneath a piece of white muslin, ready for taking to market on the following day.

'Myste and cool, isn't it?' said Brother William. 'You see it's torst the north, and I've got elder-trees to shade the window as well.'

Martha nodded, and continued her search for that spot of dirt which her reason told her must be somewhere; but certainly it was not hiding there.

'There's four cows in full milk now, Martha. Cream's rich; isn't it? Wait a moment.'

'Where do you get your hot water to scald the churn and things?' said Martha sharply, checking Brother William as he was moving towards the open door.

'There's a big byler in the kitchen,' said Brother William, eager to make the best of things; and then, as Martha said no more, but went on with her dirt quest, he left the dairy, and came back directly after with an old-fashioned, much worn, silver tablespoon.

'I thought you wouldn't mind tasting the cream, Martha. This here is 'bout the freshest,' he said, going to one of the broad shallow pans, inserting the spoon, which, Martha had seen at a glance, was beautifully clean, and gently drawing the cream sidewise, so that it crinkled all over, so thick was it and rich, the spoon came out piled up as it were with the luscious produce of the little farm.

Martha's face was perfectly solemn, as she watched Brother William's acts, and she did not move a muscle till he spoke.

'Open your mouth,' he said seriously—'wide.'

Martha obeyed, and did open her mouth—wide, for it was rather a large mouth; but the lips were well shaped and red, and the teeth within were even and white.

Brother William carefully placed the spoonful of cream within; and Martha closed her lips, solemnly imbibing the luscious spoonful, when, as a small portion was left visible at one corner, Brother William carefully removed it with an orange silk pocket-handkerchief; and Martha quietly said: 'Thank you.'

'Would you like to look at the cows now, or have tea?' said Brother William; whereupon Martha opined that it would be better to have tea, as Fanny would be expecting them.

But Fanny was evidently not expecting them, and did not come in until Martha had made the tea and cut the bread-and-butter, Brother William leaning his arms on the back of the big, well beeswaxed Windsor chair, and gazing at her busy fingers, as she spread the yellow butter and cut a plateful of slices.

'Seems just as if you were doing it at home,' said Brother William; 'only it looks nicer here.'

Then Fanny was summoned, and Martha made way for her to preside at the tea-tray.

'No; you'd better pour out,' she said absently. 'I'd rather sit here.'

'Here' was where she could see through the open window out into the road; and there she sat while the meal was discussed, little attention being paid to her by her brother, who divided his time between eating heartily himself, and pressing slices of ham upon Martha, who took her place in the most matter-of-fact way, and supplied her host's wants, which were frequent, as the tea-cups were very small. In fact, so occupied with their meal were Brother William and Martha, that they did not notice a slow, deliberate step in the road, passing evidently down the lane; neither did they see that Fanny's face, as she bent lower over her cup, became deeply suffused, and that she did not look up till the step had died away, when she uttered a low sigh, as if a burden had been removed from her breast.

After that, though, they did notice that she became brighter and more willing to enter into conversation, seeming at last to take quite an interest in her brother's account of the loss of a sheep through its getting upside down in a ditch; and she also expressed a feeling of satisfaction upon hearing that hay would fetch a good price

in the autumn, so many people having had theirs spoiled.

'Never mind me,' said Fanny, as soon as, between them, she and Martha had put away the tea-things; 'I shall go into the garden and look round.'

Brother William evidently did not mind her, for, in his slow deliberatè way, he took off Martha to introduce her to the cows; after which she had to scrape acquaintance with the pigs, visit the poultry, who were somewhat disturbed, inasmuch as they were settling themselves in the positions that they were to occupy for the night, and made no little outcry in consequence. Then there were the sheep; and there was last year's haystack, and this year's, both of which had to be smelt, Brother William pulling out a good handful from each, to show Martha that there was not a trace of damp in either. This done, a happy thought seemed to strike Brother William, who turned to Martha and exclaimed: 'I wonder whether you could churn?'

'Let's try,' said Martha, with the air of one who would have made the same answer if it had been the question of making a steam-engine or a watch.

Brother William gave one of his legs a vigorous slap, marched Martha back into the house, through into the dairy. Then he fetched a can of hot water to rinse out and warm the churn. There was a pot of lumpy cream already waiting, and this was carefully poured in, the lid duly replaced, with the addition of a cloth, to keep the cream from splashing out, and then he stood and watched Martha, who was busily pinning up her dress all round. She then turned up her sleeves and took out a clean pocket-handkerchief, which she folded by laying one corner across to the other, and then tied it over her head and under her chin, making her pleasant comely face look so provocative, that Brother William drew a long breath, took a step forward, and was going to catch Martha in his arms; but he recollected himself in time, gave a slew round, and caught hold of the churn handle instead, and this he began to turn steadily round and round, as if intending to play a tune.

'I thought I was to make it,' said Martha quietly.

'Oh, ah, yes, of course,' he said, resigning the handle; and then he drew back, as if it was not safe for him to stand there and watch, while Martha steadily turned and turned, and the cream within the snowy white sycamore box went 'wish-wash, wish-wash, wish-wash,' playing, after all, a very delicious tune in the young farmer's ears, for it suggested yellow butter, and yellow butter suggested sovereigns, and sovereigns suggested home comforts and saving, and above all, the turning of that handle suggested the winning of just the very wife to occupy that home.

Five minutes, and there was a glow of colour in Martha's cheeks. Five minutes more, and the colour was in her brow as well.

'You are tired now,' said Brother William. 'Let me turn.'

'No; I mean to make it,' she replied, tightening her lips and turning steadily away.

Another five minutes, and there was a very red spot on Martha's chin, and her lips were apart; but she turned away, with Brother



William quite rapt in admiration at the patient perseverance displayed; and in fact, if it had been a question of another hour, Martha would have kept on turning till she dropped. She did not speak, neither did Brother William; but his admiration increased. Their eyes never met, for Martha's were fixed steadfastly upon one particular red brick; not that it was dirty, for it was of a brighter red than the others; and she turned and turned, first with one hand, then with the other, till there was a change in the 'wish-wash, wish-wash' in the churn, and then Brother William exclaimed: 'That's done it. Butter!'

'Hah!' ejaculated Martha, with a heavy sigh, and her breath came all the faster for the exertion.

'Look at it!' cried Brother William, taking the lid off the churn. 'Can you see?'

Martha was rather short; hence, perhaps, it was that Brother William placed his arm round her waist to raise her slightly; and he was not looking at the butter, and Martha was not looking at it either, but up at him, as he bent down a little lower, and somehow, without having had the slightest intention of doing so the moment before, Brother William gave Martha a very long and solemn kiss.

She shrank away from him the next moment, and looked up at him reproachfully. 'You shouldn't,' she said. 'It's so wrong.'

'Is it?' he said dolefully. 'I'm very sorry. I couldn't help it, Martha. You made the butter so beautifully. Don't be cross.'

'I'm not cross,' she said, untying the handkerchief, and then proceeding to take out the pins from her dress, holding them between her lips, points outwards; 'only you mustn't do so again.'

Brother William said: 'Well, I won't;' and then, as the pins were taken from Martha's red lips—so great is the falsity of man—he bent down and let his lips take the place of the pins again, and Martha said never a word.

'Joe's wife said yesterday that she didn't mean to come and do for me much longer,' said Brother William suddenly.

'Why not?' said Martha.

'Because she said I'd best ask you.'

'And are you going to ask me, William?'

'Yes. When will you come altogether?' he said softly.

Martha glanced round once more, as if in search of that spot of dirt which would keep eluding her search. Then she raised her eyes to Brother William's shirt front with a triumphant flash, feeling sure that she would see a button off or a worn hole; but there was neither; and when she turned her eyes upon his hands, the wristbands were not a bit frayed. 'I don't know,' she said dubiously. 'Do you want me to come?'

He nodded, and they went out of the dairy into the sitting-room.

'I'll tell Fanny,' he said. 'I hope she'll be pleased.'

But Fanny was not there; and when they went into the garden, she was not there either, nor yet in the orchard.

'She must have gone down the lane,' said Brother William—'down towards the river. Let's go and see.'

They went out together, with Martha making no scruple now about holding on by Brother

William's sturdy arm. But though they walked nearly down to the river, Fanny was not there.

'She'll be cross, and think we neglected her,' said Martha. 'I am sorry we went away.'

'I'm not,' said Brother William, trying to be facetious for the second time that evening. 'We've made half a dozen pounds o' butter, and a match.'

Martha shook her head.

'Let's go back and see if she went up to the wood,' cried Brother William.

'She's reading somewhere,' said Martha as they walked back, to find Fanny standing by the gate, looking slightly flushed and very pretty, ready to smile and banter them for being away so long.

They soon ended the visit to the farm; for, after partaking of supper, and eating one of Brother William's own carefully grown lettuces, they walked slowly back, in the soft moist evening air, to the Rosery, when, during the leave-takings, Brother William said: 'Fanny, Martha's going to be my wife.'

'Is she?' said Fanny indifferently. 'Oh!' And then to herself: 'Poor things! What a common, ordinary-looking woman Martha is. And Brother William— Ah, what a degrading life this is!'

The degradation did not seem to affect the others, for Brother William's cheeks quite shone, and the high lights on Martha's two glossy smooth bands of hair seemed to be brighter than ever.

'Good-night,' said Brother William. 'Good-night, Martha.'

'Good-night, William.'

'You'll keep a sharp eye on Fanny till I fetch you away; won't you?'

'I always do, William; but I'm afraid her eyes are sharper than mine.'

'What do you mean?' he said sharply.

'I'm afraid she's got a sweetheart.'

'Who is it?' said Brother William sternly.

'I don't know yet. Sometimes I think it's a real one, and sometimes I think it's all sham; only one out of her magazines that she talks about; but I'm not sure.'

'Then look here, Martha: you've got to be sure,' said Brother William, who was as business-like now as if he had been selling his hay. 'You've got to make sure, and tell me, for I'm not going to have anybody play the fool with her. If any one does, there'll be something the matter somewhere;' and shaking his head very fiercely, Brother William strode away, giving a thump with his stick at every step along the road.

## AN ELECTRIC TRAMWAY.

ELECTRICITY has for a considerable length of time been utilised in houses here and there for ringing bells and doing other little services; but advantage is now being taken of the new force for purposes of locomotion. By the invention of the dynamo machine, the energy of the electric current is transformed into mechanical action, which can be communicated by a very simple process to the driving axle of the machine to be actuated. Visitors to the Crystal Palace have seen the toy tramcar in the Palace grounds propelled by electricity, on which a curious public rides at sixpence per head per journey. Similar playthings have been in operation at the various electrical

exhibitions on the continent ; and at Leytonstone, Berlin, Charlottenburg, and elsewhere the principle has also been applied over short distances in a more practical fashion. But the electric tramway between Portrush and Bushmills in the north of Ireland is the first of its kind which has been constructed by a public company for the purposes of profit. It is, moreover, the longest electrical railway in the world.

The line starts from Portrush, the pretty watering-place whose terraces of stately houses cluster round the most north-westerly promontory on the rocky coast of Antrim. Though excessively dull, Portrush is truly regarded as the queen of Ulster marine resorts. Its visitors go there apparently not for amusement, but to lead an amphibious life for a month or two, and to amass a fund of superfluous health for the rainy winter. They may be seen from June to October quietly sunning themselves by the sea, and forming gay patches of life and colour on the brown rocks and yellow sands. The coast scenery is very fine, and the sea-views are magnificent. Faintly breaking the far water-line are the dim forms of Islay and Jura. Westward of the little town, projecting into the rolling Atlantic, are the wild headlands of Donegal ; while in the opposite direction, the bold profile of the Giants' Causeway jags the eastern sky. The Causeway is distant from Portrush eight miles ; and the high-road, for a considerable part of the distance, runs along the wall of chalk cliffs which here form a barrier to the waves, and the lower portions of which have been worn by the action of the sea into peaks, arches, basins, and other grotesque shapes. The road at certain points passes within a few feet of the edge of the cliffs ; and here and there the view to landward is shut out by masses of grass-covered rock, which slope gently, sometimes abruptly, into the pasture-lands beyond.

It is along this road that the tramway has been laid. The line occupies one side of the road ; and from this slightly raised trampoline all ordinary traffic is excluded by a granite curbstone. The gauge is only three feet, and to twice that extent the Company monopolise the highway. It is intended that the line shall eventually be carried as far as the Causeway ; but at present it runs no farther than Bushmills, a thriving village, famed for whisky and salmon, six miles from Portrush. The steel rails are laid level with a gravelled surface. They were at first insulated in asphalt and copper-fastened to each other. A central station was erected at Portrush, and the electricity was generated from this point by a dynamo, worked by a stationary engine of about fifteen horse-power. The attempt to convey the electric current along the rails was found to give fair results for nearly two miles ; but in wet weather the leakage of electricity into the ground was so enormous that the effort in this direction was abandoned. It then became necessary to insulate the current more completely. This was done by the erection, parallel with the line, of a third iron rail, raised on wooden posts about two feet from the ground, and insulated by means of caps of insulite, which is formed by driving paraffin oil into sawdust at great pressure. Where there are gates leading from the public road to the adjoining fields, the current is conducted across such openings by an insulated

underground cable, so as to leave the occupiers of the land in undisturbed possession of their rights of way. If the hand or the foot is placed on this conducting rail, a slight but not unpleasant shock is felt. The tension of the electric current is regulated by self-acting governors attached to the apparatus which drives the generators, and is thereby prevented from being dangerous to life.

By means of the elevated rail, the difficulty previously experienced in transmitting the electric current equally over the whole six miles of the line was successfully overcome. The Company then resolved to dispense with the use of the stationary engine at Portrush, and to work the tramway by thunderbolts forged by water. The works necessary for this purpose have been erected at a part of the river Bush near Bushmills, known as the salmon-leap. The stream, after dashing over the rocks and boulders which at this point obstruct its peaceful course, tumbles through a deep, tree-shaded gorge, and passing the village, empties itself into the sea. The whole neighbourhood is beautifully wooded. Two miles farther east are the ghost-haunted peaks and pavements of the Giants' Causeway, from whose elevated ridge the ground slopes, in many a billow of autumn-tinted foliage, to the salmon-leap. By an artificial channel, springing from the bed of the river above the falls, the water is conveyed for some distance in a direction parallel with the stream, finally falling through two cylindrical 'shootings,' erected on the face of a cliff thirty feet high. At the base of these 'shootings' are two turbine-wheels, which produce a total of about ninety horse-power. The revolution of the turbines turns a massive upright shaft, which in turn communicates with a side-shaft connected with a fly-wheel attached to one of Siemens' dynamos in an adjacent building. From the dynamo, the electricity is conveyed by an underground cable to the terminus of the line at Bushmills, about three-quarters of a mile distant, and thence along the third rail to Portrush, supplying the moving cars at any point on their journey.

The method of utilising the electric current is as simple as it is effective. Projecting from the side of the tramcar are two flexible steel brushes, resting on the conducting rail ; and the current is thus transmitted to a dynamo placed in an invisible compartment beneath the carriage. This dynamo, revolving in sympathy with the developing dynamo on the Bush river, turns the wheels by means of a chain-gear, and so causes locomotion. In this way, without any apparent motive-power, the electric carriage, with its fifteen or twenty passengers, glides gracefully over the line, with occasional flashes of light from the metallic brushes as they sweep along the elevated rail, and from under the wheels, as if the sparks are being crushed out as it rolls along. There is no more noise than is caused by the contact of the brushes with the rail ; no smoke, no disagreeable fumes, nothing to mar the pleasure of driving in an open conveyance. The gradients on the road often reach one in forty, or one in thirty-five, and for a short distance, over one in thirty. In ascending these inclines, the speed is perceptibly lessened ; but the cars come downhill with the same

regularity of motion that marks their progress on the most level part of the track. This comparative steadiness of speed is obtained by reversing, when necessary, the direction of the electric current, and by the use of the ordinary mechanical breaks. If several cars be running along the line at different places, the whole force of the current rushes to the assistance of those which are going uphill, and consequently there is no waste of power at the points where it is not required. Although the cars can be driven at a rapid rate, the regulation pace is not more than twelve miles an hour.

That the first electrical tramway in the United Kingdom should have been started in a remote corner of Ireland, is due to the enterprise of Dr Anthony Traill, and his brother Mr W. A. Traill, who has acted as engineer of the line. These gentlemen have, in part at least, solved the problem of the transmission of force to a distance. So far, the financial results of their novel experiment are fairly satisfactory. During the seven months ending in August last, forty-seven thousand passengers were conveyed over the line, and there was also a considerable goods-traffic. An average income of fifty pounds per week all the year round would, the projectors state, suffice to pay the working expenses and give a dividend of five per cent. on the capital expended; and since the tramway was opened in January last, the receipts have varied from twelve to one hundred pounds per week. One advantage of the new motor is, that it is not necessary to carry a heavy engine along the line, or to carry any fuel. A powerful dynamo on a car weighs one ton; and as the rolling-stock is light, the wear and tear of the line is much under that incurred on tramways less favourably situated. If the hopes of its promoters are realised, this latest development of the applied science of the nineteenth century will mark an era in the history of locomotion.

## THE BLATCHFORD BEQUEST.

### IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

TEN years have passed by. It is now the middle of August, and parliament has some days been prorogued. The member for Blacktown has gone down to his country-seat to spend a few weeks in absolute quiet and enjoyment of home; for although public life sadly interferes with domestic virtues, he is a home-loving man. He is still young; has plenty of confidence in himself, and is content to wait his time; trusting that when his chance does come, he may know how to use it. Yes, Cuthbert Wrey, the member for Blacktown, is not only an ambitious man, but, so far as he has gone, a successful one.

He has been in parliament about seven years. He could scarcely believe the truth, when he found his first attempt successful. No one knows exactly how candidates are brought forward and matters managed; but if a man chooses to drop a hint to the proper people that he is willing, at his own charge, to lead a forlorn-hope, it is not so very long before he is allowed to do so.

We need not follow his parliamentary career. Of course he was still in the second rank; but

his name began to be heard in the mouths of men. He had kept himself before the public. His speeches were listened to, and, what is more, reported at length. He had made one or two hits, and people knew that when his party were in power he would fill one of the lesser offices. More than this, he had no right to expect—at present.

Cuthbert has changed somewhat since we first saw him. Although in many ways the past years have improved him, he shows traces of hard work. His hair is sprinkled with gray, and there are lines of thought on his broad forehead; but he looks stalwart and strong enough to face any amount of toil and fatigue, whether bodily or mental. An erect, strongly built man, with a powerful but pleasing face, and possessing the knack of winning, not only the confidence and trust of one or two persons, but that of large audiences. Indeed, he is looked upon as one of the safest and best men of his party to address a large gathering of people. He speaks well and easily; his logic is simple and goes straight to the point; he possesses a commanding presence, and, moreover, argues as from honest conviction. He is now forty-one—quite young, in a political point of view; and if Cuthbert Wrey, whilst smoking his morning cigar under the shade of his favourite tree, sees in the immediate future very pleasant probabilities, who can wonder?

In spite of Mrs Blatchford's wealth, she had possessed no residence save Barnes' Folly. Cuthbert had not made it his home; although to this day it remained his property, and unproductive as ever. He had purchased a small estate in the west of England; and that, except when parliament was sitting, was his home. It was little more than a comfortable country-house with well-kept gardens and a small park. He had no wish to set up as a county magnate. His honours were to be won amid the bustling strife of cities; but he loved his home and those who filled it.

He sat lazily skimming yesterday's paper. Being some distance from a post, town-letters only reached him once a day. As the newspaper gave no account of debates, his interest in it was but languid. The weather was so fine that he felt little inclination for work, although he knew that a pile of letters awaited him indoors. He looked the picture of placid content as he sat in the shade of the large sycamore tree. Few would have imagined that idle gentleman in a soft slouch-hat and old shooting-coat, whose thoughts seem centred on the excellent cigar he was smoking, to be a rising legislator, who hoped, some day, to take an important part in the government of his country. When Cuthbert settled down to rest, he did so as he did everything else—thoroughly; he rested mentally and physically. A clump of arbutus hid the house from him, so there was nothing to disturb his even frame of mind. So comfortable he felt, that he resolved to postpone his

correspondence until the evening—to sit and simply enjoy the sunshine and shade as long as he could.

Then, with the sound of merry laughter, four children ran round the arbutus bushes. They came in single file, headed by a sturdy boy of nine, and whipped in by a toddling female thing of three. They invaded and clambered on Cuthbert, treating him as an equal, with a happy ignorance of the important position he occupied in the world. In breathless delight they informed him they had 'runned away.'

Then a tall and beautiful lady appeared, shaking her head with mock-severity at the culprits. 'You rascals!' she said, 'coming out and disturbing your father like this.—Shall I send them in, Cuthbert?'

'Let them stay,' he answered pleasantly. 'We don't see too much of each other in the course of the year. Public life and domestic duties don't walk hand in hand.'

His wife leant over and kissed him.

'How delightful,' he continued, 'this perfect rest and quiet! No dismal speeches to listen to; no questions to ask the right honourable gentleman; no bores airing grievances. The very birds following our laudable August custom, and lapsing into silence. Here I am safe even from constituents, deputations, and petitions. I could almost wish it might last for ever.'

'Yet, how you will be longing for work again before the recess is over!' said Mrs Wrey, almost sadly.

'That, my dear, is man's perverse nature. Anyway, I enjoy myself now, if only in the perfect immunity from interruption and bother. I wish you would burn all my letters—unopened—for the next week.'

How strangely a chance word brings up old memories! The remark he made about burning unopened letters sent his thoughts back a dozen years. Even now his face grew grave as he remembered how nearly he had yielded to the temptations of a certain night.

Just then, a servant appeared and informed him that a 'person' wished to see him.

'A person! What sort of a person? Man or woman?'

'A man, sir.'

'You told him I was not to be seen by any one, on business?'

'Yes, sir. But he said he had travelled from Bristol expressly to see you on a private matter, and hoped you would spare him a minute.'

Cuthbert's first impulse was to send that person about his business; but the old priestly habit of being at every one's disposal still lingered about him; so, disengaging himself from the children, he tossed the end of his cigar away and walked across the lawn to the house.

The servant had used the term 'person' with propriety. The visitor seemed to merit rather more than the definition 'man;' but no servant knowing his duties would have announced him as a gentleman. A thickset, strong, weather-beaten fellow, with the look of a sailor about him—a sailor dressed in unconventional shore-clothes. His age might have been about the same as Cuthbert's, although 'exposure to wind and weather made him look some years his senior.

He was waiting in the library, and, as the master of the house entered, he rose, making an uneasy sort of salutation. Cuthbert bade him reseal himself.

'Now, what can I do for you?' he said.

The man looked uncomfortable, and waited a few moments before he spoke. 'I am speaking to C. Wrey, Esq., M.P.?' he asked, evidently thinking the magic letters should be attached in conversation.

'Wants something, of course,' thought Cuthbert, as he owned to his name and honours.

'C. Wrey, Esq., M.P.,' continued the person. 'That's the name, sure enough. I wrote it down at once.'

'Well, go on, my man. Let me hear what you have to say.'

'It's like this, sir, you see. I came down from London to Bristol by express. They don't put third-class on express, so I had to get in with my betters.' ['Railway grievance,' thought Cuthbert.] 'Well, sir, there were two or three gentlemen there talking politics; they talked a deal about you, sir.'

Cuthbert was not overwhelmed at hearing of this tribute to his fame. His visitor went on. "Extraordinary clever fellow," says one.—"A conceited chap," says another—begging your pardon, sir. I didn't pay much heed, as I don't know much about politics. Never had a vote to sell. But, by-and-by, one of 'em says: "Used to be a parson, starving on a hundred a year."—"Very rich now," says another. "How did he get his money?"—"Old woman named Blatchford left him ten thousand a year, lucky fellow!" says another. Then I got interested, Mr Wrey.'

Cuthbert also was growing interested. An absurd thought crossed his mind, to be dispelled as he looked more attentively at the speaker.

'Well, go on,' he said.

'Would you mind telling me, sir,' asked the man respectfully, 'if that Mrs Blatchford ever had a son named Ralph? Blatchford isn't a common name, you see.'

It was some years since Cuthbert had been troubled by a claimant to the name of Blatchford, but he had not forgotten how to deal with them.

'Now look here, my man,' he said sharply; 'don't beat about the bush. If you are going to assert that you are Ralph Blatchford, who has been kept away all these years by unavoidable circumstances, say so at once, and I shall know how to treat you.'

The man looked at him in open-mouthed astonishment. He laughed aloud, then said: 'Lord love ye, sir! I'm not Ralph Blatchford. Bad chap as I've been in my time, I'd be sorry to have been such a one as him. But bad as he was, Ralph Blatchford always looked what I don't, a gentleman. He's been dead and buried this fourteen years.'

Cuthbert had felt convinced of this for many years; but he was not sorry to have clear proofs of his death. 'When did he die?' he asked. 'How did he die? I have been trying for years to ascertain his fate. What proofs have you of his death?'

The man gave a sort of chuckle. 'I don't know about proofs, sir; but when you've seen a fellow deliberately shot before your eyes, I guess you



don't want much more proof, or burial certificate either.'

'Very well. If you saw him die, tell me all about it.'

'Tisn't much to tell, sir. I was down at San Francisco fourteen years ago this autumn.—Know Frisco, Mr Wrey?'

Cuthbert shook his head.

'Ought to know Frisco, sir. *The grandest city in the world, but chockfull of villainy. Somehow, all the scum of the universe turns up in Frisco. Suppose that's how I got there,*' he added, rather sadly. 'Well, sir, one night I went into a drinking and gambling shop, and sitting down there, I saw Ralph Blatchford. I'd known him elsewhere, you see. Up I went to him and held out my hand. "Why, Mr Blatchford," I said—for Dandy Ralph was always above me in manner.—He scowled. "My name ain't Blatchford," he said.—"All right," I said. "Let your name be what you like, it don't matter to me." Then I walked away; but I couldn't help keeping an eye on him. He sat down with some men and played cards. He seemed to be winning. They were playing euchre.—Know euchre, Mr Wrey?'

Cuthbert's education in this direction had been neglected. He again shook his head.

The speaker continued, slowly and meditatively, as though endeavouring to solve a mental problem as he proceeded: 'Now, this is what puzzles me about Ralph Blatchford. He must have been a fool—although we always thought him a smart clever chap—to go and play a stale, worn-out trick on men like that. He must have been downright desperate, or fancied they would never expect him to insult their intelligence with such a poor affair. Anyway, he *must* have been a fool.'

'Did he cheat?' asked Cuthbert.

'They all do, when they can,' answered the man simply. 'But he was clumsy at it. There was a flare-up! Out came the shooting-irons. I sat down as low as I could in my chair—always do that, sir, when you see a derring-drawn—and when I looked up in two seconds, Ralph Blatchford was a dying man.'

'What a place!' said Cuthbert, with a shudder.

'Well, it is a hasty, sudden-death sort of a place; but not so bad as you guess. If that card hadn't been found on him, the man who shot would have been strung up, and his kicking all over, in less than ten minutes. But the card was there, sure enough, so no one could say anything.'

'What a death!' said Cuthbert, as his thoughts went back, and he heard the last words of affection and forgiveness spoken by Honoria Blatchford to the one she believed, in the delirium of the moment, to be her penitent son—her son, who, months before, had been shot down, a common cheat, in a gambling house—'what an end!'

But all doubts were now dispelled. He turned to his visitor. 'I am much obliged to you,' he said, 'for your information. What became of him, has always been a mystery till now. You must allow me to remunerate you for your trouble, and I daresay you will like some refreshment. I will order it to be sent to you.'

His visitor had not quite finished his tale. 'Thank you kindly, sir,' he said. 'I don't want any money; but I should like a bite and a sup.—But, Mr Wrey, there's something else I want to say.'

'Speak on. What is it?'

'They carried him into a back-room, sir; and I thought the poor chap would like to see a face he knew, so I went to him. He knew me well enough then. I sat with him till it was all over. Just before he died, he turns to me. "Dick," he says, gasping—"Dick, I've been a bad un, and I'm dying like a dog. I've got a wife and a boy somewhere in England; find them out, and take them to my mother. She'll be good to them for my sake, although I don't deserve it." Those were Ralph Blatchford's last words, sir.'

Like one who dreams a dreadful dream, Cuthbert heard these words. After all these years, his fool's paradise had tumbled to pieces. A wife—a son! The very contingency provided for by the dead woman. He stared for some moments at the speaker without the power of utterance. He knew human nature too well to doubt that the man was telling the simple truth. A wife and son! waiting, perhaps, to claim what they could of the property, which had been his so long.

The bearer of these evil tidings looked at him so inquisitively, that he nerved himself to make further inquiries; but when he spoke his voice was so changed that it seemed to the listener like the voice of another man.

'How is it?' he asked—'how is it I only hear of this now—fourteen years after his death?'

His informant looked uncomfortable, as if the pressing of the question would be unpleasant. 'I was bound for Australia, next day,' he said; 'so I put the matter by until I could earn some money and get back to England. But I lost all I made as soon as I got it, for years and years. It was only last year I had a streak of luck, and followed it up. I haven't been in England two months. Besides,' he added, rather defiantly, 'Ralph Blatchford was no particular friend of mine; I couldn't go hunting about England for a woman and a boy. I did see an advertisement once in a Sydney paper about him.'

'Why not have answered it?'

'I was up in the Bush; but I made shift to write a letter; I sent it by a mate to the nearest post-town. He was never heard of again. Got killed or lost in the Bush, I suppose.'

'Then you know nothing about his wife and child?'

'Nothing whatever, sir. I'd almost forgotten about the whole affair. Only, when I heard that talk about Mrs Blatchford's money, her son's last words came back to me, and I felt conscience-struck like, and made up my mind to come and repeat them to you. That's all I've got to say, sir.'

Cuthbert mused for a while. How came it that the widow had never applied to the old lady for assistance? Why had she taken no notice of the advertisements addressed to her late husband? Either she was dead, or was in ignorance of her husband's true name and station in life; most likely the latter.

'What name did he pass under, when you saw him last?' he asked.

His visitor scratched his head. 'Ah, there you have me, sir; I've been trying to remember it all the way down. I know I did hear it at the time. Wilson, or Johnson, or some commonish name like that; but for the life of me, I don't know which.'

'How can I find out?'

'Only way I can think of is to get some one in Frisco to go to "Daley's Bar"—it's still running, I know—and ask if any one remembers a man who was shot there September 12th, fourteen years ago. To be sure, there must have been a good many shot about that time, but some one may be able to spot the right one.'

'Thank you. I will do so.—Your name is?'

'Richard Dunn's my name. Quay, Bristol, will find me. I'm trying to do something as a stevedore. I've a bit of money, and want to stay in England, if I can.'

Cuthbert rang the bell, and told the servant to minister to Mr Dunn's wants; then bidding him good-morning, left the house by a side-entrance, and, unseen by wife or children, departed on a solitary walk through the neighbouring lanes, in order to think the matter over without interruption.

It was the worst intelligence he could have received; even worse, he thought, than that of the existence of Ralph Blatchford. Despite the lapse of years, the restrictions were to him binding as before. Yet to be called upon to surrender all to a woman and child who might be living in the lowest rank of life, perhaps in crime, seemed preposterous. Besides, now he would have to surrender more than wealth; he must give up ambition, realised ambition with it. Would he have the strength to conquer this time? He feared not. But that question must be postponed for the present. However he acted eventually, whether true to his own idea of truth, whether he could bring himself to compound with his conscience, one thing was clear—Ralph Blatchford's widow and child must be found. Another day should not pass without steps being taken to insure this. When found, and the necessity of action stared him in the face, he would decide what to do. Having resolved this, he returned to the house.

Although he was now old enough to have learned the way to control emotion, Mrs Wrey saw that something was amiss with him. When dinner was over and the day had closed, she sat beside him and looked into his face anxiously. 'Cuthbert dear, something is worrying you. Is it a public or a private affair? I can at least share the last.'

He drew her close to him. Should he tell her? It was better not. Why should she be made anxious by thinking of a calamity which might never arrive? She knew something of the moral obligation which overrode his legal title to his inheritance—that should Ralph Blatchford appear, a great sacrifice must be made; but all danger of that seemed dispelled years and years ago.

'Do I seem worried?' he said pleasantly. 'If so, I am ashamed of myself, as it is only a question of money. I may lose some soon.'

His manner reassured her. 'Is that all?' she said. 'I feared it was something worse than that.'

He kissed her upturned face, and could not refrain from saying: 'If I lost everything in the world, would you be the same to me, Marion?'

His wife took both his hands and gazed earnestly into his eyes. 'Go back ten years, and answer that question for me. Think how you first saw me—how you took me from a dependent

position, and gave me love, trust, and everything worth living for. Oh, my husband, how good you have been to me!'

Marion Wrey spoke the truth. In linking his life with hers, Cuthbert had made no grand alliance. She brought him neither wealth nor influence. Ten years ago, he had met her at the house of a clerical friend, the Rev. Mr Mayne. She was a pale, sad, but beautiful girl, who had awakened his interest at once. For some time she had been acting as governess to his friend's children. A faint resemblance she bore to the first woman he had ever loved appealed to Cuthbert; and after seeing her a few times, interest grew to admiration, and admiration culminated in love. He was not a man to linger long in suspense. One day he went to her and asked her to be his wife; pleading for the gift of her love in so earnest a way, that she could not fail to understand the depth of the passion he felt. Yet the girl hesitated. She made no secret of the fact that she loved him, but begged for a couple of days' grace before she gave him the promise he craved. Puzzled, but hopeful, he left her; returning at the time specified for her answer.

Marion took his hand. 'I have thought and thought,' she said, 'but I cannot decide. Will you take me just as I am—just as you find me—without one question as to my past, or one allusion to it? My life has been a bitter one; and if I become your wife, let me bury and utterly blot out the past. Will you, can you do this?'

With a lover's impetuosity, he vowed that neither now nor hereafter did he care or would he wish to know anything save and except that she loved him; and as, without a shadow of evil in them, her clear eyes met his, he knew that he should never regret or wish to break the vow.

'If,' she said, after a pause—'if you think I ask too much, go to Mr Mayne; he knows my history. It is a sad one—so sad; that I should like to think you never heard it.'

But Cuthbert preferred to trust entirely, and keep his promise, like the loyal man he was. If there had been sorrow, let it be buried for ever. Marion's happiness was his future charge.

They were married almost immediately, and from that hour every trace of sadness vanished from Marion's face. Every day, her husband thought, she grew more beautiful. She was twenty-six when Cuthbert married her; and now, ten years afterwards, she was a fair, refined, dignified woman, fit to move in the best society, and doing the honours of her house to, often, distinguished visitors with perfect grace and composure. Dearly as she loved her husband, much as she longed for his constant presence, she was no bar to the success of his ambition. His aims were hers, and she could make any sacrifice to compass what he had at heart. No husband and wife could have been better matched, and none loved better.

Yet Cuthbert decided not to tell her the purport of Mr Dunn's visit, until something more definite was ascertained. The next day he went up to town, and made arrangements with a noted inquiry agent to send some one at once to San Francisco, in the hope of getting some information about a man, name unknown, who, fourteen

years ago, was shot like a dog in a gambling saloon. Then dismissing, as far as he could, the whole thing from his mind, he went back to what holiday he could allow himself.

### CHATS WITH COAL-MINERS.

'ESCAPES? Yes, sir; I've had one or two near shaves; and I don't suppose there's a man on the colliery but what could say the same.'

The speaker was a hardy, toiled-out coal-miner, who had come to see me on some parish business. And many is the thrilling tale which, by considerable pressure—for he it known that most of these men think lightly and speak but little of their dangers—the country parson may extract from his 'fellow-men in black' among the coal-pits.

'Yes, sir; I've had one or two. Once I was let down into the sump in eight feet of water.'

This man was a 'shaftman.' The 'shaft,' as you know—or perhaps you don't know—is the circular perpendicular 'well' by which access is gained to the horizontal beds of coal lying at various depths below the surface. The depth of the shaft in various mines ranges from tens to hundreds of fathoms. The duty of the shaftmen is to keep this in repair. Often their work must be done sitting with one leg through a loop attached to the steel-wire rope by which they are drawn up and down, or standing on a simple scaffold hung to the side of the shaft; and a man needs a stout heart and a steady nerve to work placidly, suspended over a chasm a hundred fathoms deep. The ordinary mode, however, of journeying up and down the shaft is in the 'cage,' an iron structure open at two sides, steadied in its course by two grooves, which fit in two wooden 'guides' extending the whole depth, and fixed to the sides of the shaft. I must also explain that the 'sump' is the very bottom of the shaft. The shaft is sunk a few fathoms lower than the lowest seam of coal that is being worked. Into this lowest part of the shaft, euphoniously termed the 'sump,' the water which oozes from the sides of the shaft finds its way, and is constantly being pumped out, to prevent the flooding of the pit.

How a man could be let down into the sump and escape alive, seemed a mystery to me. 'How on earth did you get out?' I asked. 'I suppose they drew the cage up at once?'

'Never,' said the shaftman. 'The engineman, by mistake or accident, ran her right down into the sump, and there she stuck, while the other cage was right up at the pulleys. The engine-power was lost, and he couldn't get her up.'

'Then how did you escape?' I asked breathlessly.

'Why,' he answered with a grim smile, 'I had to get out the way they catch sparrows at Gates-head.'

'How's that?'

'The best way I could. I managed to get out of the cage. There was only just room to squeeze up between the cage and the side of the sump, and I climbed up by the timbers to the top of the water. I was near done when I got out, and then I had to travel round about and get out by a stapple. It was two hours before I got home. The engineman was nearly off his head.

They were all sure I was killed, and were seeking about how to get the cage up again.'

'Wasn't it awful going down?' I said. 'Didn't you lose your head?'

'I can tell you it was. The cage came down with a run, and clashed into the water like a clap of thunder.'

'What did you think?' I asked. 'I wonder you kept your senses.'

'Well,' he said, 'I knew what was going to happen, when I felt her going. The water came in on me; and I knew there was eight feet above me; and I thought: "Well, it's a queer thing if I've come down here to be drowned." I had my thick leather jacket on; and I swallowed a lot of water; but I scrambled out somehow. But it was a near thing, I can tell you.'

'Oh,' he continued, 'there are queer things happen. Once, another man and I were drawn up over the pulley. That's not the big pulleys, you know, sir; but the little wheel with the small rope, a few feet above the shaft, which we use for shaft-work. This other man and I had been at work, sitting in the loops hanging on the rope; and when the engine drew us up again, she "ran away," and drew us right over the pulley. At least, I went over; and the other man hung on the other side, balancing. My hands were cut with the wheel; but I held on till they got us down. But it was a roughish ride, was that.—Well, good-night, sir.'

I wondered how many lives this man had, and how he could go away so cheerfully to meet day by day the perils of his toil.

I was talking the other day to a man about emigration. 'I'll tell you,' he said. 'When I was one-and-twenty, I settled to leave the pits and go to America. When the time came, I said to mother: "Well, mother, I'll make this the last day's work here, and be off to America." Mother, she was sore cut up, and she says: "Bill, I'd as soon see you lying in your grave in our churchyard, as that you should go to America." Well, sir, it's gospel truth I'm telling you. I went down the pit at ten o'clock that day, and before twelve I was carried home smashed all to pieces. I never left my bed for seventeen weeks. A full tub of coals caught me on the incline, by the neglect of the man working with me. The tub ran away. There was no room to pass. I ran for my life; but the wheels went over me and smashed me up. And that's all I've ever thought about going to America. I thought it strange, sir, mother's having said that, and me being nigh killed the very day I'd settled to go.'

Can we call these brave men heartless or unfeeling because they speak of such things as trifles, or indeed rarely speak of them at all? No; their lives make them familiar with danger, but none the less is their silence that of a noble courage.

The following may show that gratitude to a Higher Power is oftener felt than expressed to the outer world. Pardon a little preliminary detail. Square tubs, on four wheels, running on tram-lines along the workings of the pit, are used for drawing the coals to the shaft. On some occasions, as when going to a distant part of the workings, one or two tubs will be drawn by a pony, each tub carrying perhaps four men. When the seams are low, there will be a space of only

a few inches between the edge of the tub and the 'balks' of timber placed crosswise to support the roof of the coal-seam; thus, the men must keep their heads down to the level of the edge of the tub.

'On one occasion,' said my informant, 'three of us were crouched down in a tub. The pony was going at a walk up a slight rise. I can't tell you how it happened, but I must have raised my head unconsciously above the level of the tub. I felt my forehead touch a crossbeam in the roof, and before I had time to reflect, I knew that I was in fatal peril. The forward movement of the tub jammed my head between the beam and the edge of the tub. I gave myself a wrench, trying to get free; but I couldn't. All this of course passed in a fraction of a second, and I gave myself up as dead. Now comes the most wonderful part. At the very time my head touched the roof, in the very crisis of my agony of mind, when the whole situation flashed on me, the pony stopped. No one had touched it or spoken to it. I had uttered no cry. The pony stopped. I drew down my head, and crouched almost fainting in the tub. My life was saved. I never told my companions until we came out, when they remarked how pale I looked. For weeks, whenever I went down the pit, I was almost unnerved by this terrible recollection. And I tell you, sir, I've read of drowning people seeing as at a glance all the past scenes and doings of their lives—I never thought much of it—but I tell you, every scene and deed of my life seemed to come before me in a flash of light. I saw everything. I have never forgotten, and shall never forget, the feeling of that day. How it was that pony stopped and my life was saved, I can't say; but if it wasn't Providence, I don't know what else it can be.'

A similar miraculous escape was told me by one of the managers of a pit.

'I was down making a survey, with a man and a young assistant. We sat down to rest side by side, our backs against the wall of the coal. The man was sitting on my right hand, the assistant on my left. After we had sat a few seconds, the assistant, with no apparent reason, got up and went and sat at the other end of the row, next to the man. He had no sooner sat down, than, without any warning, a huge mass of stone crashed down from the roof on to the very spot where the assistant had been sitting! Part of it grazed my arm, but did no injury. "A near shave for you," we both said to the assistant. "It was a near shave," he replied somewhat nervously. We went on with our work. Perhaps we spoke lightly; but I believe not one of us could have said all he thought.'

#### OUR BOYS: WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THEM?

A MOMENTOUS question truly, and one which must force itself at times upon the attention of every thoughtful observer, as the men in miniature jostle him on the city highways, or disturb with their merry frolicking his quiet perusal of the newspaper in the railway carriage; or when others of this large army pester him to buy a newspaper or a box of lights. There they are,

and their name is legion, the boys of to-day, the men of a few short years to come. What shall we do with them?

A probable reply will be: 'Educate them. For what other purpose are Board schools, High schools, and Colleges?' Agreed. But having educated them, what then? Is it certain that the education given in those institutions will have been of a kind best adapted to fit the lads for the particular positions in life they will be called on to fill? Is it not the case, indeed, that this question of fitness in reference to education is scarcely ever considered as a matter of importance by parents and others?

Dismissing for the present from our consideration the 'arabs' of our city gutters, whose chances of schooling, except that of the streets, are rare and uncertain, let us direct our attention to the boys of the middle and lower-middle classes, and what do we find to be the case? The latter must necessarily begin early to earn their living, and a lad will probably, therefore, leave school at thirteen or fourteen years of age, having most likely obtained a fair though somewhat superficial knowledge of the three Rs, a smattering of history and geography, and also, perhaps, a slight notion of drawing and singing; and thus equipped, he goes forth to the battle of life. The lad considers himself, and is felt by his parents, especially if they are comparatively uneducated, to be a scholar. He disdains the notion of manual labour, would fain keep his hands clean and be a gentleman; so, instead of being bound apprentice to a carpenter or bricklayer, or finding any other like employment, he seeks a situation in an already overstocked market as office-boy or junior clerk, with the further disadvantage of having no higher idea of his vocation than that already stated, no conviction of the necessity for hard work, of a regard for the interests of his employers, and a conscientious discharge of duty generally. His first desire is to be, or at least to appear to be, a gentleman; and towards the accomplishment of this end, sham jewellery, a smart cane, a cigar, and other items involving unwarrantable expenditure, are necessary acquisitions. These, it need scarcely be said, are stepping-stones to questionable companionship and debasing amusements, the sequel to which is too often sadly supplied by the police intelligence in the daily newspapers. There are no doubt many happy exceptions to this melancholy picture; but, with sundry modifications, it will too frequently be found true; and it behoves those who have the well-being of society at heart, to look for the cause, and, if possible, find a remedy for this growing evil.

There are doubtless a few old-fashioned people even now, who would be ready to affirm that our elaborate system of school education is at the root of the trouble; that a boy who has his living to get needs only to be able to read a little,



sign his name, and add up a few figures; and even though we cannot altogether adopt these views, we may yet find that they are not wanting in a few grains of truth. In order to 'get on,' a boy should certainly be able to read and write with correctness and fluency, and be well grounded in the principles as well as the working of the first four rules of arithmetic, so that his thinking powers may be cultivated. But it is a question whether a smattering of mere accomplishments is not harmful rather than otherwise, unless the lad shows a decided bent in the direction of any of these, and his parents are in a position to afford him time and opportunity for their full development.

As things exist, however, it is to be feared that thoroughness in any branch of knowledge is too often sacrificed in the cramming process, and what will be useful to the lad in after-life comes to be regarded as a matter of small importance compared with the 'show' he will be able to make before the government inspector. Perhaps the last thing for which, under the present system, there is time, or that the schoolmaster deems it necessary to impress upon his scholars, is the dignity of labour of every kind, and the importance of right conduct and high moral principle. If this were done—if, in the education of a lad, the dominant idea were that work, whether of the hand or the head, is a law of existence, and that it is not work which degrades or ennoble the worker, but the spirit in which it is performed—we might fairly hope that a different spirit from that which prevails would arise among the youth of this land, and that we should seldom hear of idle and dishonest clerks, or of mechanics doing the smallest possible modicum of work for the greatest possible amount of pay.

To the sons of those a step or two higher up the social ladder, this question of fitness in the matter of education will equally apply. If a lad is intended for a learned profession, Latin, Greek, mathematics, &c. will be absolutely necessary for him, and only his capacity need fix the limit to his mental diet; for it must be remembered that in no case is cramming aught but an evil. But where a youth is destined for commercial life, it is a question whether the time spent in studying the classics is not rather a loss than a gain, and would not be far more usefully occupied in the acquirement of French, German, and book-keeping thoroughly and practically, as well as to the writing of a good business hand, an art too little cultivated in most boys' schools. Another important point is, that the lad intended for business should not be kept too long at school, the effect of which is frequently to fill him with inflated notions of his own importance, and unfit him for the necessary drudgery he must undergo. Habits of independence and self-reliance cannot be acquired too early; and if, in addition to these, the boy's powers of thought and observation have been cultivated,

and above all, he has been trained in uprightness of conduct and straightforwardness of purpose, guided by high moral principle, we may rest assured that what could be done has been done, and that we need have little fear for the future of the boy.

#### MIND-TELEGRAPHY.

WHILST the disputes between Mr Irving Bishop and the proprietor of *Truth*—the singular power of the one in the matter of 'thought-reading,' and the immovable scepticism of the other—have been attracting a certain amount of public interest, it may not be out of place to mention two instances of 'presentiments'—or, to use perhaps a better word, mind-telegraphy—the accuracy and *bona fides* of which can be vouched for.

The wife of the writer has a cousin, a lady of extremely nervous and excitable nature, who many years ago was staying with her husband for the season in apartments near Hyde Park. The landlady was a middle-aged woman, apparently a widow; at anyrate, she dressed in black; and no one who could in any way be regarded as a landlord was ever visible. Indeed, except the husband of my wife's cousin and a lad who did odd jobs about the house, there was not one of the male sex upon the premises. For some weeks, no untoward incident of any kind happened; the season progressed merrily, and my wife's relatives, whom I may call Mr and Mrs W— (I believe they were upon their honeymoon, or, at all events, in the early and enthusiastic stage of matrimony), enjoyed the round of London gaieties without stint. One evening, however, Mrs W— was dressing to go to the opera. She was alone in the chamber—her husband having, with the superior celerity that pertains to the masculine toilet, completed his attire and descended to the drawing-room—when, to use her own words, 'a strange sensation of terror came over me. For some moments I could not define the feeling; by degrees it appeared to assume shape and concentration. I rushed to the door, and opening it, called loudly down the stairs for my husband. He came up in alarm.

"Alfred," I cried, as I re-entered the bedroom upon seeing him approach, "bolt the door; quick, quick!"

"Why, my dear? What is the matter?" was his very natural question.

"Bolt the door; see that it is fast," I rejoined, almost fainting with the weight of dread at my heart. "There is a madman in the house."

'Of course Alfred ridiculed my fears, ascribing them to hysteria, over-fatigue, and all the other sources from which I am aware a good many feminine whims take their origin—at all events in the estimation of the sterner sex. But although soothed by my husband's presence, I was not to be ridiculed out of the intense and vivid consciousness which seemed to possess me, that

there was in very truth a lunatic beneath the same roof as myself.

'We went to the opera, and returned in due course. No tragedy occurred, nor was there any episode of an unusual nature. But the next morning I heard a cab drive to the door, and saw that it was entered by a gentleman whom I had never seen before. I asked one of the domestics who the gentleman was; and then learned that our landlady was not a widow, but that her husband was in — Asylum. From time to time, during lucid intervals, he was permitted to return home for a brief visit of a day or so's duration; and he had paid such a visit the previous afternoon!'

Years afterwards, the same lady, Mrs W—— (now a widow), was residing in a suburb of Liverpool, my wife happening to be staying at the time I am about to mention under the same roof. It was an autumn morning, and the family and guests were at breakfast, when Mrs W—— related a dream she had had in the night. Briefly, it was that Miss T——, a young-lady neighbour on the eve of being married, had met with a terrible *contretemps*. She had quarrelled with her brother, who, being exasperated beyond control, so far forgot himself as to strike her a blow upon the face, which greatly disfigured her.

Within half an hour, the servant came over from the house of the T——s with a message: 'Will Mrs W—— kindly come over to see Miss T—— at once? Miss T—— has had a bad accident.'

My wife's cousin at once went over to the house, and found things in terrible confusion. It was the morning of the wedding, and the party was timed to leave the house almost immediately. But the whole family was in a state of excitement; none were attired for the ceremony; the bride herself was sitting in a chair sobbing hysterically; while a severe bruise upon her face served at once to bring to Mrs W——'s mind the episode of which she had dreamed. It soon transpired that a quarrel had taken place between the brother and sister—who were foreigners, and perhaps lacked the power of restraint which the cooler-blooded Briton is supposed to possess—in which the young lady had sustained the injury to her face. Her allegation was that her brother had struck her; but his version was, that she had fallen against the chimney-piece.

At all events, Mrs W——'s dream was strangely fulfilled. To complete the story, however, I should mention that the bride's face was judiciously 'made up,' and a double veil manœuvred with such dexterity that the wedding ceremony, although delayed, was completed, and the loving pair joined in one without any outsider becoming one whit the wiser as to the *contretemps* of the morning.

I am no believer in every casual instance of visions and presentiments recorded from time to time; but it has always seemed to me that the two authentic cases I have given above indicate that there may be often a communication between minds more subtle and mysterious than is ordinarily supposed.

### LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

AN old man lived by the Solent Sea;  
With his little daughter alone dwelt he;  
The light of his life was the little maid,  
And truly his deep love she repaid.

One eventide she heard him say  
That a seaweed would take his pain away;  
For he tossed at night on sleepless bed,  
And this weed would soothe him to sleep, he said.

On one rock alone did this rare weed grow,  
Which could only be reached when the tide was  
low;  
Far out on the sand in the ebb it stood,  
And the green sea foamed around, at flood.

Soon as the dawning's dusky light  
Broke on the darkness of the night,  
The little maid was on the beach;  
The tide was low, the rock in reach.

She climbed its top and grasped the weed,  
With joy to help her father's need;  
But all her strength could only move  
One root—small trophy for her love.

Forgetful thus of self, too late  
She stayed; but tide for none will wait,  
And silently the sea had come  
To claim the maiden for its own.

One startled glance revealed her doom;  
She thought of father, love, and home—  
For her no more. The hungry sea  
Soon high above the rock will be.

The waters quenched that life of love;  
But, darkened here, 'tis bright above,  
And far beyond the sunny skies,  
She gathers flowers in Paradise.

Waiting and sad, her father sate  
Within their cottage-garden gate,  
For her, his love, his life's one light,  
Now sadly quenched in darkest night.

No tidings came. As evening fell,  
He sought the beach she knew so well.  
He called—no voice in answer came,  
But mocking echoes of her name.

The winds awoke; the angry tide  
Swelled on the beach—but still he cried  
To her all night, till eastern skies  
Again aroused earth's miseries.

The dawn fills up his agony,  
And with a loud, heart-broken cry,  
He found his darling at his feet—  
But the little heart had ceased to beat.

The salt spray kissed her forehead white;  
The seaweed, with its colours bright,  
Wove her a winding-sheet; her hair  
Lay tangled in its beauty rare.

He knelt, and raised her from the sand;  
But, when he took her little hand,  
Ah, what a tale of love he read!  
The small right hand, now pale and dead,  
Still tightly clasped the charmed root,  
Of love, of life, of death, the fruit  
Gathered from out the bitter tide.  
For *this*, and *him*, his child had died!

W. J. A.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fourth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No. 1039.—VOL. XX. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1883.

PRICE 1½d.

## PEOPLE'S BANKS.

IN our article on 'Popular Banking' (September 22) we referred to the People's Banks of Germany, instituted by Dr Schulze of Delitzsch, as a great example of what can be done by working-men in the way of raising capital and employing themselves in productive industries, when their capital is economised properly, and their labour forces are well organised, as these banks and working associations are. We have been anxious to obtain as much information as possible concerning the working of these German banks and associations, which are most wonderful developments of the gigantic and overwhelming power of capital and labour when combined; even though the combiners, as in this case, are nothing but ordinary working-men.

With a view of obtaining authentic information about these institutions, to lay before those classes in this country who are most deeply interested in what is called the social economics of the working-classes, the writer in the first place applied to the German Consulate in London to know if there was any popular description or report of the Schulze Banks to be had. The Consul-general replied at once in a very kindly manner, saying that, as the Schulze Associations were not government institutions, there were no official reports, but he furnished a long list of German publications to be had on the subject.

After this the writer ventured to apply to our own Foreign Office, inclosing a paper advocating the establishment of local banks in Ireland, and inquiring if the Foreign Office had obtained or could procure any information upon the manner of conducting the People's Banks of Germany, which information it would be very desirable to obtain as in some measure an example for establishing People's Banks in Ireland or in other parts of the United Kingdom. Lord E. Fitzmaurice replied that Earl Granville, recognising the importance of the subject, 'had ordered Her Majesty's Embassy at Berlin to furnish a Report

upon the People's Banks in Germany, and it will be prepared as a parliamentary paper as soon as it reaches this office.' This most important Report from the British Embassy at Berlin, dated September 22, has now been received, and we have pleasure in giving the most interesting portions, in anticipation that the full Report will be published by government:

'The first of the Schulze-Delitzsch Registered Credit Associations, or People's Banks, in Germany, was founded by Herr Schulze at Delitzsch, a town in Saxony, in the year 1850; hence the name. The idea embodied in these Associations is essentially one of self-help, and the advantages obtained by membership may be shortly stated as follows:

'The members are enabled at any moment to obtain an advance of money in proportion to their means, and people in a humble rank of life are thus spared the high interest which they must otherwise pay for such assistance, if, indeed, they succeeded in obtaining it at all. Again, the profits arising from money-lending, which had hitherto been the monopoly of capitalists, by this system returns to the pockets of the borrowers, while the trifling periodical subscription which they are obliged to pay is the modest commencement, the nest-egg of a capital of their own. Individuals who singly could obtain no credit, do obtain such credit by uniting themselves in an Association, and binding themselves to repay the sum credited to the Association with all their property, jointly and separately.

'An Association must have a Board of Management, and may have a Council of Administration (Controlling Board), the election of which Schulze now proposes to make compulsory, as also the annual examination of the accounts by an expert accountant, who must have no interest in the Association. The Association is further represented by the General Meeting. The Managing Board may now consist of only one member, whereas Schulze proposes a minimum of two. The formalities of admission to the Association must be clear and distinct, and stringently observed;

otherwise members would try to disprove their membership where such procedure would be to their own advantage. The list of the members must be deposited with some proper authority, and must be accessible to the public. The shares of a member, namely, his participation in the property of the Association, may be gradually accumulated. The share of a member cannot be confiscated, but only his profit thereon. The creditor, however, can insist on the member's resignation through giving six months' notice.

'The responsibility of any member for the debts of the Association ceases two years after the dissolution of the Association, or after his resignation or exclusion from the Association. If to avoid the bankruptcy of an Association any members pay in the necessary funds—in addition to the amount allotted to them—the sum thus advanced can be recovered from the other members.

'Very good and exact statistics on the working of these registered Associations are published annually, beginning from the year 1859. No case of bankruptcy occurred among these Associations in 1882, a fact which speaks for itself. Their credit is consequently very high, and they can always get more money than they can use, so much so, that they are continually reducing the rate of interest on deposits—generally one per cent. under bank-rate. Moreover, there is a joint-stock bank at Berlin, under the firm "Bank for the German Registered Associations," with a branch at Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, which was established to furnish the Associations with banking credit. It has a paid-up capital of four hundred and fifty thousand pounds, of which one hundred and thirty-seven thousand five hundred pounds belong to the Frankfurt branch.

'Thus we have seen that from the most unpretending commencement—the mutual undertaking of ten artisans to stand by one another with their whole substance—a mighty and prosperous system of People's Banks has been developed. In admiring these favourable results, the principles on which such success has been attained must not be lost sight of.

'Without the formation of an original capital of their own in shares of the members, which, although remaining their property, cannot be withdrawn during membership, and of a reserve fund, which, in case of losses, is to preserve the share capital intact, the business of these Associations would have no solid foundation, and both the public and the shareholders would run great risk. This capital accumulates but slowly, however, as the members of an Association are generally of very limited means. One great object of Herr Schulze was, however, obtained: a desire to save money was kindled in the minds of individuals who had previously no incitement to lay by for a rainy day, and, finding themselves members of an Association which periodically declared a dividend in proportion to their deposits, the members struggled hard to buy a larger interest in the undertaking. It was soon found, however, that if the sphere of usefulness of the Associations was to be extended, some means of attracting capital from outside must be discovered. This had previously been the privilege of great merchants doing a large business; it was now to be extended to the artisan class. But how was a

basis of credit to be organised which would induce the public to regard the deposit of their savings with Associations as a safe and desirable investment? The solution was found through adopting the principle of the joint and unlimited liability of the members for the debts and obligations of the Association. People who would not think of trusting any individual member were found willing to trust an Association, the members of which were responsible for each other. Thus, the man who alone could get no credit, if of respectable character and antecedents, was admitted a member of an Association, and at once obtained an advance in proportion to his means.

'As showing the amount of outside capital which is attracted to the Associations, it may be mentioned that the nine hundred and five Associations which sent in their balance-sheets for 1882 manipulated an outside capital of nineteen million pounds, while their own capital amounted to only six million fifty thousand pounds, or thirty-two per cent. of the whole. Full information as to the details of the administration and working of the registered Associations is furnished in a hand-book by Herr Schulze (*Vorschussund Credit-Vereine als Volksbanken*, new and improved edition, 1876, by E. Keil, in Leipzig). A translation of this work into English does not exist.

Annexed to the excellent Report is given a slightly abridged translation of the German law of July 4, 1868, defining the legal position of the registered Associations of Germany, from which we make short extracts.—Part I., concerning the founding of an Association. (Sect. i.) The number of the members of an Association is unlimited, but not fewer than ten. The objects of the Association are especially: (1) To give advances and credit; (2) to acquire raw materials and to open stores; (3) to manufacture and sell commodities for joint account (called Associations of Production); (4) to produce the necessities of life and of production wholesale, and to sell them in retail (called Associations of Consumption); (5) to build dwellings for their members; (6) to cultivate land. (Sect. ii.) To create an Association there are required (1) a deed of association in writing; (2) a common name for purposes of signature; (3) the joining of at least ten individuals. Part II. of the document has reference to the legal position of members to each other, to the Association, and to third parties; Part III., concerning managers and meetings; Part IV., dissolution of an Association and resignation of members; Part V., liquidation; Part VI., period during which a member remains liable, &c.

There is also annexed to the Report a comparative sketch of the results of the registered Associations from 1859 to 1882. We give the figures for 1882, which show that nine hundred and five Associations sent in reports, having 461,153 members; total amount of loans granted, £75,118,321; average amount to each Association, £83,003; capital paid up by members, £5,164,320; reserves, £909,120; total of both, £6,073,440; loans from outside public, £12,005,606; credit from Banks and Associations, £533,188; savings' deposits, £6,430,169; total sum from loans and deposits on credit, £18,968,964. The rate per cent. of own to borrowed capital in 1882 was 32·01; it



was about twenty-seven per cent. in 1874, and back to 1859.

By another Report it is stated that there were altogether in the German empire lately 1889 Banks, 898 Societies of Production, 660 Distributive Societies, and 34 Building Societies, turning over, it was estimated, a hundred millions sterling per annum, with a membership of one million and a quarter, and a members' capital of nine millions and a half sterling. It would be most desirable to see such a prosperous organisation as the above in the British empire. People's Banks could easily be wrought in this country independently of, or separately from, the Production and Distributive Associations. This is a great question for the industrious class of this country to consider earnestly, and take up.

### THE ROSERY FOLK.

#### CHAPTER XIV.—AUNT SOPHIA VISITS THE CITY.

MR FRED. SAXBY stopped in front of the Royal Exchange one morning to buy a rose, and spent some time in selecting it. Red ones would not do; yellow he despised. He wanted a delicate white rose, with a dash of blush pink upon its petals; and when he had discovered one, he made no scruple about paying the flower-girl sixpence and carrying it off with the greatest care to deposit in a glass upon his desk, for reasons known only to himself.

He had rather a busy morning in his close, cool, dark office, in a court out of Throgmorton Street—an office where the light of day had a struggle every morning to get down between two tall piles of building, and illumine the room, failing dismally seven or eight months out of the twelve, and leaving the stockbroker to the tender mercies of his gas Company and the yellow flame that danced within a globe.

Mr Saxby's room was 'as clean as hands could make it'—the housekeeper's words—but all the same it did not seem clean. There was a dingy look about everything, excepting the rose he bought every morning, and himself. In one part of the room was a tiny machine, untouched save by electricity, which went on, unwinding, inking its letters and stamping mile after mile of tape-like paper, informing the reader the while that the shares of this railway were up, of that down; that foreign stocks had made this change, consols were at that, and so on, and so on, while the occupant of the office paid not the slightest heed, but divided his attention between the *Times* and the rose.

Just in the midst of one of his most earnest inspections of the flower, during which he took a long soft inhalation of its odorous breath, a clerk entered with a card. 'Miss Raleigh, sir.'

'Bless my heart!' ejaculated the stockbroker, hastily setting down the rose, for the act of smelling it had taken him down to a velvet lawn, sloping to the river-side; and upon that lawn he had seemed to see some one walking, wearing a similar rose; but it was not the lady who now entered, and of whom he had heard nothing since he warned her not to venture in the Cornish mine.

'Good-morning, Miss Raleigh,' he exclaimed, placing a chair. 'I hardly expected to see you.'

'Why not?' said Aunt Sophia shortly. 'Where did you expect I should go?'

'I hope you are well, ma'am, and—Mr. and Mrs. Scarlett?'

'No; I'm not well; I'm worried,' said the lady. 'Mr. and Mrs. Scarlett are both ill. Has

— But never mind that now. Look here, Mr. Saxby; you always give me very bad advice, and you seem determined not to let me get good interest for my money. Now, tell me this, sir. I have been receiving a great many circulars lately about different excellent investments; above all, several about gold mines in the north of India.'

'So I suppose, ma'am,' said Mr. Saxby, rubbing his hands softly.

'And I suppose you will say that they are not good; but here is one that I received yesterday which cannot fail to be right. I want some shares in that.'

'And you won't have one, ma'am,' said Mr. Saxby, who was far more autocratic in his own office than at a friend's house.

'What! are they all sold?'

'Sold? Pooh! ma'am, hardly any. There are not many people lunatics enough to throw their money into an Indian gold mine.'

'Saxby, you are the most obstinate, aggravating man I ever *did* know. Look here; will not these figures convince you?'

'No, ma'am; only make me more obstinate—more aggravating still.'

'Then what do these figures mean?'

'Mean, madam? To trap spinster ladies with small incomes, half-pay officers, poor clergymen with miserable livings—the whole lot of poor genteel people, and those who like to dabble in investments—people who can't afford to lose, and people who can. Why, my dear madam, use your own judgment. If there were a safe fifteen per cent. there, the shares would be gone in one hour, and at a heavy premium the next.'

'Humph!' said Aunt Sophia. 'Of course you do all my nephew's business?'

'Yes, madam; it all comes here.'

'You know what shares he holds?'

'I think so. Of course, he may have been to other brokers; but he would not have done so without good reason.'

'As far as you can, then,' said Aunt Sophia, 'keep an eye upon what are sold, and I should like to be made acquainted with any sales that may take place.'

'Well, really, my dear Miss Raleigh, such a proceeding'—

'Yes, yes, man; I know all about that; but you know to what a state he has been reduced. I love him like a son, and I— Now look here, Saxby; I'm telling you this, because I think you are an honest man.'

'Well, I hope I am, ma'am.'

'Then look here; I will speak out. I won't mention any names; but I am afraid that designing people are at work to get possession of some of his property, and I want it watched.'

'Rather a serious charge, Miss Raleigh.'

'Stuff and nonsense, man! Not half serious enough. Just look at this prospectus for a moment.

There are some good names to it. I'll talk about those other matters afterwards.'

Aunt Sophia fixed her double glasses upon her nose, and stared through them upon the neat and dapper stockbroker, who stared in return, and frowned, otherwise he would have laughed, for the spring of Aunt Sophia's *pince-nez* was very strong, and its effect was to compress the organ upon which it rested, so that the ordinarily thin sharp point of the lady's nose was turned into a sickly-looking bulb, that was, to say the least, grotesque.

'Hah!' said Mr Saxby, reading quickly: 'Society for the Elevation of the Human Race in large and Crowded Towns; patrons, the Right Hon.—hum-ha-hum; his Grace the—hum-ha-hum; the Lord Bishop of—hum-ha-hum; directors—hum-ha-hum; M.P.—hum—Mr—hum'—Mr Saxby's voice grew less and less distinct, becoming at last a continuance of the sound expressed in letters by *hum*, but he finished off sharply with: 'Secretary, Mr Arthur Prayle!—Well, ma'am, and what of this?'

'What of it, Saxby? Why, wouldn't it be a most admirable thing, to invest in a Society which will benefit my fellow-creatures and bring in a large percentage as well?'

'Admirable, my dear madam,' said Saxby; 'but you don't quite express the result.'

'What do you mean?'

'Singular, ma'am, not plural, and no percentage.'

'Now, look here, Saxby: I have come here on business, if you please, not to hear you discuss points of grammar. What do you mean by your singular and plural?'

'I mean, my dear madam,' said Saxby, with a chuckle, 'that this Society'—he flipped the prospectus with his finger as he spoke—'would benefit one fellow-creature only, and give no percentage at all. What is more, you would never see your money back.'

'Ho!' ejaculated Aunt Sophia. 'And pray, who would be the fellow-creature?'

'Well, ma'am, it is being rather hard upon a gentleman whom I have had the pleasure of meeting, and who is no doubt acting in the best of faith; but the secretary is the only fellow-creature who will get anything out of that affair. He will of course take care that the office expenses are paid. He is an office expense. There will be nothing for a soul beside.'

'Oh, this is prejudice, Mr Saxby.'

'Business prejudice, perhaps, ma'am; but, to my mind, this is only one of many Societies that are constantly springing up like toadstools—that kind that comes up fair and white, looks very much like a good mushroom for a time, and then dissolves into a nasty black inky fluid, and is gone.'

'It is prejudice,' said Aunt Sophia.

'Maybe, ma'am; but there are numbers of silly Societies got up, such as appeal to weak sensitive people; the secretary gets a few letters in the daily papers, and plenty of ladies like yourself subscribe their money, say, for the Suppression of Sunday Labour amongst Cabhorses, the Society for Dieting Destitute Dogs, and the Provident Home for Cats whose Patrons are out of Town. These, my dear madam, are exaggerations, but only slight ones, of many Societies got up by

ingenious secretaries, who turn a bottle of ink, a ream of neatly headed note-paper, and some cleverly monogrammed envelopes, into a comfortable income.'

'That will do,' said Aunt Sophia shortly, as she took off her *pince-nez* and allowed the blood to resume its circulation—'that will do, Mr Saxby.—Then, you will not buy the shares for me?'

'No, ma'am—not a share. I should deserve to be kicked out of the Stock Exchange, if I did.'

'Very well, sir—very well, sir,' said the lady, rising and tightening her lips. 'That will do.'

'And now, as business is over, my dear madam, may I ask for the latest report concerning our friend Scarlett's health?'

'Yes, sir, you may,' said Aunt Sophia shortly. 'It is very bad. His nerve is completely gone.'

'Ah, but I hope it will return,' said Saxby. 'Patience, ma'am, patience. When stocks in a good thing—mind, I say a good thing—are at their lowest, they take a turn, and become often enough better than ever. And—er—may I ask how—how Miss Raleigh junior is?'

'No, sir; you may not,' said Aunt Sophia shortly. 'Good-morning!'

'Phe-ew! What an old she-dragon it is!' said Mr Saxby to himself as the door closed upon Aunt Sophia's angular form.

'I am right!' said Aunt Sophia to herself as she got into the hansom cab that she had waiting. 'Here!—hi!' she cried, poking at the little trap-door in the roof with her parasol. 'Waterloo Station.'

Then, as the cab rattled along: 'Arthur Prayle is a smooth-looking, smooth-tongued scoundrel; I know he is, and I've a good mind to let him have a few hundreds, so as to take off his mask.—I won't mistrust Saxby any more. He's as honest as the day, and I'm glad I've put him on his guard. But he must be snubbed—very hard, and I must speak to Naomi. I do believe the hard, money-grubbing, fog-breathing creature thinks that he is in love!'

#### CHAPTER XV.—JAMES SCARLETT'S NERVES.

'Come, old fellow; I think you are better now,' said the doctor, as he took Scarlett's arm and walked with him down the garden. They had just been standing upon the lawn, where, in a group, Mrs Scarlett, Lady Martlett, Naomi, and Aunt Sophia were with Arthur Prayle. The doctor had been irritated, though he would not own it, by the cool, haughty indifference of Lady Martlett, and it had cost him an effort to tear his thoughts from his own affairs to the troubles of his friend; but upon twice waking up to the fact that Scarlett was growing excited, and that he had displayed a disposition to what the doctor called 'break out,' he suggested a stroll down the grounds.

Scarlett eagerly agreed; and after a solemn exchange of courtesies with Lady Martlett, the doctor took his friend away.

'Confound her!' muttered the doctor; 'the others must have wondered whether I was going to hand her out for a minuet. I wish the woman would keep away.'

They strolled about for some few minutes, and twice came to a halt; but the first time, as they

seated themselves in a couple of garden-chairs, the voice of Arthur Prayle came in a low deep murmur from the lawn, as he was saying something earnestly, and the doctor saw his patient's eyes flash, and then, as he watched him curiously, contract in an unpleasant way.

'Prayle seems to be working very hard for you, old fellow.'

'Yes.'

'You trust him, I suppose, with all the settlement of your London affairs?'

'Yes: everything.'

'Thoroughly trustworthy fellow, of course?'

'Yes, yes, I tell you,' cried Scarlett angrily. 'He is my cousin.'

'Yes, of course,' said the doctor, quietly noting every change in his friend the while.

'Come somewhere else,' said Scarlett, leaping up in an excited manner. 'I can't bear to sit here.'

'All right—all right,' said the doctor cheerily.

'Let's go down to the water-side.'

'No—no!' exclaimed Scarlett, with a shudder.

'Come to the rhododendrons.'

'By all means.—But I say, old fellow, you must fight down this weakness.'

'Weakness? What weakness? Is it a weakness to prefer one part of the garden to the other?'

'O no; of course not. Let's go down there.'

They strolled down between two great banks of the grand flowering shrubs, now-rich with the glossy green of their summer growth, and sat down, when a new trouble assailed Scarlett, and he sprang up impatiently. 'Pah!' he exclaimed. 'I can't bear it.'

'Why, what's the matter now?'

'Those blue-bottles buzzing about me like that; just as if they expected I should soon be carrion.'

'Pooh! What an absurd idea! But you are wrong, old fellow, as usual. I am the more fleshy subject, and they would be after me. Let's go down yonder under the firs.'

'Why? What is there there, that you should choose that part?' said Scarlett, with a quick suspicious glance.

'Fir-trees, shade, seats to sit down,' said the doctor quietly.

'Yes, yes, of course; that will do,' said Scarlett hastily. 'Let's go there.'

They strolled along a sun-burned path; and the doctor had just made the remark that commences this chapter, when there was a rustling noise among the shrubs, a whining yelp, and Scarlett's favourite dog, a little white fox-terrier, rushed out at them, to leap up at its master, barking with delight. It came upon them so suddenly, that Scarlett uttered a wild cry, caught at the doctor's arm, screened himself behind his sturdy body, and stood there trembling like a leaf.

'Why, it's only Fitz!' cried the doctor, smiling.

'He startled me so—so sudden,' panted Scarlett.

'Drive the brute away.'

'Ist! Go home; go back!' cried the doctor; and, as if understanding the state of affairs, and dejected and wretched at being treated like this, where he had expected to be patted and caressed, the dog drooped his head and tail, looked wistfully up at his master, and slowly trotted away. He turned at the end of the path, and looked

back at them, as if half expecting to be recalled, and then went on out of sight.

'I'll sell that dog, Jack; he's growing vicious,' said Scarlett, speaking in an excited tone. 'I've watched him a good deal lately. What are the first signs of hydrophobia?'

'Hydro-phobia?' said the doctor smiling—'water-hating; but I have never studied the diseases of dogs—only sad dogs.'

'I wish you would not be so flippant, Jack. I'm sure that dog is going mad. He hates water now.'

'Don't agree with you, old fellow,' said the doctor, throwing himself upon a great rustic seat beneath some pines; 'the dog was quite wet, and I saw him, an hour ago, plashing about after the rats.'

'Ah, but he avoids it sometimes. I have a horror of mad dogs.'

Scarlett settled himself down in the seat in a moody, excitable way, looking uneasily round; and the doctor offered him a cigar, which he took and lit, Scales also lighting one, and the friends sat smoking in the delicious pine-scented shade.

'I wish that woman would not be so fond of coming over here,' said Scarlett suddenly.

'What woman?'

'That Lady Martlett. Coarse, masculine, horsy creature. She is spoiling Kate.'

The doctor's countenance grew lowering, and there was a red spot on either cheek, but he only said quietly: 'Think so?'

'Yes. I shall put a stop to the intimacy. I'm not going to have my home-life spoiled. Her coming makes me nervous.'

'Does it?' said the doctor cheerfully. 'I'll soon put that right for you.'

'How?' said Scarlett suspiciously.

'You shall have a shower-bath every morning, old fellow.'

'Water? ah!' The poor fellow shuddered, and started up. 'Here, let's have a stroll down by the meadow-side.'

'All right!' cried the doctor with alacrity. 'What a glorious day it is!'

'Glorious? Ah, yes. Not breeze enough, though. Now, let's get back to the lawn.'

'As you like, old fellow; but I don't think Lady Martlett has gone.'

'Why, what a dislike you seem to have taken to Lady Martlett, Jack!'

'Well, you know what a woman-hater I am.'

'Yes, of course. Let's go on down by the meadow. Perhaps it will be best.'

They strolled down a green path separated from the meadow, where the cows were placidly grazing by an iron fence; and as they went slowly on, two of the soft, mousy-coloured creatures came slowly from the middle of the field, blinking their eyes to get rid of the clustering black flies, and giving a pendulum-like swing to their long tails. They timed their approach so accurately, that as the doctor and his patient reached the corner, they were there, with their heads stretched over the railings, ready for the caress and scrap of oilcake which they expected to receive.

Scarlett's attention was so taken up by his thoughts, that he came upon the two patient animals quite suddenly, stopping as if paralysed, and trembling like one afflicted with the palsy. He did not speak, but stood staring, fascinated

as it were by the great soft eyes gazing at him ; but he stretched out one hand slowly and cautiously behind him, feeling about for his friend, till Scales placed his hand within it, and then the poor fellow clasped the fingers with a sob of relief, shuddering as he tore himself away from the inoffensive beasts, and suffering himself to be led back to the seat they had quitted, where he sank down shivering, and covered his face with his hands, sobbing like a child.

The doctor sat gazing at him gravely, thinking it better to let him give free vent to his emotion ; but, as it grew more and more intense, he laid his hand upon his friend's shoulder, saying nothing, but firmly pressing it ; the effect of which was to make Scarlett snatch at his hand and grasp it passionately, as he panted out in a voice choked with sobs : 'It's a judgment on me, Jack. I've been living here in wealth and idleness, thinking of nothing but self and my own enjoyment. I have not had a thought of anything but pleasure, and I felt so strong and well, that it did not seem possible for a cloud to come across my life. Now, look at me ! One stroke, and I have been taught what a poor frail helpless worm I am. Jack, Jack ! my nerve is gone. I hate everything. I mistrust every one, even my poor wife, and I see danger everywhere. I daren't stir a step. You pretend not to see it ; but you are always reading me. Jack, old man, I'm afraid of you sometimes, but I do believe in and trust you. I'll obey you ; I'll do everything you want, even if it kills me with fear. I will—I will indeed ; but, for God's sake, don't let them take me away. Don't leave me. Don't trust anybody. Don't get any other advice. Go by your own judgment, old fellow, and no matter what I say or do, don't let me drive you away. You are the only one I can trust.'

'My dear Scarlett, be calm.'

'I can't—I can't !' cried the afflicted one passionately, 'knowing what I do—knowing what I am ; but I will—I will try so—so hard.'

'Of course ; and you'll succeed.'

'No—no ! I'm getting worse—much worse, and I can see what everybody thinks. Kate sees it, and has turned from me in horror. You see it ; I can read it in your eyes. You wouldn't say so, but you know it as well as can be. Tell me ; isn't it true ?'

'What, that the shock of that half-drowning has upset your nerves, so that you are weak, and have developed a temper that would try an angel ? Yes ; that's true enough.'

'No—no ! I mean the other—that horror—that dreadful thought that makes me lie and shudder, and ask myself whether I had not better'—He stopped short and crouched away in the corner of the seat, his face ghastly, his eyes wild and staring, till the doctor spoke in a firm imperious voice, that made him reply, as it were, in spite of himself.

'Better what ?'

'End it all, and be at rest.'

'Why ?' said the doctor, bending towards him as if about to drag forth an answer.

'Because'

'Well ? Speak. I know what you are going to say, but speak out.'

'Because,' said Scarlett, in a low, hoarse

whisper, as if he dreaded that the very breeze might bear away his confession—'I know it—I feel it—I can tell as well as can be, without something always seeming to whisper it in my ears—I am going mad !' He covered his face with his hands, and sank lower in his seat, panting heavily, and his breath coming and going each minute in a piteous sigh ; while, after watching him intently for a few moments, the doctor rose and stood by his side.

(To be concluded next month.)

## THE VOLCANIC ERUPTION IN THE ISLAND OF KRAKATAO.

BATAVIA, JAVA, May 28, 1883.

WE, in this quiet corner of the far East, have seldom much to vary the 'even tenor' of our way. During the past week, however, we have had ample occasion for excitement, albeit though not of a very pleasurable nature, in consequence of a violent and unexpected volcanic outbreak in our neighbourhood.

Java, as most of your readers are doubtless aware, is a perfect hotbed of both extinct and dormant volcanoes. Of the latter, I believe there are no less than twenty-seven in the island ; but their activity has during some years past been confined merely to emissions of smoke, unaccompanied by any volcanic upheaval of magnitude. In 1879, the Gedeh, a volcanic mountain about ten thousand six hundred feet high, and distant about seventy miles hence, warned us of its latent strength by premonitory rumblings and smoking followed a few nights later by a severe shock of earthquake, which laid in ruins the town of Tjandjoer, situated at the foot of the mountain, and was so severely felt here that people in Batavia were sent flying out of their houses at midnight, under the impression that their dwellings were about to fall about their ears. Since then, however, till a few days ago, we have enjoyed comparative immunity from volcanic disturbances.

On the morning of Sunday, the 20th instant, at about eleven o'clock, we were surprised to hear, apparently a long way off at sea, the sound as of heavy cannonading. Shortly after, it seemed as if a brisk naval engagement were going on in the roadstead, broadsides being exchanged with a vengeance. Curiosity, of course, was aroused as to the cause of the sounds, especially when it became known that there had been no firing either in the Roads of Batavia or in the neighbourhood. Towards the afternoon the cannonading ceased, but was succeeded by low and muttered rumblings at intervals. These phenomena seemed to be the precursors of an earthquake, and we were fully prepared, therefore, for a repetition of our experiences of 1879. At midnight the distant mutterings changed with startling suddenness to loud reports, as of eighty-ton guns discharged at intervals somewhere in the south-west. The vibration of the air consequent on those reports was so great, that doors and window-frames rattled and shook as though in a storm.

As these extraordinary sounds continued during



Monday, though in a modified degree, it became evident that violent volcanic action was going on not far from our neighbourhood, and messages were sent by the government here to various residents in West Java and South Sumatra, in order to ascertain what volcano it was that had suddenly burst into activity. Up till Monday evening we were quite in the dark as to the cause of the disturbance, though there were various rumours afloat as to its origin. One report stated that the Karang mountain in Bantam, some eighty miles hence, had burst into activity, and that a shower of stones had been discharged from its crater, destroying the *desa* or village of Pameglang, lying at the foot of the mountain. Another report had it that the noises we heard proceeded from the crater of the Merapi, in South Sumatra. As usual in such cases, the natives formed absurd, though frequently amusing, ideas as to the reason of the sounds they had been hearing. It was gravely set forth by one, that two demons were engaged in deadly affray in the bowels of the earth. Another had it that Allah was reproving the Dutch government for their wickedness in squeezing, as they have been doing of late, the last farthing out of this island. While a third and still more imaginative individual, who had heard of the reverses lately sustained by the Dutch in Achcen, gave it out that the loud noises were but the echoes of the Achinese war. The Hadjis improved the occasion by proclaiming *amat*, that is, the end of the world.

By Monday night all was again still; but, about 3.30 A.M. on Tuesday, we were aroused from our slumbers by the prolonged roar as of artillery of enormous calibre at our very doors. The ground trembled and vibrated, houses seemed to be shaken to their foundations, and in some cases the vibration was so severe, that mirrors and pictures hanging on the walls were thrown down and broken. Doors shook and rattled as if in a giant's grasp, and many of us were awakened by the violent shaking of our beds and rattling of furniture. When day broke, a vast column of smoke was seen rising into the air in the south-west. During the day, news reached us that this proceeded from a volcano which had suddenly burst out on the small island of Krakatao, situated in the Straits of Sunda, and about a hundred and twenty miles distant from us. The eruption was reported to be a very severe one, the sea for miles round being covered with floating ashes and pumice-stone. Large stones and lava had also been thrown up, and the atmosphere for a great distance round was charged with dense clouds of smoke. On Wednesday, several vessels and steamers which had passed through the Straits of Sunda, arrived at our port and corroborated the news we had heard the previous day. One of these steamers, the *Conrad*, had been delayed for six hours in consequence of having had to steam through a floating shoal of ashes and pumice-stone a metre and a half deep, experiencing the while a shower of fine ashes which covered the deck of the vessel with a layer an inch and a half in depth.

As I have already said, a volcanic eruption in the island of Krakatao—though it was known to contain a mountain two thousand six hundred feet high, which had been the crater of a volcano in times past—was quite unlooked for, as the

last eruption of this volcano of which there is any record took place in the year 1680. There was good reason, therefore, for believing that the volcano had become extinct.

By Thursday the 24th instant the eruptions decreased in force, and two days later, the Directors of the Netherlands' India Steamship Company enterprisingly despatched one of their steamers to Krakatao, in order to give those who wished it an opportunity of viewing the wild scene. I had the good fortune to form one of the party on board, to which the British colony in Batavia contributed a strong contingent. We steamed out of the harbour at about five o'clock on Saturday evening, and on rounding St Nicholas Point about midnight, after a beautiful moonlight sail, came in view of the volcano of Krakatao, whose crater, though still far distant, could distinctly be seen vomiting forth sheets of flame from amid a dense pall of smoke, which seemed to veil the approach to a gate of Avernus. At about three o'clock on Sunday morning, we were within a few miles of Krakatao, and sleep was forgotten in the interest with which we viewed the magnificent volcanic illumination which lit up the sea for miles around. When the sun rose, we beheld

A hill not far, whose grisly top  
Belched fire and rolling smoke; the rest entire  
Shone with a glossy scurf—undoubted sign  
That in his womb was hid metallic ore,  
The work of sulphur.

The island of Krakatao, on the windward side of which we anchored (about three miles from shore), seemed, as far as we could judge, to be about ten miles in circumference. It was quite impossible either to approach or to view the leeward side of the island, owing to the dense and almost palpable cloud of ashes and smoke by which it was enshrouded. Towards the east of the island rose a steep mountain, two thousand six hundred feet in height; and at its base there had evidently been a valley or depression of the ground which had separated the mountain from a group of small hills. It was in this valley, which, when we viewed it, was almost filled with lava, that the volcano had burst forth. One part of the island towards the west seemed to forbid approach, as a reef, apparently formed recently by volcanic action, ran a long way out into the sea. From this part of Krakatao, forbidding-looking cliffs of apparently grayish stone rose up from the water's edge. These cliffs, however, when glasses were brought to bear on them, turned out to be huge boulders of pumice-stone which had apparently been cast up from the crater. A broad causewayed street appeared to lead down from the volcano to the sea through a ravine between two hills. This, on closer inspection, was found to be a broad stream of lava black as coal.

Shortly after breakfast a party of us landed on an exploring expedition. It is scarcely possible for me to give an adequate description of the wild though grand picture of desolation which we beheld. The scene was one which Doré would have revelled in. The island on which we stood had been, before the eruption of its volcano, a small tropical paradise rich in forest foliage and vegetation. Now, however, not a leaf nor twig nor blade of grass was to be seen.

The beach down to high-water mark was three feet deep in pumice-stone and fine ashes, which seemed to cover everything as far as the eye could reach. To our right stretched what appeared on first sight to be a green grassy knoll, but which on closer examination proved to be but a mound thickly coated with sulphur. Blackened trunks of trees completely barked were to be seen in all directions, and but served to complete the picture of desolation. The ruin was not alone confined to Krakatao. A smaller island, separated from it by a strait about two miles wide, was also completely devastated and waste.

Slowly and with difficulty we toiled up the hill leading to the crater, through heated ash reaching in many places above our knees. A cloud of fine sulphur and ash, beating on our faces as we made the ascent, seemed to penetrate every pore of our bodies; while a tropical sun, glaring fiercely down on our heads, made us feel as if we were being shrivelled up 'like a parched scroll.'

After gaining the summit of the hill, we paused for a few minutes to take a view of the smoking natural caldron beneath us, and then descended to the edge of the crater, or rather, I should say, as near thereto as the rain of ashes and sulphur would permit us to advance. The scene which met our view was weird to a degree. We stood on a plain thickly crusted with sulphur crystals, which sparkled and glittered in the sunlight. To our right a causeway of lava trended away towards a valley shrouded by a veil of sulphurous vapour. In this direction it was impossible to advance, but lurid bursts of flame, which lit up the place with strange wildness at intervals, gave us glimpses of a scene which one could almost imagine to be the portal of the 'valley of the shadow of death.' To our left overhead rose the peak of Krakatao, clothed only a few days before with dense forest and luxuriant vegetation, but now scathed and desolate from base to summit. Behind stretched a miniature Sahara, whose dazzling whiteness was relieved here and there by a blackened stump of a tree. The ground all around us was pierced by numerous fissures, through which issued smoke, accompanied by jets of flame; while in front a dense cloud of smoke and ashes, which even the noonday rays of a tropical sun failed to penetrate, hid the mouth of the crater from our view. The ground trembled beneath our feet, and every now and then a rain of small stones, accompanied by bursts of flame, was discharged from the volcano with a loud report like a cannon shot.

It can be easily imagined that but a short stay in such warm quarters was not only desirable but also advisable, as the ground on which we stood was literally scorching. The hill was descended in a more expeditious manner than it had been scaled, and we were not sorry to exchange sulphuric fumes for the pure air of the sea. On Sunday evening we shaped our homeward course, and arrived at Batavia early the following morning, having had an altogether successful and interesting expedition.

[At the time our correspondent wrote, he does not seem to have been aware of the great loss of life occasioned by the catastrophe. Later accounts

place that loss at not less than thirty thousand persons; and it is stated that the island of Krakatao has, since the period of the outbreak, quite disappeared.—Ed.]

## THE BLATCHFORD BEQUEST.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CONCLUSION.

It was several months before the agent returned from America. He had been ordered to spare neither time nor money, and had kept his instructions to the letter, but with little result as yet. Having, after some trouble, ascertained that the man who was shot, as described by Mr Dunn, passed under the name of Winslow, he went to work to trace him back. It was a difficult task, but it would have been even more so had not the so-called Winslow, by sundry villainous acts, left his memory green in the minds of some he had come in contact with. It will doubtless seem as though the search was begun at the wrong end; but, years ago, the other way had failed. From the time when he quarrelled irrevocably with his mother, Blatchford could be traced a certain distance; then he disappeared. At last the agent returned. By the merest chance, he had found a man who had sailed from Liverpool in the same boat that carried Blatchford or Winslow. He, like others, had reasons of his own for remembering him. So this was the result of the inquiry: Blatchford sailed from Liverpool at a certain date, under the name of Winslow. After a short but discreditable career in various cities in North and South America, he had met his fate as described. Nothing was known about his wife.

Cuthbert heard the agent's report.

'We had better advertise for Mrs Winslow,' that gentleman suggested.

Cuthbert considered. 'Not yet,' he said. 'Go down to Liverpool, and try and trace back from there. He was a saloon passenger, you say. Most likely, he stayed at a good hotel. A list of the guests may show where he came from, as he appears to have been contented with one alias. Go down and see what you can do; but don't write me or come to me until you think the case hopeless, or until you have learnt all.'

The agent went his way; and Cuthbert knew that the time was drawing near when the old battle must be refought. He strove to dismiss the matter from his mind; but, do what he would, it was always with him. The sacrifice now would be so tremendous. Even if all went well with his party, and he had office, what good could be expected of a statesman who has only the emoluments of his place to depend upon? He must degenerate—must sooner or later become a place-seeker, when office was a matter of life and death to those he loved best in the world. No; if he gave up—as he was by his own code of honour bound to give up—Mrs Blatchford's wealth, farewell to public life. All that would be over. And with these thoughts always with him, dreading that each post would bring him news of the missing people, despite himself, the man's manner changed. He grew moody, pre-occupied, and silent; even the smile with which he greeted his wife and children was different—so different, that for the first time since she had

been married, Marion Wrey felt unhappy and full of strange fears.

It was about a month after her husband's last interview with the confidential agent, that Marion sat alone. Cuthbert had gone to the north of England to speak at an important meeting, held that night in a large town, one of the strongholds of his antagonists. Although—the Wreys being now people of some note—Marion had half-a-dozen invitations for this particular evening, she preferred spending it at home and alone. She sat thinking of many things, past and present, but most of all of Cuthbert's changed manner of late. It had for some time been a source of great uneasiness to her. He did not complain or show any sign of illness; he was sanguine as to the outcome of public affairs; his ambition was not so high as to insure disappointment. What, then, had changed him—changed his way of speaking, changed his smile? Could it be, she thought, with the quick suspicion of a loving woman, that his affection for her was waning? Did he at last begin to think that, in marrying one so lowly as herself, he had thrown a chance away? But such thoughts were but passing ones. He had given her too many proofs of the endurance of his love to permit her to harbour such unworthy doubts. Yet she sighed, and prayed that whatever weighed upon her husband's mind might be removed, or that he would let her share the burden. After a while she rose and rang the bell. 'Bring me to-night's letters,' she said.

Cuthbert kept no secretary. He was an energetic man, equal to any amount of work; but whilst the House was sitting, his correspondence was so voluminous that, recently, his wife opened many of his letters and sorted them according to the importance they bore. In this way she saved him much time.

There was a goodly pile to-night. She opened and examined each letter in turn—all save one or two which she laid aside untouched, knowing, from the initials on the envelopes, that they contained political matter so weighty, that she must not be the first to read it. Presently she came upon a thick packet, sealed and registered. It bore the Liverpool post-mark, and was marked 'Private'—but so was every second envelope. Without hesitation she broke the cover and drew the letter out, leaving the other papers which accompanied it behind. 'A begging petition with testimonials,' she said as she opened the letter, preparing to take a hasty glance at its contents. As she unfolded the paper, a small bright object dropped from it on to her lap. It was a gold cross, one arm of which was broken off. She took it in her hand, looked at it for a moment, and then started as if a snake had bitten her. With the trinket still in her hand, she turned to the letter, and her face grew paler with every line she read.

The missive was short; its meaning must have been plain, as Marion had no need to re-peruse it. As she read the last word, she let both letter and trinket fall, then, uttering a low cry of pain, placed her hands upon her eyes. 'O my darling!' she moaned, 'and this the reason—this why you have changed so, lately! My love, I may have deserved it, but not like this!' So she sorrowed for a time, then her mood changed. She rose, and dashing her tears away, paced the room like

a queen. 'If an angel had told me this, I would have laughed him to scorn! After so many years—so many happy years! Cuthbert, Cuthbert! why did you do it? How could you do it? It was your right to know. Had you wished it, I would have told you—told you freely, in spite of your promise. But oh! to learn it like this, through a hired spy!' Then her proud bearing forsook her, and the hot tears sprang forth again. But at last she grew composed; but there was a world of sweet regret in the words she addressed to her absent husband: 'Yes, you will still love me, and I shall forgive even this. But never, never again shall we be the same to each other—never quite the same, Cuthbert!'

She looked at the contents of the packet. Two or three letters in a woman's handwriting—one well known to her—which gave her the feeling as of ghosts rising from the past. She replaced everything in the cover, and locking it away, sat late into the night, thinking and thinking—longing for the morrow to end her suspense.

The next day, Cuthbert returned just in time to greet her for a moment before he went down to the House. He had a question on the notice paper, one that, he knew, would stick like a barbed arrow into the Home Secretary's well-seasoned flank. He was in better spirits than usual.

'We shall smite them hip and thigh!' he cried. 'Inside their own fortresses we shall slay them!—My darling, how ill you look. What is the matter?'

'I have passed a bad night,' she faltered. She could not reproach him at that moment. She could not understand why, with that letter waiting for him, his voice should express such unmistakable anxiety and solicitude.

'Lie down, dearest,' he said, 'and rest till I come home. I shall be back to dinner.'

He kissed her, and went to St Stephen's. Except for the fear as to what news any post might bring him from his detective, he was very joyous. Every paper had a leader on the speeches of last night, and his speech had been an important and favourably criticised one.

He was in good spirits when he came home to dinner. His bout with the Home Secretary had succeeded to a marvel. His manner to Marion, who still looked worn and weary, had never been more affectionate. She felt bewildered.

Dinner over, he must go to his duties again. She could not let the moment pass. She placed herself in a low chair near him—her favourite seat. 'Must you go to the House to-night, Cuthbert?'

'I don't know about "must." I ought to, although there will be no division of importance. If you feel ill, my darling, I will stay with you.' He kissed her so lovingly, that she knew it could be no pretence, and wondered more and more. 'How cold your lips are,' he said. 'Yes; I will stay with you to-night.'

She thanked him, but waited a while, as in deep thought, before she spoke again. 'Cuthbert,' she said, sweetly but gravely, 'may I tell you a little tale of real life?'

He looked at her, and felt sure there was some grave meaning in her request. 'By all means,' he said.

Calm as she forced herself to be, her heart

beat and her hand trembled as she drew out the little broken gold cross and placed it in his hand. He looked at it and then at her inquiringly.

'That was given me, years ago,' she said with an effort, 'by the man who was my husband, or who I fancied was my husband.'

Cuthbert started. 'Wait a moment, Marion. I did not ask for this. I do not want it. But if you wish to tell me, tell me with your hand in mine; for I swear whatever you may choose to let me know shall make no difference between us.' His voice was passionate as when he first pleaded for her love.

She did not understand. She looked at him almost dreamily, but did not place her hand in his. 'No, Cuthbert. It may be I shall have a question to ask you. Let me tell it my own way.'

He saw she was quite serious, so listened with growing fear.

'I was but a girl,' she said, very quietly and with her eyes cast down—'a girl of twenty. He told me he loved me. He was young, and, I believed, would change his manner of life for my sake. I married him. For a few months I was happy; then I found him as he really was—a false liar, a coward, a swindler. When years afterwards he told me I was not even his wife—that even in that he had deceived me, I think, in spite of the shame, my heart leapt for joy. He could claim me no more.—Did I wrong you, my Cuthbert, by marrying you? I was only sinned against. My silence must have made you think it even worse than this.—Now, I will give you your letter.'

Cuthbert was very grave. 'Why do you tell me this, Marion? I was of course bound to guess at something of the kind. Why tell me now? I never asked; I never wished to know.'

He had not noticed her mention of the letter, nor would he have known what she meant by it. She drew it from her breast. 'My husband,' she said sadly, as she handed it to him, 'we can never be quite as we were before you did this thing. If you doubted, why not have asked me? Why not have asked Mr Mayne? I will not reproach you, but you have degraded both me and yourself.'

He took the letter in stupid astonishment. That he and Marion were at cross-purposes, that she was under some delusion, was evident. What it was he could only learn from reading the letter, so, without another word, he read:

DEAR SIR—I would have seen you, but am ordered away on an affair of great importance. I do not neglect your interests in going. A child might now follow the clue. Winslow and his wife lived for some time at D—. He left her—deserted her, probably, when he sailed for the States. She lived on at D— for a while, trying to make an income by keeping a small school. Then she fell seriously ill, and at last was taken away by a gentleman, whose name my informant forgets, but who was rector of St Winifred's, a church on the outskirts of London. This should be ample for your purpose; but I inclose some letters, and a trinket left behind her, when she quitted the house at which she lodged.

As he finished the letter and read the signature

of his confidential agent, Cuthbert's head felt in a whirl. It was some little time before he could see the connection between his wife's grief and this letter which brought the dreaded moment close to hand. His first thought was that Marion was troubled by his having concealed the matter from her. He glanced at the letter once more and this time the mention of St Winifred's arrested his attention. The whole truth came to him like a flash of lightning. Astonishment no longer expressed his state. He stared at his wife. She stood with her eyes cast down, her beautiful face pale and sad, and with tears slowly running down her cheeks.

'But the child!' gasped Cuthbert—'your child!'

Still ignorant of the truth, she looked at him with reproachful eyes. Why should he wish to probe every old wound?

'Poor little baby!' she said—'poor little boy! The only thing in all that time I can look back to with a happy thought—the only gleam of sunshine in my life. But he died, Cuthbert—died before I wrote to my old friend Mrs Mayne, begging her to come and save me from starvation or worse. Then it was I said I will have no past.'

Cuthbert rose and clasped his wife to his heart. Had she wished to resist, those strong loving arms of his would have made resistance useless.

'Marion, my wife, my darling!' he cried, 'can you not understand? I have been sending across the world to find traces of the widow and son of Ralph Blatchford, to whom, if I could have done what was right, I must have given up nearly every farthing of the wealth we enjoy; and from this letter I learn that Ralph Blatchford was the man who married you under the assumed name of Winslow! Marion, if you understood what this means to me, to you, to the children, you would be happier than ever you have been before!'

Marion understood. She laughed a half-delirious but entirely happy laugh; her hand stole into her husband's, and the whole question of the Blatchford bequest was ended, and at rest for ever.

#### THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE recent outbreak of typhoid fever in the north of London has led to an inquiry on the part of the parish authorities, and a most careful and exhaustive Report by their medical officer. With great zeal, this gentleman has traced as far as he can each case of disease to its source, with the alarming result of finding that a milkshop is responsible for its spread. Tracing the milk to its source of supply—a farm about twenty miles from the Metropolis—he there found conditions existing which would readily account for the spread of the complaint through the 'medium of the milk. It was at one time thought that the only danger of contaminating milk was in the use of impure water for washing out the milk-cans; but since the rapid development of what is known as the Germ theory of disease, it is now acknowledged that the milk can be rendered unfit for use, if the cow which supplies it has had access to foul drinking-water.



The question of the necessity of pure water for cattle has recently been the subject of much published correspondence; and any one who has had the opportunity of visiting the various farms in some of the English counties will acknowledge that it is high time something were done. Many of these farmyards are absolutely reeking with filth, the liquid portion of which slowly drains into adjacent ponds from which the cattle drink. Examined under the microscope, this black and odorous liquid will afford evidence of abundance of life. A well-known microscopist says: 'I examined numerous specimens of the water of the farms and also the milk of the cows, and almost invariably discovered in both the same species of *bacteria*.' He goes on to say that the wife of a farm-labourer suffering from a low form of fever was giving her child its natural nourishment, which also, under the microscope, revealed the presence of the same species of *bacteria*. It becomes more and more apparent that cleanliness, if not next to godliness, is a duty we owe not only to ourselves but still more to our neighbours.

At Canterbury, some interesting Roman remains have recently been unearthed, consisting of a tessellated pavement, similar in character to those found in Roman villas in other parts of the country. Near the old city moat, several skeletons were found, together with Roman urns of a fine red ware, coins, rings, bracelets, and a portion of a decorated bowl bearing in relief the image of a Roman soldier.

Antiquities of a somewhat rougher nature exist in plenty, as many of our readers are aware, in the Aran Islands, on the west coast of Ireland. Many of these ancient structures consist of fortresses or duns, and are supposed to be between two and three thousand years old. A recent visitor calls attention to the rapid destruction which is going on among these interesting relics of a bygone day. He says that rabbits have made their home between the mortarless stones, and that the lads of the adjacent villages, in their eager hunt after bunny, will often pull down many yards of wall. We call attention to this wanton destruction in order to second the efforts which will doubtless be made to stop it.

The Tuileries Palace is now a thing of the past. We are glad to learn that the Committee which was appointed to superintend its demolition, have decided to select such fragments of its architecture as they consider worthy of preservation, for distribution among the various museums of France. These fragments consist of columns, capitals, bas-reliefs, pedestals, &c., representing various schools of architecture. And as they amount to about fifty wagon-loads, it is to be hoped that some of them will find their way to this side of the Channel. They would be appreciated by us not only as architectural specimens, but as interesting relics of the abode of French royalty.

Some particulars of Baron Nordenskjöld's Greenland expedition have been published, from which we learn that his ship, the *Sophia*, ran a narrow escape of sharing the same fate as the *Hansa* in 1869, which it will be remembered was crushed in by the ice. At one time, the *Sophia* had to force her way through the ice-belt, whilst the propeller had to be kept clear with boat-hooks and poles, the timbers all the time cracking with

the strain put upon them. The ruins of the old Norse settlements alluded to in one of the explorer's first telegrams, and which naturally excited the curiosity of archaeologists, turn out merely to consist of a cairn, which may possibly be the work of the Eskimo. We may therefore conclude, if the Baron has no more to tell us with regard to this discovery, that his voyage—interesting as it has been in other respects—sheds no new light upon the colonisation of Greenland by the hardy Norsemen.

The Berlin correspondent of the *Times* newspaper has lately given an account of what he describes as 'the interesting trial of an invention which, in the opinion of the naval and technical authorities who witnessed it, promises to effect an important change in the propulsion of vessels of all classes.' This trial took place by means of a vessel named the *Hydromotor*, and, as its name implies, it is propelled by the action of water. Very few particulars are given; but we gather from the account alluded to, that the vessel is furnished with very powerful pumps, which eject a stream of water on either side of it through tubes which are placed a few inches above the level of the river in which the vessel floats. As a rocket is propelled by means of the stream of fire which it pours out, so this boat is pushed along by the jets of water forced from its tubes. The opinion of Admiral von Henck concerning this invention is quoted to the effect that it has almost certainly a future before it. Perhaps that worthy admiral is not aware that it also has a past behind it. For twenty years or more, the floating fire-engines on the Thames have been propelled by the same means. With powerful pumping-machinery already established, it was a natural proceeding to use the same power for moving the vessels from place to place; but no one who has watched their slow progress against the tide would dream of the principle ever rivalling the screw-propeller, or the paddle-wheel. It is a pity that history so often repeats itself in the matter of inventions.

Another re-invention is exemplified in the recent account from America of the manufacture of paper pipes for gas, in lieu of iron ones. The paper is made of hemp, and cut into a long strip. This is passed through a bath of melted asphalt, and afterwards rolled round a core, which is subsequently withdrawn. The paper pipe goes through some further treatment whereby it is rendered perfectly smooth both inside and out, and is then ready for use. It will bend, so as not to break under settlement, when buried in the ground; and being made of a material which will not readily conduct heat, any water condensing in the pipes will not freeze. This same invention was unsuccessfully introduced into this country more than twenty years ago.

Messrs Stapleton and Company of Agra are trying an experiment which deserves to succeed, and will probably do so. They are attempting to revive the oriental art of weaving, and to reproduce Persian carpets and similar hand-woven textures of such excellence that they will be eagerly sought after. They are about to establish a factory where the finest materials only will be used, and where good patterns only will be employed as models. They hope, by using fast colours, principally Indian dyes, to rival the old excellence of the work produced by the Kashgar weavers in the

seventeenth century. The success of such an undertaking ought to be insured in an age when so much attention is being given to decorative art, and when such prices are demanded and obtained for really artistic work.

From Professor S. Waterhouse's Report to the American department of Agriculture concerning the cultivation of jute, we learn a great deal concerning that useful material. The value of the fibre was first recognised at Dundee more than fifty years ago, and since that time the cultivation of the plant has increased not only in India, but in the United States. Jute can be combined with cotton, linen, or silk, to imitate more expensive fabrics, and can be dyed a variety of tints. It is also largely used by paper-makers—and is extensively employed to make the rough canvas which covers bales of cotton and other goods. The yield in India is from two to three thousand pounds per acre; but the American grower, by replacing the rude tillage of India by perfect machinery, is able to do better than this, and at the same time to produce plants giving better fibre. Jute will flourish wherever there is a moist hot climate, and the best soil is sandy clay, or alluvial mould.

A great many attempts have at different times been made to utilise the sun's rays for the production of heat, either in the form of hot air, or of steam. Whatever success experimenters may have met with in warmer latitudes, it is very clear that apparatus on this principle would be a most uncertain agent in a variable climate like that of Britain. Professor E. S. Morse, of Salem, Massachusetts, has devised a means of warming and ventilation by means of solar rays, and the apparatus is said to give very promising results. It consists of a surface of slates, painted black—so as to absorb as much heat as possible—and fixed in a frame. This frame is placed vertically against the building which it is desired to warm, and in connection with it are flues to carry the heated air to the interior of the dwelling. A frame eight feet by three feet is found sufficient to warm comfortably a library twenty feet long, except on such days as the sun refuses to show his face. As a general result, it is stated that the apparatus will, under favourable circumstances, secure a thermometric rise of thirty degrees during the four or five hours representing the most sunshiny portion of the day.

A curious and alarming accident is reported from the Wharnccliffe Silkstone Collieries, where for some time hand labour has been superseded by coal-cutting machinery. These machines are driven by compressed air which is conveyed by means of pipes from the pit's mouth, and which, after doing its duty, is discharged into the workings. As a rule, this discharge of air would of course help in ventilating a mine; but in the case in question, this air became deteriorated before reaching the workers below ground. It is thought that the contamination was due to the escaping gases from heaps of refuse which were then burning at the pit's mouth. However this may be, the fumes stupefied a large number of men. Happily, no fatal result ensued.

The mention of noxious vapours naturally brings to our minds the mining life-saving appliances of Mr Fleuss, which have been so highly commended in the circular addressed to

colliery proprietors by the Home Secretary. It is now proposed to form a Limited Liability Company for the purpose of carrying out the suggestions of the Home Secretary, and to at once establish depôts or centres where a sufficient supply of apparatus and lamps can always be obtained. Each centre would be under the charge of a competent man, who would instruct others in the use of the apparatus. Colliery owners will be asked to contribute towards the scheme in proportion to the number of men they severally employ. The capital of the proposed Company will be divided into five-pound shares. Further particulars may be obtained at the temporary offices, 27 Martin's Lane, Cannon Street, London, E.C.

The United States Commissioners of Patents have decided against Mr Edison in the question of priority in the mention of an incandescent filament in the now well-known little glass bulb electric lamps. They have ruled in favour of Messrs Sawyer and Mann, who produced such a conductor in 1878, whereas Mr Edison's was not patented until the year following. This decision only affects the production of a carbonised filament made from paper or cardboard, and in no way interferes with their manufacture from bamboo, willow, and many other materials, for which Mr Edison already holds patents. The decision seems to be of little moment, but is interesting as a small contribution to the modern history of electric lighting.

The vicar of Bude, Devonshire, has recently described a curious animal (?) seen at sea from that place. He describes it as a long, low, dark object, about a mile and a half from the shore, skimming along the surface of the sea, the back of the creature being a little above the top of the water. It kept on its course at an apparent rate of twenty-five miles per hour, during the whole ten minutes it remained in sight, and during which it was observed by the reverend gentleman and several of his friends. The creature appeared to be about eighty feet long. 'One scarcely likes to suggest the sea-serpent,' says the observer, evidently not liking to offer an opinion on the subject. Admiral Gore Jones, commenting upon this appearance, tells an anecdote of how he and his fellow-officers on board ship were once deceived into chasing a serpent which turned out to be a long streak of sticky soot, the result of the clearing out of some ship's flues and tubes. The Bude sea-serpent may possibly be of this breed, but it could hardly travel at the rate of twenty-five miles per hour. A flock of birds would be a more likely solution of the problem. At the same time, we may remind our readers that there is abundance of strong evidence in favour of the actual existence of a marine monster, and that there is no reason from a naturalist's point of view why serpent forms, which on a smaller scale are plentiful in the sea in some latitudes, should not occasionally attain a large size.

The proposal to make Manchester a seaport town by means of a canal capable of giving passage to large ships, has been quickly followed by the suggestion that Chester ought to have similar advantages conferred upon it. The scheme which has been taken up by a member of parliament who is greatly interested in the North Wales

mineral trade, advocates the widening and deepening of the river Dee, so as to make one long navigable canal from Chester to Connahs Quay. The entire distance is eight miles; and dock gates would be placed at the sea entrance, through which large vessels would be admitted at high tide. The canal at all times would contain a minimum depth of fifteen feet of water, and the necessary works are estimated to cost half a million of money.

A most interesting address was lately delivered by Sir James Paget to the members of the Working Men's College, London, the subject being 'Recreation.' The speaker dwelt upon the necessity of choosing for the occupation of our spare time some recreation which, although it might really involve harder physical exertion than our ordinary work, represented a complete change. He could not imagine any more prudent recreation for workmen engaged in manual labour than attendance at the College for the exercising of their minds. Of course the converse of this is equally true, and those who are engaged in brain-work find the best relief in manual labour during their play-hours. Speaking as a medical man, he said: 'Of all habitual unhappiness, short of the deepest suffering, which he saw in his professional life, there was none comparable to that suffered by the rich man retired from business who had no recreation.' Those whose one end and aim in life seems to be that they may at all cost of present comfort accumulate sufficient money to enable them to retire from active work, would do well to ponder upon the experience thus recorded.

A correspondent of the *Times*, in an interesting article entitled 'Science and Safety at Sea,' calls attention to the dangers which exist in mid-ocean from the presence of icebergs, instancing as a case in point the collision of the steamship *Arizona* with an iceberg in the autumn of 1879. This fine ship was steaming along at fifteen knots an hour, when in the darkness of night she ploughed into an iceberg and was nearly lost. The writer points out that science is able to minimise these risks, if not to obviate them altogether. Both Langley and Edison have devised heat-measures so delicate that a change of temperature quite unnoticed by the ordinary thermometer or the far more delicate thermo-pile, is readily recorded. The writer of the article suggests that ocean-going steamers should utilise the principle of these inventions, so that, by proper apparatus placed at the ship's head, any sudden reduction of temperature indicating the near presence of a mass of ice, should be made automatically to give a sound-warning, or in some other way to announce the coming danger.

In a Birmingham newspaper some interesting particulars are given respecting the art of street organ-grinding, by which it would seem that the occupation is a most lucrative one. Some of the men and women earn as much as ten pounds a week; and while it is a frequent thing for the husbands to go to Italy for a holiday, they send their wives to the seaside. There are many educated musicians who are glad enough to secure the honourable position of church organist, at a salary not the fifth of this sum. The temptation to accept so small a salary is found in the opportunity of teaching music to the dwellers

round about the church; but this genteel occupation smacks far more of drudgery than does the grinding of a street organ.

In connection with the recent inauguration of the Ben Nevis Observatory, an interesting little handbook has been published by the Meteorological Society. Setting forth the objects of the work, and the advantages derivable from observations at high altitudes, it also gives the origin of the new observatory, and an account of the rapid collection of public subscriptions for its erection. Of course, Mr Clement Wragge's labours are not forgotten; and every one must regret that owing to absence abroad, he, who took such an active part in the development of the scheme for an observing station on the highest point in Britain, could not be present at its opening. The subscriptions amounted to four thousand pounds, and the highest sum given by one individual was two hundred pounds. The lowest subscription was one penny.

The National Apple Congress, which was opened last month at the Royal Agricultural Gardens, Chiswick, has a healthy ring about its name which strikes the ear pleasantly. The work accomplished by it is calculated to be of great benefit to the apple culture in this country. We learn that fifty new varieties of apples were sent in for competition. The Committee have issued a number of queries to the leading growers in the kingdom, inviting information as to details of culture, such as situation, soil and subsoil, grafting, &c., which, when tabulated for comparison, ought to afford valuable information. By knowledge thus gained, we may perhaps avoid those unfruitful apple seasons which have been so common in the past, and to which the present year happily affords so strong a contrast.

Sawdust, after being saturated with a weak solution of carbolic acid, can be usefully employed for absorbing the discharge from wounds. The sawdust, which should be coarse, must be allowed to dry, and then should be inclosed in a bag made of several layers of gauze or very fine soft muslin. Pending the arrival of a medical man, a pad of sawdust, carefully arranged to prevent any of the grains working through to the injured part, may safely be applied over the dressing of a wound that has commenced to discharge, or, if bleeding, has recommenced from a cut, through the strapping. The pad of sawdust should be bound over the part requiring to be protected.

A soiled polishing leather, if properly washed, is often preferred by opticians and others who require a very fine article, to a new one. The dirty skin must first be washed in a weak solution of soda and warm water, and then left to soak for two hours after being well saturated with yellow soap. At the expiration of that time, it must be rubbed until thoroughly clean, and then rinsed in warm water in which a very little yellow soap and soda have been dissolved. The rinsing must not be carried out in clear water, or the skin will become hard. After rinsing, wring out the leather in a towel and dry it quickly, and then pull it in every direction to make it pliable, and brush it well.

An American doctor, of Cleveland, Ohio, lately made the experiment of administering chloroform to a sleeping little child, from whose hand it was necessary to extract several pieces of broken glass

before sewing up the wound. This plan answered so well that he thinks it is likely to become a popular way of chloroforming small children, as by its adoption they are saved all excitement.

### A NARROW ESCAPE.

ABOUT forty years ago, I was in command of a barque which had been chartered by government during the Chinese War. At Nankin we had landed the horses belonging to a regiment of artillery, and were lying close alongside a narrow wharf awaiting further orders. The hills just above were crowned by a line of forts occupied by British troops; not far from us lay a corvette; while the harbour was dotted with men-of-war and merchant-vessels flying the English flag, as well as innumerable smaller craft.

Our expectation of seeing something exciting in the way of active service was suddenly brought to an end by the declaration of peace, and early in August we heard that all the forts held by our soldiers were shortly to be evacuated. I had just made arrangements with a friend, captain of a barque lying out in the harbour, to accompany me for a day's shooting inland, and to see something of the country, when, early in the morning, as we were preparing for our start, a quantity of ammunition of every description, powder, shot, shells, &c., about two hundred tons weight, was brought down to the wharf, with orders to have it put on board the nearest vessel for after-distribution. This happened to be my own; and having waited to see the whole stored under hatches, my friend G—— and I started on our excursion. The day was intensely hot, scarcely the slightest movement in the trees, and that peculiar and ominous stillness in the atmosphere which precedes a violent storm. We had but poor sport; and tired and hungry, were returning late in the afternoon to the harbour, when the gathering masses of inky clouds burst over our heads into a drenching downpour of tropical rain, speedily soaking us to the skin. As we neared the ship, I persuaded G—— to come on board with me, instead of returning to his own vessel, which lay at some distance out, promising him a change of garments and a good dinner.

We were soon seated in my snug cabin, doing justice to an excellent meal, and at first hardly conscious of the thunder, which might now be heard growling at lessening intervals in the distance. It was not until the lightning flashed more vividly and the peals grew louder, that our attention was at length aroused, and my friend remarked: 'I say, the storm's evidently coming up pretty heavily. How about all that powder of yours? Suppose we should be struck! I'm beginning to wish I'd gone home, old fellow.'

'Nonsense!' I replied. 'We're safe enough; the worst is about over now.'

Scarcely had the words left my lips, when an intensely vivid flash of lightning suddenly illuminated the cabin as with the glare of noonday, followed instantaneously by a terrific peal of thunder, which broke, as it seemed, immediately over our heads, almost stunning us with its deafening reverberations. The vessel quivered

with the shock from stem to stern, and, our faces blanched with terror, we sprang to our feet. Never shall I forget G——'s agonised expression: 'Gracious powers! we're struck!' and my instant thought: How soon would the explosion follow, if the mast *were* struck? The ammunition lay just below. I believe my friend turned to throw himself from the porthole; but I exclaimed: 'No, no; on deck!'

In less time than I have taken to write it, we had rushed up the companion-way. Pitchy darkness had succeeded the sudden illumination; and as we emerged on the deck, I ran violently against some one.

'Who's there?'

'It's me, captain.' I distinguished the voice of the chief officer.

'What is it?'

'We're struck.'

'Where?'

'The mainmast.'

'Bring lanterns at once.'

The figures of the men could hardly be seen on deck in the darkness which lay around. Barely two minutes had elapsed; the lanterns were brought, and I ordered one of the hatches to be raised. It was an anxious second. Was there fire below? Only a volume of sulphurous smoke poured out. 'Open another.' This time, the men worked with more alacrity; the first almost paralysing fear had passed. One after another, the hatches were lifted. Smoke issued at first, then no more. There was neither flame nor the smell of fire.

I turned now to some of the crew, and ordered them to follow me below. We carefully examined the ammunition, which had been loosely piled up around the mainmast, only a thin partition separating it from the upper deck. Our escape seemed marvellous. How had it been effected? That the mast had been struck was certain; fragments splintered from the top lay around, as we saw when once more on deck; the lower part was scorched and blackened. One of the crew now came forward with the remark that he and some of his mates had seen the lightning distinctly strike the mast, disappear, then reappear, and gliding along the deck, vanish suddenly over the side of the ship.

With as much light as our lanterns would supply, we carefully examined into the seeming miracle, and soon found the sailor's statement had been perfectly accurate. I must explain that at the time of which I write, certain arrangements on board ship were rather different from those of the present day. At that time, at the base of the mainmast, there was the chain-locker, the square erection within which the chain was coiled when not in use. The electric current had evidently run down the spar, and then, having been diverted by the metal, which was a better conductor, had followed the coil of the chain round the inside of the locker, was conveyed by it up through the scuttle on one side, along the deck, and over the stern of the vessel, where the anchor was dropped into the sea.

The mystery was explained, and I felt that we were safe. But how narrowly had we escaped! The whole incident had passed so quickly, and there had been such keen excitement during the few minutes our anxious search had lasted, that



the progress of the storm was unheeded. But its fury seemed to have spent itself in that one terrific crash, and now the clouds were dispersing, and the moon soon shone out in all its clear splendour, and the stars appeared one by one overhead. My friend and I remained on deck for an hour or more before turning in, and then wished each other good-night, with a deep feeling of gratitude for our preservation, none the less sincere that it was expressed in silence, by an unwonted though hearty clasp of the hands.

Early the following morning I went on board the corvette to report what had occurred, and found that the incident of the previous night had caused considerable interest among her officers and crew. One young lieutenant coolly remarked: 'Ah, captain, we were looking out for a grand transformation scene last night.'

'My good sir,' I retorted, disgusted at his levity, 'you would not have seen much, that's certain. Had we blown up, rest assured your vessel would have gone too; and not she alone, but a good many other craft as well.'

I heard later that the officers at the hill-forts above had deserted their mess-dinner to watch the storm; and one of them told me of the intense excitement which prevailed when they saw the lightning playing around the masts of my ship, knowing as they did the combustible nature of her cargo. 'We never,' he said to me, 'expected to see you alive again.'

Often during my life have I been in peril by land and by sea; but never, I think, was I so near a sudden and awful death as on that August evening, forty years ago.

## OCCASIONAL NOTES.

### THE ISLE OF WIGHT TUNNEL.

TUNNELS and tunnelling seem to be the order of the day. We have the Channel Tunnel, the new Thames Tunnel, the Severn Tunnel—recently damaged, by-the-by, by the breaking in of land springs—and now, last and newest of all, we have the proposal for a tunnel from the mainland, under the Solent, to the Isle of Wight, to be called the 'Isle of Wight and Mainland National Tunnel.' The proposal is apparently intended to obviate the 'sea-passage' from Portsmouth to Ryde, so that the traveller may have the unspeakable advantage of never leaving his train until it stops at Ryde, Newport, or Ventnor. As the 'sea-passage' is but three miles or a little over, it seems difficult to understand the great objection to it. It is easily made in nearly all weathers; in a fine day it is simply delightful, in a rough day it is nothing much to complain of, and the traveller has always the advantage of a snug comfortable cabin; and the whole passage is rarely more than half an hour, if indeed all that. What possible necessity there can be for cutting a tunnel of four miles under the sea at an enormous expense, for so small and trifling an end, it is difficult to understand.

To the private residents, and those who hold property in the island, the proposal may prove anything but an acceptable one, owing to the enormous influx of excursionists that may be expected; but to the traders and innkeepers it will probably be looked forward to as a great boon, and as a source of considerable increase of

business in every way. But, upon the whole, the question may be asked, is a tunnel under the Solent really necessary at all, the surrounding circumstances being considered?

### SUPPOSED INSECURITY OF THE MONUMENT.

Everybody knows the celebrated 'Monument' of London—'the Monument,' in fact, as it is always called—one of the finest and the most perfectly proportioned columns in the world, and one of Wren's masterpieces. Built with the utmost solidity, and on the strictest rules of science, it has often been said that nothing but gunpowder or an earthquake could ever move it, and that it would endure for centuries; but it seems that an underground railway may possess a greater force than either; at least so it has been conjectured. The great project of completing the inner circle of the Metropolitan and District Railway involves a continuation of the present line from Mansion House station to Tower Hill station by means of a tunnel, a distance of something less than a mile, at an estimated cost of three millions; and it so happens that this tunnel will pass very near to the north side of the Monument, and therefore almost below its foundations, and the engineers seem to be under the impression that the constant vibration caused by the passing of trains day and night (which begin at five A.M. and finish at one A.M.) may ultimately prove a source of danger to the stately pillar, and therefore it has been gravely suggested that it should be taken down altogether. This proposition, if carried out, will cause the keenest regret to all lovers of historical associations, and to all, too, who admire true classic architecture. Let us hope that there is no real danger after all, and that the beautiful column may be left in peace.

### RE-INTERMENT OF WILLIAM HARVEY.

Re-burying is an act so peculiar that it is but very rarely practised, and only under very special circumstances. The two most remarkable instances of late have been accorded to two distinguished members of the same profession, namely, John Hunter, and William Harvey the discoverer of the circulation of the blood. The coffin containing the body of John Hunter was transferred about twenty-five years ago from the vaults of the church of St Martin-in-the-Fields, and interred with much ceremony in the north aisle of Westminster Abbey. The black cloth covering the coffin appeared to be but little injured or soiled, as was evident to the writer, who was present at the second funeral.

The 'envelope of lead'—for there was no proper coffin—containing the remains of William Harvey was cracked and in bad condition, dust and moisture having entered the interior. The remains, in their lead covering, were reverently transferred from the vault beneath the church of Hempstead in Essex, to a splendid marble sarcophagus provided by the Royal College of Physicians, placed in the Harvey Chapel in the same church, in the presence of a large number of gentlemen representing the heads of the medical profession. Harvey was buried in 1657, and was re-interred in 1883, having lain in the vault for

two hundred and twenty-six years. The ceremony took place on the 18th of October, the day marked in the Church calendar as dedicated to St Luke, the 'beloved physician.'

'A CHRISTMAS LETTER FOR YOU.'

Last year, in No. 986 of this *Journal*, we printed an article giving an account of the origin and history of the Christmas Letter Mission. That article, we have reason to believe, excited a warm and kindly interest among many of our readers. The Mission, which was privately set on foot twelve years ago in the house of the late Rev. E. B. Elliott of Brighton, has from year to year so widely increased its dimensions, that during the Christmas season of 1882 more than three hundred and twenty-three thousand letters in English alone went forth to gladden sufferers in hospitals, infirmaries, and other institutions, not in Great Britain only, but in all parts of the world; while this Christmas they will be sent out in ten languages to meet demands from all quarters of the globe.

We have again pleasure in pressing the claims of this Mission upon the philanthropic and kindly-hearted; and for all particulars of the Mission we refer our readers to the Hon. Secretaries, Miss E. Steele Elliott and Miss Strong, 66 Mildmay Park, London, N., who will gladly furnish full information and a Report to all inquirers.

WHEN THE SHIP COMES HOME.

A LITTLE child, bright-eyed and fair,  
Kneels beside her father's chair,  
Laughs and chatters with childish glee:  
'And what, papa, will it bring to me,  
That ship which is sailing over the sea,  
What will it bring, papa, to me?'

'What? my pet. Why, a doll's house tall;  
Hosts of dollies, great and small;  
Books and pictures, hoops and swings;  
Oh, there were never such wonderful things!'  
'And when, papa, when will they come?'  
'Why, darling, when my ship comes home!'

But the weeks are months, and the months are years,  
And yet no looked-for ship appears.  
Weary with watching life's rough wave,  
The father sleeps in an early grave;  
The child a maiden has become,  
And the ship has never yet come home.

Close by her author-husband's side,  
Sits a gentle and hopeful bride;  
Her hand holds his with simple grace,  
Her pleased eyes cannot leave his face.  
Together with tender pride they look  
Again and again on that first-born book,  
So lately sprung from his earnest brain,  
So soon to enter a stormy main;  
Trembling hearts towards it yearn,  
Trembling for its safe return.  
Full of hope and pride is he;  
Full of love and prayer is she.  
Ah, while she thinks, in her wifely pride,  
That never, in all this world so wide,  
Lived there one more wise than he,  
She prays for that ship that is on the sea—

Prays, because she knows 'tis part  
Of her husband's life and her husband's heart.

But, alas! 'tis tossed from shore to shore—  
Tossed till lost for evermore.  
And the proud man hides—tries not to feel  
A cruel wound, which will never heal;  
A wound which deepens day by day,  
And, deepening, saps his life away.  
And the only ship that for him will come,  
Is a ship which sails for a heavenly home.

Again the months glide swiftly by,  
And to the youthful widow's eye  
Another ship is on the seas,  
A ship caressed by every breeze—  
A ship whose freight is all untold,  
Too precious to be bought or sold.  
A vessel small and slight and frail;  
A vessel with a snow-white sail;  
A vessel like to a nestling dove,  
And the winds that waft it breathe of love.  
See! the waters are safely passed,  
That vessel—is it home at last?  
And what are its treasures, after all?  
Why, only a baby, weak and small!  
Only a baby, small and weak,  
Only a link that a breath might break;  
Only a mother's smiles and tears,  
Only a mother's hopes and fears;  
Only these—God knows the rest;  
God, and a widowed mother's breast.

One short week, and one short day,  
And that little vessel sails away;  
Sails away down Death's dark sea,  
To the ocean of Eternity.  
See! by the dead baby's side,  
A childless mother—widowed bride.  
Needs there words the tale to tell?  
Or is it only known too well?  
A tiny shroud—a tiny tomb—  
A tiny vessel safely home.

Thus as mother, wife, and child,  
Many a hope her heart beguiled  
To watch across a misty main  
For ships for which she watched in vain.  
And, as she watched, so watch we all;  
So see we vessels rise and fall,  
Tremble when we see them tossed,  
Weep when we must own them lost.  
So—God help us!—we must be  
Watching till Eternity;  
Watching, perhaps beyond the tomb,  
Before we see our ships come home!

FLORENCE NIXON.

The Conductor of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL begs to direct the attention of CONTRIBUTORS to the following notice:

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- 2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
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- 4th. Offerings of Verse should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fourth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No. 1040.—VOL. XX.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1883.

PRICE 1½d.

## HOUSES WITH SECRET CHAMBERS.

APART from the romance and legendary lore associated with many of our old country-houses, one of their most interesting features is the secret chamber, which is not only curious as a relic of architectural ingenuity, but has been in most cases so skilfully contrived as to escape detection from even the most experienced eye. Few persons, too, perhaps are aware how numerous these hiding-places were in days gone by; and indeed, it would seem that the mansions of our leading families were not considered complete without them. It is easy to understand how necessary such contrivances were regarded, when we call to mind the widespread and deep-rooted feeling of insecurity which once prevailed throughout the country, engendered by religious and political intolerance. It must not be forgotten, also, that in the sixteenth century, and early in the seventeenth, the celebration of mass in this country was forbidden; and hence those families that persisted in adhering to the Roman Catholic faith oftentimes kept a priest, who celebrated it in a room, opening whence was a hiding-place, to which, in case of emergency, he could retreat. It is recorded, for instance, how a priest of the name of Genings was hanged on the 10th of December 1591, before the door of a house in Gray's Inn Fields, for having said mass in a chamber of the said house on the previous 8th of November.

These hiding-places, too, were used for other purposes; often affording a welcome shelter to political refugees, besides in various other ways furthering the designs of those who abetted, and connived at, deeds that would not bear the light. Southey in his *Commonplace Book*, for example, records the following anecdote, which is a good illustration of the bad uses to which these secret chambers were probably often put: 'At Bishop's Middleham, a man died with the reputation of a water-drinker; and it was discovered that he had killed himself by secret drunkenness. There was a Roman Catholic hiding-place in the house,

the entrance to which was from his bedroom; he converted it into a cellar, and the quantity of brandy which he had consumed was ascertained.' In truth, as it has been often pointed out, it is impossible to say to what ends these hiding-places were occasionally devoted; and there is little doubt but that they were the scenes of some of those thrilling stories upon which many of our local traditions have been founded. The subject, however, is an extensive one, so that in the present paper we can only give an outline of some of the principal instances.

In Clarke's *History of Ipswich* (1830) there is an interesting account of Sparrow's House, built in the year 1567, in which the following facts are stated: 'There is an apartment in the roof of the back-part of the house, the entrance to which was ingeniously hidden by a sliding panel. It has only one small window, and that cannot be seen from any other part of the premises. It had been fitted up as a private chapel or oratory; and there is a tradition that Charles II. was secreted in this room some time after the battle of Worcester.' At Melford Hall, too, in Suffolk, there is a curious hiding-place in the thickness of the walls and chimney, approached only through a trap panel. Referring, however, to the concealment of Charles II., we must not omit to mention Boscobel House, which afforded him such a safe retreat. This old building has two actual hiding-places, and there are indications which point to the former existence of a third. The secret place, we are told by a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, in which the king was hidden is situated in the Squire's bedroom. There was formerly a sliding panel in the wainscot, near the fireplace, which, when opened, gave access to a closet, the false floor of which still admits of a person taking up his position in this secret nook. In days gone by, it had a communication with the garden; but this is now blocked up. The wainscoting, too, which concealed the movable panel in the bedroom was originally covered with tapestry, with which the room was hung. The other chamber is at the

top of the house, in a kind of loft, access to which is through a trap-door, wherein, tradition says, recusants and priests were occasionally secreted.

Again, an important instance of these secret chambers is that existing at Ingatestone Hall, in Essex, which, it may be remembered, was in years gone by a summer residence belonging to the abbey of Barking. It came with the estate into possession of the family of Petre in the reign of Henry VIII., and continued to be occupied as their family seat until the latter half of the last century. The hiding-place, which is fourteen feet long, two feet broad, and ten feet high, was discovered in the south-east corner of a small room attached to what was probably the host's bedroom. Underneath the floor-boards, a hole or trap-door about two feet square was found, with a twelve-step ladder to descend into the room below, the floor of which was composed of nine inches of dry sand. This, on being examined, brought to light a few bones, which, it has been suggested, are the remains of food supplied to some unfortunate occupant during confinement. The existence of this retreat, it is said, must have been familiar to the heads of the family for several generations; evidence of this circumstance being afforded by a packing-case which was found in the secret chamber, and upon which was the following direction: 'For the Right Honble the Lady Petre, at Ingatestone Hall, in Essex.' The wood, also, was in a decayed state, and the writing in an antiquated style, which is only what might be expected, considering that the Petre family left Ingatestone Hall between the years 1770 and 1780.

Then there is Hendlip House, situated about four miles from Worcester, which was long famous for the ingenuity with which its secret hiding-places had been contrived. It is said to have been built in the reign of Queen Elizabeth by John Abingdon, the queen's cofferer, a zealous partisan of Mary Queen of Scots. It is believed, says a writer in the *Beauties of England*, that the person who designed the arrangements of this mansion was Thomas Abingdon, the son of the builder. Hence the result of his labours was that there was scarcely a room for which there was not provided a secret way of going in and out. Some, for instance, we are informed, had places of retreat in their chimneys; others had staircases concealed in the walls; and in short there was not a nook or corner that was not turned to some advantage. The house, too, as a contributor to the *Book of Days* has observed, owing to its elevated position, was highly valuable for the purposes for which it was designed, since 'it afforded the means of keeping a watchful lookout for the approach of the emissaries of the law, or of persons by whom it might have been dangerous for any skulking priest to be seen, supposing his reverence to have gone forth for an hour to take the air.' In an historical point of view, its memory will always be preserved, because it was here that Father Garnet was concealed for several weeks in the winter of 1605-6, but who eventually paid the penalty of his guilty knowledge of the Gunpowder Plot.

Among other houses of this kind in the neighbourhood of Worcester may be mentioned Harrington Hall, near Chaddeley-Corbett, which dates back as far as the time of Henry VIII.

One of its hiding-places, we are told by a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, 'can only be entered by lifting one of the wooden stairs, and is a very gloomy recess. The house is moated round; and Lady Mary Yate, who is said, as lady of the manor, to have resided here for sixty-five years, successfully defended the building against the attack of a Kidderminster mob who had come to pillage it in the time of James II. There is, too, the interesting half-timber house of Harborough Hall, midway between Hegley and Kidderminster. Milner, in his *Letters to a Prebendary*, after telling us that 'on two occasions the king (Charles) owed his life to the care and ingenuity of priests, who concealed him in the hiding-hole provided for their own safety,' adds in a foot-note: 'The above-mentioned hiding-hole is still to be seen at the present Mr Whitegrave's house, at Moseley, near Wolverhampton; as is also the priest's hiding-hole—which concealed the king, whilst he did not sit in the oak-tree—at White-ladies, about ten miles from that town.' Again, in the manor-house, Trent, near Sherborne, is a secret chamber, entered from one of the upper rooms through a sliding panel in the oak wainscoting, in which, tradition tells us, Charles II. lay concealed for a fortnight on his escape to the coast after the battle of Worcester. Captain Duthy, in his *Sketches of Hampshire*, writing of the old mansion of Woodcote, says that 'behind a stack of chimneys, accessible only by removing the floor-boards, was an apartment which contained a concealed closet.' Treago, in the neighbourhood of Monmouth, is said to be a good specimen, containing a sleeping-place and a reading-desk; the chamber being lighted by a shot-hole in the wall.

These secret chambers were not uncommon in old Lancashire houses. Thus, at Widness, near Warrington, there is a picturesque Tudor mansion with one of these hiding-places. Some years ago, too, in some fields adjoining this residence were discovered various relics, and amongst them arms, coins, tobacco-pipes, &c., which it has been suggested indicate encampments of Roundhead, and probably afterwards of Dutch, soldiers. At Mains Hall, in the parish of Kirkham, a secret room was accidentally discovered by some workmen behind a stack of chimneys; and another one in an old house in Goosnargh, called Ashes, which has two small cavities in its centre wall, which is about four feet thick. Lydvate Hall, also, as well as Speke Hall, both in Lancashire, had secret chambers, a full description of which is given by Mr Gibson in his interesting little volume entitled *Lydvate Hall and its Associations*. To these we may also add Borwick Hall, and Stonyhurst, the seat of the Sherbournes.

Amongst the houses of this class in Lincolnshire may be noticed Upton Hall, where there is a secret chamber most cleverly contrived. It is about eight feet long, five feet broad, and just high enough to allow a person to stand upright. The opening was accidentally ascertained by removing a beam behind a single step between two servants' bedrooms. Lipscomb, in his *History of Buckinghamshire*, refers to Dinton Hall, near Aylesbury, the seat of Judge Mayne, one of the regicides, to whom it is reported to have given shelter at the time of the Restoration. The secret room was built at the top of the house, under the



beams of the roof, and was reached by a narrow passage lined with cloth. Ufton Hall, near Reading, and Minster-Lovell, Oxfordshire, have both obtained a notoriety as being possessed of these curious secret contrivances, having in consequence at different times attracted considerable notice.

Referring to instances in the north of England, may be noticed Netherhall, near Maryport, Cumberland, the seat of the old family of Senhouse. In this mansion there is reported to be a veritable secret chamber, its exact position in the house being known but to two persons—the heir-at-law and the family solicitor. It is affirmed that never has the secret of this hidden room been revealed to more than two living persons at a time. It has no window, and has hitherto defied the ingenuity of every visitor staying in the house, in spite of all endeavours made to discover it. This Netherhall tradition is very similar to the celebrated one connected with Glamis, only in the latter case the secret chamber possesses a window, which, nevertheless, has not led to the identification of the room. Hodgson, in his *History of Northumberland*, has given a full account of a secret room at Nether-Witton, in Northumberland, formerly the seat of the Thorntons, and now of their lineal descendant, Roger Thornton Trevelyan.

The two secret chambers of Danby Hall in Wensleydale, Yorkshire, deserve notice. One of these was discovered between the hall fireplace and the west wall of the house, and when entered, was found to contain arms and saddlery for a troop of forty or fifty horse. It is generally supposed that these weapons had been hidden away in readiness for the Jacobite rising of 1715 or 1745. The other chamber was situated in the upper story of the old tower, access to which was gained by a narrow staircase in the thickness of the wall; having, it is commonly thought, been used as a chapel. There are, too, the Abbey House, Whitby, the seaside residence of Sir Charles Strickland, and Kirkby-Knowle Castle, near Thirsk. Another remarkable instance, also, is Oxburgh Hall, in the county of Norfolk, which no doubt in days of old was extensively used as a place of concealment.

Evelyn, in his *Diary*, under August 23, 1678, speaks of Ham House at Weybridge, in Surrey, belonging to the Duke of Norfolk, as having some of these secret hiding-places, and says: 'My lord, leading me about the house, made no scruple of showing me all the hiding-places for popish priests, and where they said mass; for he was no bigoted papist.' Again, Paxhill, near Lindfield, in Sussex, is worthy of notice. It is reported to have been built by Dr Andrew Borde, physician and jester to Henry VIII., and the original 'Merry Andrew.' In the ceiling of the ground-floor, we are told, is a large chamber, surrounded by a stone bench, which is entered by a trap-door in the floor above; and behind the shutters of the window in one of the upper rooms is a door, opening into a recess in the wall capable of containing several persons standing upright side by side.

Slindon House, between Arundel and Chichester, a seat of the present Leslie of Balquhain, is one of the most famous residences with secret chambers in this part of the country, and has long been

looked on with much interest. There is, too, a secret room at Moyles Court, the house held by the unfortunate Lady Lisle, who, it may be remembered, died on the scaffold at Winchester, on the charge of concealing fugitives after the battle of Sedgemoor. Nor must we omit to mention Carew Castle, about six miles from Tenby, in which there is a secret hiding-place and passage constructed between the outer and inner walls of the dining-halls. It was built about the time of Henry I., and is described at some length in Fenton's *Historical Tour through Pembrokeshire*. Of other instances in the west of England, Bochym Castle may be noticed, a curious old house in the district between Helston and the Lizard.—(Any further notes regarding these weirdly interesting 'hiding-holes' will be gladly received by us.—*Ed. C. J.*)

## THE ROSERY FOLK.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

### CHAPTER XVI.—DOCTOR AND FRIEND.

A WONDERFUL stillness seemed to have fallen, and not even a bird twittered or uttered a note in the hot midsummer sunshine. Once from the distance came the low soft murmur of the weir, but that died away, and scarcely a leaf rustled, so that when the doctor spoke, his firm deep tones sounded as if all nature in that lovely countryside were listening for the verdict he was about to deliver to the stricken man.

'James Scarlett,' he said firmly, 'I hold a double position here: I am your old friend—I am your medical man.'

'Yes,' said Scarlett hoarsely, but without changing his position.

'I am going to speak the simple truth. I am going to hide nothing. I am about to give you plain facts. Will you trust me?'

'Yes. I always have trusted you.'

'Will you believe me? I need not swear?'

'No, Jack, no,' said Scarlett, letting his hands fall from his haggard face. 'I believe your word: I do indeed.'

'You asked me not to leave you.'

'Yes: for pity's sake, stay.'

'I will not leave you; and if I can, I'll bring you back to health.'

'Yes,' said Scarlett, shuddering. 'And you will not let them drag me away. Jack!—Kate has been planning it with Arthur—an asylum—and I dare not speak, I should be so violent, and make it worse.'

'You shan't be dragged away, old man, and you need not fancy that any such plans are being made.'

'Even if it came to the worst,' said Scarlett pitifully, 'you could keep me down. O Jack, I could not bear it; I'd sooner die!'

'Let me speak out at once, my dear boy,' said the doctor. 'The terrible shock to your nerves has made you so weak that you fancy all these things. It is the natural outcome of such a state as yours. Now, listen: you said you would believe me.'

'Yes, yes; and I will.'

'I am glad you have spoken. I knew all this; but I am not sorry you indorsed it. You are haunted by a horrible dread that you are about to lose your reason.'

'Yes,' moaned Scarlett; 'and it is so hard—so hard!'

'Then you may take this comfort to your heart: you are not in the slightest degree likely to become insane; and, what is more, I am as good as certain that, sooner or later, you will recover your health.'

'Jack!'

'You said that you would trust in me.'

'Yes—I did—and I will try—so hard. There, I am trying—you see how I am trying. Stand by me, Jack, and help me. Tell me what to do—do you hear! Tell me what to do!'

'I will,' cried Scales. 'Give me your hand. Stand up—like a man. Now, grasp it firmly. Firmly, man; a good grip.—That's better. Now, listen! What are you to do?'

'Yes: tell me quickly. My own strength is gone.'

'I'll tell you, then,' said the doctor. 'Give yourself up to me as if you were a man who could not swim.'

'Don't talk about the water, Jack. For mercy's sake, don't!'

'I will talk about the water, and you shall listen. Now, then, you must act as if you were helpless and I a strong swimmer. You must trust to me. Recollect, if you struggle and fight against me, you must drown—morally drown: the black waters will close over your spirit, and nothing that I can do will save you. Now, then, drowning man, is it to be trust in the swimmer?—That's right!' he cried, as Scarlett placed his hands upon his arm—'that's well. I won't leave you, James Scarlett, till you are sound and strong as I am now!'

The poor fellow made an effort to speak, but the words would not come. He could only gaze wistfully in his friend's face, his wild eyes looking his gratitude, while they seemed to promise the fidelity of a dog.

'That's right, old fellow. Now, we pretty well understand each other, only I've got to preach at you a little. First of all, I must have full confidence, you know. You must come to me with every symptom and sensation.'

'I will tell you everything,' said Scarlett humbly.

'And I would just make up my mind to meet my troubles like a man. You have yours now; and it comes the more painfully after a long course of prosperity and happiness; but even then, old fellow, life is too good a gift to talk of throwing it away.'

Scarlett shuddered, and the doctor watched him narrowly.

'Existence accompanied by a most awful fit of neuralgia would not be pleasant; but all the same I would not refuse it, even with those conditions, for the intervals when the neuralgia is not stinging you are about the most delicious moments by contrast that can be imagined.'

'Yes, yes; of course.'

'Well, then, now let us go and join them on the lawn. What do you say to beginning to fight the nervous foe at once?'

'Yes, at once,' said Scarlett, speaking as if under the influence of the doctor.

'Come along, then; and we shall master the foe yet.'

Scarlett hesitated and hung back; but the

doctor did not speak. He could see that his patient was trying to avoid his eye. Once Scarlett glanced up, but the look was rapid as lightning. He saw that the doctor was watching him, and he avoided his look again instantly, like a schoolboy who had committed some fault. At the end of a minute, though, he gradually raised his eyes again, slowly and furtively, and in a way that troubled the doctor more than he would have cared to own; but he had his consolation directly in finding his patient gazing fully at him at last, Scarlett uttering a low sigh of satisfaction, as if he rejoiced at being in charge of a stronger will than his own; and then, without a word, they moved towards the lawn.

'I must do my bit of fighting too,' said the doctor to himself, as his eyes fell upon Lady Martlett. 'She's very handsome; she knows it; and she wants to make me feel it; but she shall not.—Humph! How that fellow Prayle hangs about Mrs Scarlett's side. They can't always be wanting to talk over business matters.'

'Well, James, have you had a pleasant stroll?' said Aunt Sophia, as the two men joined the group.

'Yes—very,' he answered quietly.

'Have you seen how the peaches are getting on upon the little bush?' she continued.

'I? No. I have not been in the peach-house for days.'

'You don't go half often enough. Let's go now.'

'What, I? N'— The poor fellow met the doctor's eye, and said hastily: 'Well, yes; I will, aunt.—Will you come too, Naomi?'

'O yes,' cried the girl eagerly.

'Perhaps Lady Martlett will come and see the rosy-cheeked beauties of the peach-house?' said the doctor half-mockingly.—'She'll give me such a snub,' he added to himself.

'Yes; I should like to see them,' said her Ladyship quietly; 'my gardener tells me that they are far more beautiful than mine.'

'I should have thought it impossible,' cried the doctor. 'Your Ladyship's wealth and position ought to be able to secure for you everything.'

'But it does not,' retorted Lady Martlett; 'not even such a simple thing as deference or respect.'

'Ah, but money could not buy those—at least not genuine, sterling qualities of that kind, Lady Martlett,' said the doctor, as they moved towards the end of the garden.

'So it seems, Doctor Scales.'

'There are some people who even have the impertinence to look down upon the rich who do not carry their honours with graceful humility.'

'How dares he speak to me like this!' thought Lady Martlett; 'but I'll humble him yet.'

'Let me see,' she replied coolly; 'what do you call that class of person—a radical, is it not?'

'Yes; I suppose that is the term.'

'And I understand that there are radicals of all kinds: in politics; in those who pass judgment on social behaviour; and even in medicine.'

'That's a clever thrust,' thought the doctor.—'Just so, Lady Martlett; and I am one of the radicals in medicine.'

'Of course, then, not in social matters, Doctor Scales?'

'Will your Ladyship deign to notice the tints upon these peaches?' said the doctor evasively.—'Here is one,' he continued, lowering his voice, 'that seems as if it had been mocking you, when your cheek is flushed with the exercise of riding, and you imperiously command the first poor wretch who passes your way to open the gate.'

'The peaches look very fine,' replied her Ladyship, refusing to notice the remark—'much finer than mine, Mrs Scarlett. My head-gardener says that some disease has attacked the leaves.'

'You should invite Doctor Scales over to treat the ailment,' said Aunt Sophia archly.—'My dear James, what is the matter?'

'It is too bad—it is disgraceful!' cried Scarlett, stamping his foot. 'Because I am weak and ill, every one imposes on me. That old scoundrel has been neglecting everything.'

'What! Monnick?' cried Aunt Sophia.

'Yes.—Oh, here you are!' he cried more angrily. 'Look, Kate, you ought to be more particular.'

'What is wrong, dear?' exclaimed Mrs Scarlett anxiously, as she entered the peach-house, closely followed by Prayle.

'Everything is wrong,' cried the unhappy man, gazing at her wildly. 'I cannot bear it.' He hurried from the peach-house, followed by the doctor, who calmed him by degrees.

'The place in such a state! It is too bad. I set such store by the peaches.'

'And I set such store by your recovery, old fellow,' said the doctor. 'That was a wretched fit of temper; but it's over now. Don't worry about it, man; and now go and lie down till dinner-time.'

'No—no; I have no wish to'—

'Mind what I say.—Yes, you have, my dear boy. Come: a quiet nap till dinner-time, and then you will have forgotten this petty trouble, and be fresh and cool.'

#### CHAPTER XVII.—MR SAXBY HAS ASPIRATIONS.

A couple of months had passed.

'Mr Saxby wants to speak to you, ma'am,' said Fanny; and Aunt Sophia jumped up in a pet. 'What does he want now? This is four times he has been down this month. Where is he?'

'In the study, ma'am. He wouldn't come in here.'

Aunt Sophia entered the study to find quite a strong odour in the room. It was something between lemon-scented verberna and magnolia; and as soon as she noticed it, she began to sniff, with the result that the busy City man, so strong in his office, so weak outside, began to turn red.

'Well, Mr Saxby,' said Aunt Sophia, 'have you sold those consols for me?'

'Yes, ma'am, as you insisted; but you'll excuse me, I'm sure, when I tell you that'—

'There, there, there, man! I know what you are going to say; but it is my own money, and I shall do with it what I please, and'—Sniff, sniff, sniff. 'Whatever is it smells so strong?'

'Strong, ma'am, strong?' said Mr Saxby, wiping his brow, for Aunt Sophia had a peculiar effect upon him, causing him to grow moist about the

palms of his hands and dew to form upon his temples.

'Why, it's that handkerchief, man; and you've been putting scent upon your hair!'

'Well, a little, ma'am, just a little,' replied Saxby, with a smile that was more indicative of feebleness than strength. 'I was coming into the country, you see, and, ahem!—sweets to the sweet.'

'Stuff!—Now about that money.'

'There's the cheque, ma'am,' said Mr Saxby, taking out his pocket-book; 'but I give it to you with regret; and—let me beg of you, my dear madam, to be guided by me.'

'That will do, Saxby. I know what I am about; and now, I suppose you have some eligible investment to propose?'

'Well, no, my dear madam; no. Things are very quiet. Money's cheap as dirt.'

'May I ask, then, why you have come down?'

'The—er—the cheque, my dear madam.'

'Might very well have come by post, Mr Saxby.'

'Yes; but I was anxious to see and hear about how poor Scarlett is getting on; to say a few words of condolence to Mrs Scarlett. I esteem them both very highly, Miss Raleigh; I do indeed.'

'Dear me! Ah!' said Aunt Sophia; 'and—Shall I finish for you, Saxby?'

'Finish for me, my dear madam? I do not understand.'

'Then I will, Saxby: you thought that if you came down and brought the cheque, you might perhaps see my niece.'

'My dear madam! My dear Miss Raleigh! Really, my dear madam!'

'Don't be a sham, Saxby. Own it like a man.'

Mr Saxby looked helplessly round the room, as if in search of help—even of an open door through which he could escape; but there was none; and whenever he looked straight before him, there was the unrelenting eye of the elderly maiden lady fixed upon him, and seeming to read him through and through. He wished that he had not come; he wished that he could bring his office effrontery down with him; he wished that he could make Aunt Sophia quail, as he could his clerks; but all in vain. Aunt Sophia, to use her own words, could turn him round her finger when she had him there, and at last he gasped out: 'Well—there—I'll be honest about it—I did'—

'I didn't need telling,' interrupted Aunt Sophia. 'I believe, Saxby, I could even tell you what you are thinking now.'

'O nonsense, ma'am—nonsense!'

'O yes, I could,' retorted Aunt Sophia sharply. 'You were thinking that I was a wretched old griffin, and you wished I was dead.'

'Wrong!' cried Saxby triumphantly, and speaking more like himself. 'I'll own to the griffin; but never to the wishing you dead!'

'Why, you know you think she'll have my money, Saxby.'

'Bother your money, ma'am!' cried the stock-broker sharply. 'I've got plenty of my own, and can make more; and as to yours—why, if it hadn't been for me, you wouldn't have a penny. It would be all gone in some swindling Company.—I—I beg your pardon, Miss Raleigh; I—ah—really—ah—I'm afraid I rather forgot myself—I'

'You're quite right, Saxby, quite right,' said Aunt Sophia quietly. 'I'm afraid I am a very stupid, sanguine, old woman over money matters, and you have saved me several times. —But now about Naomi. Whatever is it you want?'

'What do I want?' repeated Saxby.

'Yes. Why do you come hanging about here like this? Do you want to marry the girl?'

'Well—er—yes, my dear madam; to be candid, that is what I thought. For ever since the day when I first set'—

'Thank you: that will do, Saxby. Rhapsodies do sound such silly stuff to people at my age. Really, if you talk like that, I shall feel as if it would be madness to come to consult you again on business.'

'But really, my dear madam'—

'Yes,' said Aunt Sophia, interrupting; 'I know. Well, then, we'll grant that you like her.'

'Like her, madam? I worship her!'

'No: don't, my good man. Let's be sensible, if we can. My niece Naomi is a very nice, sensible, good girl.'

'She's an angel, ma'am!'

'No; she is not,' said Aunt Sophia stiffly; 'and so the man who marries her will find. She's only a nice English girl, and I don't want her feelings hurt by any one.'

'Miss Raleigh, it would be my study to spare her feelings in every way.'

'If you had the opportunity, my good man. As it happens, I must speak plainly to you, and tell you that I am afraid she has formed an attachment to Mr Prayle.'

'To him!' groaned Saxby.

'Now, look here, Mr Saxby; if you are going to act sensibly, I'll talk to you; if you are going on like that, I've done. This is not part of a play.'

'Yes, ma'am, it is,' returned Saxby dolefully; 'the tragedy of my life.'

'Now, don't be a goose, Saxby. If the girl likes somebody else better than you, don't go making yourself miserable about it. Have some common-sense.'

'There's no common-sense in love.'

Aunt Sophia looked at him in a half-pitying, half-contemptuous manner. 'It isn't very deep, is it?' she said good-humouredly.

'I don't know,' he replied; 'only, that somehow she's seemed to me to be like the flowers; and when I've gone to my office every morning, I've bought a rose or something of that kind, and put it in water, and it's been company to me, as if she was there all the time. And now, after what you've told me, ma'am, I don't think I shall ever buy a rose again.' He got up, walked to the window and looked out, so that Aunt Sophia should not see his face.

'Poor fellow!' she whispered softly to herself. —Mr Prayle has not spoken to Naomi yet,' said Aunt Sophia at last.

'Does he—does he—care for her very much?'

Aunt Sophia hesitated for a few moments, and then seemed to make up her mind. 'I don't know,' she replied; 'but I'll speak plainly to you, Saxby, for I like you.'

'You—Miss Raleigh!—you—like—me?'

'Yes. Why shouldn't I?'

'Because—because'—

'Yes; I know. Because you opposed me sometimes. Well, a woman likes to be opposed. Some stupid people say that a woman likes to have her own way in everything. It isn't true.'

'But don't raise my hopes, Miss Raleigh—don't, pray, if there's no chance for me.'

'I'm not going to raise your hopes—not much. I shall only say to you, that I am sorry about my niece's leanings, and that perhaps, after all, it is but a girlish fancy. If I were a man'—

'Yes, Miss Raleigh, if you were a man.'

'And cared for a woman, I should never give her up till I saw that my case was quite hopeless.'

'Miss Raleigh,' cried the stockbroker excitedly, 'your words are like fresh air in a hot office. One thinks more clearly; life seems better worth living for; and there's a general rise of one's natural stock all over a fellow's market.—Might I kiss your hand?'

'Certainly not; but you may behave sensibly. Stop down a day or two, and see how the land lies.'

'May I?'

'Yes; I'll answer for your welcome.—And now, mind this: I'm not going to interfere with my niece and her likes and dislikes; but let me give you a bit of advice.'

'If you would!' exclaimed Saxby.

'Then don't go about sighing like a bull-goose. Women don't care for such weak silly creatures. Naomi's naturally weak, and what she looks for in a man is strength both in brain and body.'

'Yes, I see,' sighed the love-lorn Saxby. 'I understand stocks and shares, but I don't understand women.'

'Of course, you don't. No man yet ever did; not even Solomon, with all his experience; and no man ever will.'

'But I thought, Miss Raleigh—I hoped'—

'Well, what did you think and hope?'

'That you might help me—as an old and trustworthy friend—about Miss Naomi.'

'Why, bless the boy—man, I mean—if I were to tell Naomi to love you, or that she was to be your wife, she'd do as all girls do.'

'What is that, Miss Raleigh?'

'What's that? Why, go off at a tangent, whatever that may be, and marry Prayle at once.'

'Ah, yes, I suppose so,' faltered Saxby.

'Well, well, pluck up your spirits, man, and be what you are at your office. I do trust you, Saxby; and to show you my confidence, I'll tell you frankly that I should be deeply grieved if anything came of her leanings towards that smooth, good-looking fellow.—There, what stuff I am talking. You ought to be able to get on without advice from me.' With these words Aunt Sophia smiled and nodded her head at the stockbroker, after which she sailed out of the room.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.—ALTHOUGH AN OLD MAID.

'Well, doctor?'

'Well, Miss Raleigh.'

'You do not bring him round.'

'I don't. He is worried mentally, too, and I can't get at his complaint.'



'Why not take him away, and give him a complete change?'

Doctor Scales injured John Monnick's beautiful turf, that he had been at such trouble to make grow under the big mulberry tree, by suddenly screwing round his garden-seat, to stare in Aunt Sophia's face. 'I say,' he exclaimed, 'are you a reader of thoughts or a prophetess?'

'Neither. Why?'

'Because you are proposing what I have planned.'

'Indeed! Well, is it not a good proposal?'

'Excellent; but he will not listen to it. He dare not go outside the place, he says; and I believe that at first he would suffer terribly, for it is quite shocking how weak his nerves have become. He has a horror of the most trivial things; and above all, there is something troubling the brain.'

'What can it be?' asked Aunt Sophia.

'Well—I'm speaking very plainly to you, Miss Raleigh.'

'Of course. We trust each other, doctor.'

'Exactly. Well, in a case like this, it is only natural that the poor fellow should feel his position deeply, and be troubling himself about his wife.'

'But she seems to be most attentive to him.'

'O yes; she never neglects him,' replied the doctor, hurriedly going into another branch of his subject. 'His money affairs, too, seem to worry him a great deal; and I know it causes him intense agony to be compelled by his weakness to leave so much to other hands.'

'But his cousin—Mr Prayle—seems to be devoting himself heart and soul to their management.'

'O yes; he seems indefatigable; and Mrs Scarlett is always watching over his interests; but no man can find an adequate substitute for himself.'

Aunt Sophia watched her companion anxiously, asking herself what he really thought, and then half bitterly reflecting how very shallow after all their trust was of each other upon this delicate question of James Scarlett's health. As she looked, she could not help seeing that the doctor's eyes were fixed upon hers with a close scrutiny; and it was with almost a malicious pleasure that she said quietly a few words, and watched the result: 'You know, I suppose, that Lady Martlett is coming here to dinner this evening?'

'Coming here? To dinner? This evening?'

'Yes. Is there anything so wonderful in that?'

'O no; of course not. Only—that is—I am a little surprised.'

'I don't see why you should be surprised. Lady Martlett always made a great friend of Mrs Scarlett, from the time she first came down.'

'Yes; I think I have heard so. Of course, there is nothing surprising, except in their great diversity of tastes.'

'Extremes meet, doctor,' said Aunt Sophia smiling; 'and that will be the case when you take her Ladyship down to dinner.'

'I? Take her down?—No, not I,' said Scales quickly. 'In fact, I was thinking of running up to town to-day. There is an old friend of mine, who has studied nervous diseases a great

deal in the Paris hospitals; he is over for a few weeks, and I thought I would consult him.'

'At the expense of running away, and making it appear to be because Lady Martlett is coming to dinner.'

'Oh; but that idea would be absurd.'

'I don't know that, doctor, because, you see, it would be so true. There, there; don't look cross. I am not an obstinate patient. Why, doctor, are you afraid of her?'

'No; I am more afraid of myself,' he retorted bitterly; 'and I have some pride, Miss Raleigh.'

'Too much—far too much.—Do you know, doctor, I am turning match-maker in my old age?'

'A worthy pursuit, if you could make good matches.'

'Well, would it not be a good one between you and Lady Martlett?'

'Admirable!' he cried, in a bitterly ironical tone. 'The union of a wealthy woman, who has a right to make a brilliant contract with some one of her own class, to a beggarly, penniless doctor, whose head is full of absurd crotchets.—Miss Raleigh, Miss Raleigh, where is your discrimination!'

'In my brains, I suppose,' replied Aunt Sophia; 'though I do not see how that portion of our organisation can make plans and plots.'

'Then you are plotting and planning to marry me to Lady Martlett.'

'It needed neither,' said Aunt Sophia. 'You worked out the union yourselves. She is very fond of you.'

'Ha-ha-ha!' laughed the doctor harshly.

'And you think her the most attractive woman you ever saw?'

'Granted. But that does not prove that I love her. No; I love my profession. James Scarlett's health is my idol, until I have cured him—if I ever do. Then I shall look out for another patient, Miss Raleigh.'

'It is my turn now to laugh, doctor. Why, what a transparent man you are!'

'I hope so,' he replied.

'But you will stay to dinner this evening?'

'No, madam; I shall go to town.'

'You will not!' said Aunt Sophia, smiling.

'It would be too cowardly of you.'

'No, no; I must go,' he half-insisted. 'She would make me her slave, and trample upon my best instincts. It would not do, Miss Raleigh. As it is, I am free. Poor enough, heaven knows! but independent, and—I hope—a gentleman.'

'Of course,' said Aunt Sophia gravely.

'Granting that I could win her—the idea seems contemptible presumption—what would follow? In her eyes, as well as in those of the whole world, I should have sacrificed my independence. I should have degraded myself; and in place of being spoken of in future as a slightly clever, eccentric doctor, I should sink into a successful fortune-hunter—a man admitted into the society that receives his wife, as her lapdog would be, at the end of a string. I couldn't do it, my dear madam; I could not bear it; for the galling part would be that I deserved my fate.'

'I hope you do not exaggerate your patients' cases as you do your own, doctor.'

'No exaggeration, my dear madam. Take

another side of the question. Suppose I did sink my pride—suppose my Lady did condescend from her high pedestal to put a collar round my neck—how then? What should I be worth, leading such a lapdog existence? What would become of my theories, my efforts to make discoveries in our grand profession? Oh, Miss Raleigh, Miss Raleigh, I did think I had won some little respect from you! What would you say if you saw me lower myself to such an extent as that?

Aunt Sophia smiled. 'There would be something extremely droll to a bystander, if he heard all this. You talking of stooping!'

'Well, would it not be?' he cried.

'With some women, yes; but you don't yet know Lady Martlett.—Oh, most apropos: she has come early, so as to have a pleasant afternoon without form. Doctor Scales, you are too late; you will have to stay.'

### A DANCING EPIDEMIC.

IN this country, the tarantella is only known as one of those coquettish dances introduced on the stage from Italy; and in its native land, as a dance performed by the peasant-girls to the accompaniment of the tambourine. But if this were all that the name recalls, it would scarcely be worthy of more than a passing notice, except by those who are devoted to the terpsichorean art. Connected as is the tarantella with one of the strangest epidemics, the dancing madness, formerly believed to have resulted from the bite of the tarantula spider, it offers us many points of interest, not only as a medical study, but also as an episode in philosophical history.

As the ancients had their Orpheus, who, by his musical powers, was said to be able to enchant not only living creatures, but even stocks and stones, so have the Italians, or rather they had, their tarantella fable, concerning a madness whose victims danced to the sound of music until they fell exhausted, and then—danced again. The disease is known as tarantismus, and is conveniently classed with that peculiar nervous affection commonly called St Vitus's dance.

The historian of civilisation and of the inner life of the human race is often called aside to speculate on the origin of diseases whose birth is involved in obscurity, and which only come before the observer when they have attained their full strength, or when they have gained complete ascendancy over men's minds and bodies. Italy in the early middle ages has been the theatre of many terrible epidemics. The crusaders, for example, brought the Eastern plague; and between 1119 and 1340, no fewer than sixteen visitations of that fearful malady are recorded. The misery resulting therefrom was heartbreaking, the victims countless; scarcely did the country seem to recover from one attack, when another came and overwhelmed it. It appeared as if the Italians were to be wiped off the face of the earth. To all these must be reckoned those political diseases, wars, rebellions, conspiracies, murders, consequent on the jealousies or ambition of the various petty states into which the peninsula was divided. Then in 1348, as if these disasters were not enough, came the dreaded Black Death; and after that, a famine. These fearful scourges doubtless troubled men's minds, working up their nerves to an

unhealthy pitch, and these not the nerves of a phlegmatic northern race, but of those excitable children of the sun, the people of Southern Italy. Always a finely-strung race, and at this time involved in gross ignorance and superstition, they were just ripe for a nervous epidemic.

All history is full of the great events which the smallest, the most trivial circumstance may call forth. Though the exact circumstances under which this epidemic arose are involved in mystery, yet we may probably safely assume that they were in some way or other connected with a common earth-spider, the tarantula. Even strong-nerved people do not, as a rule, willingly handle an earth-spider; whilst finely-strung individuals would think of such a proceeding with the utmost horror. It does not require a very lively imagination to conceive that some excitable Italian, believing his people given over to the sword of Azazel, the Angel of Death, might innocently enough take the lead in this nervous epidemic, for which a whole nation was ripe. Perhaps accidentally bitten by one of these loathsome spiders, he would work himself up to such a pitch that he would think himself poisoned. Though the bite itself might not be dangerous—and indeed modern research has shown that it is not—yet the dread of the unknown after-results would make it dangerous in the extreme. We may probably—as most of the victims of this epidemic were women—safely assume that this first bitten individual was an hysterical female, and then we have all the preliminaries necessary for the explanation of the origin of the disease. When this hysterical female was bitten, imagination would perform the rest; it would play the principal rôle, and it would make the disease epidemic.

The earliest mention of tarantismus is found in the works of Nicolas Perotti, who died in 1480. It appeared first in Apulia, and at the time of this author, seems to have fairly well established itself as a disease in that province. It is spoken of as having been produced by the bite of the wolf-spider, an earth species of light-brown colour, with black stripes, known to science as the *Lycosa tarantula Apulica*. This creature is found generally distributed throughout Italy and Spain; and many an old traveller has told wonderful stories of the effect of its bite, which was accredited as poisonous. The part bitten, according to the common belief, became swollen, and smarted; the victim became low-spirited, trembled, and was anxious; he was troubled with nausea, giddiness, and at length fell down in a swoon. All exterior circumstances powerfully affected him; he was easily excited to frenzy or depressed to melancholy, and behaved generally as an hysterical subject would do. The strangest effect, or rather supposed effect, of the bite was the behaviour of the patient at the sound of music; for he immediately rose and danced as madly as do the wicked people in the fairy tale at the sound of the hero's enchanted pipe. However the patient may have been affected at the outset, he seems invariably to have fallen into a swoon—the result of nervous exhaustion—from which music and music only could relieve him; but neither music nor any other remedy could permanently cure him.

Poisonous spiders were supposed by the ancients

to have been common enough; but they do not seem to have recorded the supposed effects of their bite. In fact, they appear to have reserved them as *Dei ex machina* to bring about the dénouement of a much involved popular tale. The absence, however, of particular descriptions of the disease called tarantismus will not furnish us with proofs either one way or the other as to its existence or non-existence; for, in early times, all those who suffered from strange or little understood mental or nervous diseases were roughly classed together as unfortunates suffering from the touch of Satan. Hence, in the fifteenth century, we suddenly come upon a full description of tarantismus as a common and widely spread disease. In the next century, Fracastro, a celebrated physician, relates that his steward having been bitten in the neck by the tarantula or some other creature, fell down in a death-like stupor; but when he gave him the remedies then in vogue for plague and hydrophobia, he recovered.

Meanwhile, tarantismus passed the boundaries of Apulia; and shortly afterwards there was scarcely a corner of Italy where it was not too well known. As it spread, it obtained more believers; and the more credence it obtained, the more victims it attacked. This alone would tend to prove that the disease depended greatly for its existence on the power of the imagination. Everywhere, as we suppose, it was the hysterical temperaments which suffered, for dull heavy louts are rarely subject to affections of the nerves.

Of course, ordinary medical treatment failed to touch the disease; and this of itself would tend to exaggerate its power and frequency. Nothing brought relief but lively dance-music, and of this the old tunes *La Pastorale* and *La Tarantola* were the most efficacious; the former for phlegmatic, the latter for excitable temperaments. When these tunes were played with correctness and taste, the effect was magical. The tarantanti danced energetically until they fell down exhausted. Old and young, male and female, healthy and infirm, began dancing like machines worked by steam. Old writers would have us believe that even old cripples threw away their crutches and danced with the best. Hysterical females were the principal victims. Other ailments were forgotten, propriety of time and place ignored, and soul and body, they delivered themselves up to this dancing frenzy. They shrieked, they wept, they laughed, they sang, all the time dancing like bacchantes or furies, till at last they fell down bathed in perspiration and utterly helpless. If the music continued, they at length arose and danced again, until once more they fell prostrate. These fits seem to have continued two or three days, sometimes four, or even six, for the relief seems to have been in direct ratio to the amount lost by perspiration. When the tarantant had by this means recovered, he or she remained free from the disease until the approach of the warm weather of the next year, and then was again relieved in the same manner. Once a tarantant, however, always a tarantant; one woman is mentioned as being subject to these attacks for thirty summers.

We have described the commoner symptoms of tarantismus. Sometimes, however, the effects of the disease were ludicrous or curious enough. Black or sombre colours were generally obnoxious,

producing extreme melancholia; whilst scarlet or green, and occasionally blue, was much liked. When a person was under the influence of the paroxysm, and an object of the favourite colour approached, the tarantant rushed to it, fondled it, kissed it, embraced it, whether it was a human being or an inanimate object. The patient was, in fact, entirely given up to a love-frenzy for this object, which was sometimes, as may be supposed, inconvenient enough; and yet nothing but physical impossibility could prevent these results. On the contrary, objects of the hated colours produced extreme melancholy; and not unfrequently brought on stupor. Some tarantanti affected churchyards and cemeteries; others were fascinated by the passing bell. Another class conceived a passion for the sea, and would rush into its waves; whilst others of these water-lovers would carry about with them a glassful of the brilliant liquid, and would strive to the utmost not to spill the smallest drop, even when dancing; while, if they did not succeed in this gymnastic feat, they were seized with melancholy.

It was at length quite a profession to travel through the country in the early summer to cure the tarantanti. A pipe, a tambourine, and a knowledge of the favourite dance-tunes, were all that was necessary. When the musicians arrived at a town or village, a fête, known as the women's *carnavaletta*, was held. Everybody hastened down to the spot where the dancing was going on, and the mere sight of this frequently so excited the spectators, that those who had never been suspected of tarantismus, would suddenly join in the proceedings and become tarantanti for life. And thus this epidemic went on increasing, until few persons could claim to be entirely exempt, and Italy seemed in danger of becoming a nation of frenzied hysterical dancers. But though the symptoms were distressing and marked enough while they lasted, yet the disease was harmless enough on the whole, for it is supposed that the mortality resulting therefrom never exceeded one in five hundred.

It was in the seventeenth century that the tarantismus epidemic reached its fullest development and its greatest extension, and then, as if by magic, it went out of fashion, as suddenly as a piece of millinery; for there is a fashion in disease as well as in the cut of a garment. No one was attacked; people wondered that such things had been possible; and they wondered still more that they themselves had taken part in them. So thorough was the change in this respect, that, in the eighteenth century, doctors began to express doubts as to whether the disease had ever existed; and in our own days the name tarantella scarcely calls up an idea, except as connected with the coquettish dance of the peasant-girl in her picturesque Italian costume to the accompaniment of the tambourine. Nor was it in Italy alone where this dancing madness found its votaries; for even the stolid German at one time gave way to it.

From the description, it will be seen that tarantismus was a peculiar and hysterical development of the disease known as St Vitus's dance; for, as might be expected, so far as the tarantula spider is concerned, the whole belief is a myth, an old wives' fable. Though it may not be pleasant to be bitten by one of these creatures,

yet it is comforting to learn that at least the bite is no more noisome than that of the ordinary spider. We must therefore look for the origin of the disease in the state of the nerves. In an excitable, nervous temperament, worked to the highest pitch by brooding over diseases which had cut men down like grass before the mower's scythe, a trivial circumstance, such as the bite of an insect, may have an important result. It only requires a number of nervous, hysterical individuals to be in sympathy one with another to produce ridiculous results; then if, during the frenzy, one of these finds himself bitten or stung by some noisome creature, all the others immediately assume that they too are bitten or stung; community of suffering must have a common cause, say they.

It is probable that practical modern men and women will at once say: 'Oh, this is all a myth; tarantismus never did exist—or we should see examples of it to-day.' But is the disease unknown to the modern practitioner? Surely not. It is unfrequent, it is true; but several cases have been reported in the medical literature of the day; and the leaping ague of the Scotch is certainly a similar disease. The more healthy accompaniments of modern life and our greater knowledge naturally have a tendency to prevent such epidemics attaining such a power as did tarantismus; but for all that, the subject is worthy our notice. Perhaps the dancing or jumping, the quivering or quaking, which occurs during the worship of some of our religious communities, Christian as well as heathen, may be more nearly connected with tarantismus than is generally supposed. The excitement is there, and excitement is contagious.

## MISS RIVERS'S REVENGE.

### IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

It will simplify matters if I say at once that I am a strange girl. After this confession, you will be more inclined to believe that my story is a true one, and, it may be, condemn my conduct less. If your godfathers and godmothers think fit to give you a strange name, they can scarcely expect you to be exactly the same as other people; and the name some one chose to christen me by is a strange one. 'Heritage' is certainly not in common use; although, when one gets accustomed to it, it sounds soft and rather pretty, especially so when coupled with my surname. 'Heritage Rivers' is not at all bad.

I am quite sure that in most instances people's natures accommodate themselves to their names. Nearly all the Lucys I have known have been fair and romantic; nearly all the Janes and Susans homely and fond of housekeeping. A girl's career seems often to be settled by her name. So, having no precedent to show me what the owner of the name of Heritage should be like, I always plead it as an excuse for any peculiarities of disposition. Nevertheless, I am not called upon to dissect my mental qualities for the benefit of the inquisitive, so shall only say that one of my chief characteristics is that of being a good hater. I like and respect a good hater. No doubt, it is unchristianlike; but it is so natural. I am not ashamed to say that if people injure me,

I don't forget or forgive until I feel I am about even with them. Of course, if any one who had wronged me asked forgiveness, I should forgive freely enough—I don't see how that can be avoided—but I should never be eager to do my enemy a good turn unless I felt quite sure of heaping coals of fire upon his head! Now you know what manner of being I am; and very dreadful the description looks as I write it; so dreadful, that I am obliged to comfort myself by thinking of the reverse of the picture—that I can be as true a friend as an enemy.

It is not so many years ago that I, Heritage Rivers, a slim girl of seventeen, left school, and stepped out into the grown-up world to meet what fate awaited me. For the time, my only idea was to enjoy my freedom. It was delightful to think that masters and mistresses were finished and done with for ever and a day. So I bade them a glad adieu, and went down into the country to stay with an aunt of mine, and for several weeks revelled in sunshine and liberty. Then, in accordance with a solemn promise, I spent some little time with an old school-friend—one like myself, just emancipated. Her people lived at Twickenham, in a delicious old house with a large garden. I was made heartily welcome. The mother took me to her heart, as her daughter's dearest friend. The father, a courtly gray-haired man, with literary tastes and pursuits, was kindness and politeness itself; whilst Clara Ramsay's brothers were in an hour my devoted slaves and lovers. Surrounded by such pleasant attentions, I began to realise the fact that I was now a grown-up young lady, not altogether unattractive; and so valued myself accordingly.

As the Ramsays were quiet people and kept little company, an announcement made by Mr Ramsay that a dinner-party was projected, was sufficient to flutter our hearts. For several days before it took place, we discussed again and again the merits of the guests who were to be present. As Clara knew them all except one, her interest was centred on the probable appearance of this gentleman. As even mamma did not know him, all information respecting him must be extracted from Mr Ramsay, whose friend he was. Girls being inquisitive creatures, Clara, at breakfast-time, egged on by me, began her inquiries.

'Who is Mr Vincent Hope, papa?'

'A friend of mine, my dear. A very clever young man, who will one day, I think, be a most distinguished member of society.'

So far as it went, this reply was satisfactory; but we wanted a categorical testimonial, not a general one.

'How will he distinguish himself?' asked Clara.

'He is a rising author—little known as yet; but all that must come.'

'O dear!' sighed Clara plaintively; 'I know exactly the sort of man. I have seen so many of them here. Of course he wears spectacles?'

'I don't think he does—or if so, I never noticed them,' replied Mr Ramsay.

'You never notice anything you ought to, papa. But he is sure to have a horrid beard—unkempt and uncared for. They all have.'

'He has no beard, I fancy,' answered Mr Ramsay meditatively.



'Is he good-looking and nice?' demanded the audacious Clara.

Mr Ramsay looked much amused at his daughter's question. '*I find him nice,*' he said. 'But what a chit of a girl like you may find him, is another matter—a very small matter. I should think that most people would call him extremely good-looking.'

'Is he dark or fair—tall or short?'

'My dear girl, I shall answer no more questions about him. Why don't you imitate the discretion of Miss Rivers, who seems free from your failing—curiosity?'

I blushed at such undeserved praise; whilst Clara, to show her opinion of my false pretences, nudged me under the table.

Although Mr Ramsay would tell us nothing more, we, in our idle moments, which were many, speculated a great deal as to the probable personal appearance of Mr Vincent Hope. I had a certain right to feel some anxiety about the matter, as it transpired that it would be my lot to be taken in to dinner by him; therefore, it was a great comfort to me to hear he wore neither spectacles nor beard.

'I know he will be delightful!' cried Clara. 'I feel sure the whole matter is arranged by fate. Of course he will fall in love with you at once! Who could help doing so? You will look so nice, Heritage!'

This is the way in which foolish young women chatter at times.

It would be my first dinner-party—an ordeal always trying to a young girl. Anyway, I dreaded it. In spite of Clara's well-meant compliments, my mind was not easy. I mistrusted the appearance I should present. My new dress, I fancied, fitted me badly; and I was haunted by a presentiment that my hands and the backs of my arms were destined to grow crimson. So distressing were my fears, that, as the hour approached, I would much rather have joined the boys, who, not being admitted to the feast, had gone off for a jolly long row on the river—to get out of it all,' they said.

As I dressed myself, I wondered whether I should quite know what to eat, what to drink; and above all, if any one should deign to speak to me, what to talk about. Perhaps, I thought, all this comes instinctively. If, happily, such is the case, could it be possible, as Clara boldly predicted, that I should carry the little world by storm? I took one last glance at the mirror. After all, I don't look so very much amiss. Then, a few minutes before the hour struck, I entered the drawing-room, feeling almost sanguine.

The guests arrived—two by two. 'Like animals going into the ark,' whispered Clara, who, having seen a little more society than I had, seemed quite at her ease. Mr Vincent Hope, as became a distinguished man, was late. At least, it was not until a few moments before dinner was announced that Mr Ramsay brought a gentleman to me and presented him. We bent to each other; then, taking his arm, I joined the procession to the dining-room. Of course I dropped my fan, or something, by the way. This necessitated my cavalier's stooping down to recover possession of it, thereby delaying all the couples behind us for a moment or two. I was beginning badly. We sank into our appointed places, and as the

soup was being handed round, Mr Hope addressed a few ordinary remarks to me. Then I began to realise how shy—how stupid a person I was. The only words my foolish tongue seemed capable of forming were 'Yes' and 'No.' Connected words had left me for an indefinite period. I felt my conversational shortcomings so acutely, that it was some little while before I was able to look at my neighbour, except furtively and timidly. He was tall, I knew; that fact had made itself manifest as we walked arm-in-arm. I had also received a sort of impression that he was good-looking. At last, when able to really look at him, I found that Mr Ramsay's account, so far as it went, was a true one. The young man was undoubtedly handsome. His eyes—the feature a woman first looks at—were good; gray, I decided, with dark lashes. His face was pale, and bore a look of refinement. His forehead was high—not too high—and his chin was large, and gave him the appearance of possessing considerable force of character. Above all, his nose was straight, and his hands well shapen. Twenty-eight, I should have guessed his age. Altogether, a very creditable young man. Fate had been kind in selecting this companion for me, if only I could find something to talk about—something so gifted a creature as he was reported to be would not be bored with. Alas, for me, the conversation field seemed to have become suddenly barren of flowers of speech—not even a bud was left! Yet amongst people with whom I am at home, I had never yet been accused of taciturnity.

For some short time the lady on the other side of him saved me. She appeared to know him, and complimented him on the success of an article in one of the reviews, which she attributed to him. He thanked her for her praise; spoke a few words on general subjects; then, as I suppose, in duty bound, turned to me and recommenced conversation. In five minutes, I positively hated myself and Mr Vincent Hope! It may be kindness to bring one's intellect down to the level of the listener; I call it conceit! If, in spite of my elaborate new dress, he could not help seeing I was but a school-girl, was there any reason why he should so plainly show me he saw it? Was there any reason why he should quite change the manner of his discourse as he changed his listener—should talk to me in a way he evidently thought suited to my *calibre*? If he meant it kindly, what right had he to think I should esteem it kindness? I daresay I deserved nothing more; but who was he to judge of my deserts? It ruffled my vanity, and destroyed any self-confidence I was beginning to feel. The worst of it was, he meant no rudeness. He did not even pretend to patronise me; he simply chose to talk upon subjects which he was pleased to think were well within my limited range. It was mortifying! I twisted up my dinner napkin under the table, as a sort of vent to my vexation. Soon I grew desperate. I would show this man I was not the inane, empty-headed school-girl he fancied me, or I would perish in the attempt. My fluency of speech came back as suddenly as it left me. On my own account, I began to talk—of topics about which I knew nothing—of places I had never visited—of people I had never seen—and of books I had never read. He seemed amused at my new departure, and, I flattered myself, tried

to lead me on to talk. So talk I did, and thought no evil. It was not until I had once or twice gone completely out of my depth, right over head and shoulders, and was compelled to flounder back as best I could, that I fancied the wretched man was laughing at me—not openly, of course; his manner was politeness itself. Yet I had an unpleasant suspicion that more than once I had made myself an idiot in his eyes. I positively detest people who have the misfortune to see me at a disadvantage; so, when I rose with the rest of the women and left the table, I felt that it would have been a great satisfaction to have given Mr Vincent Hope's broad shoulders a Parthian stab with a dessert fork. I had not been a success, and, what was worse, I knew it!

It was dull work in the drawing-room. The women were strangers to me, and talked about their own and their friends' affairs, in none of which I had the slightest interest. It was very hot too. I peeped out of the window, and saw the garden looking most tempting in the light of a lovely autumnal moon. How delightful it would be if I could have one walk round it! I doubted whether it would be quite right for a young lady to walk about the garden alone and by moonlight; but the temptation was very great. After all, I have always found it much easier and often pleasanter to yield to little temptations of this kind than to resist them; so I soon gave in. Even at the risk of a cold or a scolding, I would have one, just one turn in the soft September night. I slipped from the room, covered my head and shoulders with a shawl, and stole through the library window which opened to the ground.

The change from the close atmosphere of Mr Ramsay's drawing-room was, as I predicted it would be, simply delicious. The clear sky, the full moon, and the bright stars which had tempted me out, made me feel quite poetical. I forgot all my little annoyances in the beauty of the night; I became quite cheerful and happy. The one turn round the garden, which I had pledged myself not to exceed, grew to a great many; yet I was loath to leave the enchanting scene. But duty must not be altogether neglected. With a sigh, I turned for the last time, and began to retrace my steps to the house. To my horror, as I neared it, I saw the French casements of the dining-room open, saw the flood of brilliant light which poured out, partially eclipsed as one dark body after another passed through the aperture. I realised in a moment the frightful position in which I was placed. The men were coming out to get a breath of fresh air and to smoke a cigarette before entering the drawing-room. What could I do? I was certain to be seen. By the light of the wonderful moon, everything was as clearly visible as by broad daylight. I shrank from the polite ridicule with which my nocturnal wanderings were sure to be greeted; in truth, I was now rather ashamed of the freak which had led me into such an awkward situation. I wished to extricate myself without having to make excuses and explanations, and as I shuddered at the thought of walking boldly past the knot of gentlemen, I was compelled to adopt the alternative—concealment.

On the lawn, near to me, grew one of those conical trees—a species of laurel, the foliage of which touches the ground, and leaves the centre

nearly hollow. This particular tree was so large that it formed a natural summer-house; and to enable it to fulfil its mission, an entrance had been cut through the boughs on the side farthest from the house. It was the very thing—a perfect harbour of refuge! Careless of insects, heedless of the twigs which caught and tugged at my hair, but groaning, nevertheless, as I thought of my new frock, I rushed inside, unseen and, I hoped, unheard, resolved to wait behind the friendly boughs until the voices which I heard in the distance died into silence. Feeling quite sure that no one would be likely to explore the leafy recesses of my hiding-place, I began to grow easy in my mind, and even ventured to compliment myself upon the cleverness I had displayed. My triumph was short-lived. In a few moments I became aware that voices were drawing near to me—so alarmingly near, that very soon I was able to recognise them and distinguish what they were saying. It was Mr Vincent Hope and his host, who had strolled away from their friends.

'You have a fine specimen of the Portuguese laurel here,' said the former.

'Yes,' replied Mr Ramsay. 'It's a fine tree of the kind. They seldom grow larger. Indeed, this one is beginning to die down. There is an entrance cut on the other side; so it makes a shady, but uncomfortable, warm-weather retreat.'

Then I knew that the two gentlemen were coming round to the entrance. I was in despair. I cowered down in the darkness, and prayed that Mr Hope's curiosity might not induce him to pursue his botanical researches into the interior. I saw his head and shoulders fill up the entrance and hide the moonlight falling there. For the moment, I was undecided whether to shriek with horror, to endeavour to scare him away by growling like a wild beast, or to lie still and trust to chance. On the whole, the last seemed the wisest course to adopt. I breathed more freely when I found he had no intention of entering—the recesses were not tempting at night. I hoped the two men would now remove themselves. But, alas! my imprisonment was not yet to be ended. They stood exactly in front of the entrance, and from my hiding-place I could hear every word they spoke.

#### A VISIT TO WILDEN TIN-WORKS.

I WAS driving over breezy Hartlebury Common this morning, when a bright flash of light startled my horse from his lazy jog-trot, and scattered the aerial puppets of a day-dream to the winds. It was but after all the reflection of the sunlight from a piece of tin flung carelessly from a tinker's hand; but looking at it as it lay glittering in the furze, the thought occurred to me: What a benefactor to mankind was he who invented the art of tinning iron! For *tin* essentially it is not, but thin sheet-iron lightly coated with the white silvery metal, as beautiful as silver itself when seen in its virgin purity; and it not only makes the iron more sightly, but more durable, while at the same time it wonderfully increases its usefulness, from the facility which its ready fusibility affords of soldering one piece to another. Nevertheless, as a protector, it is not

so perfect as it is intended to be; for that subtle force which is dazzling our eyes and bewildering our brains with its almost infinite possibilities, sadly mars its usefulness. Tin is, unfortunately, electro-positive to iron; therefore, when in contact with water, or even exposed to moist air, the iron tends to oxidise very much faster than the tinned portion, and all the faster because they are so intimately united. So long as the iron is completely covered by the tin, all goes well; but let the soft, treacherous coating be deficient or rubbed off ever so little, there is a spot of rust, which soon becomes a hole; let it be cut, and the exposed edge crumbles away in unsightly fashion, as we soon find out if our watering-pots are not kept well painted. Now, zinc has just the opposite quality—it is electro-negative to iron; and all the coating must disappear from what is called 'galvanised iron' before the iron itself succumbs. But zinc is such a dull, unseemly metal, and so readily dissolved by the weakest acids, that we can scarcely admit it into our kitchens, can hardly let it pass beyond the stables and outhouses. Imagine aught more dispiriting than the zinc door-plates one sees on the shady side of a shabby street! And yet, what can it not do when fulfilling its destiny in the cells of the galvanic battery? The poor, dull, feeble metal—semi-metal, the old chemists disparagingly called it—dissolving in its acid bath gives birth to that marvellous force which burns in the electric light with sun-like splendour, converts waxen moulds into vases or statuettes of glittering silver, drives tramway-cars, flashes telegrams swifter than light can fly, and speaks in the telephone with tremulous, almost living lips.

But, to come back to our scrap of tin. Although we use wares made from it so frequently and familiarly, there are few who can tell how it is manufactured, and still fewer are aware of the enormous and costly machinery employed in producing it. However, if the reader will follow me to the other side of the common I have been crossing just now, we may see the whole process and one of the most famous works in England.

On our way, we pass long rows of comfortable cottages which are inhabited by the workpeople, and a pretty church in the Early English style, built for them at the sole charge of Mr A. Baldwin, the owner of the works. The works cover a great space along the banks of the Stour, once a clear trout stream, but now half-canal, half-river, black and muddy, with only its impetuous rush to remind us of its birthplace amongst the sunlit hills. A thick pall of smoke half-hides the low, square chimney-shafts, lurid with the fierce fires which burn beneath and leap in flashes from their summits; behind, are others, taller, and only sullenly smoking, like half-extinct volcanoes. Over the tops of the lower shafts are tilted square iron dampers, moved by a lever and chain, and looking something like gigantic rat-traps, which the flames seem to lick with fierce enjoyment as their red tongues curl around and over them. Huge mounds of charcoal lie heaped about—so large, that whole forests must have been denuded of their undergrowth to furnish it.

We are still outside the works, looking down into them from a terrace road cut out along the steep hillside. Some ewes and lambs,

feeding on the scanty herbage, are so begrimed by smoke that they seem to be less sheep than overdone mutton. Even here the din is deafening. The continuous roar of the furnaces; the heavy, intermittent thud of ponderous hammers; the angry hiss of escaping steam; the rush of falling water; the clash of great sheets of glowing metal as they are flung momentarily on the ground; with the apparently dangerous intermingling of ponderous machinery and a crowd of hurrying men, seem to make the notice on the gates, 'No admittance,' almost unnecessary.

We enter, and, the proprietor being absent, are placed under the care of the burly 'master of the rolls'—no legal functionary, but a very important man indeed here, as the exact surfacing of the great rollers—or rolls, as the men call them—depends, as we shall see presently, upon his skillful touch. He shows us first the reverberatory furnaces, as near as the scorching heat will permit us to approach, where the already almost pure iron is puddled—that is, melted and stirred under a current of intensely heated air, which burns its carbon away—until its fusing-point rises even above the fierce heat of the white-hot charcoal, through which the blast is roaring like a tornado, and the bubbling liquid becomes a pasty mass of metal. It is then lifted out on a long iron bar, and swung to an anvil, where it is beaten by a huge tilt-hammer moved by water-power, and kneaded and banged until all impurities are crushed out of it, and, in the form of a thick rough bar, it is ready for the rollers. These rollers, which are driven by a mighty engine, are cylinders of ponderous make, weighing, if I remember rightly, twenty-five tons, whirling round swiftly but silently, and with such evidence of pitiless force that one almost shudders beside them. On its way, the rough iron is reheated to incandescence, then thrust against the rollers. It is through in a moment! and in the form of a long flat bar, which is then divided into lengths by a pair of great shears, which cut through an inch of cold iron as easily as a lady snips a playing-card. Then it is carried to a second set of furnaces, also heated with charcoal, when it is again raised to a high temperature, and passed between a series of rollers, more finely set, until it becomes a thin, ragged-edged sheet. The cylinders are here in sets of three, placed one above the other, so that the sheets are rolled away below and returned above. As each falls clashing on the ground, it is quickly doubled up lengthways by the workmen with long pincers, viciously pinched at the folds, and returned to the furnace, then rolled again, until it emerges at last in a perfectly homogeneous sheet, about two feet wide, and scarcely thicker than the paper this is printed on.

At one furnace, they are treating sheets of steel the same way—for use in a neighbouring factory, where it will be stamped into hollow tin ware without seam or joint. These sheets fall from the rollers with a thunderous clang which makes the air throb again. And what an atmosphere it is! It is difficult to breathe it, so hot, so dusty, so charged with noxious gases; yet the work goes on day and night, and a crowd of men and boys find in it an employment healthy enough.

The great sheets are now cut into squares and

trimmed, and then sent to the pickling-tub, to be cleansed from the black oxide which covers them. This tub is a large cistern lined with lead, and filled with dilute sulphuric acid, over which an immense copper cage is suspended. After the cage is packed with the plates, it is dipped down into the acid liquid, makes a few revolutions, then rises, and with a half-turn of the beam which carries it, is brought over another vat through which a stream of water is passing. The dip and spin are here repeated until all the acid is washed away, and the plates are taken out perfectly clean, but with rough, abraded surfaces. To get rid of this defect, they are passed for the last time, and without reheating, between a pair of highly polished rollers, and emerge perfectly smooth, and resembling in colour Damascus steel.

They are now ready for tinning; and on our way to the next department we pass a stack of dusty bars of that metal. 'Cost a thousand pounds,' says the master of the rolls, with a rap of his knuckles on the top one. The tin is first melted and 'polled'—that is, stirred up with a stick of green wood, which sends a current of steam through it, and sweeps some impurities to the surface; it is then transferred to square iron cisterns, where it is kept melted, with a layer of palm-oil on the surface, to prevent oxidation.

Beneath the black, seething pool, the iron plates are plunged; and when they are taken out, they seem to have been transmuted, as in the dream of the Chinese alchemist, from iron to silver, so brilliant is the coating. They are now rubbed with sawdust, to get rid of the oil, then away to be packed. But they are first subjected to a curious test. It is important that plates of the same thickness, and equally coated throughout, should be sorted together. But it would be difficult to gauge them; so a man with a good ear is seated in a comparatively quiet part of the works, and taking each sheet by the corner, gives it a dexterous shake, eliciting a *thrubbling* sound—if I may coin a word—which differs, of course, in pitch with the slightest change in thickness; and thus he sorts them.

At the end of the works is a saw-mill, where the oak-boxes are made in which the tin is packed; and whence it travels all over the world as 'Best charcoal tin.' It is acceptable among almost all nations—from Russia, where it is used for roofing houses and covering the bizarre domes of the emerald-green topped churches, to the upper waters of the Amazon, where it glitters more brightly still as the nose-plate of the festive savage, dancing, impecunious but happy, amidst the living emeralds of his forest-home.

#### THE LEGEND OF THE TWINLAW CAIRNS.

On the southern ridge of the Lammermoors, five miles from the village of Westruther, Berwickshire, stand the Twinlaw Cairns. They form one of the most noted and interesting features of the country-side. The Twinlaws, as they are familiarly termed, are two pillars of unhewn whinstone, which stand about fifty or sixty yards apart. Around the base of each, a rough circular

causeway of flat stones, unpolished by the touch of art, extends to a radius of several feet. A few miles to the westward of these monuments, and hidden all but the turrets, amid a clump of fir-trees, is the mansion of Spottiswoode; while to the east is the decayed house of Wedderlie, once the home of the Edgars, now the property of Lord Blantyre. On the plain beneath, between the rising ground and the turnpike that leads past Lauder and on to Edinburgh, the infant Blackadder trickles through fields that not long ago were marsh-land, on its journey Mersewards. In this same flat area, a ragged remnant of an ancient forest is still to be seen, straggling towards the Jordonlaw peat-moss—a bog full of treacherous pools and stagnant ditches. Still a dreary district, this was once a savage region, the haunt of wild animals, whose names have been given to farms and clachans. In the neighbourhood, one comes across such places as Wolfstruther (now Westruther), Roeclench, Harelaw, and Hindside.

The Twinlaw Cairns are two grim memorials of a tragic and pathetic incident in Scottish tradition. Connected with them is a legend which every dweller in the district knows by heart. Though to the great herd of tourists they may be unknown, never a summer passes but they are visited by faithful pilgrims. Anglers on their way to the fishing-burns beyond, climb to the top of the pillars by means of projecting slabs, to enjoy the pure atmosphere, which is cool in hottest days, and to gaze on the surrounding scenery. From the pinnacle of the pillars, a fine prospect is to be had. Away in front of the spectator, in a direct line southward, is the imposing and massive remains of Hume Castle; and beyond it, the dim outline of the Cheviots meeting the horizon. Westward are the Eildon Hills, and the heights in the neighbourhood of Earlstoun, the ancient residence of Thomas the Rhymer. To the eastward, between the Lammermoors and the Northumbrian coast, stretches the Merse, with its farm-steadings and fair fields—a perfect garden of agriculture.

But our immediate subject is not the surrounding scenery; it is the two sombre Cairns on the brow of the Twinlaw hill. The hills have a charm all their own in the daytime; but it is only after sunset, and when viewed from the plain beneath, that the Cairns themselves are absorbing in their interest. In the gray twilight, when the silence is unbroken save by the *sough* of the wind or the solitary cry of the curlew, they loom through the thin rising mist, dim, desolate, fascinating the imagination. It is then the story that explains their presence appeals with all its force and pathos to the mind. There is not a rustic in the country-side but knows the tale. Meet a hind or a shepherd by the wayside after his work is over, and he will repeat it, as it has come to him from his fathers, with a subdued seriousness that borders on reverence. He will tell you it occurred in the time when



Scotland fought for her independence, and on a hot summer's day.

The Anglo-Saxons' restless band  
Had crossed the river Tweed,  
Up for the hills of Lammermoor  
The host marched on with speed.

The English army encamped on one side of what is now known as the Twinlaw hill. On the other side, a Scottish force, inferior in numbers, assembled, and prepared to offer resistance.

Our Scottish warriors on the heath  
In close battalion stood,  
Resolved to set their country free,  
Or shed their dearest blood.

But the fates decreed that there should be no general fight, for while both armies waited in readiness, 'an English chieftain, exulting in his might,' sent a challenge to the Scots, daring any one of them to come and meet him in single combat. Young Edgar of Wedderlie, who was in the Scottish camp, heard the challenge, and accepted it. The two champions at once commenced the duel, the armies on each side looking on. The fight was fierce—

From left to right, from right to left,  
The sweating foemen reeled.

Young Edgar was the first to be wounded. He received a 'bluidy gash' in the right side, and a moment's truce was held till the wound was stanch'd with flax. The fight was renewed, and grew more desperate, and at last it ended by Edgar slaying the Southron. Just as the struggle ceased, and when Edgar was looking on the face of his lifeless foeman, an old frail man with long gray hair tottered across from the English host to the fatal place where the victorious youth stood. The old man, 'heavily pressed by sorrow,' bent over the dead champion of the Southrons, and then, looking up at Edgar, burst out into a piteous wail: 'Woe! woe is me for this deed of blood! Edgar of Wedderlie, sore will thy sorrow be. Look on the dead! Thou hast slain the son of thy father! It is thy twin-brother that lies lifeless on the heath. It is thy brother, whom I stole away in infancy from his father's hall. A man of might he was—brave and noble—and he now lies dead—slain by the hand of his twin-brother! Woe, woeful day!'

From his childhood, Edgar had known that his brother had been stolen by gypsies or soldiers; and no sooner did he hear this revelation, than he unstanch'd his wound, and stood calm and passionless till the blood flowed from his veins. In a few moments he sank in death by the side of his brother's body. Both armies, deeply impressed by the scene, laid down their arms and gave up all idea of battle. In the quiet of the evening, the two hosts formed into a single line, that stretched from the brow of the hill down to the valley—to the side of the Watch—

A lonely stream that sobs along,  
Like a child who has lost his way,  
Making its moan to the heartless hills  
That imprison it night and day.

From the bed of the streamlet they picked the stones, and handing them one by one along the line, built the Twinlaw Cairns by the grave of the two brothers.

Such is the legend that tells the story of these rude pillars. Since they were raised, once or twice they have been partially overthrown by the rage of the elements, but always tenderly restored. Lady John Scott of Spottiswoode takes a pride in the sacred relics, and sees that they are kept in good order. It is a lonely place, far from the roar of railway trains and fashionable resorts; but every tourist who finds himself in the neighbourhood fails not to make a pilgrimage to the Cairns

#### MOLEANA.

A GARDENER in the west of Scotland writes to us as follows:

Perhaps you will allow me to supplement the very interesting article about moles which appeared in a recent number of your *Journal*. Being a gardener, I can hardly be expected to have any great liking for this curious little animal, seeing that he is a great nuisance in a flower-garden and among seed-beds and the like. I will just mention one instance, out of many, of the trouble and annoyance which he may cause. Most people know that the laying of box-edging requires a deal of labour and no little skill. Well, I have known the labour of a day destroyed in one night by a mole. In this case, the hard-working little fellow had commenced at one end of the edging and gone right to the other, sufficiently near to displace the whole, so that it had to be laid over again.

It is, however, beyond dispute that moles destroy vast numbers of wire-worm and other grubs, which are frequently most destructive to the crops of the farmer and gardener. I am therefore an advocate for allowing them to work without molestation wherever and whenever it can be done; and I do not grudge the little labour required to scatter their hills. On this principle, I allow them the full run of the kitchen-garden, whenever the crops are advanced enough to prevent their being displaced or buried.

It does not seem to be generally known that moles come out and feed upon the surface at night. Grubs of various sorts, and worms, do the same thing, and the moles come up to feed on them. Moles are very voracious, and seem to be always hungry. If one is caught unhurt and handled tenderly, it will immediately begin to eat any worms given to it. I have had one which, within a minute after being caught, took a worm from my hand. A very curious and instructive circumstance came to my knowledge a few years ago. A mole-catcher of my acquaintance found a mole's nest with young in it. The nest was made of bits of woollen cloth of different kinds, but mostly a scarlet sort of thick texture. The only place where these bits of cloth could have been got was in a field a long way off, where manure from the town had been spread, and which contained a quantity of tailors' clippings, bits of red cloth predominating. The bits of cloth which composed the nest and the bits

in the field were compared, and found to be identical. The distance from the nest to the field was not measured, but it was great enough to cause astonishment.

Cats sometimes take to mole-catching, just for the fun of the thing, I suppose, for they never try to eat them. It is doubtless also this fondness for mere sport which makes some cats hunt the timid shrew so assiduously, for they do not eat that animal either. I have little doubt that owls, for the same reason, sometimes catch moles. I am strengthened in this belief owing to my knowing that they will pounce upon and carry off more unlikely things. I knew a gardener who got his small fur skull-cap taken off his head several times by owls. When going to replenish the hothouse fires during the night, he had to pass a ruin where many owls congregated. He always got his cap next morning not far from the spot, the thief having apparently dropped it in disgust, on discovering that it was not the sort of prey expected.

### OCCASIONAL NOTES.

#### THE CULTURE OF CINCHONA.

CINCHONA is the generic name for a number of trees the bark of which yields the most valuable tonic and febrifuge ever discovered. Although the western mountainous region of South America is the native home of these trees, the supply has not recently kept pace with the demand, and attempts have been made to naturalise this bark-producing tree in other countries, with more or less success. At the instance of the British government, Mr Clements Markham some years ago superintended the first shipments of the cinchona tree from South America to India. Previous to this movement, the government had been spending about thirty thousand pounds a year for quinine and bark; now it seems, so profitable has the culture become, that the original investment of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds has been repaid, and the trees have been valued at one million sterling. It requires a tropical climate and plentiful rainfall; we find it flourishing now in Java, on the Himalayas, in British Burmah, Jamaica, Trinidad, St Helena, and, since the failure of the coffee-plant, very largely in Ceylon, where there are at least seven million cinchona trees. The Jamaica bark is very highly prized, and brings a good price in the market. Besides the valuable medicine known as quinine, it yields other alkaloids, known as quinidine, chinchonidine, and chinchonine, which form a cheap substitute for quinine, and which are coming into increasing use in India. The reckless and thriftless method of cutting down the cinchona tree adopted in South America, is abandoned in most of the Indian plantations, where the bark is peeled off the growing tree in long strips; the bared portion is then covered with moss, when a new layer of bark begins to grow.

We notice that the republic of Guatemala has just arranged with a well-known Ceylon planter, Mr W. Forsyth, to select seed for five million cinchona trees. President Barrios has been induced to try this experiment, from the rapid

increase in the number of uses to which cinchona bark is put, not only for the manufacture of quinine, but also as an ingredient in the substitute for hops and for other purposes. Probably vast tracts of soil in Central America could not be utilised in a better way. A practical planter is of opinion that both coffee and cinchona would grow well on the volcanic soil of Mexico at a certain altitude; and it is expected that both Guatemala and Mexico will soon be largely engaged in its culture.

#### METALLISATION OF WOOD.

This process, which has lately been invented in France, consists in soaking the wood in caustic alkali for two or three days at a temperature of from one hundred and sixty-seven to one hundred and ninety-four degrees Fahrenheit. At the expiration of this time, the wood is placed in another bath, of hydrosulphate of calcium, to which is added, after twenty-four hours, a concentrated solution of sulphur. In forty-eight hours the wood is immersed in a third bath, of acetate of lead, at a temperature of from ninety-five to one hundred and twenty-two degrees Fahrenheit, for thirty to fifty hours. When it is quite dry, it is capable of receiving a wonderful polish, and looks like a metal mirror. Wood treated in this way is practically indestructible, and never decays with damp.

### LOGIC.

#### I. *Her respectable papa's.*

'My dear, be sensible! Upon my word, This—for a woman even—is absurd.  
His income's not a hundred pounds, I know.  
He's not worth loving.'—'But I love him so.'

#### II. *Her mother's.*

'You silly child, he is well made and tall;  
But looks are far from being all in all.  
His social standing's low, his family's low.  
He's not worth loving.'—'And I love him so.'

#### III. *Her eternal friend's.*

'Is that he picking up the fallen fan?  
My dear! he's such an awkward, ugly man!  
You must be certain, pet, to answer "No."  
He's not worth loving.'—'And I love him so.'

#### IV. *Her brother's.*

'By Jove! were I a girl—through horrid hap—  
I wouldn't have a milk-and-water chap.  
The man has not a single spark of "go."  
He's not worth loving.'—'Yet I love him so.'

#### V. *Her own.*

And were he everything to which I've listened;  
Though he were ugly, awkward (and he isn't),  
Poor, lowly-born, and destitute of "go,"  
He is worth loving, for I love him so.'

W. M. G.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fourth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No. 1041.—VOL. XX.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1883.

PRICE 1½d.

## FLOATING SEA-MARKS.

THE engineer may often find it a work of skill and patience to set up a sea-mark on a solid foundation of rock, as in the case of the Eddystone lighthouse, or to erect a beacon on submerged sands, like the Girdler or the Shingles, on the north side of the Princes Channel leading into the Thames; but he seldom finds it nowadays an impossibility. There are positions, however, where no base is to be found upon which to build, and here recourse must be had in the interests of navigation to a floating sea-mark. Sands, shoals, and rocks, incapable of bearing any structure, or grouped so extensively as to require more than a lighthouse or beacon at considerable intervals, must be lighted and marked in another fashion; or it may be that even while a permanent structure is building, or a dangerous wreck is in course of dispersion, the obstruction must in the meantime be temporarily denoted by a moored mark.

The most primitive forms of floating sea-marks were no doubt a log, a spar, and a cask. Now, we have many and refined distinctions, and the whole subject of buoyage has become of so much importance, and has attracted so much attention, that in May of last year a Conference was assembled under the presidency of His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, with representatives from the Admiralty, the Board of Trade, the lighthouse authorities, and the rivers Thames, Mersey, Clyde, Tyne, Tay, and Humber, to go into the entire matter, particularly with a view to consider a proposal for a uniform system of buoyage for the United Kingdom, it being understood that up to the present time various methods of marking are adopted in different localities. The Conference continued its sittings till April of this year, and has dealt exhaustively with the whole question.

The largest, most useful, and most conspicuous floating sea-marks we possess, are our floating lights. The navigator is familiar with the appearance above the horizon, as he pursues

his course, of an open globe or ball in framework, which, apparently rising, gradually reveals below it first the mast, and then the hull of a red-painted vessel, bearing on her sides, in immense white letters, the name of some well-known danger, such as Owers, or Kentish Knock. If a lightship be passed off the Irish coast, she will be coloured black with a white stripe, but in other respects will be much like an English one, save perhaps in the case of the vessel placed to mark the Barrels Rock, which carries at her mainmast head a black barrel.

The Goodwin Sands afford as good an example of sea-marking by means of floating objects as we have around our shores, while they will be perhaps the most familiar—by name at all events. Here, besides buoys of several classes, to which we shall have occasion to refer presently, is moored at the north-east end of the sand the *Goodwin* lightship; to the west the *Gull*, on the east or outside the *East Goodwin*, and at the south-west end the *South Sand Head*. Literally in all weathers—as they have done for years and years past—ride unflinchingly these stout staunch craft, which run in size from about one hundred and fifty to two hundred tons builder's tonnage. Sea-marks by day, lights on the waters by night, and practically as permanent guides to the mariner as any granite-built tower standing on a rock. How is it managed? one may well ask. It is done partly by the design and strength of the timber-built vessel, partly by her mushroom-shaped anchor weighing a couple of tons, but more especially by the extraordinary length of the severely proved one and a half inch chain cable connecting the two, which in one instance is as much as three hundred and fifteen fathoms, or six hundred and thirty yards. Such elasticity, such a spring, is given by the length of chain—ordinarily two hundred and ten fathoms—and the weight of the vessel is such a mere cork, so to speak, at the end of it, that there is far less chance of her parting her moorings in a hurricane than there is of a light kite, provided with the best cord that can be bought, snapping its line

in a high wind. Riding in a heavy gale with her full length of chain out—and it is hove in or paid out according to the force of the wind and state of the sea—the worst hours are passed when both wind and tide are opposed to her. When the tide makes back against the gale, it is surprising what comparatively easy work, even in the roughest weather, the well-designed boat makes of it. In cases where no bearings can be taken, where the lightship lies perhaps miles out of sight of land to mark some outlying sand, a deep-sea lead, which weighs over thirty pounds, attached to a line, is kept overboard, and by duly observing this, it can always be determined whether the vessel is retaining her proper position, or driving from her station. Were such a thing to happen, as a light vessel to break adrift or drive so far as to be no longer a guide, the ball or other beacon at her mast-head would be struck by day, and her ordinary lights discontinued by night; the room of these last being taken by a red light at each end of the vessel, whilst a red flare light would be shown every quarter of an hour.

The ordinary lights of neighbouring lightships are so varied, of course, in character as to be distinctive. Of the four Goodwin vessels named, the first in order shows three flashes in quick succession every minute; the second is a twenty seconds' revolving light; the third, a green fifteen seconds' revolver; and the fourth, a fixed bright light. The intensity of some of our floating lights equals that which would be produced by between eight and nine thousand standard candles. In every instance, lamps and reflectors, forming what is called the catoptric character of light, are used. The difficulties attendant on the motion of the vessel have so far interfered fatally with the adoption of the dioptric system, or illumination by means of lenses. The revolving apparatus, where there is one, is managed by clockwork which is furnished with what is known as a centrifugal governor, by which the revolutions are controlled to a nicety in the worst of weather. Rapeseed oil is the illuminant. The lanterns have the appearance of forming part of the masts up and down which they slide. They are kept, as a rule, when lowered during the day, in a lantern-house built on deck. The beacons at the mast-heads are also varied to a certain extent. Thus, instead of the ordinary ball, the *Would* off the south end of Hasborough Sand has a diamond, the *East Goodwin* has a half diamond over a diamond, and the *Goodwin* has three masts with balls, the ball at the mizen being six feet lower than that at the foremast head.

Of more recent growth than lights and balls as part of the equipment of many of the floating lights, is the powerful fog-signal which is brought into play during fog. Ironically termed a 'siren,' nothing can be more disagreeable than the din raised by this instrument, and its iron trumpet, worked by a hot-air engine. When in use, the horn is pointed to windward. The sound produced is exactly like the bellowing or lowing, if that be more correct, of a great cow. A further means of distinction in the shape of high and low notes has been of late introduced, to guard against confusion with the horns of navigating vessels, and other lightships. For distinctive purposes, also, the blasts are varied at different stations. So disagreeable

is this fog-signalling duty acknowledged to be, rest and sleep being pretty well out of the question 'in the same ship with it,' that in addition to extra pay to certain of the men for acting as signal-drivers, the whole crew receive what they call 'Noise-money,' an allowance calculated at the rate of so much an hour for the time the signal is actually in operation.

To make our floating lights useful again in another way, the experiment of connecting one of them with the shore by means of an electric telegraph cable is about to be tried. The *Sunk* is the vessel chosen. She lies about nine miles in a straight line from the Essex shore, in the vicinity of a dreaded danger known as the Long Sand. The cable will be landed at Walton-on-the-Naze, and the wires connected with Harwich and Ramsgate. Whenever, therefore, a vessel is wrecked within sight of the lightship, or is heard of there as needing assistance, a message can be at once despatched to either or both of these places from the *Sunk*, and the life-boats will doubtless be on the spot as quickly as it is possible for them to be. A model illustrating the proposed experiment will be remembered by visitors to the Fisheries Exhibition as by no means one of its least interesting features. The telegraph cable will be carried nearly up to the bows of the lightship from the ground through the centre of a double chain cable, and will be fitted with appliances to prevent it from fouling with the moorings or becoming twisted through the swinging of the ship. Should the experiment prove successful, we may expect to see many of our floating lights thus connected with the land.

We have now, or shall have very shortly, something like sixty lightships on the coasts of England and Ireland, exclusive of those under the jurisdiction of port and harbour authorities. Scotland's seaboard needs apparently no regular lightship. The chief danger the floating lights encounter, singular to say, seeing that they are at anchor, is that of collision. Last year, nearly twenty cases occurred of English lightships being run into and more or less seriously damaged by passing vessels. The penalties imposed by Act of Parliament for this ungrateful behaviour are occasionally enforced, as it only seems right they should be, looking at the possible gravity of the consequences.

The oldest station for a lightship is the far-famed *Nore*, which was marked as far back as 1732. The vessel lies in the best position for entering the Thames and Medway and to clear the *Nore* Sand. The lightship riding in the greatest depth of water is that lying between the *Land's End* and the *Scilly Isles*, in forty-two fathoms, near the cluster of rocks known as the *Seven Stones*; whilst the one most distant from the land is that placed to mark the outer *Dowsing Shoal* in the *North Sea*, about thirty-three and a half miles from *Spurn Point* in *Yorkshire*. All lightships give direct warning in the event of a vessel approaching too closely to the shoals in their vicinity by firing a gun and hoisting the signal, 'You are standing into danger.' They also, in certain cases, by means of special call-rockets of great brilliancy, fetch assistance from the shore to vessels in distress.

Following upon the lightships, and seen often



in the intervals between them like a line of skirmishers along the edge of the sand, come the buoys, which have of late been associated with several very interesting experiments. Broadly speaking, we can dispose of their general features in a few words. All the navigation buoys now constructed are, like our war-ships, made of iron, wood being quite superseded by it. In shape, there are but two kinds of buoys commonly used—conical, or those which show the pointed top of a cone out of the water; and ‘can,’ or those which have a flat top. They are so distinctive that the one has been seldom if ever mistaken for the other. The former ride higher out of the water, can be seen farther, and are altogether more conspicuous. They range in size nowadays from six feet in height to thirteen feet in the case of the former, and to eight feet in the case of the latter. There are, however, spherical buoys which are simply, as their name implies, globular, and show half or more of their shape above the flotation line. Like the lightships, the buoys preserve their stations admirably, as a general rule, and are in the case of the buoys of the largest size moored with the chain that has done its duty for three years in holding one of the floating lights. A long length of chain is here again depended on to preserve position, equalling about three times the depth of water in exposed situations. The sinkers or weights to which the lower end of the buoy chain is attached are simply flat pieces of iron of an oval shape, of from six to forty hundredweight, with a shank or handle in the centre. The distinctive mountings or beacons for buoys at the present time are balls or globes, cages, diamonds, triangles, inverted triangles, and St George’s and St Andrew’s crosses. The mountings are at the upper end of a staff, the lower end of which is fixed in the top of the buoy.

The chief aim of most of the recent experiments with buoys has been to secure appliances in connection with them that will denote their position at night or in foggy or thick weather. And first we will take the gas-lighted buoy, which is spherical in shape, and forms in itself the reservoir for the supply of gas to be used. From this reservoir a tube projects about twelve feet or so above water, carrying at the upper end a lantern and burner so protected that the flame is proof against wind and water. The illuminant is compressed oil gas. This gas is made from paraffin once refined; it is subsequently drawn by means of a compression pump from the gasometer, and forced into gas-holders at a pressure of one hundred and fifty pounds to the square inch. These gas-holders are conveyed alongside the buoy, which is thereupon connected to one of them with a flexible tube, and the buoy is filled in a short time at a pressure of about ninety pounds to the square inch. The burner is set to work, and the light left to burn day and night till the next supply of gas is required, which may not be for a month or two or even longer, according to the quantity of gas consumed and the size of the reservoir. The pressure of gas in the burner is so beautifully regulated by a very delicately constructed automatic appliance, that whatever the quantity of gas in the buoy may be, the supply to the light is always the same. The flame commonly shown is equal in intensity to

about twenty candles, and can be seen fairly well as a rule about a mile and a half off, or perhaps much farther under certain conditions. In the daytime, however, such a buoy may generally be passed without an observer being able to detect the light.

In consequence of the increased and increasing speed of vessels, and the more powerful lights carried by the better class of them, the necessity has arisen for rendering navigation lights as often as possible group-flashing or occulting in character. A good specimen of the occulting light is that at the North Foreland, which gazes steadily at you, so to speak, and then suddenly gives you a most knowing wink, which every half-minute it repeats. As an example of the group-flashing light, we cannot do better than cite the floating light at the Royal Sovereign Shoal in the English Channel, which shows three flashes in quick succession every minute. Such lights as these can hardly be mistaken by the mariner. The gas-lighted buoy will perhaps play a greater part in the future for the purpose of marking the navigable channels of rivers, where it can also be easily got at, than at sea as a navigation buoy. The idea of lighting floating marks in this way having been patented, the cost of a buoy of this character, including royalty, is something like four hundred pounds.

The next floating sea-mark we will turn to is the Automatic Signal Buoy or Whistling Buoy. This buoy, called also after its inventor the Courtenay Buoy, is so constructed, that the water in which it floats, through the motion of the buoy itself, acts as a piston in a tube, which, beginning below the buoy, passes upwards through its centre. Air, which enters the tube by a valve above the level of the water, thus becomes compressed, and is forced through a small pipe at the upper end of the tube, sounding a large whistle or bell-piece which is fitted above all. This ingenious instrument is said to have made itself heard distinctly as far off as seven miles; but however that may be, it has been found so effective at much shorter distances, that it has been and is being widely put under practical trial. An automatic signal buoy costs much the same as a gas buoy.

The Bell Buoy is another form of floating sea-mark largely used. The movement of the buoy itself here again sets the signal in operation. The bell generally weighs about three hundredweight, and is fixed above the buoy within supports, being struck by clappers that hang on all sides of it. An apparently ingenious method of sounding these bells by means of a rolling shot, instead of striking-rods, has also been devised, as well as plans by which similar results could be achieved by the agency of wheels within the buoy or without. There are bell boats as well as bell buoys, but the principle of working the signal is much the same in each instance, the difference being solely in the form of the floating body.

Experiments have been also made of late with a view to render buoys visible in the dark by means of luminous paint. We have not heard, however, so far, that on buoys at sea any decidedly satisfactory results have been attained in this way; but the trials, we believe, are not yet formally concluded.

A form of sea-mark which is used off some of the shores of the Continent, and especially in the approaches to and channels of rivers, and known as a spar-buoy, has recently been tried in our own waters. It is so designed that a spar or mast stands almost perpendicularly out of the water, in some instances to a height of about eighteen feet. In the river Weser the channel is thus marked on one side, the effect being described as similar to that presented by a row of black posts, each being surmounted by a letter of the alphabet, which is also marked on the body of the buoy. These spar-buoys have proved, however, as sea-marks to be far inferior to conical buoys.

Buoys are either painted a single colour, red or black; or they are varied by vertical stripes or white horizontal rings; or they are checkered with white. The impossibility of distinguishing a red buoy from a black one even at so short a distance as a quarter of a mile, under certain conditions of light, has been long known and recently testified to again by many witnesses.

The members of the recent Buoyage Conference may certainly be congratulated on the success attending their labours. To use the language of the President of the Board of Trade, 'the Conference has resulted in a practical agreement by all the parties concerned both as to the objects to be sought and the means by which they may be accomplished.' The recommendations made with a view to secure uniformity of practice, are, that as you proceed with a main flood tide, or enter a harbour, river, or estuary, you shall find conical buoys on your right hand, or starboard side, all of a single colour. On your left hand, or port side, you should have 'can' buoys of another characteristic colour, either single or party-colour. Where middle grounds occur in a channel, their ends should be marked by spherical buoys with horizontal white stripes. The beacons carried by buoys should be painted in one dark colour, globes being placed on the starboard hand buoys, cages on those to port, diamonds on the buoys marking the outer ends of middle grounds, and triangles on those at the inner ends. Buoys on the same side of a channel to be distinguished by names, numbers, or letters; or where necessary, by beacons. Special and isolated positions to be marked by bell buoys, gas-lighted buoys, automatic signal buoys, and the like. Wrecks to be marked, as now, by green buoys, with the word 'Wreck' in white letters; and, when forming a serious danger or obstruction to navigation, to be indicated by a lightship similarly coloured, showing on one end of a yard two balls placed vertically, and on the other a single ball, the latter being on the side nearest the wreck. The vessel to be laid near the side of the wreck next mid-channel, when possible, and at night, lights substituted for the balls.

The cost of this branch of the public service is something like seventy thousand pounds per annum; a single lightship of improved construction costing, when complete, eight thousand pounds, or more. No public money, we will venture to say, is better spent, both in the interests of the sea-faring public and of humanity at large; whilst none yields a larger interest on outlay, if we have regard to the value of the lives, ships, and freights it is the means of saving. We have often been

struck by the strong feelings of gratitude manifested by all classes of seamen towards the Trinity House and the Scottish and Irish Lighthouse Commissions for the assistance rendered to navigation by all this excellent and beautiful work. Sometimes these feelings take a practical turn, and many a present of books and papers is made, and many a kindly service rendered when occasions offer, to the crews who man our lights on the waters; while not many years since, one of the Collectors of light-duties received anonymously a bank-note accompanied by the following words: 'Please find ten pounds sterling, which ten pounds please send to your lighthouse authorities towards the support of lighthouses, the great and blessed protection to poor sea-faring folk of all nations on coming to dangerous and rocky coasts. From one who is deeply impressed with a sense of humility and gratitude to a loving and merciful God.'

## THE ROSERY FOLK.

### CHAPTER XIX.—HOW LADY MARTLETT HUMBLLED THE DOCTOR.

'I HATE him, and I'll humble him yet!' said Lady Martlett, with her eyes flashing, as she saw Jack Scales coming along the path towards the drawing-room window. 'How dares he assume such a high tone towards me! I believe he knows I'm in here alone,' she said to herself angrily as he passed; 'and he has gone by on purpose to pique me. It is his conceit. He thinks I care for him. Oh, it is unbearable!' she cried impetuously. 'I'll bring him as a supplicant to my knees; and when I do,' she continued, with a flash of triumph in her dark eyes, 'he shall know what it is to have slighted and laughed at me!'

She fanned her flaming cheeks, and started up to pace the room, when once more there was the sound of the doctor's footsteps, as, in utter ignorance of Lady Martlett's presence, he returned along the gravel walk, thinking deeply over the knotty points of his patient's case.

'Heigh-ho-ha-hum!' sighed, or rather half-yawned Jack Scales, as he turned in at the window very slowly and thoughtfully, and for the moment did not see that the room was occupied.—'Ah, Lady Martlett, you here?' he said coolly.—'What a lovely day!'

'Yes, doctor; charming,' she said, softening her voice.

'And this is a lovely place.—Your home, the Court, is, of course, far more pretentious.'

'I was not aware that there was anything pretentious about Leigh Court,' returned Lady Martlett coldly.

'Well, pretentious is perhaps not the word,' said Jack; 'I mean big and important, and solid and wealthy, and that sort of thing.'

'Oh, I see.'

'Been up to the Academy, of course?' asked Scales.

'Yes,' replied Lady Martlett coldly. 'There was nothing, though, worth looking at. I was terribly bored.'

'Hah! I suppose you would be. I had a couple of hours. All I could spare. There is some admirable work there, all the same.'

'I was not aware that Doctor Scales was an art critic.'

'Neither was I; but when I see a landscape that is a faithful rendering of nature in some beautiful or terrible mood, I cannot help admiring it.'

'Some people profess to be very fond of pictures.'

'I am one of those foolish people, Lady Martlett.'

'Did you notice the portraits of some of the fashionable beauties, Doctor Scales?'

'O yes,' he said; 'several of them, and it set me thinking.'

'No? Really!' said her Ladyship, with a mocking laugh. 'Was Doctor Scales touched by the beauty of some of the painted canvases with speaking eyes?'

'No; not a bit,' he answered cheerily—'not a bit. It set me wondering how it was that Lady Martlett's portrait was not on the walls.'

'I am not a fashionable beauty,' said the lady haughtily.

'Well, let us say a beauty, and not fashionable.'

A flash of triumph darted from Lady Martlett's eyes. He had granted, then, that she was beautiful—at last.

But Jack Scales saw the look.

'I have no desire to be painted for an exhibition,' said Lady Martlett quietly.

'But I thought all ladies loved to be admired.'

'Surely not all,' she replied. 'Are all women so weak?'

'Well, I don't know. That is a question that needs discussing. I am disposed to think they are. It is a woman's nature; and when she does not care for admiration, she is either very old, or there is something wrong.'

'Why, you libel our sex.'

'By no means, madam. I did not say that they love the admiration of many. Surely she must be a very unpleasant woman indeed who does not care for the admiration of one man.'

'He is caught!' thought Lady Martlett, with a strange feeling of triumph. Perhaps there was something else in her sensation, but she would not own it then.

'Perhaps you are right,' she said quietly. 'It may be natural; but in these days, Doctor Scales, education teaches us to master our weakness.'

'Which most of us do,' he returned, with a bow. 'But really, if your Ladyship's portrait, painted by a masterly hand, had been hung'—He stopped short, as if thinking how to say his next words.

'Well, doctor?' she said, giving him a look which he caught, weighed, and valued on the instant at its true worth.

'It would have had a crowd around it to admire.'

'The artist's work, doctor?'

'No, madam; the beauty of the features the artist had set himself to limn.'

'Is this a compliment, doctor, or a new form of bantering, Mrs Scarlett's guest?' demanded Lady Martlett, rather bitterly.

'Neither the one nor the other, but the simple truth.'

Lady Martlett fought hard to conceal the exultation; nay, more, the thrill of pleasure that

ran through her nerves as she heard these words; but though outwardly she seemed quite calm, her cheeks were more highly coloured than usual, and her voice sounded deeper and more rich.

Scales told himself she was plotting to humble him to the very dust, so he stood upon his guard.

Perhaps he did not know himself. Who does? If he had, he might have acted differently as he met Lady Martlett's eyes when she raised hers and said: 'So, then, Doctor Scales has turned courtier and flatterer.'

'No; I was speaking very sincerely.'

'Ought I to sit here,' said Lady Martlett, 'and listen to a gentleman who tells me I am more handsome than one of the fashionable beauties of the season?'

'Why not?' he replied, smiling. 'Is the truthful compliment so displeasing?'

'No,' she said softly; 'I do not think it is; and beneath her lowered lashes, the look of triumph intensified as she led him on to speak more plainly.'

'It ought not to be,' he continued, speaking warmly now. 'I have paid you a compliment, Lady Martlett, but it is in all sincerity.'

'He will be on his knees to me directly,' she thought, 'and then'—

'For,' he still continued, 'woman generally is a very beautiful work of creation: complicated, wonderful—mentally and corporeally—perfect.'

'Perfect, Doctor Scales?'

'Yes, madam; perfect. Your Ladyship, for instance, is one of the most—I think I may say the most perfect woman I ever saw.'

'Doctor Scales!' she said aloud, as she drew herself up, half-angry, but thoroughly indorsing his words; and then to herself, in the triumph that flushed her as she saw the animation in his eyes and the colour in his cheeks: 'At last he is moved; he never spoke or looked like that before.' Then aloud: 'You are really very complimentary, Doctor Scales;' and she gave him a sharp arrow-like glance, which he saw was barbed with contempt.

'Well, yes, Lady Martlett, I suppose I am,' he said; 'but it was truly honest, and I will be frank with you. Really, I never come into your presence—I never see you— But no; I ought not to venture to say it to you.'

'Why not?' she asked, with an arch look. 'I am not a silly young girl, but a woman who has seen something of the world.'

'True, yes,' he said, as if encouraged; and Lady Martlett's bosom rose and fell with the excitement of her expected triumph.

'Well,' she said, smiling, and that smile had in it a power that nearly brought him to her feet; 'you were saying: "I never see you"'

'Exactly. Yes,' he returned quickly; 'I will say it. You'll pardon me, I know. I am but a weak man, with an intense love'

She drew a long breath, and half turned away her head.

'For the better parts of my profession.'

Lady Martlett's face became fixed, and she listened to him intently.

'Yes; I confess I do love my profession, and I never see you in your perfection of womanly beauty, without feeling an intense desire to—to—well—dissect you.'

Lady Martlett started up from the seat, where, in a studied attitude, she had well displayed the graceful undulations of her figure, and stood before Doctor Scales, proud, haughty, and indignant. Her eyes flashed; there was an ardent colour in her cheeks, which then seemed to flood back to her heart, leaving her white with anger.

'How dare you!' she began, in the mortification and passion that came upon her; and then, thoroughly mastered, and unable to control herself longer, she burst into a wild hysterical fit of laughter and hurried out of the room.

Scales rose and stood watching the door as it swung to, and there was a look of tenderness and regret in his countenance as he muttered: 'Too bad—too bad! Brutal and insulting! And to a woman—a lady of her position and refinement! I'll go and beg her pardon—ask her to forgive me—make confession of why I spoke so.—No. Put my head beneath her heel, to be crushed by her contempt? It wouldn't do.'

CHAPTER XX.—OLD JOHN IS PATERNAL, AND  
FANNY MAKES A PROMISE.

'Now do give me a rose, Mr Monnick; do, please.'

'Give you a rose, my dear?' said John Monnick, pausing in his task of thinning out the superabundant growth amongst the swelling grapes. 'Well, I don't like to refuse you anything, though it do seem a shame to cut the poor things, when they look so much prettier on the trees.'

'Oh, but I like to have one to wear, Mr Monnick, to pin in my breast.'

'And then, as soon as it gets a bit faded, my dear, you chucks it away.'

'O no; not if it's a nice one, Mr Monnick. I put it in water afterwards, and let it recover.'

'Putting things in water, 'specially masters, don't always make 'em recover, my dear,' said the old man, picking out and snapping off a few more shoots. 'Hah!' he cried, after a good sniff at the bunch of succulent pieces, and then placing one acid tendriled scrap in his mouth, twisting it up, and munching it like some ruminating animal—'smell that, my dear; there's a scent!' and he held out the bunch to the pretty coquettish-looking maid.

'De-licious, Mr Monnick,' said the girl, taking a long sniff at the shoots. 'And now you will give me a nice pretty rosebud, won't you?'

'I allus observe,' said the old man thoughtfully going on with his work, 'that if you want something, Fanny, you calls me Mister Monnick; but if I ask you to do anything for me, or you have an order from the master or missus, it's nothing but plain John.'

'Oh, I don't always think to call you Mr Monnick,' said the girl archly.—'But I must go now. Do give me a nice just opening bud.'

'Well, if you'll be a good girl, and promise only to take one, I'll give you leave to fetch your scissors and cut a Homer.'

'What! one of those nasty common-looking little dirty pinky ones?' cried the girl. 'No, thank you; I want one of those.' As she spoke, she pointed to a trellis at the end of the greenhouse, over which was trailed the abundant growth of a hook-thorned climbing rose.

'What, one o' my Ma'shal Niels?' exclaimed

the old gardener. 'I should just think not. Besides,' he added with a grim smile, 'yaller wouldn't suit your complexion.'

'Now, don't talk stuff,' cried the girl. 'Yellow does suit dark people.—Do cut me one, there's a dear good man.'

'Yes,' said the old man; 'and then, next time you get washing out your bits o' lace and things, you'll go hanging 'em to dry on my trained plant in the sun.'

'No; I won't. There, I promise you I'll never do so any more.'

'Till nex' time.—I say, Fanny, when's Mr Prayle going back to London?'

'I don't know,' replied the girl, rather sharply. 'How can I tell?'

'Oh, I thought p'raps he might have been telling you last night.'

'Telling me last night!' echoed the girl. 'Where should he be telling me?'

'Why, down the field-walk, to be sure, when he was a-talking to you.'

'That I'm sure he wasn't,' cried the girl, changing colour.

'Well, he was a-wagging his mouth up and down and making sounds like words; and so was you, Fanny, my dear.'

'Oh, how can you say so!'

'This way,' said the old man, facing her and speaking very deliberately. 'What was he saying to you?'

'I—I wasn't'—

'Stop a moment,' said the old man. 'Mr Arthur Prayle's such a religious-spoken sort o' gent, that I dessay he was giving you all sorts o' good advice, and I'm sure he wouldn't like you to tell a lie.'

'I'm not telling a lie; I'm not.—Oh, you wicked, deceitful, spying old thing!' she cried, bursting into tears. 'How dare you come watching me!'

'I didn't come watching you, my dear. I was down there with a pot, picking up the big gray slugs that come out o' the field into the garden; for they feeds the ducks, and saves my plants as well.—Now, lookye here, my dear; you're a very pretty girl, and it's very nice to be talked to by a young man, I dessay. I never cared for it myself; but young women do.'

'How dare you speak to me like that!' cried the girl, flaming up.

'Cause I'm an old man, and knows the ways o' the world, my dear. Mr Arthur comes down the garden to me and gives me bits o' religious instruction and advice like; but if he wants to give any to you, I think he ought to do it in the house, and give it to Martha Betts and cook at the same time.'

'It's all a wicked story,' cried Fanny angrily; 'and I won't stop here to be insulted!'

'Don't, my dear. But I'm going to walk over to your brother William's to-night, and have a bit o' chat with him 'bout things in general, and I thought I'd give him my opinion on the pynte.'

Fanny had reached the door of the vinery; but these words stopped her short, and she came back with her face changing from red to white and back again. 'You are going to tell my brother William?'

'Yes, my dear, as is right and proper too.'



Master aren't fit to be talked to; and it's a thing as I couldn't say to missus. It aren't in the doctor's way; and if I was to so much as hint at it to Miss Raleigh, she'd snap my head off, and then send you home.'

The girl stood staring mutely with her lips apart at the old gardener, who went on deliberately snapping out the shoots, and staring up at the roof with his head amongst the vines. One moment her eyes flashed; the next they softened and the tears brimmed in them. She made a movement towards the old man where he sat perched upon his steps calmly ruminating with his mouthful of acid shoots; then, in a fit of indignation, she shrank back, but ended by going close up to him and laying her hand upon his arm.

'Leave that now,' she said.

'Nay, nay, my lass; I've no time to spare. Here's all these shoots running away with the jushe and strength as ought to go into the grapes; and the master never touches them now. It all falls upon my shoulders, since he's ill.'

'Yes, yes; you work very hard; but I want to talk to you a minute.'

'Well; there then,' he said.—'Now, what is it?' and he left off his task to select a nice fresh tendril to munch.

'You—you won't tell Brother William?'

'Ay, but I shall. Why, what does it matter to you, if it was all a lie and you warn't there?'

'But William will think it was me, Mr Monnick; and he is so particular; and— There, I'll confess it was me.'

'Thankye,' said the old man, with a grim smile; 'but my eyes are not bad enough to make a mistake.'

'But you won't tell William?'

'It aren't pleasant for you, my dear; but you'll thank me for it some day.'

'But it would make such trouble. William would come over and see Mr Prayle; and you know how violent my brother can be. There's plenty of trouble in the house without that.'

'I don't know as William Cressy would be violent, my dear. He's a very fine young fellow, and as good a judge o' gardening as he is of his farm. He's very proud of his sister; and he said to me one day—'

'William said—to you?'

'Yes, my dear, to me, over a quiet pipe, as he had along o' me one evening in my tool-house. "John Monnick," he says, "our Fanny's as pretty a little lass as ever stepped, and some day she'll be having a chap."'

'Having a chap!' echoed Fanny, with her lip curling in disgust.

'And that's all right and proper, if he's a good sort; but I'm not going to have her take up with anybody, and I'm not going to have her fooled.'

'I wish William would mind his own business,' cried Fanny, stamping her foot. 'He's got a deal to talk about; coming and staring at a stupid housemaid.'

'Martha Betts aren't stupid, my dear, and a housemaid's is a very honourable situation. The first woman as ever lived in a house must have been a housemaid, just the same as the first man was a gardener. Don't you sneer at lowly occupations. Everything as is honest is good.'

'O yes, of course.—But you won't tell William?'

'I feel, my dear, as if I must,' returned the old man, taking the girl's hand, and patting it softly. 'You're a very pretty little lass, and it's quite right that you should have a sweetheart.'

'Sweetheart, indeed!' cried Fanny in disgust.

'But that Mr Arthur aren't the sort.'

'How do you know?' cried the girl defiantly.

'Cause I'm an old man as has seen a deal of the world, my dear, and I've got a grand-daughter just like you. I shouldn't have thought it of Mr Prayle, and I don't know as I shan't speak to him about it myself.'

'O no, no!' exclaimed the girl excitedly.

'Pray, don't do that.'

The old man loosened her hand to sit gazing thoughtfully before him, while the girl once more grasped his arm.

'There's on'y one thing as would make me say I wouldn't speak to William Cressy and Mr. Arthur.'

'And what's that?' demanded the girl.

'You a-giving of me your solemn promise as you won't let Mr Arthur talk to you again.'

'I'll promise.'

'Yes,' said the old man; 'it's easy enough to promise; but will you keep it?'

'Yes, yes; that I will.'

'You see he's a gentleman, and you're only a farmer's daughter, my dear; and he wouldn't think no more of you, after once he'd gone away from here; and then you'd be frettin' your pretty little heart out.'

'Then you won't tell Brother William?'

'Well, I won't.'

'Nor yet speak to Mr Arthur?'

'Not this time, my dear; but if I see any more of it, I shall go straight over to William Cressy, and then he'll do what seems best in his own eyes.'

'I think it would be far more creditable of you, gardener, if you were attending to your vines, instead of wasting your time gossiping with the maids,' said a stern sharp voice.—'And as for you, Fanny, I think you have enough to do indoors.'

'If you please, ma'am, you are not my mistress,' said the girl pertly.

'No, Fanny, and never shall be; but your mistress is too much taken up with her cares to note your negligence, therefore I speak.—Now, go!'

A sharp answer was upon Fanny's lips; but she checked it; and flounced out of the vinery, leaving Aunt Sophia with the gardener.

'I am surprised at you, John Monnick,' continued the old lady. 'Your master is helpless now, and you take advantage of it.'

'No, ma'am, no,' said the old fellow, who would not bring the question of Fanny's delinquency into his defence. 'I'm working as steadily as I can.'

'Humph!' ejaculated Aunt Sophia. 'I never saw these vines so wild before.'

'Well, they are behind, ma'am; but you see this is all extry. Master always done the vines himself, besides nearly all the other glass-work; and the things do run away from me a bit.'

'Yes, if you encourage the maid-servants to come and talk.'

'Yes, ma'am; shan't occur again,' said the old fellow grimly; and he went on busily snapping

out the shoots, while Aunt Sophia went out into the garden, to meet Arthur Prayle, who was walking thoughtfully up and down one of the green walks, with his hands behind him, one holding a memorandum book, the other a pencil, with which he made a note from time to time.

### ENGLAND'S MUSICAL FUTURE.

HAVING heard a good deal lately about the great unmusicalness of the English as a nation, and being impressed with the vagueness with which this final judgment was usually substantiated, I must confess to feeling an incipient desire to carp, in my character of Briton, against what may be called a very sweeping assertion. The prime origin of our deficiency was based, in the opinion of certain arbiters, on an alleged flaw in the national temperament: the absence of the artistic sense in our mental development. Nor would they hold forth any hope that this might ever be remedied to a complete and satisfying degree. Doubtless, we should improve, and were rapidly improving; so much was acknowledged. But the average Englishman had no inborn musical perception, like, for instance, the German. He did not regard music as a factor of existence, but as an accessory; a thing which could be well dispensed with, but which was desirable, partly because it was the mode, and partly, no doubt, owing to a certain latent emotional sympathy, which, they did not deny, existed to a greater or less degree in nearly all civilised humanity, in connection with music. This, of course, principally of the uncultured masses. It was not denied that within the last forty or fifty years, a vast musical change had taken place among the better classes in England. But that was in no way relied upon as an earnest of future equality with other nations; it was merely regarded as a result of the march of civilisation and culture. While other nations were already far forward on the road towards the perfection of musical development, not only receptive but creative, we were but painfully arriving at the first stage of the journey, and commencing to be good listeners. There was that in us that would prevent our passing a certain point as a nation; exceptions there might be, but in no pre-eminent degree. We should never produce a Beethoven or a Mendelssohn; and the best proof of that, in their estimation, was that we had not already done so; just as the female sex has never produced a composer, and therefore never will.

Now, let us go to the root of this accusation, and in the presence of the indisputable fact, that we are not at the present day so musical as other nations, endeavour to discover what it is that has hindered us in this branch of mental development. Let us consider first of all the emotional attributes understood by the term artistic. To be artistic is, I take it, to have a deep sympathy with, or to experience vivid emotion in the presence of the beautiful, whether it be the beauty of natural scenery, of the human form, of poetic thought, or of the artificial combinations of sounds called music. It is to derive pleasurable or intellectual sensations from harmony of colour, form, sound, or thought; and to develop there-

from, by force of imitation at first, and afterwards by original conception, the faculty of reproducing similar or new beauties with the aid, in some arts, of masterly combinations of effects previously observed, but in poetry and music by purely artificial means. To a certain extent, even poetry is but the result of an abnormal development of the faculty of observation or perception combined with a rare delicacy of thought and utterance. But music is the only art where the creative faculty pure and simple is employed. Music itself is a creation of man. The painter or the sculptor can but reproduce what he and every one may have seen, or combinations thereof; but the musician can create what no one has hitherto heard. The sea, the mountains, and the sunsets have existed for all time; but a composer may produce music to-morrow that shall be in some part outside human experience, and capable of awakening an emotion never before evoked in the listener. Having prelected thus far, we may proceed to inquire into the cause of our deficiencies both creative and receptive.

The art of music is so modern a development, that it is only within the last two hundred years that anything having a title to the name of music has existed. Modern or music proper had its rise in Italy, where most of the arts in their modern form also had their rise. Italy may be said to have been the cradle of the arts. The first participator with Italy in the newly discovered glories of the musical art was Germany. Italian opera and Italian church music found a sympathetic response in that country. But observe that this sympathy was at first entirely receptive. Until Glück founded a national school of music for his countrymen, Germany remained content to be catered for by Italy. No creative genius showed itself then for years. There were indeed composers, in the ordinary acceptance of the word; but they were servile imitators and plagiarists, whose creations, while possessing all the defects of the then Italian form, lacked its sole recommendations, originality and progressiveness. France, indeed, had already formed a so-called national school, before Handel and Haydn respectively laid the gigantic foundations on which the mammoth modern structures of oratorio and symphony have since been raised. Thus we see that the German nation, who must be universally acknowledged the musical nation *par excellence* of to-day, were in their artistic infancy not only merely receptive, but also feebly imitative; a sure sign of stagnant mediocrity, but clearly no obstacle to future original greatness.

Now, let us, turning to England, compare our condition with that of Germany at that epoch. It cannot be urged that England has suffered from a dearth of musical experience. Even in the time of Handel and Haydn, London was notoriously the happy hunting-ground of the profession. Already in those days we spent more money on music than any two other nations put together. Nor is this altogether parallel, as many have held, with the simulated refinement of a *nouveaux riche*, who will have the best of everything which money can buy. The triumphs of Handel, the birth actually of oratorio and symphony, were celebrated in the British Isles. When Vienna and Berlin looked with a cold and

unappreciative gaze upon the efforts of the heaven-born tone-poets in their midst to gain a bare subsistence, London offered a competence to talented artists and composers of all nationalities. All this was so much education for our national taste. We learned to accept the novel harmonies and daring instrumentation of the musical revolutionists as soon as the rest of Europe, if not sooner. We early grasped a truth that Italy is yet blind to—namely, that perpetual melody and the constant evoking of passionate emotion are not the objects of true music. Music exists for the expression of varied emotions: sadness, longing, hope, triumph, aspiration towards the unobtained or the indefinite, calm fulfilment of an artistic conception of fitness and beauty; but besides these, monotony, long spells of unbroken quiescence, mental perturbation even to a positive sense of physical discomfort, are absolutely essential to relieve and heighten the more ecstatic emotions of pleasure called forth by a musical composition. We cannot always be burning with passion and reciting dramatic duets, or heading triumphal processions. We do not do so in real life. This is what the Italians have failed to recognise. Their staggering tenors and palpitating sopranos rave together down by the prompter's box in an almost unintermittent frenzy of passion; a very parody of life, bereft of many of its tranquil calms and minor impressions pleasurable or painful, each having its own special effect and value by contrast in relation to the rest of our lives. It is not only vivid impressions that are interesting; these heaped up one upon another constitute a plethora of overstrained excitement that will jade and exhaust the most passionate nature. There are countless experiences in life which leave us in a tranquil condition of enjoyment; and since these make up by far the greater portion of our existence, and are the vehicle of the more powerful emotions, are they not worthy of a prominent place in so comprehensive an index of human sentiment as music?

It is upon the early recognition of these true principles of music, and upon other traits of national character to which reference shall be made, that I would base a hope for England's musical future.

It is a significant fact that the Germans, who have established their pre-eminence in philosophy and most of the sciences, should have also produced the most earnest and real music. The French school, again, exactly echoes the national character, with its superficial brilliance and clever aptitude for the assimilation and reproduction of other people's more successful ideas. They cannot be said to have formed a school of serious music even yet. Of charming, graceful, or droll music, certainly; but before Gounod's *Faust*, they could not boast a single national grand opera, in the full sense of the word. There is no need to depreciate their many facile gifts; but what they owe to the Germans in philosophy and metaphysics, they owe to the Italians indirectly in music. The spirit is the same, if not the letter. The national flavour that has been imparted is one that palls and sinks into frivolous insignificance by the side of the colossal symphonies and chamber music of the Germans. French and Italian music is for

pleasure, for display, for high-pressure romance, or what you will; but German music is for a profound consideration of the problem of existence with its varied and contrasting emotion—now brimming over with high-spirited childish glee, like some of the Beethoven *scherzos*, now awakening the most powerful sympathies and the highest inspirations with its by turns grave and impassioned thoughtfulness.

We have seen that the character of a people is reflected in their music. May we not, therefore, hope something from this? The English character is not frivolous or superficial or ultra-romantic. We possess many solid, earnest, steadfast qualities in common with the Germans. We have excelled in science and philosophy, and in imaginative literature. Above all, we have not militated, like the Parisians or the Italians, against music that we could not at the outset understand. We alone received the creations of the new prophet Richard Wagner with attention or respect. In spite of much in them that was contrary to our artistic sense, we have done full justice to a new departure in instrumentation, and a novel method of expressing situation—the entry, presence, or reminiscence of *dramatis persone*—by *Leit-Motiven*. We have done this by subscribing for the efficient representation of operas that M. Padeloup and other enterprising cosmopolitans have laboured vainly to introduce in their entirety to the French public. Does all this go for nothing in the qualification for a musical people?

I have heard it remarked that the continental mode of life is eminently conducive to the early acquirement and subsequent fostering of musical talent. Doubtless it is so. I myself have experienced the delights of cheap German opera, efficient public bands and high-class concerts in many parts of the country, and have noted the care with which musical genius is almost invariably brought forward. But a marvellous change has lately come over our own land in this respect. One cannot see the crowds of enthusiasts week after week attend the Crystal Palace concerts, score in hand, or those others who wait for hours in St James's Hall previous to the chamber concerts, without acknowledging that here classical music is tightening its hold on the middle classes every day; while the rapt attention with which frivolous and pleasure-seeking throngs at the Promenade Concerts will listen to an inspired symphony or romantic pianoforte concerto, is indeed a genuine proof of the widely spreading ramifications of musical receptivity in England.

But let us now briefly consider the more important clause of the charge against us, namely, that we have no creative genius. It is true, looking back upon our musical past, we can find no names which may be fitly associated with even the second-rate foreign composers. We have never originated a school of music as national and characteristic as that of the French, meretricious though it be. We have been content, as were the Germans in their artistic infancy, to reflect the various styles that have flourished around us. Sterndale Bennett, by most considered our greatest representative musician, notoriously followed his master Mendelssohn, as Sir Julius Benedict has followed Weber. But I would humbly submit that England is still in her

musical infancy, when the imitative faculty precedes the birth of originality. And how is it we have failed to profit equally with other nations in the progress of artistic culture which has been going on around us for so many years? The secret lies, I think, in the peculiar conservatism which has ever attached to the English temperament. We do not easily assimilate the ideas of others; we are unc cosmopolitan to a degree. Whether from geographical causes—so powerful to influence character—or not, we have held aloof from that comradeship which binds continentals in so close an artistic union. Far from being one of the European family, we resemble an only child, wrapped up in its own ideas, and never associating freely with others, for want of the early habit of so doing. We are so proudly self-contained, that an Englishman in a foreign country is almost as much a stranger as a Hottentot. We are used to our own ways, and unaccustomed to yielding to those of others. A freemasonry existing among Europeans has stopped short at the English Channel, which I believe has much to answer for in this direction. Hence, new ideas, new theories, universally received abroad, have percolated but slowly through an obstructing mass of cautious reserve with us. The artistic spirit which has pervaded almost every corner of polite Europe is only now making itself felt, under the compelling influences of increased facility of travel and of the broader views of the age. When music shall have taken as high a place in our regard as it holds in the estimation of our contemporaries, I venture to predict there will be a future for musical England.

### MISS RIVERS'S REVENGE.

#### IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

MUCH as I disliked that young man, I was bound to confess that he looked provokingly handsome as he stood bareheaded in the moonlight watching the wreaths of smoke from his cigar curling about in the still air. I could now scan him quite at my ease. My courage had returned, and I felt myself insured against discovery. My only dread was that the two men would begin to talk secrets. In such a case, my keen sense of honour must, of course, make me reveal my presence. I made a firm resolution that I would not play at eavesdropping. Alas for poor humanity! In a minute I was straining my ears to catch every word. Yet how could I help it? Heritage Rivers was the subject of their discourse.

'I hope you found your companion at dinner a pleasant one?' said Mr Ramsay.

'O yes; very pleasant,' replied Mr Hope carelessly. 'She's a nice sort of a girl, I dare say.'

A nice sort of a girl! The wretched man! I hated him!

'We think a great deal more of her than that,' said that dear old Mr Ramsay.

'Indeed,' replied his companion, without evincing the slightest interest in the matter.

'Yes—indeed and indeed,' echoed my old friend. 'But, joking apart, did you not notice she bids fair to be a most beautiful woman?'

It would have needed little more to have

brought me from my lurking-place on purpose to kiss that good old man!

Vincent Hope laughed quietly. 'To tell you the truth,' he said, 'I don't think I noticed her much. She seemed to me of the ordinary school-girl type. I don't care much for school-girls.'

I dug my nails into my hands and ground my teeth. Handsome as the man looked in the moonlight, I could have killed him then and there.

'Yet,' said Mr Ramsay, 'I noticed she talked pretty freely to you.'

The shrug of Mr Hope's shoulders almost maddened me. 'Yes; but sad nonsense,' he said, 'although it was rather amusing at times. Of course, it's not fair to judge her now. She is very raw, and, I should say, rather awkward. If properly looked after, no doubt she will grow up to be a decent sort of a young woman.'

Raw and awkward! He spoke of me—me, whom many of my school-friends called Queen Heritage, from the stately and dignified manner I was supposed to assume at times. A decent sort of a young woman! That I should hear a man, one, moreover, in his own opinion a judge on such matters, gravely set this up as the standard to which I might arrive—if properly looked after. It was too much; the fall was too great. And as the horrible thought flashed across me that his description might be true, his prediction correct, tears of sheer mortification sprang into my eyes. Even Mr Ramsay's almost testy rejoinder gave me no comfort.

'O nonsense, Hope! She will grow up a beautiful, accomplished, and clever woman. You judge her wrongly. Talk to her again in the drawing-room; there, she will be more at home.'

'All right; I will,' the wretch answered.—'But at present I want to talk to you about more important things than young ladies. I have to-day been offered the editorship of the *Piccadilly Magazine*. Shall I take it?'

'I congratulate you. But it is too serious a matter to decide out here. We will talk it over by-and-by. We must join the ladies now. I see every one else has gone in.'

'Then I suppose we must,' said Mr Hope rather ruefully, and tossing his cigar away with a half-sigh.

I waited a minute; then I peered out, and at last ventured to creep round the laurel and reconnoitre. The broad back of my candid critic was just disappearing through the dining-room window. I shook my fist viciously at it. I watched Mr Ramsay follow his guest, saw the window close and the blind fall; then I flew at top speed to the library, whence I had made my exit, entered noiselessly, and threw myself into a chair, feeling that my life was blighted.

The room was faintly lit up; the door was closed; I was alone with my misery; for misery it was; I use the word soberly and advisedly, without a thought of jesting. Fortunately or unfortunately, I had heard myself appraised at my true value. My merits had been weighed by an impartial hand; I had been judged and condemned. I was a failure. 'Raw and awkward,' 'A decent sort of a young woman'—the words ate into my heart. No expressions could have been



devised which would have wounded me more deeply.

He would give me another chance in the drawing-room. Would he! I think not, Mr Vincent Hope. No power on earth shall take me there to-night. I turn the gas up, and look at myself in the mirror. My hair is dishevelled, my eyes are red, and I cannot help fancying that my nose looks rather coarse. Yes; it must be true; I am not even good-looking.

Beneficial as it may be for one who is not without vanity to learn the truth, I hate with a deadly hatred the man who has revealed it to me. Solemnly I declare, somehow, that some day I will have my Revenge. I am very young, which is an advantage to one who may have to wait a long time for a certain object. O yes; I can wait—whether ten, fifteen, or twenty years, I can wait; but I will have revenge, full revenge. So I raved on and on, growing more tragical every moment, until I broke down, and began to cry again.

I had barely dried my eyes, when Clara entered the room. 'What, Heritage!' she cried; 'you here! I have hunted high and low for you, but never thought of looking here. Come into the drawing-room; we must sing our duet.'

I pleaded a splitting headache; I could not bear the hot room. I should go to bed at once; and in spite of Clara's entreaties, to bed I went, and had the pleasure of dreaming that I was sticking stilettos and scissors into Mr Vincent Hope. This was so comforting, that I was quite sorry when morning came and I found it was but a dream.

'Wasn't he delightful?' was Clara's first question when we met.

'Wasn't who delightful?'

'Mr Hope, of course. The other men were fogies.'

'Now, Clara, look here. Once for all, I tell you I found that young man detestable—simply detestable! I hate him. I never met any one I took such a dislike to.'

Clara's blue eyes opened in amazement. 'I thought you got on so well together,' she said. 'He asked for you in the drawing-room, and seemed quite sorry to hear you were ill. We all liked him immensely.'

He asked after me! A piece of impertinence—a gratuitous insult—a piece of superfluous hypocrisy, which, were it possible, made my wish for revenge stronger.

'Well, I loathe him,' I said, 'and there's an end of it. I won't even talk about him.'

I was as good as my word; and Clara, from the want of a listener, was obliged to desist from ringing the changes in praise of Mr Hope.

I left Twickenham two or three days after this. As I drove to the station, Mr Hope—most likely on his way to the Ramsays' house—passed the carriage. Clara was with me, so the young man bowed to us collectively. I made no sign of recognition.

'Heritage,' said Clara, 'that was Mr Hope. Didn't you see him?'

'Was it?' I replied. 'I had quite forgotten what he was like.'

For a beginner, this was a pretty good fib. After telling it so calmly, I felt I was getting on. 'Raw and awkward!' O no! I did not forget,

either the words or the speaker. When I declare for revenge, I mean it.

Five years passed by. I was twenty-two. I had seen many people and many things. Either for better or worse, I had changed in much, but still retained my knack of never forgetting a foe or a friend. Incredible as it seems, my anger against Mr Hope was keen as ever—my wish for revenge as strong. The injury he had unwittingly done me had been greater than, even in my first burst of rage, I had imagined. His words during the interval kept recurring to my mind, and hindered the growth of proper confidence and self-esteem. A long series of pleasant little social triumphs alone permitted me to say at last that his prophecy had not been fulfilled. But now, after five years, the more I thought of the annoyance, even anguish, his words had caused me, the more vicious I felt towards him; the more resolved to compass revenge when the opportunity occurred. O yes; I was a good hater—not a doubt of it. I could carry my stone seven years in my pocket, then turn it and carry it seven years more, or twice seven years, never for a moment forgetting its ultimate destination.

But when should I have the chance of hurling it, and how should I act when the chance came? Except in the street, casually, I had never since met the man. Vincent Hope visited no friends of mine save the Ramsays. They left Twickenham shortly after my visit, and now lived a hundred miles from town. I had stayed with them several times, but my foe had never appeared. Of course I had heard a great deal about him. He was now quite a famous man. To keep myself posted up in the light literature of the day, I was compelled to read his books, and in honesty I am bound to say I admired them, although I detested the author of them. Surely we must meet some day. I went out a great deal, and I heard he was much sought after. But our paths as yet had not crossed.

It was winter. I was spending some weeks with new friends, who had taken a great fancy to me—kind hospitable people, who liked to have a constant stream of visitors passing, but very slowly, through their house. The Lightons were a wealthy county family, noted for their open-handed hospitality. I never stayed at a gayer or pleasanter place than Blaize House. It was not very large; but from the way it seemed to extend itself to accommodate the numerous guests, my belief is it must have been built on the plan of an accordion. I can only account for its capabilities by this theory.

Except from the tiny village which gave or took its name, Blaize House was miles away from everywhere; but its resources, so far as amusement went, made it immaterial in what part of the world it stood. The family consisted of Mr Lighton—called by every one, even his guests, the Squire; his wife, a fitting companion to him, who shared his pursuits, and heartily seconded the welcome he gave to every one; and two daughters, about my own age. These may be termed the nucleus, the standing congregation of the establishment. In addition, there were sons who turned up unexpectedly and at intervals; and two or three cousins were invariably sojourning there. Add to these, again, the floating

population in the shape of visitors who came and went, and you will realise that it was a merry house.

Breakfast was just over; we had been longer about it than usual, the weather being too damp and drizzly to tempt us out of doors. Letters were being read with the last cup of tea. The Squire selected one from his pile, and tossed it over to his wife, remarking that she would be glad to hear the good news it contained. Then it went from hand to hand until I had the pleasure of reading—

MY DEAR SQUIRE—I have just written the delightful word *Finis* at the bottom of a page, which is the last of my last immortal (!) production. I will do no more work for weeks, but will take the train to-morrow and come to Blaize House, in time, I hope, for dinner. I do not apologise for this short notice, knowing there is even more joy within your gates over the uninvited than the invited guest.—Yours always, VINCENT HOPE.

Vincent Hope! It must be my enemy. The allusion to his literary pursuits put that beyond a doubt. My time had come! I could not have selected a fairer field on which to mete out the vengeance I had stored up. As I read that letter, I positively blushed with pleasure, so vividly that I feared people might jump at entirely wrong conclusions. I thought of nothing all day, but the way in which my enemy was delivered into my hands. The delight at having at last the chance of paying out the critic for his criticism produced a frame of mind which seemed to urge me to go into quiet corners and laugh at my own thoughts. I had plenty of time to mature my plans and draw soothing pictures of the effects of my revenge. I resolved to risk no chance meeting with the foe; and feeling that a good beginning would be half the battle, before six o'clock I went to my room to arm for the fray.

Remember, I am confessing, not jesting. I sent for my maid, and bade her take down my hair and brush it. If, as her deft fingers braided my locks to my satisfaction, I had thought the girl would have comprehended me, I might have quoted certain lines of Mrs Browning's which kept singing through my head:

Comb it smooth, and crown it fair;  
I would look in purple pall, from the lattices down the wall,

And throw scorn on one that's there.

Anyway, she crowned it fair enough, and by my express desire, clad me in my most becoming gear. Then, a few minutes before the bell rang, I sent her away, and stood alone before the cheval glass, surveying myself with a contented smile. For my plan of revenge had at least the merit of simplicity; it was to win that man's admiration—if possible his love. Upon the day when he offered me the latter, and I coldly and scornfully rejected it, I should feel that I had squared all accounts between us in a manner highly satisfactory to myself.

How do women win men's love? I did not quite know; but I fancied, if conducted properly, the operation was not of a difficult nature. I hoped and believed I should succeed. Although my resolution reads badly, and sounds even worse,

I comforted myself by thinking that as I meant to refuse what I laid myself out to win, no one would dare to censure me or accuse me of very unbecoming conduct. And now what are my weapons with which to conquer?

I look at myself in the glass. It may read like vanity, but I feel that old Mr Ramsay's prediction is fairly verified. Although I blush as I appraise myself, I know I am no longer the slim school-girl—that I am something not, perhaps, far off a beautiful woman. I am tall. My figure is certainly good. My complexion will bear any test; and something tells me I could, if I wished, make my eyes dangerous. So much for nature. As for art, I have chosen the prettiest of many pretty gowns, and my gowns now have a knack of sitting well upon me; so I am not ashamed to walk gracefully across the room, and courtesying to myself in the glass, say approvingly to my double: 'Yes, Heritage Rivers, you have grown into a very decent sort of a woman—a very decent sort!' Having refreshed my memory by the repetition of that peculiarly galling phrase, I gather up my skirts and sally forth to victory.

Fortune favoured me. As the greatest stranger and last arrival, it would have been in Vincent Hope's province to take our hostess into the dining-room, had we not been favoured that day by the presence of a county magnate, whose claim to precedence could not be lightly overlooked. It seemed but natural and part of the plot that the Squire should present Mr Vincent Hope to Miss Rivers, and for the second time in their lives these two should be seated side by side sipping their soup in unison—but this time, if wounded vanity was to be the result of the contiguity, Miss Rivers would not be the victim.

So I began: 'You have come straight from town, Mr—Vincent—I fancied the Squire said? We all call him Squire, you know.'

'O yes. He is an old friend of mine. But he called me Vincent Hope, I suspect.'

This gave me what I wanted, an excuse for looking him full in the face—an act which, besides being a fitting tribute to his fame, enabled me to observe how time had treated him. So I lifted my lashes and looked straight at him. If Time had not been quite idle with him, it had treated him kindly. He was handsome as ever. The hair near his temples being just flecked with gray, did not detract from his good looks. I thought his features looked more marked, and the whole expression of his face more confident and powerful even than of old. He had won success, and, no doubt, fully realised and enjoyed the fact.

'Vincent Hope!' I echoed. 'Not *the* Vincent Hope?'

I guessed instinctively that flattery was not a bad gun with which to open fire. By this time his name was so well known that it would have been affectation to appear to misunderstand me. He bowed, and smiled.

'How delightful!' I exclaimed; my look, I am ashamed to say, confirming my words. 'Now, tell me how I should talk to you. Ought I to give you my opinion about all the characters in your books; or ought I to sit silent and awed, treasuring up every word of wit and wisdom you may let fall?'

'Neither, I must beg. I have just thrown off

the harness, and come down to enjoy the Squire's clover. I am trying to forget there is such a thing as work in the world.'

'Very well. I shall take you at your word; after, as in duty bound, saying, I have read all you have written, so far as I know.'

His wish to avoid the topic of his own achievements may have been a genuine one, but nevertheless he seemed pleased with my remark, and looking at me with a smile, said: 'Exchange is but fair. I scarcely heard what the Squire called you.'

'Rivers—Heritage Rivers.'

'Heritage Rivers,' he echoed musingly. 'It is an uncommon name; but I fancy I have heard it before.'

'Oh, please, don't say so, Mr Hope. I did think I had one original thing to boast of—my name. How would you like, after looking upon all your plots as original, to find them but plagiarisms?'

He laughed. 'Many are, I fear. But you are trespassing on forbidden ground. Let us seek fresh pastures.'

We did so. We talked all dinner-time. I think we talked about everything under the sun—talked, moreover, almost like old friends. When he differed from my opinions, he told me in well-chosen words why he differed. And as he spoke, I whispered ever and anon to myself: 'Raw and awkward—a decent sort of a woman.' Yet, now, Mr Hope was condescending enough not only to listen attentively to my words, but to reply to them as if they had weight with him. All this was very delightful. The first steps to revenge were smooth and pleasant ones; for there is no need to say that I hated him as much and felt as vindictive as ever.

He was walking straight to his fate. I felt it when, just before Mrs Lighton gave the signal for departure, he dropped his voice almost to a whisper, and was good enough to say that, to him, the peculiar charm of this particular dinner was that such an agreeable interchange of ideas would not be ended with the night, but might be resumed to-morrow. Coming as it did from such a famous person, I could only glance my thanks, blush, and look pleased at the compliment.

When, with the rest of my sex, I rose and walked to the door, I knew that his eyes were following me; and I knew also that, although clever, captious, critical those eyes might be, they could find little fault with my bearing or general demeanour.

At Blaize House it was understood that the gentlemen, especially the younger ones, were not allowed to linger long over the wine. When they entered the drawing-room, I was sitting, almost hidden from sight, in a recess near the window. I noticed, as he came through the door, that Mr Hope looked round, as if in search of some one, and as, when at last he discovered my retreat, his search seemed at an end, I could only think its object was myself. However, we had little more to say to each other this evening. All the children of the house were his friends, and had many questions to ask him. We had music and singing as usual; but I made some conventional excuse, and did not take my share in them. Before we parted for the night, Vincent Hope came to my side.

'Surely you sing, Miss Rivers?' he said.

'A little. But I'm not in the mood to sing to-night.'

He pressed me to make the attempt; but I refused. Thinking I had done quite enough for the first evening, I kept my voice in reserve. But I talked to him for a short time about music, and found him well versed in the art, and, of course, an unsparing critic. He was very hard on the ordinary drawing-room playing and singing, and by no means complimentary to the performers of the evening. I laughed, and told him how thankful I felt that something had warned me not to show my poor skill to such an able but severe judge. My words led him to believe that my talent for music was a very third-rate one. This was exactly what I wished him to think.

He was soon drawn away from my side, and we spoke no more until the general good-night took place, and the men went off to the billiard-room, and my own sex to their couches. Once more I courtesied to Miss Rivers in the cheval glass, and told her she had surpassed my most sanguine expectations. Then, in a very happy frame of mind, I went to bed.

#### HISTRIONS IN LOW LIFE.

I HAVE observed that many Londoners of the middle class, whether those whose avocations take them to and from the City daily, or those with more leisure at their command, have, as a rule, one favourite crossing-sweeper whom they tip more or less frequently, thereby offering a salve to their consciences which enables them to treat the claims of the rest of the fraternity with sublime indifference. In this respect I profess to be in nowise different from my neighbours. The one crossing-sweeper whom I make a point of subsidising is a young shaver of ten, Tommy by name, whose vantage-point is at the corner of the suburban road in which I reside. Tommy and I have been the best of friends for the last two years. The moment his quick eyes catch sight of me in the distance, let his occupation at the moment be what it may, whether he is lazily blinking against the sun-smitten wall with his hands in his pockets, or exercising his sharp white teeth on a crust of bread-and-cheese, forth comes his broom with a flourish, and no matter how well swept his crossing may have been before, an extra touch is given to it in honour of my advent.

Tommy is a bright-eyed, smiling young rascal, whose cheerfulness seems never to desert him. It matters not whether he is soaked with rain or shivering in an east wind, he greets you with the same ingenuous grin. Sometimes I have said to him: 'You ought to be at home on such a day as this; you will catch your death of cold.' To which his invariable reply has been: 'Father's in the hospital, and mother's got the rheumatiz;' as though the point at issue was thereby clinched, and all further discussion rendered supererogatory.

But this has been going on for so long a time that I begin to have my doubts as to the perfect truthfulness of Tommy's statements. His father

can scarcely have been in the hospital for two years; his mother can hardly be laid up with rheumatism from January to December. There are other small circumstances which tend to make me suspicious. More than once, charitable ladies with youngsters of their own have taken pity on Tommy's tatters, and have given him a bundle of second-hand clothes, or a pair or two of boots which had still some service left in them. For a few days afterwards Tommy would look wonderfully smart, almost too smart, indeed, for his occupation; and then all at once he would lapse into his original state of looped and windowed raggedness. Was it possible, I asked myself, that the boy's added respectability had a tendency to reduce his receipts at the crossing—that the pockets of the charitable were more readily reached by a boy in tatters, than by one clad in the cast-off garments of gentility? Or could it be that the gifts of clothing had found their way to the pawnbroker's to help to make up the rent?

More than once I have seen a by-no-means attractive-looking female, whose complaint—if she had one—seemed more nearly allied to gin-and-water than rheumatism, hovering round the boy, apparently with the view of relieving him of his earnings at stated intervals. Could this woman be Tommy's mother? For his sake, I hoped not, and yet it looked suspiciously like it, more especially as she one day invoked a blessing on my head in a strong Irish accent, having apparently a knowledge of me as one of the boy's regular patrons.

I have sometimes thought that Tommy's ingenuous grin and unfeigned cheerfulness in all kinds of weather may be as much a portion of his stock-in-trade as his tattered breeches or his stumpy broom, and that he has made the discovery that people's pockets may be reached by two bright eyes and a pleasant smile, quite as readily as by a snivel and a whine.

It is a pleasant thing to know that the far-reaching arms of the School Board have at length caught Tommy in their grasp, and will not let him go again till they have planted in his mind such seeds of knowledge as will, one may reasonably hope, expand and grow and bear good fruit in the years to come.

To the whining category pertained a certain young gentleman of the broom whom I fell in with one frosty afternoon as I was making my way homeward by a route which I rarely traverse. I did not see him till I was within a few yards of him, and then his utterly wretched and woe-begone appearance at once challenged my attention. He was apparently about a couple of years older than Tommy, but was a much bigger and more strongly built lad. Unmistakable tears were standing in the corners of eyes that looked inflamed with much crying, while his dirty cheeks showed the zigzag lines of tears that had already traversed them. He held a frowsy broom under one arm; and when he was not trying to warm his purple fingers with his chilly breath, his teeth chattered loudly enough to attract the attention of any one who passed him close by. I stopped instinctively. 'What is the matter with you?' I asked, rather inconsequentially, I admit, seeing that his appearance pretty well told its own tale.

'O sir, I'm so cold! Had nothink to eat

since yesterday,' was the reply; and with that, two big tears trickled down his cheeks, and his teeth began to chatter worse than ever.

Nothing to eat since yesterday, and it was now four p.m., and the mercury nearly down to freezing-point! Already my fingers were groping in the pocket in which I carry my loose change. 'Here, take this, and get yourself some hot coffee and bread-and-butter,' I said; and with that I hurried away with an unyonted moisture in my eyes, for I have youngsters of my own at home.

I did not go that way again for more than a week, and when I did, the frost had disappeared, and the weather was mild and muggy. I had forgotten all about the boy, till my eyes fell on him for the second time. A benevolent-looking old lady had just stopped to speak to him. I halted for a moment to listen to his reply.

'O mum, I'm so cold! Had nothink to eat since yesterday;' and with that his teeth began to chatter in a way that left you to infer their soundness, and with his sleeve he wiped a tear from the end of his nose.

'Poor boy!' I heard the old lady say as she began to fumble for her purse; but with that I hurried away, with a tingling desire in my fingers to box the young rascal's ears.

And yet there was evidently histrionic talent of no mean order in the lad. Where and how had he learned the secret of making his tears flow at will? Many an actor of repute on the mimic stage would give half his worldly fortune if he could boast of the same accomplishment.

My daughter and I, when on our way to visit at the house of a certain friend, had more than once noticed a very natty, clean, old woman, who evidently looked upon the crossing at the entrance to a certain semi-fashionable square as her private property. We learned afterwards that when the weather was very bad, the crossing was allowed to take care of itself, and that when it rained or blew, Old Margery remained quietly in the shelter of the one little room she called her home. At other times, after her crossing had once been well swept, she was generally to be seen sitting on an old kitchen-chair at the corner of the square, her broom resting against the wall by her side, and her mittened hands crossed on an old-fashioned calf-bound volume which lay on her lap.

My daughter was much interested in the old woman, and never passed her without bringing out her purse. One day she stayed behind for a few minutes to talk with her. When she overtook me, she said: 'What do you think, papa? That old woman at the corner—I ought perhaps to call her an old lady—is a clergyman's daughter; and the book she nearly always has on her knees is a volume of her father's sermons, which she carries about with her. How sad to think that a person brought up as she must have been should be reduced to sweeping a crossing in her old age!'

I too felt that it was sad, and when I reached my friend's house, I spoke of it to him. He laughed his usual pleasant but somewhat cynical laugh. 'I am sadly afraid that Old Margery, as we call her, is little better than a venerable humbug,' was his reply. 'I took an opportunity one day of putting a few questions to her. She persisted in her statement that her father had been in the Church; but when pressed to give the



name of his parish, she could only reply vaguely that it was somewhere "down Ham'shire way," that she had not been there since she was a girl, and that she had forgotten the name of it. She thought that her father had been a rector, but admitted that possibly he had been only a curate. She then went on to tell me that at one time she used to know all the "collicks," as she called them, by heart, but that now her memory was failing her. Still, she was thankful that she could see to read her large print Prayer-book and the volume of beautiful sermons written by her father. On examining the volume in question, I found that there was no author's name to it; but on turning to the preface, the first words that met my eyes were: "This collection of discourses, written by various hands, is intended," &c. I gave her the book back without a word. As I said before, I am afraid Old Margery is a humbug; but people are easily taken in; and among the well-to-do, kind-hearted ladies of this neighbourhood, her assertion that her father was a clergyman is generally credited, and serves, I doubt not, to bring in what, for a person in her position, must be a very comfortable revenue.

'Another histron in low life,' was my unspoken comment.

#### IS GELATINE NUTRITIOUS?

IN a series of papers on the Chemistry of Cookery, which have appeared in *Knowledge*, Mr W. Mattieu Williams, writes as follows: 'Our grandmothers believed gelatine to be highly nutritious, prepared it in the form of jellies for invalids, and estimated the nutritive value of their soups by the consistency of the jelly which they formed on cooling, which thickness is due to the gelatine they contain. Isinglass, which is simply the swim-bladder of the sturgeon and similar fishes cut into shreds, was especially esteemed, and sold at high prices. This is the purest natural form of gelatine.

'About fifty or sixty years ago, the French Academy of Sciences appointed a bone-soup commission, consisting of some of the most eminent *savants* of the period. They worked for above ten years upon the problem submitted to them—that of determining whether or not the soup made by boiling bones until only their mineral matter remained solid, is, or is not, a nutritious food for the inmates of hospitals, &c. In the voluminous Report which they ultimately submitted to the Academy, they decided in the negative.

'Baron Liebig became the popular exponent of their conclusions, and vigorously denounced gelatine, as not merely a worthless article of food, but as loading the system with material that demands wasteful effort for its removal.

'The Academicians fed dogs on gelatine alone, and found that they speedily lost flesh, and ultimately died of starvation. A multitude of similar experiments showed that gelatine alone would not support animal life, and hence the conclusion that pure gelatine is worthless as an article of food, and that ordinary soups containing gelatine owed their nutritive value to their other constituents.

'Subsequent experiments proved that while animals fed on gelatine-soup, formed into a soft

paste with bread, lost flesh and strength rapidly, they recovered their original weight when to this same food only a very small quantity of the sapid and odorous principles of meat were added. Thus, in the experiments of Messrs Edwards and Balzac, a young dog that had ceased growing, and had lost one-fifth of its original weight when fed on the bread and gelatine for thirty days, was next supplied with the same food, but to which was added, twice a day, only two table-spoonfuls of soup, made from horse-flesh. There was an increase of weight on the first day, and "in twenty-three days the dog had gained considerably more than its original weight, and was in the enjoyment of vigorous health and strength."

'All this difference was due to the savoury constituents of the four table-spoonfuls of meat-soup, which soup contained the juices of the flesh, to which, as already stated, its flavour is due.

'The inferences drawn by M. Edwards from the whole of his experiments are the following: "1. That gelatine alone is insufficient for alimentation. 2. That although insufficient, it is not unwholesome. 3. That gelatine contributes to alimentation, and is sufficient to sustain it when it is mixed with a due proportion of other products which would themselves prove insufficient if given alone. 4. That gelatine extracted from bones, being identical with that extracted from other parts—and bones being richer in gelatine than other tissues, and able to afford two-thirds of their weight of it—there is an incontestable advantage in making them serve for nutrition in the form of soup, jellies, paste, &c., always, however, taking care to provide a proper admixture of the other principles in which the gelatine-soup is defective. 5. That to render gelatine-soup equal in nutritive and digestible qualities to that prepared from meat alone, it is sufficient to mix one-fourth of meat-soup with three-fourths of gelatine-soup; and that, in fact, no difference is perceptible between soup thus prepared and that made solely from meat. 6. That in preparing soup in this way, the great advantage remains, that, while the soup itself is equally nourishing with meat-soup, three-fourths of the meat which would be requisite for the latter by the common process of making soup are saved and made useful in another way—as by roasting, &c. 7. That jellies ought always to be associated with some other principles to render them both nutritive and digestible."\*

'The reader may make a very simple experiment on himself by preparing first a pure gelatine-soup from isinglass, or the prepared gelatine commonly sold, and trying to make a meal of this with bread alone. Its insipidity will be evident with the first spoonful. If he perseveres, it will become not merely insipid, but positively repulsive; and should he struggle through one meal and then another without any other food between, he will find it, in the course of time (varying with constitution and previous alimentation), positively nauseous. Let him now add to it some of Liebig's Extract of Meat, and he will at once perceive the difference.

'It would seem that gelatine alone, although containing the elements required for nutrition,

\* Londe, 'Nouveaux Eléments d'Hygiène,' Second Edition, vol. ii., p. 73.

requires something more to render it digestible. We shall probably be not far from the truth if we picture it to the mind as something too smooth, too neutral, too inert, to set the digestive organs at work, and that it therefore requires the addition of a decidedly sapid something that shall make these organs act. I believe that the proper function of the palate is to determine our selection of such materials; that its activity is in direct sympathy with that of all the digestive organs; and that if we carefully avoid the vitiation of our natural appetites, we have in our mouths, and the nervous apparatus connected therewith, a laboratory that is capable of supplying us with information concerning some of the chemical relations of food which is beyond the grasp of the analytical machinery of the ablest of our scientific chemists.'

### MAUD OF THE MANSE.

BY ALEXANDER ANDERSON ('SURFACE MAN').

I sit to-night, and, reading, hear  
Stern Vikings shouting in my ear,  
And see them lean against the mast,  
Their long hair streaming in the blast;  
Till, weary with the battle-song,  
The fight, the deeds of blood and wrong,  
I fling the Danish poet by,  
To dream and sit with open eye.

The weary throb of human feet  
Is heard along the stony street;  
But as I dream, it dies away,  
And leaves me with a summer day.  
I see sweet woods, with green expanse  
Of leaves that almost hide the Manse,  
From which is seen in summer glow  
The valley of Glencairn below,  
Whose winding river in its bed  
Gleams like a broadened silver thread  
Between the spaces which the trees  
Have left for sunshine and the breeze  
To enter in. But lo! what call  
Brings something fairer than them all;  
As if some wind had gently thrown  
A tiny rosebud all unblown  
Into my dream, and by my knee  
Stands soft, and shy, and sweet to see.  
Who can it be with sunny glance,  
But Maud, the fairy of the Manse?  
A tiny, happy, six-year old,  
With curls that shine a paler gold  
Upon a brow that feels their touch,  
And lightens into mirth at such.  
'Why, Maud, come, sit upon my knee,  
And laugh and prattle unto me.  
I want to watch your sweet blue eyes  
Fill with the sunshine of surprise,  
And drink the childhood of their glance;  
So, come to me, elfin Maud of the Manse.

'Maud of the Manse, as we sit to-night,  
Your golden head has made a light  
Within the room; and I can see  
The very spirit of infancy  
Wave half-seen little snowy wings,  
Till the room is full of fairy things.

'Maud of the Manse, can your memory go  
Back to less than a year ago?  
When the winds of a summer afternoon  
Were busy humming their sweetest tune;  
When the flowers shook at their low, sweet call;  
But you were the sweetest of them all.  
What did you give me that summer day  
To treasure up and to take away?  
The tiniest curl of your flaxen hair,  
So bright, so light, and so golden fair,  
That it lay in my hand—Ah, do not laugh—  
Like the point of a sunbeam broken off;  
And best of all, such a gentle kiss—  
Just the thing to get from a little Miss—  
Soft, and shy, with a touch of fear  
That my bearded lip should come so near.  
But where have I laid that little curl,  
From the sunny head of a fairy girl?  
Between the leaves, no doubt, of a book.  
But wait a moment, and I will look.  
Alas! as I make to lift from my knee  
My fairy guest, to go and see,  
I waken up from my half-hour's trance,  
And fled is little Maud of the Manse.

I hear no more through that afternoon  
The summer winds at their low sweet tune;  
Nor the murmur of the Cairn between  
Its banks of meadows grassy green;  
But instead, outside, in the stony street,  
The weary echo of passing feet.

Gone is the fairy of my dream,  
The rustle of leaves and the shining stream;  
But still for one half-hour to me  
She has prattled sitting upon my knee,  
And I have wound for a moment there  
My fingers in her silken hair;  
And hearing her voice, I well could deem  
Myself in the fairyland of a dream.

Maud of the Manse, so pure and sweet,  
May the world be smooth to thy tender feet;  
And the unborn years keep their choicest good  
To fall like dew on thy maidenhood,  
Which, when it comes, with its gentle power,  
Will crown thy beauty's glorious dower,  
And make thee queen of the Cairn till thou,  
With thy laughing eyes and thy sunny brow,  
Be another Annie of Maxwellton,  
For a lover to breathe in thine ear alone  
The music that maidens like to hear  
When love blossoms out like the spring of the year.

O happy that lover, beyond all things,  
If he gains thy heart for the song he sings.

This is my wish, O Maud, for thee,  
For sitting in fancy on my knee,  
Talking the while in that artless speech,  
Which the heart of childhood can only reach.  
But now, when the music has fled away  
With the leaves, the winds, and the summer day,  
I only hear outside, in the street,  
The weary echo of passing feet.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fourth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No. 1042.—VOL. XX. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1883.

PRICE 1½d.

## ENGLAND THROUGH FRENCH GLASSES.

JOHN BULL is an important personage, whom one meets in every corner of the globe. He is chiefly remarkable for *rosbif*, cricket, the morning cold tub, the fifty-mile walk, and the hit from the shoulder which he alone knows how to give. John Bull's wife, when she is pretty, is an angel of beauty without her equal on earth; but when she is not pretty, she has dull eyes, prominent teeth, and no expression whatever. But in John Bull's daughters there is some consolation. The belle brunette of France walks out beside her escort and with downcast eyes; even in the country she picks her steps on high heels, crowned with a fifty-franc hat, and encumbered with a silk gown. See, on the other hand, the blonde English Miss going out to play lawn-tennis, simply dressed, with her hair in a knot under a straw-hat that cost next to nothing, and on her feet thick-soled shoes. Coming home again, she will devour her dinner without shame. She prizes health above elegance. The prettiest girls will even eat cheese and bite raw celery. Those girls are, high-spirited as well as free; daughters of comfortable homes will work, teach, paint on china, to earn money.

'Home! There is a word that is wanting to us in the French language!'

The home of John Bull is a paradise of comfort; he has always one room set apart as a sanctuary for himself. It is called 'the growlery.' As for the mistress of the house, her happiness is based upon carpets and tea. Christmas is the family feast, the only moment in the year when the English give themselves to gaiety and put business aside. They excel in decorating their houses. The evergreens give the house a festal air, and are often most artistically placed. Then down the chimney comes some unseen mysterious visitor, to fill the children's stockings hung at the foot of the bed. Then is the postman the hero of the day, bringing love-letters, money-orders, Christmas-boxes. If he is run to death, he knows he can strike the iron while it is hot;

next day he will come round, and everybody will give to him.

Ah! but the king of the banquet is the plum-pudding! The faces of the guests beam, the mouths of the children open. The majestic monarch comes smoking hot, stuck with holly. Do you want to know how to make *le plum-pudding*?—A pound and a half of raisins, stoned and cut in two; half a pound of currants; a pound of chopped suet; a pound of candied orange and lemon peel; ten ounces of grated bread-crust; a pound of flour; a spoonful of powder to make it rise; ten ounces of sugar; half a pound of almonds; eight eggs beaten up; salt and spices; half a pint of pale ale, and a noggin of brandy—all mixed up well, and boiled for eight hours; 'and it will be perfect.' (So perfect, we may add, that it would risk a repetition of the famous scene, when, at the ambassadors' banquet at Constantinople, 'the English ambassador's dish' was brought in between two servants—a thin mixture in a caldron of hot water, a plum-pudding that had never been clothed and in its right mind.)

When John Bull takes away his bride, the relatives and guests of the wedding breakfast pelt him in the face, in the neck, in the back, with handfuls of rice and all the old slippers in the house. Let him turn up his collar and run through the hail-shower to the carriage. Off for the honeymoon—well earned too! The old shoes signify on the part of the parents: 'Ah! you wretch, you have carried off my daughter. There!—take that!' Perhaps the pelted pair take refuge on a tricycle and vanish. Double tricycles, called 'sociables,' are now the fashion for the honeymoon.

When John Bull goes to a concert, he listens with both his ears, and with his eyes shut; he has paid half a guinea for his seat. But when there is the same music in his drawing-room, everybody talks; and as soon as the pianist has finished, there is sudden silence, and then they say: 'Thank you!' All the women play, and nearly all play badly. There is not even a tallow-chandler's shop that has not its piano. If families

in London were to live as they do in Paris, having floors instead of whole houses, Bedlam, Colney Hatch, and all the other madhouses, would be filled to overflowing—by the piano. In the poor quarters, the German bands and barrel-organs, the yellow Italian with earrings, and the English girl in Italian dress, play in the streets, making a harvest of 'pennys,' and 'all the inhabitants' come out and dance.

John Bull's best shops have on the windows,  *Ici on parle français*. Generally, the man that speaks French happens to be out. Fabulous sums are spent on advertising. The men who are hired to walk in line outside the edge of the pavement, carrying advertisement boards front and back, are called 'sandwiches.' 'The saddest spectacle that has yet been given to the world by the degradation of man is a string of sandwiches!'

In the streets, there are not omnibus stations and tickets, as in Paris. Every one runs after the omnibus here; it is an example of the survival of the fittest. Once in, John Bull keeps silence, and so do his neighbours. To do him justice, 'Beware of pickpockets, male and female,' is a printed notice sufficient to freeze his gallantry. Whether travelling, or in the most fashionable shops, or in the clubs, or even in the Parliament House, he still keeps his hat on. John Bull only takes off his hat on great occasions; for instance, at the sound of *God save the Queen*, when he salutes England and Her Majesty. His hat is his flag. As for the army, he rains ovations and honours upon the redcoats, as a whole, but he will not admit the individual soldier in uniform to public places of amusement. You may admire the luxuriant hair massed on the head of a pretty girl; but a single hair in the soup is objectionable, even if it belong to the object of your homage. It is precisely the same with John Bull and the soldiers.

He is martial rather than military. Even the games in which his sons delight are contests that are very dangerous. Football is a furious game of savages. Do you want a description of it?—Certainly, we answer; we have a capital English description in *Tom Brown*; do let us look at it through French glasses. *Eh bien!*—'Figure to yourself fifteen fine strong young fellows on each side, with a large ball in the middle, which it is their object to kick between the two goals of the opposite camp. They push, they tumble each other, they roll in a heap at the risk of breaking ribs or jaws; they are breathless, their clothes in rags, their shoulders cut, their hair on end, their faces scratched, covered with sweat and blood and dust, their eyes blackened but bright with ardour, for all this is nothing compared to a defeat.' All the youth of England, boys, students, officers, join in this ferocious game of savages. And they actually say: 'Fine game, sir!'

Your mention of rags, Monsieur, reminds us of a glimpse of the poor of our streets, where your glasses do not play such tricks as they did with those fifteen fine young fellows covered with blood and dust. Let us turn your glasses upon the clothing of our workers and our poor; it is a better focus; the picture is clear, and sadly true. Here we see London, the vast city of cities, combining the extremes of misery and of luxury: poverty—cold, starving, and abject; and wealth, with an annual revenue that would be a colossal

capital in France. Not only are they combined—they are mingled; everywhere, even in the best streets, the wretched are to be seen side by side with the rich, a perpetual reproach to the indifferent. The old clothes of the wealthy pass through innumerable hands down to the poor; they are worn till they fall to pieces of themselves. The wardrobe seller flourishes in every neighbourhood where working-people live. 'It is the spirit of independence and equality misunderstood which makes the poor dress like the rich. In the same way, it is a feeling of self-respect, a proper feeling as I judge it, which makes the working-classes of France prefer a garment which is cheap but new.' The workmen do not wear the blouse; many of them copy the clothing of the leisured classes. It is only by the degree of dust and wear that you can judge of the class to which the man belongs. Again, amongst the women and poor girls, what flowers, what feathers, what lace! Even the poorest children are clad for Sunday with a tawdry old finery that mocks their simple childhood and their sad poverty. We have seen them, and not through French glasses either, and thought with longing of the comfort of children of the same class in France, with their cotton gowns, their sun-bonnets, and strong *sabots*.

To come back to the city of cities, the stranger is impressed by hearing that the Metropolitan Railway alone carries more than a hundred million of passengers in the year; and that every morning—taking only the report for the City proper—a million of letters are delivered in the city of London. Early every day the City is overflowed with the influx of men arriving by vehicle and train; business is done at steam speed. 'You are requested not to speak except upon business,' says the placard in the office. And at steam speed John Bull eats his lunch; where hundreds of merchants and clerks are busy with knife and fork, you could hear the buzz of a fly. At four, the City begins to clear; at two o'clock on Saturday, it is deserted. All this impresses the stranger, perhaps as the secret of the way in which John Bull has become that 'important personage to be found in every corner of the globe.' He certainly has not a mind for those French songs sung by many another beside the famous little Dora Copperfield with the guitar—about the necessity of always dancing, *tra-la-la*.

If the stranger in the City looks up, he sees the electric wires spun overhead like the web of a gigantic spider. And if he be impressed with the London Docks, what would he think of the greater port at the broad Mersey mouth! 'The docks with their forests of masts—there is a sight never to be forgotten.' But the play of London is not as fine as its work: The civic rejoicings take the form of heavy dinners. The civic feast is a yearly procession which reminds one of the Carnival—troops, music, guilds with banners, circus-horses, sometimes camels and elephants, and, to close the march, the Lord Mayor in the place of the Shrove Tuesday fat bull.

It rains in London even in the houses; there are few that do not show traces of damp. Say to your landlord: 'It rains in your house;' he will say: 'Umbrellas are cheap.' Say to the builder: 'The dining-room wall is cracked.



'Ah!' he will say, 'somebody must have leant against that wall.' So *Punch* reports—that amazing paper that achieves the feat unknown in cheap Paris prints of being funny and yet refined.

But who can speak of London without speaking of the fogs? They are of two kinds—the black fog and the peasoup fog. The peasoup fog is terrible. The gas is lighted in the streets, and even then you do not see. Traffic is stopped. For several hours it is a dead and buried city. The peasoup fog 'seizes you by the throat and smothers you.' Yet about these fogs there are mistaken notions in France; one *can* go out in the streets of London without having to hold a comrade by the coat-tails. Moreover, the terrible peasoup fog only seizes you by the throat and smothers you about fifteen times in the year. The other three hundred and fifty days have almost always the same mist. When the sun appears, it is delicious; they photograph it, so as not to forget it. And even the peasoup fog is not incurable; the Lord Mayor and Corporation have taken it up, and there is hope.

In fine, John Bull has a tremendous empire, with India for its grandest jewel, and with a unique power of colonisation; and all this he keeps together, not by bayonets, but by moral force. He is more serious than his French neighbours; his judgment more calm, healthy, and solid; his patriotism of a better kind. The difference arises from climate, education, even from nourishment. A dinner of a pound of *rosbif*, a thick slice of plum-pudding, and a pot of beer, has a different mental effect from a dinner of a dozen of oysters, a wing of fowl, fruit, light pastry, and a bottle of pomard. True, my friend; but we thought the glasses were fixed straight and clear at last, and they have tilted off crookedly again and brought in that irrepressible *rosbif*. We despair. To look through French glasses as long as you have looked would hurt our eyes, as strangers' spectacles always do; but where their magnifying diverts us, we thank you; and where they see double, we return them to friendly hands. If Max O'Rell (*John Bull et son Ile*, par Max O'Rell; Paris, 1883) will look still better at the 'Island of John Bull,' he may yet find that other things beside London fogs are less black than they are painted.

## THE ROSERY FOLK.

### CHAPTER XXI.—NICE TASK FOR AN OLD MAID.

'I DECLARE,' said Aunt Sophia to herself, 'it is quite ridiculous as well as shocking. Here I seem to be set up as a sort of wedding bureau, for everybody seized with the silly complaint.'

'Ah, aunt, dear, it isn't a silly complaint—it's a very bad one,' sobbed Naomi, who had sought the old lady in her bedroom.

'Oh, stuff and nonsense, child!'

'But it is, aunt; it's dreadful—worse than anything. You never knew how bad it was.'

'No, child,' said Aunt Sophia softly—'so people say;' and she laid her hand tenderly upon the head of the sobbing girl.

'It—it's bad enough when—when you think—he loves you—and you—you—you—you are waiting—for him to speak; but—when—wh—wh—

when he doesn't speak at all, and—and—and you find out—he—he loves some one else—it—it breaks your heart,' sobbed poor Naomi. 'I shall never be happy again.'

'Hush, hush, my darling. Not so bad as that, I hope.—And pray, who is it that you love, and who loves some one else?'

'Nobody!' cried Naomi, lifting her face and speaking passionately, and with all the childlike anger of a susceptible girl with no very great depth of feeling. 'I hate him—I detest him—I'll never speak to him again. He's a wicked, base, bad man, and—and—I wish he was dead.'

'Softly, softly. Why, what a baby love is this! Come, come, Naomi; we can't all pick the bright fruit we see upon the tree; and, my child, those who do, often wish, as I daresay Eve did, that they had left it untouched.'

'I—I—don't know what you mean, aunt dear, but it's very, very cruel. I did think him so nice and good and handsome.'

'Poor child!' said Aunt Sophia, smiling as the girl rested her head upon her arm, which was upon the old lady's knee. And who is this wicked man? Is it Doctor Scales?'

'Oh, what nonsense, aunt! He has always treated me as if I were a child, and—and that's what I am. To think that I should have made myself so miserable about such a wretch!'

It was a curious mingling of the very young girl and the passionate budding woman, and Aunt Sophia read her very truly as she said softly: 'Ah, well, child, time will cure all this. But who has troubled the poor little baby heart?'

'Yes, aunt, that's right; that's what it is; but it will never be a baby heart again for such a man as Mr Prayle.'

'And so Mr Prayle has been playing fast and loose with you, has he, dear?'

'No, aunt,' said the girl sadly. 'It was all my silliness. He never said a word to me; and I am glad now,' she cried, firing up. 'He's a bad, wicked man.'

'Indeed, my dear,' thought Aunt Sophia, as she recalled Saxby's words.

'I—I—I went into the study this morning, for—I did not like it. I was hurt and annoyed, aunt, dear—Ought I to tell you all this?'

'Think for yourself, my dear. You have been with me these fifteen years, ever since your poor mother died. I am a cross old woman, I know, full of whims and caprices; but I thought I had tried to fill a mother's place to you.'

'Oh, auntie, auntie!' sobbed the girl, clinging tightly to her, and drawing herself more and more up, till she could rest her head upon the old lady's shoulder, 'don't think me ungrateful. I do—I do love you very dearly.'

'Enough to make you feel that there should be no want of confidence between us?'

'O, yes, aunt, dear; and I'll never think of keeping anything back from you again. I'll tell you everything now, and then I'm sure you'll say we ought to go away from here.'

'Well, well—we'll see.'

'I thought I was very fond of Mr Prayle, aunt dear; and then I grew sure that I was, when I saw how he was always being shut up in the study with Kate, and it—it—'

'Speak out, my dear,' said Aunt Sophia gravely.

'It made me feel so miserable.'

Aunt Sophia's face puckered, and she bowed her head.

'Then I said that it was wicked and degrading to think what I did, and I drove such thoughts away, and tried to believe that it was all Cousin James's city affairs; and then I saw something else; but I would not believe it was true till this morning.'

'Well, Naomi, my child, and what was it?'

'Why, aunt— Oh, I don't like to confess—it was so shameless and unmaidenly; but I thought I loved him so very much. I—I—don't like to confess.'

'Not to me, my dear?'

'Yes, yes; I will, aunt dear—I will,' cried the girl, whose cheeks were now aflame. 'It's about a fortnight ago that one evening, when we were all sitting in the drawing-room with the windows open, and it was so beautiful and soft and warm, Mr Prayle got up and came across and talked to me for a few minutes. It was only about that sketch I was making, and he did not say much, but he said it in such a way that it set my heart beating; and when he left the room, I fancied it meant something; and I got up, feeling so terribly guilty, and went out of the window on to the lawn and then down to the rose garden, and picked two or three buds. Then I went round to the grass path, where Mr Prayle walks up and down so much with his book.'

'Because you thought he would be there, my dear?'

'Yes, aunt! It was very wrong—but I did.'

'And you thought he had gone out there to read his book in the dark, eh?'

'No, aunt dear; I thought he would be there waiting to see if I would go to him.'

'And you were going?'

'Yes, aunt dear.'

'Was he there?'

'Yes.'

'Waiting for you?'

'O no, aunt dear; for as I went softly over the grass, I stopped short all at once, and turned giddy, and felt as if everything was at an end.'

'Why, Naomi?'

'He was going by me in the darkness with his arm round some one else's waist!'

Aunt Sophia's face had never looked so old before, for every wrinkle was deeply marked, and her eyes seemed sunk and strange in their fixed intensity, as she waited to hear more; but Naomi remained silent, as if afraid to speak.

'Well, child, and who was it with Mr Prayle?'

Naomi hesitated for a few moments, and then said in a passionate burst: 'I did not believe it till this morning, aunt. I thought then that it was Kate; but it seemed so impossible—so terrible—that I dare not think it was she. But when I went quickly into the study this morning, Mr Prayle was just raising her hand to his lips. O aunt, how can people be so wicked! I shall go and be a nun!'

Aunt Sophia looked still older, for a time, as she tenderly caressed and fondled the sobbing girl. Then a more serene aspect came over her face, and she said softly: 'There, there; you have learned a severe lesson—that Mr Prayle does not care for you; and as to being a nun—no, no, my darling; there is plenty of good work to be

done in the world. Don't shirk it by shutting yourself up. Come, you have been almost a child so far; now, be a woman. Show your pride. There are other and better men than Arthur Prayle; and as to what you saw—it may have been a mistake. Let's wait and see.'

'Yes, aunt.'

'And you'll be brave, and think no more of him?'

'Never again, aunt dear. There!'

'That's my brave little woman.—Now, bathe your eyes, and stop here till the redness has gone off. I'm going down to write.' She kissed Naomi tenderly, and left her, making her way to the drawing-room, where she wrote several letters, one being to Mr Saxby to ask him to come down again for a day or two, as she wanted to ask his advice about an investment.

#### CHAPTER XXII.—JOHN MONNICK LOOKS AT HIS TRAPS.

It was one of those dark, soft, autumn evenings when the country seems dream-like and delicious. Summer is past, but winter is yet far away; and the year having gone through the light fickleness of spring, the heats of summer, with its changes of cold and passions of storm, has settled down into the mellow maturity, the softened glow, the ripeness of life which indicate its prime.

Doctor Scales was not happy in his mind. He was—and he owned it—in love with the imperious beauty, Lady Martlett, but he was at odds with himself for loving her.

'The absurd part of it is,' he said to himself as he lit a cigar and went out into the garden, 'that there seems to be no medicine by which a fellow could put himself right.—There,' he said after a pause, 'I will not think about her, but about Scarlett.'

He strolled slowly along, finding it intensely dark; but he knew the position of every flower-bed now too well to let his feet stray off the velvety grass, and as he went on, he came round by the open window of the drawing-room, and, looking through the conservatory, stood thinking what a pleasant picture the prettily lighted room formed, with severe Aunt Sophia spectating and reading, while Naomi was busy over some sketch that she had made during the day.

Mrs Scarlett was not there; but it did not excite any surprise; and the doctor stood for some minutes thinking, from his post of observation, that Naomi was a very pretty girl, as nice and simple as she was pretty, and that she would make a man who loved her, one of those sweet equable wives who never change.

'Very different from Mrs Scarlett,' he said to himself, as he stood there invisible, but for the glowing end of his cigar. 'Ha! I don't like the way in which things are going, a bit.'

He walked on over the soft mossy grass, with his feet sinking in at every step, and his hands in his pockets, round past the dining-room to where a soft glow shone out from the study window; and on pausing where he could obtain a good view, he stood for some time watching his friend's countenance, as James Scarlett sat back in his chair with the light from the shaded lamp full upon his face.

'I'm about beaten,' the doctor said to himself. 'I've tried all I know; and I'm beginning to think that they are all right, and that if Nature does not step in, or fate, or whatever it may be, does not give him some powerful shock, he will remain the wreck he is, perhaps to the end of his days.—Yes, I'm about beaten,' he thought again, as he seized this opportunity of studying his friend's face unobserved; 'but I'm as far off giving up, as I was on the day I started. I won't give it over as a bad job; but how to go on next, I cannot say.—Just the same,' he muttered after a time, as he noted one or two uneasy movements, and saw a curious wrinkled expression come into the thin troubled face. 'Poor old boy! I'd give something to work a cure.—By the way, where's Prayle? I thought he was here.'

The doctor thrust his hands more deeply into his pockets and strolled away, threading his course in and out amongst the flower-beds, and then, thinking deeply, going on and on, down first one green path and then another, his footsteps perfectly inaudible; and as he walked on, his mind grew so intent upon the question of his patient's state, that the cigar went out, and he contented himself with rolling it to and fro between his lips, till he paused involuntarily beside a seat beneath the tall green hedge that separated the garden from one of the meadows.

'Damp?' queried the doctor to himself, as he passed one hand over the seat. 'No; dry as a bone;' and he seated himself, throwing up his legs, and leaning back in the corner, listening to the soft crop, crop, crop of one of the cows, still busy in the darkness preparing grass for rumination during the night. 'I wonder whether cows ever have any troubles on their minds?' thought Scales. 'Yes; of course they do. Calves are taken away, and they fret, and—Hullo! Who's this?'

He tried to pierce the darkness as he heard heavy breathing, and the dull sound of footsteps coming along the walk, the heavy dull sound of one who was clumsy of tread, and who was coming cautiously towards him.

'Some scoundrel after the pears. I'll startle him.'

He had every opportunity for carrying out his plan, for the steps came closer, stopped, and he who had made them drew a long breath, and though the movements were not visible, Scales knew, as well as if he had seen each motion, that the man before him had taken off his hat and was wiping the perspiration from his face.

'Hullo!'

The man started, and made a step back; and the doctor told a fib.

'Oh, you needn't run,' he said. 'I see you. I know who you are.'

'I—I wasn't going to run, sir,' said John Monnick softly.

'What are you doing here?'

'Well, sir, you see, sir—I—I have got a trap or two down the garden here, and—and—I've been seeing whether there's anything in. You see, sir,' continued the old gardener in an eager whisper, 'the rarebuds do such a mort o' mischief among my young plarnts, that I'm druv-like—reg'lar druv-like—to snare 'em.'

It was rather high moral ground for a man to take who had just told a deliberate untruth;

but Doctor Scales took it, and retorted sharply: 'John Monnick, you are telling me a lie!'

'A lie, sir!' whispered the old man. 'Hush, sir! pray.'

'Are you afraid the rabbits will hear me?—Shame, man! An old servant like you.—Now, John Monnick, you know me.'

'Ay, sir, I do.'

'Now, don't you feel ashamed of yourself, an old servant like you, with always a Scripture text on your tongue, telling me a lie like that about the traps?'

The gardener was silent, and the doctor heard him draw a long breath.

'Well, sir,' he said at last—'and I hope I may be forgiven, as I meant well—it weer not the truth.'

'Then you were after the fruit?'

'I? After the fruit, sir? Bless your heart, no; I was only watching.'

'What! for thieves?'

The gardener hesitated, and remained silent.

'There, that's better; don't tell a lie, man. I think the better of you. But shame upon you! with your poor master broken, helpless, and obliged to depend upon his people. To go and rob him now, of all times. John Monnick, you are a contemptible, canting old humbug.'

'No, I aren't, doctor,' said the old fellow angrily; 'and you'll beg my pardon for this.'

'Beg your pardon?'

'Ay, that you will, sir. It was all on account of master, and him not being able to look after things, as brought me here.'

'I don't believe you, Monnick.'

'You can do as you like, sir,' said the old man sturdily; 'but it's all as true as gorspel. I couldn't bear to see such goings-on; and I says to myself, it's time as they was stopped; and I thought they was, till I come in late to look up the peach-house, and see her go down the garden.'

The doctor rose from his seat, startled.

'And then I says to myself, he won't be long before he comes, for it's a pyntment.'

'Yes. Well?' said the doctor, who, generally cool to excess, now felt his heart beating strangely.

'Oh, you needn't believe it without you like, sir. I dessay I am a canting old humbug, sir; but far as in me lies, I means well by him, as I've eat his bread and his father's afore him this many a year.'

'I'm afraid I've wronged you, Monnick,' said the doctor hastily.

'You aren't the first by a good many, sir; but you may as well speak low, or they'll maybe hear, for I walked up torst the house, and I see him pass the window, and then I watched him. P'raps I oughtn't, but I knowed it weren't right, and master ought to know.'

'You—you knew of this, then?'

'Yes, sir. Was it likely I shouldn't, when it was all in my garden! Why, a slug don't get at a leaf, or a earwig or wops at a plum, without me knowing of it; so, was it likely as a gent was going to carry on like that wi'out me finding of it out?'

'And—and is he down the garden now?' asked the doctor, involuntarily pressing his hand to his side, to check the action of his heart.

'Ay, that he be, sir; and him a gent as seemed

so religious and good, and allus saying proper sort o' things. It's set me agen saying ought script'ral evermore.'

There was a dead silence for a few moments; and then the doctor hissed out: 'The scoundrel!'

'Ay, that's it, sir; and of course it's all his doing, for she was so good and sweet; and it's touched me quite like to the heart, sir, for master thought so much o' she.'

'Gracious powers!—then my suspicions were right!'

'You suspected too, sir? Well, I don't wonder.'

'No, no; it is impossible, Monnick, impossible. Man, it must be a mistake.'

'Well, sir,' said the old fellow sturdily, 'maybe it is. All of us makes mistakes sometimes, and suspects wrongfully. Even you, sir. But I'm pretty sure as I'm right; and for her sake, I'm going to go and tell master, and have it stopped.'

'No, no, man; are you mad!' cried the doctor, catching him by the arm.

'No more nor most folks, sir; but I'm not going to see a young woman go wrong, and a good true young man's heart broke, to save a smooth-tongued gent from getting into trouble. It'll do him good too.'

'Then you mean Mr Prayle?'

'Course I do, sir. There aren't no one else here, I hope, as would behave that how.'

'Where are you going?' said the doctor, holding the old man tightly by the arm.

'Straight up to master, sir.'

'No, no, man. Let me go.'

'To master, sir?'

'No, no. To Prayle—to them. Where are they?' The doctor's voice sounded very hoarse, and the blood flushed to his face in his bitter anger as he clenched his hand.

'They're down in the lower summer-house, sir,' returned the old man; 'and it's my dooty to take master strite down to confront him and ask him what he means; see what a bad un he is, and then send him about his business, never to come meddling here no more.'

Scales stood perfectly silent, but griping the old man's arm tightly. It was confirmation of suspicions that had troubled him again and again. He had crushed them constantly, telling himself that there was no truth in them; that they disgraced him; and here was the end. What should he do? The shock to his friend would be terrible; but would it not be better that he should know—better than going on in such a state as this? The knowledge must come sooner or later, and why not now?

The shock? What of the effects of that shock with his mind in such a state? Would it work ill or good?

'Poor fellow!' he muttered, 'as if he had not suffered enough. I never thoroughly believed in her, and yet I have tried. No, no; he must not know.'

'Now, sir, if you'll let go o' me, I'm going up to master.'

'No, my man; he must not be told.'

'It's my dooty to tell him, sir; and I'm a-going to do it.'

'But Monnick, I don't know what effect it may have upon him.'

'It can't have a bad one, sir; and it may rouse

master up into being the man he was afore the accident. I must make haste, please, sir, or I may be too late.'

'No, Monnick; you must not go.'

'Not go, sir? Well, sir, I don't want to be disrespectful to my master's friends; but I've thought this over, and my conscience says it's my dooty, and I shall go.' The old man shook himself free, and went off at a trot, leaving the doctor hesitating as to the course to pursue.

Should he run after and stop him? Should he go down the garden, interrupt the meeting, and enable them to escape? 'No; a hundred times no!' he muttered, stamping his foot. 'I must stop him at any cost.' He ran up the garden; but he was too late, for before he reached the house he heard low voices, and found that Scarlett had been tempted out by the beauty of the night—or by fate, as the doctor put it—and was half-way down the path when Monnick had met him.

'Who is this?' he said in a low, agitated voice, as the doctor met them.

'It is I, old fellow,' said the doctor, hastily.—'Now come, be calm. You must govern yourself. Has he told you something?'

'I wanted no telling, Jack,' groaned Scarlett. 'The moment he opened his lips, I knew it. I have suspected it for long enough; but I could not stir—I would not stir. He, my own cousin, too; the man I have made my friend. O heaven, is there no gratitude or manly feeling on the earth!'

'My dear boy, you must—you shall be cool,' whispered the doctor. 'You are in a low nervous state, and'—

'It is false! I am strong. I never felt stronger than to-night. This has brought me to myself. I would not see it, Jack. I blinded myself. I told myself I was mad and a traitor, to imagine such things; but I have felt it all along.'

'And has this been preying on your mind?'

'Preying? Gnawing my heart out.—Don't stop me. Let us go. Quick! He shall know me for what I am. Not the weak miserable fool he thinks.—Come quickly!—No! stop!' He stood panting, with Scales holding tightly by his arm, trembling for the result.

'Monnick, go back to the house,' said Scarlett, at last in a low whisper; and the old man went without a word.

'Now you: stop here,' said Scarlett, in the same low painful whisper. 'I will not degrade her more by bringing a witness.'

'But Scarlett—my dear old fellow. There must be no violence. Recollect that you are a gentleman.'

'Yes! I recollect I am not going to act like a ruffian. You see how calm I am.'

'But it may be some mistake. I have seen nothing. It is all dependent on your gardener's words. What did he tell you?'

'Hardly a word,' groaned Scarlett, 'hardly a word. "Prayle—the summer-house." It was enough. I tell you, I have suspected it so long. It has been killing me. How could I get well with this upon my mind!'

'But, now?'

'Stay here, man—stay here.'

'Promise me you will use no violence, and I will loose your arm.'

'I promise—I will act like—a gentleman.'



The doctor loosed his arm; and drawing a long hissing breath, James Scarlett walked swiftly down the garden-path to where, in the moist dark shades below the trained hazels, the summer-house had been formed as a nook for sunny scorching days. It was close to the river, and from it there was a glorious view of one of the most beautiful reaches of the Thames.

James Scarlett recalled many a happy hour passed within its shades, and the rage that burned within his breast gave place to a misery so profound that, as he reached the turn that led to the retreat, he stopped short, pressing his hands to his throat and panting for his breath, which hardly came to his labouring breast. And as he stood there, he heard his cousin's voice, in the silence of the evening, saying softly: 'Then you promise? I will be at the station to meet you, and no one will know where you have gone.'

James Scarlett's brain swam as he heard the answer. It was: 'Yes!' A faithful promise for the next evening; and as he listened and heard each word clearly, he staggered back and nearly fell. Recovering himself somewhat, though, he walked slowly back, groping in the dark as it were, with his hands spread out before him, to keep from striking against one or other of the trees. The next minute, the doctor had him by the hand, and was hurrying him away, when Scarlett gave a sudden lurch, and would have fallen, had not his friend thrown one arm about him, and then, lifting him by main force, carried him to the house. The French window of the study was open; and he bore him in and laid him upon a couch, where, after a liberal application of cold water to his temples, he began to revive, opening his eyes and gazing wonderingly round. Then, as recollection came back, he uttered a low sigh, and caught at the doctor's hand. 'Kate!' he said softly. 'Go and fetch poor Kate.'

### DOCKS.

THERE are few people to whom a visit to the docks does not prove interesting, and most of our distinguished visitors are shown one or more of the numerous docks of the United Kingdom. A tour round the docks cannot fail to be full of instruction, every ship and package bearing witness to the magnitude of the interests of this country in every part of the world.

Docks are usually defined as artificial basins for the reception of ships. They are of two sorts—wet and dry. Wet docks are generally made with gates, to retain the water at high-tide level. Ships are let through these gates at high-water; and the gates being shut before the tide goes down, the ships are kept constantly afloat in a depth of water which, in the Thames, is often fifteen or twenty feet more than that outside. Dry docks are used for the building, examination, and repair of ships, which are floated in; and the water either flows out with the ebbing tide, or is pumped out after the gates or caisson are closed.

The question is often asked: What is the use of docks? The docks on the Thames were originally made for the purpose of stopping the

robberies of produce whilst being conveyed in barges up and down the river, estimated to involve a loss to the revenue exceeding half a million pounds a year. But there are other uses in docks besides the security against pillage. A large vessel, particularly if loaded, could not lie on the ground without being injured even in calm weather; and in rough or stormy weather, her destruction would be inevitable. Even smaller vessels would suffer strain unless the ground was very soft. Attempts have been made to provide the required accommodation by means of piers fixed at such a distance into the sea that vessels would not touch the ground notwithstanding any variation in the tide; but such a plan can only be carried out at special places, and there is great inconvenience, owing to the constant shifting of the ship's position. In docks, the water is practically always of the same depth; a ship is perfectly sheltered in rough weather; and there is no risk of collision.

Wet docks are the places usually selected for discharging and loading ships. Sometimes this work is done by the servants of the Dock Companies, sometimes by the crew of the ship, sometimes by stevedores hired by the owner of the ship. In these times of expensively built steamers, when an hour idle is money actually lost, the operations of discharging and loading are carried on at a rate which would have taken away the breath of the last generation of dock employés. Thirty years ago, it was considered fair work to discharge a vessel of fifteen hundred tons in a fortnight; whilst loading, which is generally a slower operation, was completed within perhaps a month. Now, not a minute is lost after the arrival of a vessel before work on her commences with the greatest speed consistent with safety; and a steamer of fifteen hundred tons is often unloaded and off again full of another cargo equal in quantity within forty hours of her entry into the docks.

It is commonly supposed by strangers who visit the docks that the produce stored in the warehouses is the property of the Dock Companies; but this is not the case. The Dock Companies, with scarcely an exception, import nothing; they are, as a body, neither growers, producers, nor importers of produce—simply custodians. They discharge the vessels and house the produce, reporting upon its condition to the merchants interested, and furnishing, usually, samples of the goods. In most docks, the warehouses are placed near the edge of the quay to receive the goods landed from the ships; though, as a rule, the percentage of cargo left in dock warehouses, especially perishable articles which are sold before arrival, is not very high. But produce of value, such as tea, coffee, indigo, drugs, &c., have to be 'worked' for sale purposes; and this term embraces the opening of the package, examination for sea-damage, sorting into qualities, and a host of other operations required by sellers

and buyers. Some warehouses have eight or nine floors; but the top floor is preferred for 'working,' for the obvious reason that it is generally better lighted than the others. The stocks of produce in docks are enormous. In London, there are at the present time nearly half a million tons of goods in the warehouses attached to the docks; and as every package is subject to several varying manipulations, it will be seen that great powers of organisation are required to manage a dock efficiently and cheaply.

A regular staff of labourers is usually employed at docks, and the nationality of this class is, as a rule, Irish, as the orders and responses given in the course of work unmistakably show. The nature of the work is dirty, rough, heavy, and dangerous; yet there is an unfailing supply of labour offered, and, as a rule, the men employed permanently are admirable specimens of national strength and vigour. About the last resource of men who have failed in other walks of life is to apply at the dock gates for work as extra labourers; and no more painful sight can be seen than the faces, marked by penury or dissipation, of men eagerly pressing forward as candidates for a remote chance of employment at the rate of fivepence an hour. Considering the amount of work got out of him, the dock labourer is perhaps worse paid than any other toiler, not even excepting the agricultural labourer, who enjoys advantages unattainable by his town representative. The homes of most of the men are of the most wretched description, owing to the impossibility of obtaining proper quarters in large towns at a rent within the reach of dock wages, and the worst consequences of such unhealthy conditions follow in the low moral tone of the dock labourer. At Barrow, the dock authorities have erected a handsome pile of buildings for the use of their men, the rent for five rooms varying from four shillings and sixpence to six shillings and sixpence a week. This is decidedly a step in the right direction, and should be followed at other and more important ports where the necessity for the accommodation is far more pressing.

Mud is one of the greatest enemies which beset docks and harbours, and the removal of mud is a very costly item in the expenses of a dock. At some ports, like Hull and Leith, the water holds an immense amount of soil, which begins to settle immediately the gates are shut, and if not speedily removed, becomes a hard mass. At Liverpool, sluices are arranged to keep the water in motion, in order to prevent any deposit; but we have yet to learn that this scheme has successfully answered its purpose. As a rule, there is no difficulty in disposing of the mud raised by the dredgers, the practice being to tow the barges a mile or two away, and, by opening movable bottoms, to let the soil fall into the sea. But at London, where the sea is a hundred miles distant, this plan cannot be adopted, and the Conservators of the Thames naturally object to the further pollution of the river. The only

course open, therefore, is to shoot the mud on lands below the level of the river, near the docks; but as these sites become filled up and raised, the difficulty of finding suitable mud-shoots becomes greater, whilst the increasing value of river frontages near London further augments the expense of the disposal of the mud.

As far back as 1592, Blackwall was noted for its great harbour of shipping, which harbour in all probability gave rise to the idea and subsequent formation of docks. The first wet dock in England, however, appears to have been the Howland great wet dock at Rotherhithe, on the south side of the Thames. This dock was built in 1660, and was used for the Greenland trade. The next dock was made at Liverpool, about fifty years afterwards. The time, however, when the greatest activity was shown in building docks was at the beginning of the present century, when works of engineering skill received a great impetus. In 1800 there was not a single dock in London beyond that at Rotherhithe. Ten years later, were in existence and in full working order, the West India Dock, the East India Dock, the London Dock, and a further extension of the docks at Rotherhithe, now known as the Surrey Commercial Docks; the total area of dock accommodation being in that period raised from about ten to two hundred acres.

The West India Dock, as its name indicates, was intended for the West India trade; and the merchants interested in that trade obtained the original capital of half a million sterling in two days; and a charter was granted by George III., providing that for twenty-one years after the opening of the dock, every vessel from the West Indies arriving in the Thames should be discharged in the West India Dock. This trade was relatively far more important at that time than it is now, as we depended almost entirely upon the West Indies for our sugar; and as the Dock Company were allowed to make very high charges—as much as six shillings and eightpence a ton being levied on ships entering the dock—dividends of ten per cent. per annum were paid and a large reserve fund accumulated, which was, however, subsequently absorbed by a reduction in the charges whilst payment of the same dividend was continued. But although the charges were so exorbitant, it was considered a great improvement to use the docks, in preference to allowing ships to lie out in the stream with the cargo at the mercy of the river-thieves. No sooner were the West India Docks established, than the East India Company promoted the East India Dock for the accommodation of their magnificent ships; and at the same time, the London Docks were built. The latter docks were intended for the reception of ships laden with tobacco, wine, and brandy, and in respect to such vessels, a charter similar in terms to that granted to the West India Dock was obtained. Later on, the St Katharine Dock was constructed near the heart of London; and more recently, the Victoria, Millwall, and Royal Albert Docks. The total water-area of the docks of London is about four hundred and fifty acres; whilst the ground covered with sheds, buildings, and roads, must be three times that area. The length of the quays is about twenty-two miles. Some idea of the extent of the business done at

the docks of London may be realised from the fact, that on a busy day in the summer they supply employment to twenty thousand persons, and that the amount paid for labour alone exceeds nine hundred thousand pounds a year.

As a seaport, Liverpool is the great rival of London. The length of the dock quays at Liverpool is thirty miles; and as the capacity of docks is now estimated by the length of quay and not by the area of the water inclosed, Liverpool is decidedly better off in dock accommodation than London, although the docks on the Mersey are not individually of the dimensions of those found on the Thames. The rapid rise of Liverpool has almost passed into a proverb. It was in 1709 that the first dock was projected, and at that time eighty-four ships, with a burden of five thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine tons, belonged to the port. Fifty years later, a second dock was constructed; and since that time, fresh docks have been built at intervals, which have rapidly increased in recent years, till, at the present time, the whole of the river-frontage of the city, of a length of five miles, is covered with docks, and the tonnage entering and leaving the port is over twelve million tons a year. On the river-side of the docks a sea-wall has been constructed, averaging eleven feet in thickness and forty feet in height; and bearing in mind the difficulties attending its construction, this wall may be considered as one of the greatest works of modern times. Unlike the docks of London, which belong to four private companies, the docks of Liverpool are vested in a corporation called the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board, and the docks are worked for the public benefit, and not with the object of paying a dividend. The chief cause of the extraordinary rise of Liverpool has undoubtedly been the prosperity of the manufacturing interests at Manchester, Bury, and other large towns in the immediate district, which have no adequate water-access; but a great deal of the success has been due to the bold foresight of the inhabitants of Liverpool in meeting and anticipating the requirements of trade.

No greater enterprise in dock works has ever been shown than at Glasgow; nor need the promoters of the Manchester Ship Canal and Docks faint or grow weary, with the example of Glasgow before them. The Clyde abounded in shoals; and in 1775, vessels drawing more than six feet could not come up to Glasgow except at spring-tides. But the river has been so deepened, that now vessels drawing twenty feet can lie at the quays at Glasgow at any time, and Glasgow is the third port of the United Kingdom. There are not many docks of the ordinary type; but the Clyde, which is a much narrower river than the Thames or Mersey, has been cleverly adapted to afford the accommodation usually given in docks.

We have not more space to refer to the docks in other ports except to add that there are splendid specimens of these great works at Hull, Bristol, Cardiff, Grimsby, Barrow, Southampton, Lowestoft, Leith, &c., all of which have been established within the last seventy years; while at Tilbury, important new docks are in course of construction.

There is a close connection between docks and railways; and in these days, a dock whose quays

are not directly in communication with the great trunk-lines of railway, is behind the age, and will certainly not prosper. The object of this communication is to avoid the unnecessary handling of goods, for handling means increased cost to the consumer. The capital invested in docks and harbours in the United Kingdom cannot be less than three hundred million pounds, or nearly half the amount of the capital spent on railways. There are three agents indispensable for developing a trade such as that carried on by our merchants, namely, steamers, railways, and docks; and in these, we have, through the enterprise of our forefathers and of the men who now lead in the commercial world, ever been pre-eminent.

## MISS RIVERS'S REVENGE.

### IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CONCLUSION.

VERY promising, too, were the events of the next day. I felt that the man I hated was paying me attention above my fellows. Of course, it was not marked enough to attract notice, but attention it was, undoubtedly. He walked with me, and told me, among other things, a great deal about his early life and struggles for success. He was quite interesting, so much so, that I wished I could check these confidences. I feared that his talk might awaken a suspicion of sympathy in my mind, which would grievously interfere with my still nursed revenge.

That evening, he repeated his request that I would sing; but after the way in which I had misled him, I knew he only urged me for the sake of politeness. I commenced with one of those little ballads which he so much disliked; an easy, simple, little thing, which could only be borne out of the commonplace by feeling on the part of the singer. I glanced at him as I finished the song. He thanked me quietly, but I saw he looked puzzled. Then I placed Beethoven's *Adelaide* before me, and sang it as I had seldom or never before sang it—entirely to my own satisfaction. I rose from the piano, and our eyes met. He did not join in the chorus of thanks; but I knew he was more than moved; and as he followed me to my chair, I exulted, as I thought that the pet weapon in my armoury had struck well home.

'Miss Rivers,' he said, 'I thought no amateur in England could sing that song to her own accompaniment as you sing it. I can only congratulate you, whilst blaming you for deceiving me so, last night.'

I thanked him for his compliment; and for the rest of the evening Mr. Hope talked little except to me.

There!—I will write no more about it. Now, I am utterly ashamed of it all. Had it not been for my resolve to reject it when offered, I would have stooped to win no man's love—not even Vincent Hope's. But in five days I knew that my work was done and fully done—so fully, that I dreaded the result of it, and began to wish I had not been so vindictive. Worse than all, friends—as friends will—were exchanging knowing glances, and commenting on the relations which appeared to exist between my foe and

myself. Could I have conquered my nature, and decided to forego my revenge, it was now impossible to do so. For my own sake, matters must come to a climax, that all might see how little I cared for the man.

One night, as I sat in my dressing-gown over the fire, trying to make up my mind to tear myself from the pleasant glow and get into bed, Mabel Lighton entered my room. She was a good true girl, who spoke her mind freely, and at times lectured even me. 'Heritage,' she said abruptly, 'what do you mean to do with Vincent Hope?'

I could not for the life of me help changing colour, and was compelled to shield the cheek nearest Mabel with the fan which had been protecting my eyes from the firelight.

'Do with him! I don't know what you mean.'

'Yes, you do,' retorted my mentor. 'Had it been any one but you, Heritage, I should have called her a flirt. But you are not a flirt, we know.'

'What have I done, Mabel?' I asked. The screen was still between us.

Mabel quietly pushed it aside; then placing her hands on my shoulders, scrutinised my face in a most uncomfortable manner. 'You have done this, and who can wonder at it? You have gained that man's love entirely. But, although it seems so unlike you, I believe you have brought him to your feet for vanity's sake. Heritage, he is a good man—a proud man. If you mean to give him nothing in return, I should say his life will be wrecked. Do you love him, or are my fears well founded?'

In some fashion, I was bound to reply. I sought refuge in levity. 'When I am moved to confess my sins, Mabel, it will not be to you, but to some nice ascetic high-church curate.'

'Don't talk nonsense. I am in bitter earnest. Vincent Hope will surely ask you to be his wife. You are rich, and he is comparatively poor; but I know that will not influence you. Only I say again, if you refuse, you are to blame for all that happens.'

This must be stopped at any cost. Until now, I had always believed that hysterics and affectation were synonymous.

'Mabel,' I said, 'I hate Vincent Hope; but at this moment I think I hate you even more! Go to bed. I am too tired to say another word; so go away.'

Therewith, I got into bed, turned my face to the wall, and left Mabel to put out my candle and get back to her own quarters when she thought fit.

I was annoyed and ashamed. She had nearly accused me of what I had in truth been guilty of—making love to my enemy. As people noticed my conduct, it became more and more necessary that I should clear myself from all such imputations. This could be done in one way only.

Perhaps I had the grace to avoid Vincent Hope somewhat during the next two days. Perhaps that very avoidance hastened the catastrophe. But on the third day, chance—pure chance, mind—left us together and alone. For a moment there was silence between us; then he drew near to me, and said in a quiet earnest voice: 'Heritage, I love you. Will you be my wife?'

I could not answer. All I could do was to prevent myself breaking into hysterical laughter.

He tried to take my hand. 'Heritage, my darling! I think I loved you the moment I saw you. Look up, and answer me. Say you love me, and will be my wife!'

His wife! After hating him for so long—after Mabel's reproaches—after winning his love in a way the thought of which made me blush! Never, never, never!

So I steeled myself—drew myself up to every inch of my height—looked him full in the face—triumphed, and took my revenge. I hope and think I spoke composedly, if not coldly.

'Mr Hope, you honour me' greatly, but it cannot be. Please, never mention it again.'

His face was very pale; and when an expression of positive pain left it, grew stern, almost hard. My manner must have convinced him I was in earnest. No doubt, had I wished, I could have made him fall at my feet and plead passionately. But then, unless one is an utter savage, vindictiveness must be limited. I had done enough.

Perhaps, under such trying circumstances, no man could have behaved in a more dignified manner than did Mr Hope.

'I am to understand,' he said calmly, although there was a look in his eyes I dared not meet—'I am to understand you—you do not love me?'

I bowed.

'Please, let me hear you say so,' he said.

'I do not. Let us say no more about it. I think I will go back to the house now.'

We walked in silence until we were close to the gates. Then he said: 'Unless my presumption to-day makes my presence unbearable to you, I shall stay two days longer, as I promised Mr Lighton. It is not worth while to set people inquiring as to the reason for a hasty departure.'

'Certainly not,' I answered. 'Stay as long as you wish; or, if you prefer it, I will leave.'

'That is out of the question,' he replied, as we crossed the threshold and parted.

I went to my room—to exult, of course, in my revenge. It was so full, so complete, so exactly as I planned it. And writers and poets say that revenge is sweet. O yes, it was very, very sweet to me—so sweet, that I double-locked the door, that no one might see how much I enjoyed it—so sweet, that I threw myself on my bed, and thought my heart must break as I sobbed and wept; for the truth must be told—I loved Vincent Hope even as he said, and as I hoped he loved me. Yet, for the sake of vanity, I had to-day rejected the love of a man, the best, the noblest, the cleverest in the world! I had hurled my hoarded stone, and right well it had fulfilled its mission; but its rebound had crushed me. O yes, revenge is very sweet!

I rose, and walking up to the Heritage Rivers in the cheval glass, shook my fist at her violently. 'You fool!' I said to her. 'A nice mess you have made of life! Revenge, indeed! Call it by its right name, folly. Go and clothe yourself in sackcloth—cover your head with ashes, and cry your eyes out for to-day's work.' Then Mabel's words about a wrecked life came to my mind; and although I could not believe that the happiness of such a man as Vincent Hope could



be dependent upon an idiot like myself, I thought of that strange look I had seen in his eyes—that look no resolution of mine could make me meet. So I went back to bed once more, and cried and abused myself. Ay, revenge forsooth, revenge is sweet!

In spite of all, I determined to go down to dinner. I would do that much, for his sake. It should not be suspected that anything had gone wrong between us; and I knew that, if I stayed away, Mabel, for one, would certainly guess what had occurred. This, if I could prevent it, should be known to no one. I smiled grimly as I thought how my revenge must fail in this; that the world would never know what I had scorned and refused. I made a great effort; dabbed my eyes with rose-water, and went down-stairs in passable trim.

To-night, we were not side by side, but sat directly opposite to one another. Mabel was right—Vincent Hope was a proud man. His discomfiture was no concern of the world's, so he showed no traces of it. All save one at that table would have said that his heart was gay and light. No one would have dreamed that, a few hours before, his love had been refused by an idiot of a girl. He laughed and jested; anecdote and witty repartee fell unceasingly from his lips. He held the whole talk, or every unit of the party talked to him. Yet, woman-like, I noticed that he drank more wine than was his usual custom, and at times there was a sharper, harder ring in his voice. Had it not been for this and the remembrance of the look which still haunted me, I could have believed he had forgotten or brushed away from his mind the events of the day. Vincent Hope was a proud man, and Heritage Rivers a fool!

I would rather say nothing about the next two days. I hated myself so much, that I wonder I have ever forgiven myself—perhaps I never have. All I care to say is that none even suspected what had happened; even Mabel began to think that the accusation of flirting should lie at Vincent Hope's door, not mine; for although he talked to me when needful, it was easy to see that his manner was changed.

The morning of the third day came, and I knew that in a few hours we should shake hands, part, and there would be the end of everything.

Blaize is fifteen miles from a railway station, and that station is so unimportant that very few trains stop at it. Vincent Hope, to reach town that evening, was obliged to start betimes. Soon after luncheon, Charlie Lighton and the dogcart were waiting to take him to the train; and after many expressions of regret from host and hostess, he took his seat and was ready to start. Of course our hands met, as, in common with every one else, he bade me adieu—a quiet polite adieu, nothing more—not even coupled with the conventional wish we might meet again. Why should he wish to meet me again? Our encounters as yet had not been happy in their results to either! That accomplished whip, Charlie, gathered up the reins, and with a last, all-embracing good-bye, Vincent Hope was sped away along the winding carriage-drive, and, for the first time in her foolish life, Heritage Rivers knew that such things as broken hearts may be found outside romances.

Something was afoot that afternoon—walking party or skating party; for it was the middle of January and bitterly cold. Now that the necessity of keeping up appearances for another's sake was at an end, Miss Rivers—my unworthy self—felt very much like breaking down and disgracing herself. She longed for solitude, and made some excuse to stay at home. As every one was bound on the expedition, she had the house practically to herself. After bemoaning her wickedness and folly for some time in the sanctity of her own chamber, a strange craving came over her. She felt she must go down and sit in the little room which adjoined the library; and although censuring her own weakness, she yielded to the impulse.

Vincent Hope, in spite of his resolve to spend his time at Blaize House in well-earned idleness, had been unable to do so exactly. Ominous rolls of printed matter came by post—a sin of long standing, he said, which publishers insisted on dragging into daylight at once. So he did one or two hours' work each day, and grumbled at it in a very amusing manner. By tacit consent, the little room had been kept sacred to him; there, when he chose, he worked without fear of interruption. It was no doubt on account of this that Miss Rivers felt that uncontrollable desire to sit for a while in this particular room. The stupidity of her desire need not be commented upon, as her generally idiotic nature must have made itself manifest many pages back. She entered the room and closed the door softly. She sat down at the leather-covered table, and leaning her head on her hands, looked anything but a prosperous, healthy, comfortable, young woman. Presently she glanced stealthily around her, and from the bosom of her dress drew out a photograph of a very handsome, distinguished-looking man. Mr Hope had given it to her, at her request, some days before. It was to go into her celebrity album, she told him. Laying it on the table between her elbows, Miss Rivers gazed at it long and earnestly, until her foolish eyes became so misty with tears that she could see it no longer. One by one those tears began to fall, and soon came so fast that she gave in altogether—forgot where she was—forgot all risk of interruption; and laying her head on the table, presented the very picture of woe. Her bewailings and beweeplings were at their greatest height, when the door was suddenly thrown open and Mr Hope stood before her! She sprang to her feet, and in her agitation brushed the photograph to the ground. Even in her dire confusion, the prayer that it might have fallen face downwards framed itself. But she dared not look to see; she had to face the intruder as best she could. Yet he seemed for the moment taken even more aback than Miss Rivers. He stammered out something about a shaft broken three miles from home—impossibility of catching train—come back to write telegram, &c. Then he looked on the ground, and what he saw there was enough to make him glance wonderingly at the shamefaced girl, who stood before him with wet lashes and glowing cheeks.

'Miss Rivers—Heritage!' he said, 'tell me what this means.'

She made no reply, but endeavoured to pass him. He blocked the way, and by the exercise

of some force, took both her hands in his. As they stood there, she could see on the ground between them that unlucky photograph lying face upwards.

'Let me go, Mr Hope,' she said. 'It is unkind to keep me against my will.'

Her appeal was vain. His strong hands held her yet more firmly. He seemed to be waiting until she chose to look up and meet his eyes. But that would never have been—not if they had stood there till the present moment.

At last he spoke; his voice was almost grave: 'Heritage, I am very proud. I have always vowed I would ask no woman twice to be my wife; but I will ask you once more if you love me.'

Miss Rivers only bent her head lower and lower.

'Answer me, Heritage!' he said in a changed, passionate voice. 'My darling, answer me; and this time truthfully!'

It was no use. Had she wished to do so, she could fight no longer. She ventured to raise her eyes a little, and said, so timidly, so differently from her usual way of speaking: 'If I thought you would only forgive me, I would try and show you what I cannot—will not, tell you—how much I love you!' She was very, very humble in her new-found happiness.

Then Vincent Hope loosened her hands a little, and— Well, these things only happen once in the life of a true woman, and she should neither write nor speak about them. But when Charlie Lighton came to look for the telegram, not even written, nor, in the proposed form, to be written, Vincent Hope and Heritage Rivers were wondering, as every orthodox pair of lovers should wonder, why they were chosen out to be made the two very happiest people in the whole world.

So this was how I consummated my revenge.

It was only after we were married that I ventured to tell my husband that I had actually laid myself out to win his love—and why, when won, I had rejected it. My confession, which was really seriously made, being complete, he looked at me with mock-severity.

'Heritage,' he said, 'had I known this before, I might, even at the eleventh hour, have thought better of the step I was taking in putting my future in the hands of such a vindictive young woman.'

'And perhaps, sweet sir,' I answered, 'for the very fear of that, I have deferred my explanation until now.'

#### WHAT COLOUR IS G FLAT?

A QUESTION has lately been asked in one of the London daily journals, 'What colour is G flat?' And there has arisen a discussion as to whether the question is an intelligible one, and if so, what is the correct answer? As the subject is probably not a familiar one to ordinary readers, we will endeavour to show what is meant by the question and how far it can have a satisfactory reply.

There has long been observed some apparent connection between the seven notes in an octave of the ordinary musical scale and the seven colours observable in a rainbow, commonly called the prismatic colours. Also the use of the words

chromatic scale, derived from the Greek word *chroma*, colour, tells us that such a connection has been noted. This chromatic scale is the one in which are registered all the notes, both tones and semitones, of the common musical scale; and the word chromatic points to the idea that there is an apparent or supposed connection between the various shades of colour in the solar spectrum, and the various numbers of vibrations which give rise to the different notes in the common scale. In this complete scale, C sharp and D flat are not strictly the same, but they are represented by one note on the keyboard of a pianoforte. Similarly of F sharp and G flat. The difference may be represented on a violin, but not on a pianoforte. And if it can be shown that there is a relation between the number of vibrations of a string and a certain musical note, as the natural C, and that there is a similar relation, through an ascending scale of vibrations, corresponding to and producing the successive notes of the octave from C to B, then there is clearly seen a close connection between the number of vibrations and the tone resulting from these vibrations.

If, again, it can be proved that there is a relation between the number of vibrations, not of a string, but of a very different substance—namely, a very subtle invisible fluid termed ether, and the sensation of light, with its numerous varieties of colour, so that there can be found a certain number of vibrations—or undulations, as they are called—producing the colour *red*; and then through an ascending scale of these undulations other numbers corresponding to the various colours, from red, through orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, up to violet, there can be again seen a close connection between certain numbers of vibrations and certain colours in the solar spectrum.

Seeing, then, that the ascending scale of vibrations of musical strings passes through a gradation of *seven*, and conveys to us the sensation of sounds which please and satisfy the ear; and a certain scale of other vibrations passes also through the gradation of *seven*, and conveys to us the sensation of definite colours which please the eye, it seems as though there were established a very decided analogy between the sound emitted by a musical note and some special colour. It seems, then, possible to give some intelligible answer, if not to the question, What colour is G flat? yet at least to the question, What colour in the solar spectrum corresponds to the musical note to which we give the name of G flat?

It is now worth while to mention the number of vibrations of which we have been speaking, whereby these two different effects of sound and colour are produced. The difference in the magnitudes of the numbers in the two cases is very startling. We will first speak of the vibrations of musical strings. Most persons know an ordinary tuning-fork, with which a singer, and especially a teacher of singing, desires to produce the sound of a given note, from which note he may commence the musical scale, and so pitch his voice in harmony with that note, that he can thence rise to any note that he pleases in the octave which best suits the compass of his voice. And if we observe a tuning-fork marked C—that is, the first note of the ordinary scale—we shall find it stamped with a certain number. That numeral indicates the

number of vibrations made in one second by the fork, which, when struck against a hard substance, emits the note C. If this is the C which is about the middle of the keyboard of a pianoforte, the number will be about 512. Various nations and authorities have differed somewhat as to the *pitch* selected, the numbers variously accepted being 512, 528, and 546. The first number has in its favour the very high authority of the late Sir J. Herschel. If we had a fork marked F in the same octave, it would have a higher number, and so on through the octave; and of B it would be the highest, namely, 960. This would be the range for one particular octave. And if we had forks which would produce notes of higher octaves, the figures would be in the same ratio, though larger.

To produce the lowest C on a grand pianoforte, the fork would require to make thirty-two vibrations per second; for the highest C, 2048; the whole series being 32, 64, 128, 256, 512, 1024, 2048, in which series it is easily seen that each number is double of the one preceding it.

We need not here introduce all the complicated numbers which are found to represent the number of vibrations corresponding to all the notes on the keyboard of a pianoforte. But we may mention that if the number corresponding to the C in any octave be denoted by the number 1, and the number corresponding to the next C by 2, the six notes lying between the first and second C will be represented by the fractions  $\frac{2}{3}, \frac{4}{5}, \frac{3}{4}, \frac{5}{6}, \frac{5}{4}, \frac{3}{2}$ ; so that if the vibrations producing the first C are 512, and those producing the second C are 1024, the intermediate numbers will be obtained by taking the above fractional parts of 512; and they will be found to be 576, 640, 682 $\frac{2}{3}$ , 768, 853 $\frac{1}{3}$ , and 960.

We have now to try and ascertain what are the numbers of vibrations of ether corresponding to the various prismatic colours, just as we have ascertained the numbers of vibrations of a string representing the seven natural notes in one octave of the diatonic scale. These vibrations or waves are extremely minute, their length varying from .0000257 to .0000165 of an inch; and the corresponding number of waves that pass into the eye in one second to produce the effect of red is no less than 458 billions; and to produce violet is 727 billions. But since few persons can form any intelligent idea of the vibrations of ether, and especially of the above enormous numbers, we may borrow a beautiful illustration of their possible production from a lecture on the Senses delivered in Manchester in 1872 by Professor Croom Robertson. He imagines a rod whirled round in a perfectly dark room, the number of its rotations rising from sixteen or twenty per second to nearly forty thousand. The effect will be that there will be emitted every species of note from the lowest growl to a shrillness that would be almost unbearable; and then all would be still. But let the number of rotations keep increasing till it reached some millions in a second, then faint rays of heat would begin to be felt, increasing until, when the number reached the almost inconceivable figure of four hundred billions, a dim red light would become visible in the gloom. And as that number increased, till it reached nearly eight hundred billions, there would be emitted rays of all the colours of the solar spectrum from red to violet; till

again there would succeed a stillness never to be broken.

As we proceed from red to violet in the spectrum, we of course meet with every variety of number of waves, corresponding to the infinite variety of mixture of colours. For as we leave one colour, say red, and commence the orange, there cannot be drawn any very sharp line of demarcation between the two colours; but there must be a fusion. Indeed, it is well known that the ordinary seven prismatic colours are produced by a fusion of the three primary colours, red, yellow, and blue. All these three colours are found through the whole length of the spectrum, as first observed by Sir Isaac Newton. And the resulting colours are produced by the greater or less preponderance of one of the three over the other two.

When, therefore, we come to ask, 'What colour is G flat?' we are simply asked to superimpose a certain length which may be taken as representing the length of one octave of the diatonic scale, or the chromatic scale, upon a similar length representing the solar spectrum. If the upper length were made of transparent glass, and only the notes of the whole chromatic scale marked thereon, so that we could, through this upper glass, see the colours of the spectrum beneath, we should see what was the special colour corresponding to any particular note, or even to any intermediate number of vibrations to which no name of any note is given. And just as we could conceive of the number of vibrations proceeding from the number five hundred and twelve up to ten hundred and twenty-four, even by single units, so there would be a colour in the solar spectrum corresponding to every such step. What name should be given to the colour lying beneath any special line in the glass on which the notes of the scale were marked, might be settled by arbitrary decision. The number of new names given to various varieties of colour, as mauve, magenta, solferino, &c., has greatly increased of late years. But we have not yet given a name to every combination of colours that could correspond to each successive number of vibrations. In the correspondence alluded to at the commencement of this article, one writer gives 'Chalons Brown' as the proper colour corresponding to G flat. Whatever may be the true answer for each particular note of the scale, we think we have made clear what is intended by the question, 'What colour is G flat?' and have indicated the way in which the question can be correctly answered.

### 'THE PRIVATEER.'

#### IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

THE time, eleven o'clock on a sunny autumn morning. The scene, a front-room on the first-floor of a fashionable boarding-house in Brighton. The room in question has two French-windows, that open on to a balcony, from which a long stretch of the King's Road is visible on either hand. Beyond that, in the foreground comes the shelving, shingly beach; and last of all, an illimitable expanse of opaline sun-smitten sea. Although both the windows stand wide open, as if to invite the fresh air and the sunshine, a fire that would not do discredit to December is

burning in the grate. Between the windows hangs a Dollond's thermometer. An easy-chair is drawn up near the fire; while over the back of a smaller chair, the *Times* has been hung to air. A breakfast equipage for one person occupies the low occasional table, together with some dozen or more letters, newspapers, and circulars, which the morning's post has brought. Over the back of a couch on the opposite side of the room have been flung a couple of overcoats and a heavy fur pelisse, together with some three or four shawls of Oriental manufacture.

The last stroke of eleven had scarcely been struck by the little clock on the chimney-piece, when the door was opened, and there came into the room a middle-aged man, dressed in black, of a discreet and serious aspect, with yet something in his air and manner that was suggestive of the profession of arms. The individual in question was none other than Mr Juxon, body-servant to Colonel Crampton, lately back from India after an absence of twenty years. Mr Juxon shut the door and looked round with a frown. 'Whew! Enough to blow one's head off,' he exclaimed. 'My last words to that pert hussy of a housemaid were: "Be careful to keep the windows shut;" and this is the result. To be sure, it's a bright, sunny morning enough; but what's the good of sunshine when there's no warmth in it?' Having carefully closed the two windows, Juxon took a glance at the thermometer. 'Only up to sixty-five,' he muttered, 'and the Colonel will be down in a minute or two. Enough to give any gentleman his death of cold.' With that he took to poking the fire vigorously; and then, there being nothing more to do, he applied himself to a leisurely perusal of the *Times*, pending his master's appearance.

A few minutes later, Colonel Crampton walked into the room. He was a tall, thin, somewhat emaciated-looking man, about five-and-forty years old, or possibly a little more. He had grizzled hair and moustache, refined aquiline features, and large, dark, kindly-looking eyes.

Juxon quietly refolded the paper and stood at 'attention.'

The Colonel came forward, shivering slightly and rubbing his hands. 'Juxon, you certainly intend to be the death of me. Am I in the arctic regions, or where am I?'

'Beg pardon, Colonel; but it's all along of that ignoramus of a housemaid. I told her to be sure and keep the windows shut'—

'And she left them wide open. Of course. The rule of contrary with her sex, as usual. To-morrow morning tell her to be sure to open the windows, and I'll wager ten to one you'll find them shut.—How's the glass?' asked the Colonel abruptly, as he began to poke the fire.

'Sixty-eight, sir. Gone up three in the last ten minutes.'

'Sixty-eight, and the wind in the east. I know it's in the east, my shoulder twinges so.—Help me on with my pelisse.—So. That's better. And now order up some more coals.'

'Yes, Colonel.'

'And the first thing after you've brought me my breakfast, go out and buy some listing—some tailor's listing—and some tin tacks, and try whether you can't stop the draughts from these confounded windows.'

'Yes, sir.'

As soon as Colonel Crampton found himself alone, he perched his double eyeglass on the ridge of his nose and became immersed in his correspondence. But he had not been thus engaged for more than five minutes, when a loud double knock at the front-door caused him to start uneasily.

'Another telegram, I dare wager, from my very remarkable sister-in-law,' he muttered. 'What a woman she is! I thought to escape her for a little while when I left London; but I did not know the extent of her resources.'

At this moment the door opened and a bright-eyed girl of eighteen burst into the room. 'Good-morning, uncle!' she cried. 'What a lazy old darling you are! I had my breakfast hours ago, and am almost ready for luncheon.' Then the Colonel was kissed impulsively, and did not seem to object to the process. 'Here's another telegram from mamma,' went on his tormentor in a breath: "'Be sure that your dear uncle has a cup of beef-tea at twelve, with a glass of the best old port in it.'"

'But, my dear Marian, I detest beef-tea.'

'Oh, that does not matter in the least. If mamma says you are to have beef-tea, beef-tea you must have. Nobody ever thinks of disobeying mamma's orders. If they were to do so, I don't know what would happen. Perhaps the world would come to an end.'

Here Juxon came in with his master's chocolate and rusks. Marian crossed to one of the windows, and waited there till he had vanished again. Then she said, but without turning her face from the window: 'Uncle, dear, I've some news to tell you.'

'Out with it, my pet,' mumbled the Colonel with his mouth full of rusk.

'Who do you think is coming down by the next train?'

'Bless my heart!—not your mamma?'

'No; not mamma; but—Horace.'

'Horace?'

'Horace Gray, you know. You can't have forgotten him, uncle!'

'Ah, now I recollect. Your sweetheart—and a very nice young fellow too. Well, my dear, you must go and see the fishes together. I notice that a great many young couples do make a point of inspecting the aquarium together. And after that, of course he will dine with us.'

'I thought that perhaps you would go for a drive with us before luncheon.'

'Go for a drive, my dear, in this vile east wind!'

'Why, the wind's in the west, uncle, as steady as a rock, and the sunshine is lovely.'

'My dear, it must be in the east, my shoulder twinges so.'

'That poor shoulder! How I wish I could charm away the pain!—But you will come for a drive, won't you?'

'Well, well, my dear, we will see. Perhaps—properly wrapped up, eh?'

'Of course. I will see that you don't take cold. Horace will be here in a few minutes now.' Then, as she turned towards the door, she added with a merry smile: 'Remember—the beef-tea at twelve to the minute. Mamma's orders must be obeyed!'



'That terrible sister-in-law!' growled the Colonel under his breath as Marian shut the door behind her. 'Why won't she leave me alone? Three telegrams yesterday, the last of 'em at ten P.M.—"Be sure that your dear uncle's sheets are properly aired. A little oatmeal posset would do him good." Then at seven this morning, just as I was in the middle of my second sleep, there comes a thundering rat-tat. Another telegram: "Be sure that your dear uncle's slippers are thoroughly warmed, and don't forget that he takes no butter with his toast." A terrible woman! No wonder that Brother Bob only lived three years after he married her.'

A minute or two later, Juxon came in, carrying a card on a salver.

The Colonel adjusted his double eyeglass, picked up the card, and read aloud: "'T. Merrydew, M.D." Why, bless my heart,' he added, staring at Juxon, 'it can't surely be'—

'But it can be, and it is,' broke in a voice at the door—'Tom Merrydew, your old school-chum, who has not seen you for twenty-five long years.' The speaker came forward and held out his hand. 'Charley, my dear boy, how are you? I should have known you anywhere and everywhere.'

'And I you, Tom, and I you,' answered the Colonel impulsively. Their hands had met in a firm grip by this time. 'I declare you're not a bit altered.'

'Nearly as gray as a badger. Call that nothing!'

'And I'm no better, Tom. That's the beauty of it. We were lads together, and now we are growing old together. How pleased I am to see you!'

Dr Merrydew was a plump, rosy-faced, little man with a ready smile, eyes that were at once keen and good-humoured, and a sort of breezy, open-air freshness of manner that was as good as a tonic to one half of his patients.

'But how came you to know that I was here?' asked the Colonel presently.

'Saw your name in the list of arrivals.—Phew! this room is enough to stifle one!' And with that, the little doctor crossed to one of the windows and flung it open.

The Colonel rose hastily. 'My dear Merrydew, don't do that,' he said. 'An open window in this climate is simply detestable.' He shivered, crossed the floor, and gently shut the window.

Merrydew was peering at the thermometer. 'The glass up to seventy-five and can't bear the window open!—And pray, my dear friend, what is this? As I live, a fur pelisse! Off with it this instant!'

'You are sure, Tom, that the glass is up to seventy-five? Ah, then I think that I may dispense with the pelisse. You must remember, Tom, that this is not India.'

'I should hope not, indeed.—Why did you leave India? Because you couldn't stand the climate any longer. And now what do we find?' Here he put on his severely professional manner. 'We find you, Charles Crampton, presumably a man of sense, not coming down to breakfast till eleven o'clock, when you ought to have been out of doors hours ago, taking a constitutional on the pier, or else a long canter on the downs.'

The Colonel rubbed his hands and drew his chair a couple of inches nearer the fire.

'We find you in a room heated to seventy-five degrees,' went on the doctor, 'wrapped in a fur cloak, and seated in front of a fire huge enough to roast a sheep, with windows and doors close shut! Well may you look so yellow and cadaverous! Charles Crampton, we must change all this! From this moment, consider yourself under my charge, and see whether I don't make a different man of you before you are two months older!' With that he got up, went over to the window and deliberately opened it.

The Colonel was cowed. He turned up the collar of his coat and spread his hands before the blaze. Then he said, speaking very gently: 'As a boy, Tom, you were the most irrepressible fellow I ever knew, and years seem only to have made you more obstinate still.'

'Call me pig-headed, and then you will about hit the mark,' answered Merrydew laughingly, as he went back to his chair, which he took care to draw farther away from the fire. 'But I always know what is good for my patients, better than they know themselves.'

'Won't you take a cup of chocolate?' asked the Colonel.

'At this time of the morning? Not if I know it.' Then planting his elbows on the table and staring across at the Colonel, he said: 'And so you've been frizzling in Bengal for the last quarter of a century, eh?'

'There or thereabouts.'

'Ah! my dear old friend, how proud it made me to hear of the gallant deed by which you won the Victoria Cross! A mist came over my eyes as I read the account. I seemed to have the whole picture before me; I seemed'—

"No more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me," protested the Colonel gravely. 'Any other man in the brigade would have done what I did. The chance came to me—that was all.—And now, tell me about yourself.'

'Ask a limpet to tell its history. I bought a practice in this place when I started in life, and here I've been ever since.'

'Married?'

'More sense.—You?'

'No.' Here the Colonel coughed and stirred the fire. 'What a lot of old faces come back to me, Tom, conjured up by the sound of your voice!' he went on. 'There was Dixon, now—what a nice fellow he was! What has become of him?'

'Went to the bad years ago—was outlawed, and seen no more.'

'Poor Dixon!—And Lascelles? I used to like him. What has become of Lascelles?'

'Married a rich wife, went in for speculation, and now he's a millionaire. He passed me in the street the other day, and didn't know me.'

'Poor Lascelles!—And Gibson—the maddest, merriest fellow in the whole school?'

'Dead, years ago.'

'Happy Gibson!—I'll wager, Tom, that you've not forgotten Polly Luscombe, the confectioner's pretty daughter. How fond I was of that girl! What mountains of tarts I used to devour! And what fits of indigestion I used to have afterwards! Happy days!'

'The last time I heard of Polly, she was the mother of ten, and weighed sixteen stone.'

'Polly was always inclined to be plump. You recollect her long, glossy, auburn ringlets, Tom?'

'Auburn ringlets, my dear fellow? Polly Luscombe's ringlets were black—black as my hat.' 'Pooh, pooh, Tom—as if I could forget! I've twined them round my fingers many a time, when there was nobody but ourselves in the shop.'

'Hang it all, Colonel, I ought to know. I carried a lock of her hair about with me for a year—more fool I! It was as black as night.'

A little spot of colour came into each of the Colonel's sallow cheeks. 'Confound it, doctor, you will tell me next that I can't recollect my own name! I repeat, the girl's hair was auburn—a beautiful light auburn.'

The doctor's fist came down heavily on the table. 'Black, sir—black! Do you mean to accuse me of deliberate falsehood?'

The Colonel sprang to his feet and pushed back his chair. 'Do you mean to insinuate that I'm not speaking the truth? Once more I beg most emphatically to assert that Miss Luscombe's hair was not black, but auburn—auburn, sir!'

This brought Merrydew to his feet like a shot. 'If you think, sir, that I'm going to stay here and be insulted in this way, you are mistaken, sir.' He crossed to the side-table and took up his hat.

'Pity you ever came, sir,' growled the Colonel.

For a moment or two the doctor stood gazing into the crown of his hat, as though he were reading some message written there; then he went back to the table and held out his hand. 'Good-bye, Crampton; I'm glad to have met you again,' he said, not without a certain ring of pathos in his voice.

The Colonel's hand went out and grasped that of his friend. 'Good-bye, Merrydew,' he said mournfully. 'We may perhaps never see each other again.'

For a little space they stood thus, grasping each other's hand and gazing into each other's eyes. Then, with a queer little laugh, the doctor said: 'Colonel, it seems to me that we are a pair of old fools.'

'I quite agree with you there, Tom.'

'What the dickens can it matter what colour the girl's hair was?'

'It might be blue or green for anything I care. Sit down, man alive. You are not going yet. There are fifty things I want you to tell me about.'

At this moment there came a loud double knock at the front-door.

'Another telegram from my terrible sister-in-law,' muttered the Colonel.

Merrydew went and replaced his hat on the side-table, and paused for a second or two to examine an engraving on the wall. The Colonel, taking advantage of the opportunity, crossed the floor on tiptoe and softly closed the French-window.

A moment later, Marian entered the room.

'Another telegram from mamma,' she said.

'Read it aloud, my dear,' remarked the Colonel drily.

'"Cablegram from New York,"' read Marian. —"Depression crossing the Atlantic. Heavy rains and stormy weather may be expected. Be careful your dear uncle does not venture out without his goloshes and umbrella."

The Colonel made a little grimace. 'A soldier in goloshes!—What have I done to merit this?' he said to his friend. Then turning to Marian, he added: 'My dear, let me introduce you to my oldest friend, Dr Merrydew.—Tom, this is my niece, Miss Marian Chester.'

The doctor shook hands with Marian and said a few pleasant words; then turning to the Colonel, 'Why hasn't Providence been as kind to me?' he asked. 'I'm a bachelor—I've plenty of money—why haven't I a niece?'

'Perhaps you never had a brother or a sister?'

'Never.'

'Then you can hardly expect to have a niece, can you?'

'Now you put it in that way, I suppose I hardly can. But it seems hard, though.'

'I'm going to look after your beef-tea, uncle. I won't trust it to the cook,' put in Marian.

'But, my dear, I detest'—

'No matter—mamma's orders, you know,' was the answer with a mischievous smile. And then she went.

'I love that girl, Tom, as if she were my own child,' remarked the Colonel. 'She will come in for nearly all I have to leave.'

'And you have allowed her mother to become aware of that fact, I'll be bound.'

'I'm afraid I did drop a hint or two one day.'

'I guessed as much. Hence the telegrams.'

'What can it matter?'

'Will you never learn a little worldly wisdom?'

The doctor, who was of a fidgety disposition, rubbed his fingers through his hair, got up, and began to pace the room.

#### M I S S E D.

A SILENCE like the hush of fear  
Fills all the house this summer day;  
Familiar accents startle near,  
Or fade in murmurs far away.

And breaking as from distant gloom,  
A face comes painted on the air;  
A presence walks the haunted room,  
Or sits within the vacant chair.

The lightest wind that shakes the glass,  
The sound that stirs awhile the street,  
Seems to the listening heart, alas!  
Like footfall of beloved feet.

And every object that I feel  
Seems charged by some enchanter's wand,  
And keen the dizzy senses thrill,  
As with the touch of spirit hand.

At morning in the rosy flush,  
At noontide in the fiery glow,  
At evening in the golden hush,  
At night as pass the minutes slow,

A form beloved comes again,  
A voice beside me seems to start,  
While eager fancies fill the brain,  
And eager passions hold the heart.

S. CLARKE.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fourth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No. 1043.—VOL. XX. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1883.

PRICE 1½d.

## A LOST ART.

So much is done nowadays by enterprising publishers for the young in the way of providing cheap entertaining literature of every kind and description, that, amongst us at least in England, the art of oral story-telling may be said to have died out. We, whose memories can run back to the time when the happiest part of the day was that half-hour round the fire between daylight and lamplight in the cosily curtained room, passed in listening to old stories retold, and whom the gorgeous picture-books and annuals of the present day would have driven wild with amazement and excitement, cannot help regretting that an art productive of so much genuine pleasure to us should be almost unknown—the regret of course being of a purely sentimental nature.

No stories, not even those we used to read out of our linen-bound books with their crude illustrations, ever afforded us one half the pleasure we experienced in listening to fireside tales. There was a home-ring about them which we cannot expect to be characteristic of those written by professional writers for an unknown nursery public; our own little weaknesses and strong points were slyly alluded to, and, what was perhaps best of all, we thoroughly believed all we were told. In our eyes the houris, the fairies, the giants, the magicians, the 'good people' and the villains were actual beings of flesh and blood, and not dressed-up puppets 'making believe.' And, as we believed in the actual existence of the heroes and heroines, so were we far more heartily influenced and affected by their deeds, their mishaps, their triumphs, and their escapes, than any modern child can be expected to be affected and influenced by the fates of the hundreds of beings with whom he or she meets in print. When Tom played the blind man a shabby trick and got served out for it, we rejoiced as if the event had happened at our own garden gate. We wept with the sorrowful, were glad with the happy, and in fact, for the time being, and even after, lived in the little world of

our story. But this can hardly be said of the hundreds of thousands of readers of modern nursery literature. The pageant shifts so often, scene follows scene in such rapid succession, there is such an *embarras de richesses*, such a crowd of actors and actresses, that the young mind has no time to fix itself upon a given point or object, or to allow one single image or impression to be fixed permanently in it. Many men carry throughout their lives a distinct remembrance of the stories told them at their mother's knee; but it is to be doubted if the present rising generation, when risen, will be able to call to mind many of the countless stories which they may now read every year.

It seems strange to bring an accusation against the greatest invention of modern times, but to the printing-press and its wonderful development is due the decay of what may be considered to be one of the oldest of the arts. It is just as natural for a man who cannot read to listen to one who can, as it is for a man who cannot write to get it done by some one who can. So in old England the minstrels first, and subsequently the ballad-singers, performed to a great extent the functions now performed by books. And not even when printing became a recognised established power—not even when books penetrated to regions outside the walls of the monasteries—not even when a regular *furor* for learning set in, did the public story-teller find his vocation gone. Down to quite a recent date—that is, to the end of the eighteenth century—the public reciter or singer was a popular character at every fair and village festival, although the matter recited and sung was of a sadly degenerate nature; whilst during the period described in the famous Third Chapter of Lord Macaulay's *History of England*, he occupied much the same position in the rustic estimation that a professional cricketer or local boxer of repute does now. Any one with whom the poking about in the odd nooks and corners of our English rustic life is a favourite pastime, knows how dearly alehouse philosophers love a story, how they will sit with their pipes in their

mouths and their mugs at their elbows listening placidly and contentedly to what appears to the visitor nothing but a long-winded, tautological making of a mountain out of a molehill, and how frequently upon rustic lips is heard the prelatory phrase: 'Ah! that reminds me of a story.'

Many of our popular legends and ballads had never appeared in print until the renaissance of this interesting branch of our national literature was undertaken by a few enthusiasts, to whom all honour be due, just in time to save them from complete disappearance. The collections of Percy, Ritson, Dixon, Dean Ramsay, Robert Chambers, and notably the *Border Minstrelsy* of Sir Walter Scott, are full of old stories and ballads taken down from the lips of last remaining 'oldest inhabitants;' and but for the intelligent labours of these workers in a fast decaying old garden, very few evidences of the popularity of the art of story-telling amongst our ancestors would be in existence.

Ballads and songs, in the modern acceptance of the terms, scarcely come under the category of stories; but the early compositions of this nature were almost invariably stories. The rustic listener deemed rhyme, however crude, as the necessary adjunct to a story. The tale of an old hero or of an old deed, set to catching jingle, impressed itself more easily and durably on the common ear than the most polished and correct prose; hence the minstrel first, the ballad-singer next, and the alehouse *raconteur* last, were invested with all the importance of distinguished personages. But, as education spreads, the art of story-telling must of necessity die out. The old fo'c'sle yarn is a thing rapidly passing away, just as is the old nautical ballad; and Jack, when occasion will permit, prefers a newspaper to the longest and most exact of yarns told by a mate. We might go as far as to say that the modern story-teller is very generally voted a bore, and we resign ourselves sorrowfully to the tender mercies of the friend who is continually recalling 'good stories,' or who is given to relate the events of a picnic with the prolixity of a military historian.

But, fond as the English people always were of stories and story-tellers, the art was never raised to such a dignity amongst us, was never deemed an indispensable national institution, was never taken up so generally by professors as it generally has been, and is, in the East. A very large number of the folk and fairy tales familiar in the mouths of children as household words owe their origin to the East, and are palpably stamped with an Oriental trade-mark; whilst many others, although disguised and altered and adapted, may be found so far away, that it becomes a matter of wonder by what means they penetrated to us.

When we consider the important part which has been played by Arabians in European history, we are not surprised that some of their national tales should have been carried into English nurseries; but when the traveller in far Japan hears women soothing their children to sleep with the very same tales which soothed him to sleep in days long gone by, he is forcibly reminded of the truth of the words of the Preacher, that 'there is no new thing under the sun.' Still, Asiatic influence notwithstanding, the difference between our stories—that is, those we have

inherited from the old Scandinavians and Germans and Normans, and those which have been imported from Asia—is exactly the difference between the typical men of the North and the East. Our old-story artists had plenty of fancy and imagination, but it was of a sterner, more rugged kind, and especially suitable to the sturdy, hard-headed character of their listeners; just as the poetic dreaminess of the *Arabian Nights* was suitable to the calmer, less energetic nature of the solemn turbaned listeners in the squares of Stamboul and Cairo.

Another most important influence upon our story artists was that which came from Italy; and to the traveller, the idle, listless, loafing inhabitants of Italian towns present many features in common with the dwellers upon the opposite shores of the Mediterranean and the great stretches of sand away to the East. Our early dramatists, as we know, drew largely—in fact, with the exception of their comedies, almost entirely, upon Italian stories for the plots of their plays. Seventeen of Shakspeare's plays are built upon Italian foundations; whilst Chaucer, Dryden, and in later times Byron, Shelley, and Keats, derived much of their inspiration from the same country.

In Italy, the public story-teller no longer holds a recognised definite position, owing to much the same reasons as have robbed him of his vocation in England; but in all Oriental towns he still gathers his crowds, and is still a striking feature in the popular life. And not only is this noticeable in the East, which lies within a fortnight's reach of London, but in the vast cities of India; farther away amongst the teeming towns and villages of China; and, farther still, in every collection of houses, however small, in Japan. The Chinese story-teller is more of a preacher than his Japanese *confrère*; his addresses partake rather of the character of moral lectures and discourses; and if the people want to laugh, they must go to the theatres. But in Japan, the story-teller sticks to his craft, although, with marvelous versatility and adroitness—the versatility and adroitness of a master of his art—he invariably contrives to suit the nature of his talk to the character of his audience. Thus, as he squats himself upon his heels, his fan in one hand, and a piece of bamboo in the other wherewith to emphasise the telling points of his story, his tea apparatus, and his smoking implements on the mat beside him, he glances round the rough shed. Perhaps as yet there is but a sprinkling of children. Forthwith he launches into one of those quaint, inimitable stories, to which we before alluded as being in many cases the fountains of our own child-stories, and of which the illustrations appear upon the cheap, gaudily painted fans familiar to us. The children are very soon either convulsed with laughter or hushed into awe, for the story-teller is an accomplished actor, and accompanies his words with the most grotesque mouthings and the most descriptive gesticulation. Enter, perhaps, a bevy of giggling damsels. The story-teller suddenly changes his form of procedure, and starts a romance, with the usual termination of triumphant virtue and punished vice. Then a group of young bloods swagger in. Again he strikes off into a fresh channel; this time probably a legend of the good old days when the gods lived on



earth, when Japan was the sole gem of the sea, when all men were heroes, and all women good and virtuous. As he warms to his work, the veins gather in knots on his forehead, his eyes seem to flash fire; the bamboo is constantly rapping against the floor; his fan is continually opening and shutting and being waved as a pennon or swung as a sword; the words tumble out of his mouth in what seems to us utterly incoherent torrents; and finally, when the climax has been reached, he bows his forehead to the mats, drinks half-a-dozen cups of tea, and smokes as many pipes, amidst the excited 'Ayahs' of his audience. And so he continues for an hour or more, when he collects his cash, packs up his *impedimenta*, and with much humiliated prostration promises his listeners that he will be at the same place at the same hour to-morrow.

But from this it must not be inferred that the Japanese public is ignorant or averse to literature; on the contrary, the activity of the native printing-presses is only matched by the insatiable maw of the public for reading. Truly, what is read is, as a rule, sad trash; but at anyrate the booths of the story-tellers are not thronged by idle, listless loafers, who have no other method of passing their time; and if the traveller knows the language well, a *sine quâ non* in this land of pun, verbal quibble, and *double entendre*, he will learn more about the popular manners and customs during an hour at the story-teller's booth, than by many months of book-study and superficial travel.

We have thought fit to devote some space to Japan, because it is there that we conceive the art of story-telling is still sustained by the ablest professors, and, what is still more valuable, flourishes to-day exactly as it has flourished during many hundreds of years, and as perhaps it has never flourished elsewhere. What a few more years of change, such as have passed over the land during the past quarter of a century, may bring forth, it is not impossible to conjecture; and the traveller of a few years hence will probably find that the Japanese art of story-telling has gone the way of so many other pleasant old-world institutions.

Of course it may be argued that, after all, the loss of such an art is of no vast importance, when we consider what a very efficient substitute is provided in the shape of cheap, easily attainable literature; but, from even more than a sentimental point of view, it is a loss. A story well told by mouth bears the same relation to a story as read in a book, that a drama well acted bears to a drama read from an acting edition. No words can exactly present the same emotions that a significant gesture or tone of voice produces. A good old-fashioned ghost-story told in the weird firelight is twice as effective as the same story read in clear print by clear gaslight. Mr Shirley Brooks as Falstaff showed us the old knight in real flesh and blood; Mathias in print would be very tame when contrasted with his actual representative in Mr Irving; and the most exquisitely printed edition of Mr Tennyson's Balaklava lines fails to stir up our feelings of patriotism and emotion to the extent we experience when we hear those lines read by Mr Pennington. So with the nursery legends and tales. Fatima at the door of the Blue Chamber, Morgiana

amongst the oil-jars, Percy leaning over the body of Douglas, William of Cloudesley by his wife's side in the burning house, and a host of other favourite incidents, almost demand that they should be spoken, and not read. On the other hand, there are stories which suffer in the telling by mouth, and which were never written to be told. With the exception of Serjeant Buzfuz as personated by Mr Toole, and Joe as represented by Miss Jennie Lee, there is scarcely a character in the whole range of Charles Dickens's novels which bears repetition by word of mouth, and we would much rather read of Sam Weller or Pecksniff or Mrs Gamp than see them personated—at least as they have been personated up to the present time.

But any man or woman gifted with the most ordinary histrionic powers can imitate the roar of Giant Blunderbore or the terrified accents of Fatima, and these stories were evidently composed to be spoken just as others have been composed to be read. So to this day, the pleasantest novelty one can suggest for the amusement of children, nay, even of grown-up folk, during the uncertain half-hour of winter 'tween lights, is to tell them a story.

## THE ROSERY FOLK.

### CHAPTER XXIII.—THE DOCTOR'S EYESIGHT IMPROVES.

DOCTOR SCALES left his friend, after sending word by one of the servants that he wished to see Mrs Scarlett. The meeting would be very painful, and it was one to be avoided. Consequently, beyond encountering Aunt Sophia in the course of the evening and answering a few questions, the doctor managed so well that he saw no one else belonging to the establishment before asking whether Scarlett would see him again, and retiring for the night.

'It isn't a question of medicine,' he had said to himself. 'Wretched woman! I always mistrusted her. I don't know why, but I did. And now, what will be the next movement? They will separate of course; and after poor Scarlett has got over the shock, I daresay he will mend.—How closely he kept it, poor fellow. He must have loved her very dearly, and would not speak while it was mere suspicion.'

It was just about this time that Aunt Sophia came to him, to ask him if he would have some tea.

'No,' he said shortly; 'not to-night.'

'Do you know what agitated my nephew so much?'

'Yes,' said the doctor; 'but I am not at liberty to tell you.'

'I will not press you,' said Aunt Sophia gravely. 'Mrs Scarlett is with him now.' She walked away; and after making sure that he would not be wanted, the doctor, as has been said, sought his room.

The night passed quietly enough; and in good time the doctor rose to take his morning walk about the grounds, when, as he returned, towards eight o'clock, he heard the grating of wheels upon the gravel, and saw the dogcart driven up to the door. He involuntarily drew back and stayed

amongst the shrubs, just as Prayle came out quickly, with his coat over his arm, and thin umbrella in hand. His little portmanteau was handed in by the servant, and at a word, the groom drove off.

'Thank goodness!' ejaculated the doctor. 'We've seen the last of him, I hope; and as to that woman—Pah! What brazen effrontery!' This was consequent upon seeing Prayle turn slightly in his place and look back at the end of the house, where, from a staircase window, a hand appeared, and a kerchief was for a moment waved.

Prayle, however, made no sign, and the doctor went in.

'I can't help people's emotions,' he said to himself. 'I have to quell all mine and be matter-of-fact. Consequently, hunger has an opportunity to develop itself, and I want my breakfast as at any other time.'

There was no one in the breakfast-room when he entered; but in a few minutes Naomi came down, looking rather pale and troubled; and soon after, Miss Raleigh appeared with a very solemn, stern countenance, which relaxed, however, as she laid her hand in that of the young doctor.

'You have not seen James this morning, of course?'

'No,' he replied.

'Ah! You will be glad to hear that he has had a better night. So Kate tells me.'

'Then he has forgiven her,' said the doctor to himself. 'Well, I could not. It is Christian-like, though; and I suppose they will separate quietly.'

Just then, Mrs Scarlett entered the room, looking very pale and red-eyed, as if from weeping. She went up to Aunt Sophia and kissed her, the kiss being coldly received; paid the same attention to Naomi; and then held out her hand to the doctor. He hesitated for a moment, and then, from force of habit more than anything else, he took a couple of steps forward and shook hands in a cold limp fashion, astounded at the fact that Mrs Scarlett raised her eyes to his with a frank ingenuous look of pain.

'As much like that of a sweet innocent girl as I ever saw,' he thought, as he took his place.

The meal was not a sociable one, for everybody seemed awkward and constrained, and it passed off almost in silence; while, when soon after it was ended, the doctor asked if he might go up to Scarlett's room, there was a look almost of reproach in Mrs Scarlett's eyes as she said: 'O yes; of course.'

For some time past it had been Scarlett's habit to stay in his room till mid-day. He dressed at eight, and then lay down again in a heavy, dreamy way, to lie moodily thinking; but this time the doctor found him fast asleep, looking very calm and peaceful, as his breath came regularly, and there was a slight flush upon his haggard face.

'Poor fellow!' thought the doctor, 'how wretchedly thin he has grown. I was afraid the encounter last night would have been too much for him; but it almost seems as if he is better, now he knows the worst.'

As he stood watching him, he heard Mrs Scarlett pass on her way to her own room; but

she seemed to change her mind, came lightly back, and opened the door softly.

'He is asleep,' said the doctor sternly; and she at once withdrew, leaving Scales at his post, from which he did not stir till luncheon-time, when he went down.

Mrs Scarlett had been twice to the door, to look in with wistful eyes; but each time she had been forbidden to enter, as the patient was not to be awakened at any cost; so the anxious woman went patiently away to wait, for she never even dreamed of resisting the medical man's commands.

Sleep seemed to have so thoroughly taken possession of James Scarlett, that he remained under its influence hour after hour; and when Mrs Scarlett timidly asked if it was right, she received the same answer—that under the circumstances nothing could be better—and went away content.

It was quite evening when Scarlett awoke to find the doctor sitting reading by his bed. 'Why, Jack!' he cried, rather excitedly, 'am I—am I—worse?'

'My dear fellow, no; I hope not.'

'No; of course not. I'm—I must be—Thank God!' he sighed fervently; 'what a restful, grateful sleep.—Where's Kate?'

'She has been here several times, but I would not have you disturbed.'

'Bless her!' said Scarlett softly. 'Jack, you are my one friend, the only one to whom I ever opened my heart. I trust you, Jack, with everything.'

'My dear old boy,' returned the doctor warmly, grasping his hands, 'I hope I deserve it. Heaven knows, I try.'

'You do deserve it, Jack. I can never repay you for what you've done for me.'

'Tchah, man, stuff! Why, I owe you a debt for letting me try to cure you.'

'Now let me be more in your debt, Jack,' said Scarlett.

'As much as you like, old fellow. I'll do all I can.'

Scarlett paused, and his face flushed almost feverishly as he gazed earnestly at his friend. At last he spoke. 'I have been weak—unstrung; and that made me what I was, Jack,' he said piteously. 'You saw the weak side of my character last night. I had hidden it so well before; but when you came to me then, I was half mad, and—well, I need not confess—you must have seen the turn my thoughts took. You don't wish me to degrade myself again—to make confession?'

'No, no—say nothing,' said Scales quietly. 'My dear old boy, believe me, I am your friend.'

'You are, Jack; you are more—my very brother at heart; and if you ever think again of my cruel sacrilegious doubts, set them down as a sick man's fancies, and then bury them for ever. And—Jack, old friend—let last night's outburst be a thing that's dead.'

'I promise you, Scarlett, upon my word.'

'Thanks, Jack, thanks! I shiver when I think of it. If Kate knew, it would break her heart.'

The doctor was silent.

'When I came back with my brain reeling, I was drunk with a great joy. You know what

I had fancied. O Jack! if I could forgive myself!—but I never can.'

'You are growing excited. You must be quiet, now.'

'Excited, man? Oh, it is only with my happiness. That accursed idea, born of my nervous state, was eating my very life away; while now that I know that it was but the foul emanation of my own brain, I can scarcely contain myself, and I seem to have leaped back to health and strength.'

Scales did not speak.

'But I am forgetting.—I do believe I have slept away the day, and the night is here. That wretched girl!'

The doctor gazed at him fixedly, asking himself if his friend's brain was wandering.

'She promised to meet him—at some station—in London—to-night. Jack, it must be stopped before it is too late. Where is that scoundrel Prayle?'

'He left this morning, early, to catch the train.'

'And I've lain here as if in a stupor.—Quick, Jack—my wife—no, poor girl, she must not be troubled with this; she has borne enough. Ring for— No; fetch my aunt. Yes; she will be the best. Go, old fellow, quick!'

'Is he wandering, or am I a fool?' muttered the doctor, as he hurried from the room to encounter Mrs Scarlett on the stairs.

'He is worse?' she cried.

'No, no,' said the doctor, almost roughly. 'Not yet. You must not go to him, Mrs Scarlett. I forbid it.'

She shrank back meekly. 'Tell me that he is in no danger,' she said imploringly.

'Yes; I do tell you that,' he said with a feeling of repugnance that would tinge his voice.—'Where is Miss Raleigh?'

'In the drawing-room. I will fetch her,' cried Mrs Scarlett, rushing to perform the task, while the doctor stood rubbing his ear.

'It is I who am mad,' he said to himself, 'and not poor Scarlett.—Yes,' he said aloud, as Aunt Sophia came up, 'Scarlett wants to see you at once.' He led the way back, and closed the door almost angrily after them, leaving Mrs Scarlett with her head leaning against the wall, as the tears coursed down her cheeks.

'Why does he dislike me so?' she sighed. 'He is jealous of my love for him—they are such friends. I ought to hate him; but how can I, when he is so true!'

'Auntie!' exclaimed Scarlett excitedly, as the old lady entered his room, 'I want you, quick—before it is too late. That smooth-tongued scoundrel Prayle!—'

'Amen!' said Aunt Sophia softly.

'Has been practising upon the weakness of that pretty little lass of ours—Fanny. He has gone up to town, and she promised him to follow. Go and stop her at any cost. Then send for her brother, and let him know the truth; and if he follows and thrashes— What?'

'The girl has gone,' said Aunt Sophia.

'Gone?'

'She asked Kate for a holiday, and went this afternoon. She was to be back to-morrow night.'

'Gracious powers!' cried Scarlett. 'I would

sooner have given a thousand pounds.—What is it, Jack?'

'Nothing—only this—so sad!' said the doctor hoarsely, as he sat where he had literally dropped—into a chair.

'What is to be done?' cried Scarlett excitedly. 'Here, send for William Cressy. Let a man gallop over at once.'

'Yes, I'll send,' said the doctor; and he literally staggered out of the room. 'Am I really out of my senses?' he said to himself as he hurried down. 'Have I been blundering all this time; or is it a ruse of the poor fellow's to throw us off the truth? What am I to think!' He ran into the study and rang the bell loudly, when Martha Betts came into the room at once in her calm grave way.

'Can you find the gardener—Monnick,' he said, 'quickly?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Send him here—at once.'

The girl hurried out, and the doctor paced the room.

'If I am wrong, I shall never forgive myself. I can never look her in the face again. Why, I must have been mad and blind, and an utter scoundrel, to think such things of— Oh, what a villain I have been!'

Just then, there was a heavy footstep in the passage, and the old gardener tapped at the door.

'Come in,' cried the doctor, running to meet him; and as the old man entered, he caught him by the arm. 'Quick!' he cried—'tell me—speak out, man—the truth.'

'Ay, sir, I will,' muttered the old fellow.

'Who—who—now speak out; keep nothing back; I am your master's trusted friend. Who was in the summer-house last night with Mr Prayle?'

'That poor foolish little wench, Fanny, sir; and—'

'Fool, fool, fool!' cried the doctor, stamping upon the floor.

'Ay, that's so, sir; that's so; and she'll know better soon, let's hope.'

'Quick!' cried the doctor. 'Go—at once—and fetch her brother William Cressy here. Your master wants to see him instantly. Go yourself, or send some one who can run.'

The old man hesitated, and then hurried out. 'I'd better go mysen,' he muttered. 'Pr'aps it's best; but I don't think Will-yum Cressy will be here to-night.'

He had hardly closed the door before the doctor had opened it again, and was on his way up-stairs, but only to be waylaid by Mrs Scarlett, who caught him by the arm, and literally made him enter the drawing-room. 'Doctor Scales, I am his wife,' she moaned. 'I have borne so much; for pity's sake, tell me. You see how I obey you and keep away; but tell me what is wrong—or I shall die.'

'Wrong?' cried the doctor, catching her hands in his, and kissing them again and again. 'Nothing about him, my dear child. He is better—much better. The trouble—forgive me for saying it to you—is a scandal about that scoundrel—double scoundrel—Prayle.'

'And my husband?'

'Is better—much better.'

Mrs Scarlett sank upon her knees, motionless but for a low sob that forced its way from her breast from time to time.

Doctor Scales stood gazing down at her for a few moments, and then stooping low, he laid his hand reverently upon her head.

This brought her back from her rapt state of thankful prayer, and she rose and caught his hand.

'I have been so rude and harsh,' he blundered out. 'Can you forgive me?'

'Forgive? You, who have devoted yourself to him I love? My husband's dearest friend has never yet truly read a poor wife's heart.'

She said this with a quiet womanly dignity that humbled the doctor to the very dust, and his voice was broken as he replied gently: 'I never have—I have been very blind.' He said no more, but went slowly to the door. There he turned. 'Once more: Scarlett is much better. It was only to save you pain he sent for Miss Raleigh. That is all.'

#### CHAPTER XXIV.—EVENTS AT A TERMINUS.

There was a deeply interested gathering in one of the large offices of the Waterloo Station, where a clerk in his shirt-sleeves was seated beneath a gas-jet making entries, what time two porters, also in shirt-sleeves, and by the light of other gas-jets, seemed to be engaged in a game of 'Catch.' They were, however, not displaying their deftness with balls, but with small packets, parcels, baskets, bundles of fishing-rods, and what seemed to be carefully done-up articles fresh from tradespeople's shops. The game seemed to consist of one porter taking a packet from a great basket upon wheels, and saying something before he jerked it rapidly to the other porter, who also said something and deposited the packet in another basket on wheels; while, apparently, the clerk at the desk where the gas-jet fluttered and whistled as it burned, carefully noted the score in a book. Further inspection, however, showed the casual observer that the men were not at play, but busy manipulating parcels and preparing them for despatch to their various destinations. The business came to a stand-still all at once, as a couple of guards just off duty, and an inspector and ticket-collector, came sauntering in, chatting loudly one to the other about some incident that had just taken place upon the platform.

'Ah, you fellows get all the fun,' said the clerk, sticking his pen behind his ear, and slewing round his tall stool, as the guards made themselves comfortable, one upon a wine-hamper, and the other upon an upturned box; while the ticket-collector seated himself upon the edge of a huge pigeon-hole, which necessitated his keeping his body in a bent position, something after the fashion of that held by occupants of the pleasant dungeon known in the Tower as 'The Little Ease.'

'Well, we get all the rough as well,' said one of the guards, 'and some ugly customers too.'

'Regular 'loperment, then?' said one of the porters, scratching his ear with a piece of straw.

'Regular, my lad,' said one of the guards. 'You saw the gent before, didn't you, George?'

'Yes; he was walking up and down the

platform for half an hour first,' said the ticket-collector. 'I hadn't noticed the other, because he was outside the gate waiting.'

'Well, tell us all about it,' said the clerk.

'Oh, there ain't much to tell,' said the guard who had spoken first. 'I saw the girl get in at Lymp-ton, regular stylish-looking body, nice figure, closely veiled. I thought it meant sixpence perhaps; and took her bag, and ran and opened a first class, when she quite staggered me as she says: "Third class, please." Well, of course that made me notice her more than once, as we stopped coming up, and I could see that she had been crying and was in trouble.'

The little party grew more interested and drew closer.

'Somehow, I couldn't help seeing that there was something wrong, for she tried to avoid being noticed, squeezing herself up in the corner of the compartment, and then being very fidgety at every station we stopped at, till I slapped my leg as I got into the break, and says to myself: "She's off!"'

'Ah, it would look like it,' said the clerk, nodding, and letting his pen slip from behind his ear, so that it fell, sticking its nib like an arrow in the boarded floor.

'Yes; I wasn't a bit surprised to see a dark good-looking gentleman on the platform, peeping into every carriage as the train drew up; and I managed to be close to her door as the gent opened it and held out his hand.'

'Why didn't you come first class, you foolish girl?' he says in a whisper; and she didn't answer, only gave a low moan, like, and let him help her out on to the platform, when he draws her arm right through his, so as to support her well, catches up her little bag, and walks her along towards George here; and I felt so interested, that I followed 'em, just to see how matters went.'

'You felt reg'lar suspicious then?' said one of the porters.

'I just did, my lad; so that as soon as they'd passed George here, him giving up the girl's ticket, I wasn't a bit surprised to see a great stout fellow in a velveteen jacket and a low-crowned hat step right in front of 'em just as my gent had called up a cab, lay his hand on the girl's arm, and the other on the gent's breast, and he says, in a rough, country sort o' way: "Here, I want you."'

'Just like a detective,' said the clerk.

'Not a bit, my lad—not a bit,' said the guard. 'Reg'lar bluff gamekeeper sort of chap, who looked as if he wouldn't stand any nonsense; and as soon as she saw him, the girl gives a little cry, and looks as if she'd drop, while my gent begins to bluster.—"Stand aside, fellow," he says. "How dare you! Stand back!" The big bluff fellow seemed so staggered by the gent's way, that for just about a moment he was checked. Then he takes one step forward, and look here—he does so.'

'Oh!' shouted the clerk, for the guard brought down one muscular hand sharply upon his shoulder and gripped him tightly.

'Lor' bless you, my lad! that's nothing to it. He gripped that gent's shoulder so that you a'most heard his collar-bone crack; and he turned yellow and gashly like, as the other says to him with a



growl as savage as a bear, "You want to wed my sister, do you? Well, you shall. I won't leave you till you do."

"That was business and no mistake," said the other guard; "wasn't it?"

"Ay, and he meant business too," continued the first speaker, "for the gent began to bluster, and say, 'How dare you!' and 'I'll give you in charge,'" and then he calls for a policeman; and then "Tak' howd o' my sister," says the big fellow."

"Ay, that was it," said the ticket-collector. "Tak' howd," just like a Yorkshireman."

"George there catches the girl, as was half-fainting; and as there was getting quite a crowd now, the bluff fellow tightens his grip, brings Mr Gent down on his knees, and gives him such a thrashing with a stout ash-stick as would have half killed him, if we hadn't interfered; and Thompson come up and outs with his book. "Here," he says, just like one of the regular force; "I'll take the charge."

"When," said the second guard, "up jumps my gentleman, and made the cleanest run for it, dodging through the crowd, and out through the ticket-office, you ever saw."

"Ay," said the ticket-collector; "and he got round so as to get to the water-side, and over Charing Cross Bridge."

"And did Thompson take up the countryman?"

"No," said the guard. "He gave his name out straightforward—William Cressy, Rayford, Berks. "I'm there when I'm wanted," he says. "This here's my sister as that chap was stealing away, and I've thrashed him, and I'll do it again if ever we meets."

"And then the crowd give a cheer," said the ticket-collector.

"And Thompson put his book in his pocket," said the second guard.

"And the countryman walked the girl off to a cab, put her in, jumped in hisself, and the crowd cheered again; and that's about all."

"And I'd have given him a cheer too, if I'd been there," said the clerk, flushing. "Why, if a fellow who calls himself a gentleman was to treat my sister like that, I'd half-kill him, law or no law."

"And serve him right too," was chorused.

Then the business of catching parcels began again; the indignant clerk continued his entering; a little more conversation went on in a desultory manner, and the guards and ticket-collector off duty walked home.

The station was disturbed by no more extraordinary incident that night. Trains went and trains came, till at last there was only one more for the neighbourhood of Scarlett's home, and Doctor Scales was standing on the platform thinking, and in that confused state of mind that comes upon nearly every one who is in search of a person in the great wilderness of London, and has not the most remote idea of what would be the next best step to take. He was asking himself whether there was anything else that he could do. He had been to the police, given all the information that he could, and the telegraph had been set in motion. Then he had been told that nothing more could be done, and that he must wait; and he was waiting, and thinking whether he ought to telegraph again

to Scarlett; to take the last train in a few minutes, and go down again; or stay in town, and see what the morrow brought forth.

"I'll stay," he said at last; and he turned to go, feeling weary and in that disgusted frame of mind that comes over a man who has been working hard mentally and bodily for days, and who then finds himself low-spirited and thoroughly vexed with everything he has done. It is a mental disease that only one thing will cure, and that is sleep. It was to find this rest that the doctor had turned, and was about to seek his chambers, when he came suddenly upon the object of his search—Fanny Cressy—closely veiled and hanging heavily upon the great arm of her stalwart brother.

"You here, Cressy?" cried the doctor excitedly.

"Yes, sir," said the farmer fiercely. "Hev you got to say anything again it?"

"No, man, no! But you—you have found your sister."

"I hev, sir," said Cressy, more fiercely still. "Hev you got anything to say again that—or her?" he added slowly.

"No, no; only I say, thank heaven!" cried the doctor fervently. "I came up to try and overtake her."

"You did, sir? Then thank you kindly," said the farmer, changing the stout walking-stick he carried from one hand to the other, so as to leave the right free to extend for a hearty grip. He altered his menacing tone too, and seemed to interpose his great body as a sort of screen between his sister and the doctor as he continued in a low voice, only intended for the other's ear: "Don't you say nowt to her; I've said about enough.—And it's all right now," he said, raising his voice, as if for his sister to hear. "Me and Fanny understands one another, and she's coming home wi' me; and if any one's got to say anything again her for this night's work, he's got to talk to William Cressy, farmer, Rayford, Berks."

There was a low sob here; and the doctor saw that the drooping girl was clinging tightly to her brother's arm.

"I am sure," said the doctor quietly, "no one would be so brutal as to say anything against a trusting woman, who placed faith in a scoundrel."

"Doctor Scales!" cried Fanny, raising her head as if she was about to say a few words in defence of the man she loved.

"You hold your tongue, Fan," said the farmer firmly. "The doctor's right. He is a scoundrel, a regular bla'guard, as you'd soon have found out, if old John Monnick hadn't put me up to his games."

"Bill, dear Bill!" sobbed the girl.

"Well, ain't he? If he'd been a man, and had cared for you, wouldn't he have come fair and open to me, as you hadn't no father nor mother? And if he'd meant right, would he have sneaked off like a whipped dog, as he did to-night!"

"Your brother is right, Fanny," said the doctor quietly.—"Now, let's get back, and I can ease the minds of all at the Rosery. It was at Mr Scarlett's wish that I came; and I have been setting the police at work to find your whereabouts."

"Muster Scarlett always was a gentleman," said the farmer, giving his head a satisfied nod; "and it puzzles me how he could have had a cousin

who was such a black— Well, it's no use for you to nip my arm, Fan; he is a bla'guard, and I'm beginning to repent now as I didn't half-kill him, and'

'There goes the last bell,' cried the doctor, hurriedly interposing; and taking the same compartment as the brother and sister, he earned poor weak Fanny's gratitude on the way down by carefully taking her brother's thoughts away from Arthur Prayle and her escapade, and keeping him in conversation upon questions relating to the diseases of horses, cows, and sheep.

#### A CHAT WITH AN ANGLO-INDIAN NATURALIST.

WE are indebted to the English press of Calcutta for one of the most entertaining books it has been our hap to come upon for many a day. It is entitled *The Tribes on my Frontier*, and is published by Messrs Thacker, Spink & Co., Calcutta and London. The tribes referred to have nothing to do with the motley Oriental races of mankind; they are septa of lower families in the scale of existence, namely, the birds, reptiles, insects, and such-like that haunt the verandas or make brilliant the woods and walks of the residents in our Indian territory. With a modesty that is to be regretted, the author has not favoured the public with his name—the initials 'E. H. A.' being given instead. Neither can we guess at the authorship. The initials may or may not be those of the writer's name; but in either case, he is probably, if we are to infer anything from the very slight hints afforded us in his own pages, an Anglo-Indian military officer; and moreover, he seems to be a Scotchman, for the Scotch phrases which he uses not infrequently, are always correctly used—a thing which Englishmen seldom do. But whatever truth or the reverse may be in these guesses, there is one thing which admits of no doubt, and that is, that he is a naturalist of a very rare type—one with all the late Frank Buckland's fondness for animal nature, and with more than even *his* sprightliness and humour in describing animal life.

The author begins his descriptions in the hot month of June—an Indian June—when the scorching wind is abroad, when clouds of hot dust are being driven into every cranny and nook of life, and the sun is shooting forth his almost visible rays till the air distinctly quivers and trembles under them. This is the time when man and beast and bird seek for cool places in which to shelter—to hide themselves if possible from the furnace of the sky. The fowls have taken possession of a moist spot at the back of the house, and up among the rafters of the broad veranda the 'social lark' sits solitary and speechless. Among the roots of the creeper which clings to the trellis, a dozen dingy brown 'rat-birds' are hopping idly about, 'turning over a dead leaf here and there, and talking to one another in querulous falsettos.' There are the *mynas*, in their sober snuff-brown suits and yellow beaks; the turtle-dove cooing to his mate; the striped squirrel, 'that painted iniquity,' lying 'flat upon the stone step, crunching a crust of bread, stolen of course;' the modest and dainty hoopoe

watching the hole where an ant-lion lies in wait for his prey, not knowing that he himself is to be immediately the prey of another. With these is yet another visitor—the butcher-bird—whom we must let our author describe in his own way:

'Along with the birds a pretty green lizard used to come every forenoon, shikarring ants and other insects; but it was breakfasted on yesterday by that sinister-looking butcher-bird which now stands on the floor of the veranda, with legs straddled, like Apollyon in the Valley of Humiliation, and mouth agape gasping from the heat. With his pale gray mantle, snow-white breast, and black "points," the butcher-bird would be handsome but for his villainous eyebrows and generally assassinous aspect. Nothing living comes amiss to him, from the sparrow, if he can surprise it, down to the large fussy black ant which comes hurrying along, to catch the train or something, with its tail cocked over its head. . . . Now, wherever this bird comes, comes also a smaller bird, with the same white breast, the same shaggy black eyebrows, and the same brigand look, and it stands close by and shrieks and hisses and heaps opprobrious epithets on the other. This is a cousin of the bird it vilifies. *Lanius* is the surname of both; but the Christian name of the big one is *Lahtora*, and of the other *Hardwickii*. (It was named after one General Hardwicke, poor man! but he did nothing wrong.) And as the little one hisses out its impotent rage, it cocks the stump of a tail which was once long and flowing as that which adorns the object of its wrath. Short as the stump is, thereby hangs a tale, and I happen to know it. One Sunday morning, not long ago, *Hardwickii* was busy murdering some small creature at the foot of a tree, when *Lahtora* spied him, and came gliding gently down, and, before he was aware of any danger, he was knocked over on his back, with those sharp claws imbedded in his snowy breast, and that murderous beak hammering his head. He hit back most pluckily, and shrieked piteously. *Arcades ambo*, thought I, and declined to interfere. Still, my appearance on the scene created a diversion in the little butcher's favour, and with a desperate struggle he freed himself and was off, but, like Tam o' Shanter's mare, without his tail. *Hinc illæ lachrimæ!*'

In India, as at home, there are rats, and many kinds of them. There is the black rat, the brown rat, the field-rat, the tree-rat, the bandicoot, and so on, to the lovely fawn-coloured jerboa rat, with its satin-white breast and tufted tail. The brown rat is the villain of the family. Our naturalist says it spreads before the Scotchman and the crow, and possesses the earth. It will not be suppressed. Every man's hand is against it, and still it prospers. It sets at defiance gins and traps, cats and dogs and poisonous pills.

'Now, all these are good,' says our author; 'but in my opinion it is better to take the field in person against them. When I see the tail of a rat disappear behind a box, I quietly shut all doors and windows and stop up all holes, then arm myself with a good supple cane, and advance upon the foe. Its present situation is a good one. A sweeping stroke between the box and the wall can scarcely miss. But it does not wait. At the first sight of me it makes for the hole it

gnawed in the door, and finds it stuffed with a towel! While it is tugging like a maniac at the towel, there is a chance; but canes miss rats amazingly, and it is off to each window and door in turn. As soon as it has grasped the idea that escape is impossible, it changes its tactics. Driven with difficulty from one trunk, it dives under another. There is nothing for it now but hot pursuit; press it hard; rats are short-winded. It soon gets blown, and rests behind the box again. A sweeping whack with the whole length of the cane ought to annihilate it, but only breaks a leg, and an able-bodied rat can always spare a leg or two, so it is away as nimble as ever. But the blow has had a good moral effect. It gives up the Fabius Cunctator strategy, and the chase becomes exciting. From box to box it scurries, with me at his heels, raining blows on the floor and choking myself with dust. Then it is up the bedpost, down again, up the bookcase and behind Webster, where it regains its wind before I can dislodge it, from shelf to shelf like a monkey, across to the almirah with one bound, and then nowhere! I mount a chair and reconnoitre the top, lay my face to the ground and explore the bottom, peer behind, but it simply is not. While it was sitting behind Webster, it thought on a tunnel which it had excavated last year through the back of the almirah. After much pondering, I decide to open the almirah; and sure enough it bounces out of a nest of neckties, and lighting on my foot, clammers like a lamplighter up my pantaloons, happily on the outside. An agonised spring, which an adult kangaroo would be proud of, flings it to the middle of the floor, and ere it can recover itself and reach any shelter, I swoop like a falcon on my prey, and a dexterous flick with the point of the cane rolls it over.'

There is a lively chapter on mosquitoes that we would fain linger over, but space forbids. Then follows one on lizards, in which there is some exceedingly clever writing on the ancient life-history of this reptile, when the gigantic *megalosaurus* flopped and plunged amid the swamps of the Mesozoic period, and was possibly plagued by mosquitoes 'as large as sparrows, with voices like tin trumpets.' But we must take out a little bit regarding the modern representatives of this ancient race.

'Like all races whose greatness is a memory, lizards are sensual, passionate, and cruel. Sensual first: a lizard lives to eat, and there never seems to be any time in its life when it is not looking out for food. And passionate next. Two sparrows will squabble and scuffle until they get so inextricably mixed that, when they separate, it is quite an open question whether they have got their own legs and wings, or each other's; and two ants will fight until they die in each other's jaws, and a third comes up and carries off the whole jumble for the food of the community; but for an example of devouring rage go to the big garden lizard, which the children in India call a blood-sucker. See it standing in the middle of the road, its whole face and throat crimson with wrath, and swollen to the bursting-point with pent-up cholera, its eyebrows raised, and its odious head bobbing up and down in menace of vengeance. And the explanation of the whole matter is that another smaller lizard

snapped up an ant on which it had a claim. Nothing will appease it now but the offender's tail. This will do the latter for a lizard's tail is a contrivance for its life, planned on exactly the same principle as the faithful Russian slave who throws away his life to save his master's. When the wolverine has seized the sledge. I once saw a fierce scorpion caught by the tail and plunge its sting into its member; but before the venom could reach the lizard's body, it detached its tail, away grinning. The scorpion went to the old tail, and the lizard began growling.

The author has a pet chameleon, and a canary cage with green muslin all round it, the flies which are provided for its entertainment. Here, clutching a twig, 'as if it were a fruit that grew on it,' he lives his life of motionless meditation, changing his colour from time to time as the light fades away. 'Philosopher as he is, the chameleon remains slow to get after it, and since he is too slow to go after it, he waits for it. As his ball-and-socket eyes turn in that way, one of them marks a butterfly walking up the bars of his cage, forms a purpose to eat it. He unwittingly relaxes the grasp of his broad wings at a time—for he is extremely nervous—and breaking his bones—and so slowly along the twig until he is within reach of his prey. Then he stops, and then he begins to swallow; he is going to swallow. At last he leans forward and opens his preposterous mouth, and that member, like a goose-quill steeped in white bird's egg, comes out. He takes aim, and then, to follow it, the horrid instrument comes forth, and returned like elastic to its place the gray butterfly is being crunched and swallowed as fast as anything can be swallowed, tongue, jaws, and throat are smeared with slime.'

Ants, as every one knows, are at present a terrible pest in India, and our author tells us of their peculiar habits of invasion, cannibalism, and general destructive felicitous style of which we have a few examples. Crows come in also for some bits of portraiture. The gray-necked crow, differs from all the 'frontier' crows, as many of these are, in that it is not done. He has never been able to be shorn of grace about a crow. 'And what is this state of things is the impotent outward appearance. It affects to be entirely ignores public opinion, a gentleman, carries itself jauntily, and everything with one eye in a way certainly bring on an eyeglass in time any scrap of truth in the development. It begins the day by watching the vulture you take your *choita hazree*, in hope of a toast. When that hope is disappointed, its way to the bazaar, where it catches another crow for the remains of a deer flattened by a passing cart-wheel. Thinking that the breakfast hour is near, back, not to lose its chance of a new fishbone. On the way it notices a sparrow trying its feeble wings, and

down ruthlessly, it carries the helpless little sinner away to a convenient bough, where it sits and pulls it to pieces, and affects not to hear the pitiful screams of the heartbroken parents. Later on it is watching a little stream of water by the roadside, and plucking out small fishes as they pass; or it is vexing a frog in a paddy-field, or it has spied a swarm of flying ants and is sitting down with a mixed company to supper.

The wasps, flies, and spiders of India are evidently creatures worthy of special study; and those who are interested in them will find both entertainment and much curious knowledge in the volume before us. The butterflies of that far land are a splendid race. 'Seek some retired valley, or hollow among the hills, in the month of October, when weed and thornbush and waving creeper are in bloom, and the sun is hot, and the air is moist, and you will preside at a durbar. The lordly swallow-tail will sail past; the little whites and yellows will flutter ceaselessly from flower to flower; the huge orange-tipped white, hurrying by, will yield to temptation, and pause for a moment on a little blossom; which looks insignificant perhaps, but tastes most exquisite to the connoisseur's palate; *diadema* and *junonia* will display their glories; *danaïds* and *euplexa* will float with easy grace on the air; and perhaps a bold leaf-butterfly will pass with the flight of a strong-winged pigeon, the blue sheen of its wings glancing in the sun, until it plunges into some withered bush, and not an eye can distinguish its motionless form from any of the dead leaves around it. And when the afternoon is drawing on, then a rich hair-streak will appear, and, taking its station in the middle of some large leaf, will open its wings just a little, and give you a peep of the dazzling blue within. By sunset all these will be sound asleep, and then the richly pencilled brown butterflies of the twilight will come out, and dance their fairy dances about the roots of some dark tree.'

We must draw to a close, though we have not half exhausted the rich stores of this writer's pages. But before doing so, we would like to refer to that curious species of bats known as the fruit-bat, or flying-fox. This animal, in contradistinction to bats generally, has what our naturalist considers a handsome face, with large soft eyes, and would not be a bat at all but for two characteristic points, a strong batty smell, and an insatiable craving for strife. 'Flying-foxes,' he says, 'carry this last trait further than any others of the tribe. Considering that they spend the night filling their stomachs with indigestible green fruits, it is nothing strange that they should be dyspeptic and disagreeable by morning; the odd thing is that, in order to be within quarrelling distance of each other, they all must needs sleep on one tree, generally a huge tamarind with accommodation for two or three hundred. Before a dozen have gathered, there is a misunderstanding between two which want the uppermost branch. "That's my place." "I had it yesterday." "You hadn't." "I had." "You hadn't." "I had." "Hands off." "Whom are you shoving?" Mutual recriminations follow, and from words they proceed to blows. One is dislodged, and flies round to the other side of the tree, where it is greeted by a chorus of growls—

"No room here!" but it plumps into the middle of the objectors, and three lose their hold. Then the brawl becomes general, and ends in a regular *fracas*.'

The book is cleverly illustrated by Mr F. C. Macrae. We have only in conclusion to thank our Anglo-Indian naturalist for the delightful book which he has sent home to his countrymen in Britain. May he live to give us another such.

### 'THE PRIVATEER.'

#### IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

THE Colonel gazed musingly into the fire. 'I can't see what harm I have done,' he remarked gently.

'Mischief will come of it, you may depend,' remarked the little man decisively, as he softly re-opened the window. Then he added as he came down: 'By-the-by, in a letter I received from you some time before you left India—the only letter I had had from you for about a dozen years—you mentioned the name of Lucilla Latimer. I thought you would have forgotten all about her years ago.'

'Why should I have forgotten all about her, Tom?'

'Humph!' was the doctor's sole but significant answer as he resumed his chair. Then he asked: 'Do you know where Miss Latimer is at the present time?'

'In Brighton.'

'So! Then it was the hope of seeing her that brought you here?'

The Colonel's sallow cheeks took on a dusky hue. 'Partly that, and—and partly the wish to see you, Tom.'

'My dear old friend, you don't mean to tell me that after all these years of silence and separation—after all these years of happy bachelor existence, you still entertain any sentimental regard for Lucilla Latimer?'

'Why should I not, Tom? It was the one romance of my life. Why should I have forgotten it?'

'And her image has dwelt in your memory for twenty years?'

'Yes—for twenty years.' As the Colonel spoke thus, he produced a small oval miniature case from one of his pockets. 'This is her likeness, which she gave me just before we parted for the last time.' He placed it gently on the table as he spoke. Then he produced a pocket-book, and brought out of its recesses a small bundle of letters, yellow with age, and tied round with faded white ribbon. 'These are her dear letters,' he said. 'How often they have comforted me, when I seemed to have no other comfort left in life!' He gazed tenderly at them for a few moments, sighed, and then replaced them in the pocket-book.

'Dear me—dear me! I never dreamt of this sort of thing,' muttered the doctor half to himself.

'Eh?' said the Colonel, turning his head quickly.

Merrydew blew his nose deliberately; then he said: 'Pardon the question, old friend; but is it possible that you have written to Miss Latimer?'



'I have written to her,' responded the Colonel a little defiantly, with a tug at his moustache.

'Then she knows that you are in Brighton?'

'Undoubtedly, if my letter has reached her.'

The doctor rested his hands on his knees and contemplated the fire. 'Dear me—dear me!' he murmured again.

The Colonel rose abruptly. 'Why do you say "Dear me," in that tone of voice?' he asked. 'You irritate me, Tom.'

'Ah—very likely,' was the quiet rejoinder. Then after a brief pause, he muttered to himself: 'When a sedative is of no avail, it sometimes becomes needful to try an irritant.'

Meanwhile, the Colonel had gone quietly up and closed the window. He now came back and resumed his seat. His temporary irritation had vanished as quickly as it had come.

'Merrydew, you are my oldest friend. I have nothing to hide from you in this matter—indeed, it will be a relief to me to talk to you about it.' He paused for a moment or two while he stirred up the fire.

The doctor pushed his chair a little farther away.

'You know already that Lucilla and I loved each other when we were young; that we were separated; that I was ordered abroad with my regiment, and that we have never met since?'

Merrydew's answer was a nod of acquiescence.

'I wrote three times after I sailed; but there came no answer. Then I wrote no more. I felt that Lucilla was lost to me for ever, and I strove to forget her—but in vain. Years passed, and my hair began to turn gray; but still I was a poor man, and unable to leave India. Two years ago, my brother died, leaving me more thousands than I have any use for, and here I am.'

'Yes, here you are—there's no doubt about that. But in what way does that fact connect itself with Miss Latimer?'

'Lucilla is still unmarried,' answered the Colonel in a low voice.

'What of that?'

'Don't you think it just possible, Tom, that she may remember me as I remember her?' He spoke in a nervous, hesitating way. 'After all, neither of us is so *very* old. Would it be so very absurd, then, if—if, in short, we were to marry and try to make each other happy, while there is a little time left us to do it in?'

For a few seconds the doctor did not answer. 'My poor friend!' he began.

The Colonel wriggled uneasily on his chair.

'And are you really credulous enough to imagine that this woman has remained unmarried because you and she loved each other—or fancied you loved each other—some twenty years ago?'

'Why not, Tom? The thought of her has always been dear to me. I have never cared for any one else.'

'Could she say the same?—As it happens, I am not unacquainted with the history of the lady in question. In less than two years after you left England, she was engaged to old Purkiss the banker. Purkiss, however, took it into his head to die about a week before the wedding-day.'

'She was forced into the engagement by a tyrannical father. It was he who separated her and me.'

'The tyrannical father had been dead six

months when she became engaged to Purkiss. Two years later, Miss Latimer obtained twelve hundred pounds damages in an action for breach of promise against a rich young booby of a country Squire.'

The Colonel's chin drooped on his breast. 'Can these things be true?' he asked sadly.

'I have the newspaper report of the action somewhere at home. I cut it out at the time, knowing there had been something between you and her. I'll hunt it out, and bring it you to-morrow.'

The Colonel made a gesture of dissent, and turned away his face.

'Some of the letters between her and young Mowbray were read out in court,' continued the doctor cheerfully. 'Regular gushers, I can assure you.'

Merrydew glanced sharply at his friend. The latter had shaded his face with one hand and appeared to be gazing intently into the fire. The little doctor got up very quietly and went and opened the window. While he was thus engaged, the Colonel, without turning his head, put out his hand, grasped the miniature, drew it to him, and put it back into the breast-pocket of his coat.

'But Miss Latimer is still before the public,' went on the doctor as he resumed his seat; 'not perhaps quite so youthful-looking as she once was, but doing her best to make people believe so. She is a well-known character, I assure you, Colonel. She is known in these parts as "The Privateer."'

'The Privateer!' exclaimed the Colonel with a start. 'But why the Privateer?'

'Because she cruises about from one watering-place to another, in the hope of being able to capture a rich husband. At present, she is in Brighton, having lately returned from Scarborough or Harrogate. A month hence she will fit to Eastbourne or Torquay. In the season, she pays a flying visit to Dieppe or Trouville. She is equally well known in a dozen different places.'

The Colonel could not repress a low groan. 'Merrydew, this is terrible!' he murmured.

The doctor rose, and going behind his friend's chair, he placed a hand on each of his shoulders. 'And shall you, my dear old friend,' he said, 'become the prey of this piratical craft? Shall you, at your time of life, after having escaped a thousand perils by land and sea, strike your flag ignominiously to this Red Rover of the deep? Never—never, if aught lies in Tom Merrydew's power to prevent it!'

The Colonel rose and turned and grasped the little doctor's hand. 'You are right, Merrydew. I have been a fool. I can see it now. The dream of a lifetime has vanished; but that matters little so long as my eyes have been opened to the truth.'

The doctor looked at his watch. 'Later than I thought,' he said. 'My brougham will be at the door in five minutes. You shall come for a drive with me while I go my rounds.'

'But this confounded east wind!'

'East wind, indeed! It's due sou'-west, and comes in puffs as soft and balmy as a maiden's breath.—Away with you! I'll give you five minutes to get ready in.'

The Colonel cast a longing glance at the fur pelisse, but went without another word. He looked some years older than he had looked a quarter of an hour previously.

'I must break him off these milksop ways,' remarked Merrydew to himself, as he gazed after his friend. 'But the first thing is to guard against his capture by the Privateer.' With that, he stepped out through the open window on to the sunlit balcony.

Dr Merrydew had not been more than two minutes in the balcony, when Miss Chester entered the room, followed by a tall, fair, pleasant-looking young man—the Mr Horace Gray of whom Marian had spoken to her uncle.

'Dr Merrydew in the balcony, and uncle not here,' said Marian. 'Perhaps they are going out together. I wanted Uncle Charles to go out with us.'

'Two's company—three's none. Your Uncle Charles is a sensible man.'

'But I wanted him to see as much of you as possible while you are here. He likes you already, I think; but I want him to like you still more.'

'I will do my best to cultivate him over the dinner-table. He's a splendid fellow and no mistake.'

'To look at him, who would think he had been in so many battles!'

'Hush—here he is.'

'Uncle, you have met Mr Gray before,' said Marian as the Colonel entered the room dressed for going out.

'And am very glad to meet him again,' was the reply, as he shook hands cordially with the young man. 'This young conspirator says that she means to make me *your* uncle as well as her own, before long.'

'Oh, Uncle Charles!' exclaimed Marian with a sudden blush.

'It is the dearest wish of my heart that she should do so, sir,' responded young Gray.

At this juncture they heard the now familiar loud double knock.

'Another telegram from mamma,' said Marian with a look of annoyance.

'That woman will drive me back to India,' muttered the Colonel under his breath.

Juxon brought in a telegram on a salver, and presented it to Miss Chester. Marian tore open the envelope and read the message. As she did so her cheeks grew pale, and she could not repress a little cry of dismay.

'No bad news, eh, my dear?' said the Colonel anxiously. 'Your mamma has not telegraphed that she's coming down here?'

'Far, far worse than that, Uncle Charles. Sir Hugh Prendergast is coming down by the next train to propose to me; and mamma says that on no account must I refuse him.'

'But this is monstrous. You can't engage yourself to two men at one time. We'll soon send Sir Hugh packing again, never fear.'

'You don't know mamma as well as I do. Her orders *must* be obeyed. Oh, Uncle Charles, what shall I do?'

'Do? Why, dry those pretty eyes, and be off with your sweetheart, and enjoy yourselves while you can. Leave me to deal with the baronet and mamma. I'm not afraid of either of them, or

of both of them put together. So now run off—not another word.'

Nothing loath were the young folk to do as they were bidden. As soon as they were gone, Merrydew, who had been watching the scene from the balcony, stepped into the room. 'This comes of letting your sister-in-law know that you have made her daughter your heiress,' he said drily. 'That young spark is not good enough for a son-in-law now. Her daughter must wed a baronet. Evidently Mrs Chester is a very clever woman.'

'Heaven preserve me from being clever in the same way!'

'What do you mean to do in the affair?'

'Seeing that Mrs Chester has favoured me with so many telegrams of late, I propose to favour her with one in return.'

At a side-table were writing materials, and among other things some blank telegram forms. The Colonel seated himself at the table and proceeded to fill up one of the forms. When he had completed it, he read it aloud to his friend:

"*From CHARLES CRAMPTON to MRS CHESTER.*—Should any unnecessary obstacles be placed in the way of your daughter's marriage with Mr Gray, I shall at once alter my will, and make Mr Gray my heir-at-law."

'There! I think that will have the effect of putting matters to rights,' said the Colonel grimly, as he put the telegram into an envelope.

'By Jove, Crampton,' said the doctor admiringly, 'if you only acted in all the affairs of life with the decision and common-sense you have brought to bear in this, you'—

'Gently, Tom—gently,' said the Colonel with a deprecatory lifting of one hand. 'We can generally see clearly enough how to act for others, while often missing the right road for ourselves.'

Juxon came in, in answer to the bell, and his master handed him the telegram for immediate despatch. But at this instant there came an interruption in the form of a long-drawn fashionable rat-tat at the front-door.

The little doctor skipped lightly to the window and peeped out. 'Miss Latimer, as I live!' he exclaimed. 'I thought she would not be long before she hunted you up.'

The Colonel seemed to collapse in a moment. 'What shall I do?' he asked, in the tone of a frightened school-girl.—'Say—say I'm ill—say I'm dying—say I'm dead!' Was this the man who had won the Victoria Cross at the bayonet's point?

'No, no; that will never do,' answered Merrydew with a twinkle in his eye. 'We had better fight it out once and for all. Go into your dressing-room, and wait there till I fetch you, and leave me to meet the first charge of the enemy.'—Then to Juxon: 'Show the lady up.'

The Colonel needed no second intimation; and as he went out by one door, Juxon left the room by the other. The doctor remained buried in thought.

A minute later, Juxon flung open the door and announced: 'Miss Latimer and Mrs Candy.'

'Steady. Fix bayonets,' said the doctor to himself.

Miss Latimer advanced into the room with the

same mincing and affected gait that had characterised her when an over-conscious girl of eighteen. She was tall and thin—very thin, although art had done its best to transform certain angularities of figure into smoothly rounded outlines. She had sharply defined aquiline features, and light auburn hair, which she wore in a mass of short curls behind her ears. She was quite aware that curls are not generally worn nowadays; but as hers were all her own and curled naturally, she had never found in her heart to sacrifice them. Besides, who could be sure that next season curls might not be all the mode?—for so doth the whirligig of time bring about its revenges. Consequently she lived in hope. She was not so blind to her own deficiencies as not to be aware that her eyes were somewhat lacking in brilliance—that their normal expression was slightly glassy, not to say fishlike—but this defect she did her best to remedy by darkening both her eyebrows and eyelids. Her complexion, taking her years into account, looked remarkably fresh and well preserved. She had large white teeth, which she was very fond of displaying, and a slender shapely hand, of which she was still more vain.

She came forward with rustling skirts and a comprehensive smile, and put out her hand. 'Anywhere—anywhere, dear Charles, I should have known you again in a moment,' she exclaimed with effusion. 'Time has dealt kindly with you. You are scarcely a bit changed.'

'Pardon me, madam,' said the little doctor blandly; 'but you seem to be labouring under a slight misapprehension. You are not addressing Colonel Crampton, but his friend, Dr Merrydew.'

For a moment she was disconcerted, but only for a moment. Dangling in front of her was a gold-rimmed double eyeglass. This she now lifted up daintily between her thumb and forefinger, and perched it on the thin ridge of her aquiline nose. 'Of course—of course; I now see my error,' she said as she stared the doctor calmly in the face. 'But my eyes were suffused with tears, and my heart was brimming with emotion, and at such times you know how easily one is misled.'

Miss Latimer had been followed into the room by an elderly gray-haired lady, somewhat eccentrically attired. This person now called attention to herself by a little cough. Miss Latimer turned. 'This is my aunt, Mrs Candy,' she said to Merrydew. 'A good creature, but as deaf as a post. It is not necessary to take any notice of her.'

Dr Merrydew bowed; Mrs Candy bobbed a little courtesy, and then went and sat down near one of the windows, and producing some wool-work and ivory needles from her reticule, took no further notice of anything that was going on around her.

'I am afraid, Dr Merrydew, from your presence here, I must conclude that our dear Colonel is ill?'

'Very ill indeed, madam. He has come back to his native country a mere wreck.'

'Can it indeed be so? Then my presentiments have come true—they nearly always do. I said to myself, he is ill, perhaps dying. Considering the bond that unites us—the bond of an affection that has never been ruptured for twenty years—it is my duty to go to him; it is my place to nurse him. Let a censorious world say what it

will, the double call of duty and affection shall be obeyed. Behold me, then, Dr Merrydew, accompanied by my aunt!'

'Your feelings do you credit, I'm sure, Miss Latimer,' said the doctor drily; 'but the fact is, Colonel Crampton has got his niece, Miss Chester, specially down here to attend to him and to look after his little comforts. He is well cared for, I can assure you.'

'Miss Chester indeed!' exclaimed the fair Lucilla with a sniff of scorn. 'I saw her out riding yesterday. What can an ignorant young thing like her know about nursing an invalid? No; I have had experience. I will be his nurse. What more holy duty could a woman wish for? Night and day I will watch by his side. Never will I desert him!'

'Confound the woman! She will stick like a leech,' muttered the doctor to himself. 'I must change my tactics.'

The 'woman' was quietly taking off her bonnet and gloves. Merrydew regarded her with dismay.

'I am dying to see my dear Charles. Will you not conduct me to him?' she asked.

'You shall see him almost at once, madam; but there must be no scene, no excitement, or I won't answer for the consequences. Weak action of the heart and all that, you know.'

'I will be very, very careful.'

Then the doctor left her and went into the dressing-room.

## HOUSES FOR THE POOR.

### IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

A STRIKING pamphlet recently published, entitled *The Bitter Cry of Outcast London*, has served to draw public attention to the terrible sufferings endured by vast numbers of those who crowd our mammoth city. Once more we see illustration of the old truism, that one half of the world knows nothing of how the other half lives; yet, that the luxurious, well-to-do half is by no means indifferent to the woes of the less favoured portion of its fellow-citizens, is fully shown by the interest evoked whenever those woes are brought prominently forward, as in the present instance.

Many forms of suffering are dwelt upon in the *Bitter Cry*, but our intention is to deal with one only—the want of anything like proper house-room for the poor; and it need hardly be said that the difficulties in the way of meeting this grave and pressing question are so great as to call for much more than a mere passing interest. Our subject, far from being simple and uninvolved, embraces so large a number of differing interests and considerations, that the starting-point is anything but clear; nor do we believe that anything short of a radical change in not a few of our present ways and habits, can avail for a permanent solution of this knotty problem.

That the house-accommodation for our poor is alike bad and inadequate, is admitted by all, and may be taken as an acknowledged fact. In a general way, this has for long been known; and for some time past, there has been a growing conviction in the public mind that a remedy must be sought and found; and we trust that future events will show that it only needed some such vigorous statement as the *Bitter Cry* to incite the

public to more active measures. With pity akin to contempt, many of us have spoken of the Irishman, content to go on living in his tumble-down smoky hut, without effort to better himself and his surroundings; and yet it is a very open question whether his condition may not be far superior to that of thousands of dwellers in our two capitals, London and Edinburgh, justly celebrated, indeed, for trade, wealth, and beauty, and yet having such a dark side of oppression, cruelty, and suffering as may well make us pause and consider, before the evil disease shall have taken such hold as to be beyond cure.

In dealing with this subject, we purpose taking these two capitals, for convenience' sake, and as exhibiting, a fuller development of the evils which in lesser degree are to be found in towns of smaller compass. The author of the *Bitter Cry* takes the worst parts of London for his theme, and it needs personal experience to fully understand the awfulness of the unexaggerated picture painted. Alas! it is by no means the worst districts only that have come to the present state of over-crowding. Take, for instance, a case well known to us, the scene of which lies in what is certainly not reckoned a bad quarter. The family, when first brought under our notice, consisted of father, mother, girl of sixteen, boy of fifteen, and five young children, in addition to two 'illegitimates,' born on the premises and adopted into the family. In order to help towards finding food for so many, two young-men lodgers were received; and the whole tribe occupied two rooms over a stable. Four of the children slept in a row, at the foot of the mother's bed, being dislodged for one night only, on the arrival of a tenth child. In another case, a father, mother, and eight children between the ages of three and eighteen, slept in a room so small that to walk round the bed was an impossibility. Yet here all the eight children had been born; and the family continued to herd together thus for many years, till, fortunately, the house was condemned as unfit for habitation; and then the one bed was seized by the landlord, in lieu of fifty-two weeks' rent!

Again, take an Edinburgh case, where a family of twelve were found huddled together in a small room with a tiny recess—in which one room they all ate, drank, cooked, washed, and slept.

Need it be said that, under such circumstances, decency becomes not only a forgotten fact, but often a forgotten word? The results of such a way of living are so shocking, that to attempt description is neither possible nor permissible. Indeed, in writing on such a subject, it is but the outside, and consequently lesser evils that may be mentioned; the dark abyss beyond is so unspeakably dark, that no hand may venture to draw aside the veil that hides its existence from public view. Still, an effort of imagination may supply some slight idea of the future of children brought up in such an atmosphere, who in their turn becoming fathers and mothers, pass on to the next generation exaggerated forms of their own evil up-bringing. Indeed, it is a mystery to us that any turn out well; and we venture to say that where this is the case, it is, as a rule, the result of external counteracting influences, religious or philanthropic. At the same time, amongst the class a grade above the

lowest, the brave efforts made by some parents to keep respectable, and to bring the boys and girls up to habits of decency and self-respect, are beyond all praise. A poor friend of ours is bringing up her family of nine children in very limited house-accommodation, to ways as nice and particular as heart could desire. But to accomplish this within the narrow limits of a couple of small rooms, a large amount of care and watching is necessary, and this involves so much trouble and anxiety, that such cases are unhappily rare.

But it may be objected that over-crowding to the extent we have named must surely be exceptional. As a fact, such instances as we have named could be multiplied hundreds, even thousands of times in even the suburbs of London; and there is a lower depth still, compared with which the wretched rooms we have described are almost palatial in their accommodation. For those who descend to the common lodging-houses, where fifty or sixty—or more—persons of all ages and both sexes find a roof over their heads, there is indeed such degradation and misery, that once more our pen refuses to paint the terrible picture.

But not only are the houses of the poor thus over-crowded; as a rule, the state of repair, or rather non-repair, in which they are kept is such as to be equally incredible to those who have not had personal experience of how little it is possible to expend upon house-property. We ourselves have seen many houses in different parts of London without the slightest trace of paper on the walls, where the plaster has dropped away from the woodwork, and where holes in roof and ceiling allow the rain to pour in unchecked. Windows with more brown paper or rags than glass are by no means exceptional; whilst smoky chimneys are quite the fashion. In many quarters, too, there is absolutely nothing in the way of proper arrangements for the removal of refuse; and consequently may be found under the bed or behind the door an accumulation of filth, ashes, &c., causing an odour well-nigh intolerable to the uninitiated. We believe that the case of an eighteen-year occupier of a room on which not a shilling had been spent during his tenancy, is anything but a solitary one; indeed, the sight of repairs or improvements is so rare, that we well remember pulling up in surprise, on entering a small house in a London suburb, at the astonishing revelation of a new paper on the walls.

'Yes,' said our hostess, 'I don't wonder you're surprised. Every one is, as comes to the house. You see, my husband's been brought up tidy, and he couldn't abear the dirt, so he bought some bits of paper cheap, and we hung them up between us.'

'And will your landlord allow you anything for it?'

'Not he; he'd only say: "More fool you, for doing it."'

A few yards farther down the street, we came upon the case of a respectable old man lying dangerously ill with inflammation of the lungs. A staircase, steep as a ladder and guiltless alike of paint or hand-rail, led straight into a small garret-like room, bare of all furniture but a poor comfortless bed, on which lay our unfortunate



patient, gasping for breath, and shivering in the bitter cold of a sharp December frost.

Pointing to the fireplace, we inquired why it was empty.

'Oh,' answered the wife, in the most nonchalant, matter-of-fact tone, 'it's no good lighting a fire when the wind sits this way.'

'But why?'

'If you look up, you'll see.'

We did look up, and found a fine view of the open sky, the chimney not being a foot higher than the roof.

'But surely the chimney was not built so?' we remarked.

'Dear no; it usen't to smoke, only a little; but they had a chimney on fire next door, and in putting it out, they broke ours like this.'

Again we were simple enough to suggest appeal to the landlord; but a scornful laugh was the response, accompanied by the significant remark: 'All he says is: "You can go, if you don't like it."'

Significant, indeed, was the statement; for it is just the difficulty of going, and of getting other accommodation, that gives the poor man's landlord the power to refuse to listen to the most just complaints or demands; and if by chance the complaint is listened to, and the most necessary repairs set on foot, the unfortunate tenant is almost certain to be visited by an addition to his rent, on the ground of expense incurred. To show to what an extent this may be and is carried on, we cannot do better than quote from the *Bitter Cry*. Touching this question of repairs, the writer says: 'If by any chance a reluctant landlord can be induced to execute or pay for some long-needed repairs, they become the occasion for new exactions. Going through these rooms, we come to one in which a hole as big as a man's head has been roughly covered; and how? A piece of board from an old soap-box has been fixed over the opening by one nail, and to the tenant has been given a yard and a half of paper with which to cover it; and for this expenditure—perhaps fourpence at the outside—threepence a week has been put upon the rent! If this is enough to arouse our indignation, what must be thought of the following? Two old people have lived in one room for fourteen years, during which time it has only once been partially cleaned. The landlord has undertaken that it shall be done shortly, and for the past three months has been taking sixpence a week extra for rent for what he is thus going to do!'

And yet, so scanty is the poor man's accommodation, that he is obliged to put up with treatment such as this, if he would keep a roof over his head; and it is this, too, which enables a landlord to demand what may truly be called a 'fancy price.' Of the cases already mentioned, the rents varied from four shillings and sixpence to six shillings and sixpence per week for one or two rooms; whilst two cases under our present notice may serve to illustrate the position in this respect of the decent, hard-working poor who have managed to keep above the lowest level. The first is the case of a family of six—father, mother, three grown-up children, and a boy of fourteen. The only one in regular work earns ten shillings per week, finding herself in everything; but they consider themselves fortunate in getting a

damp underground kitchen—with a right of way through for other lodgers—a draughty room on the first floor, and a tiny, sky-lighted attic, for six shillings and sixpence per week, or sixteen pounds eighteen shillings per annum.

Another is the case of a laundress, who by reason of her work is obliged to indulge in four rooms, of which one only is large. For this, she pays thirteen shillings per week, and considers that she is standing at anything but a high rent; 'as times go,' she adds with a sigh.

Now, in the face of such rents, is it wonderful that the poor sub-let and take in lodgers to the appalling extent they do? Of course, it is a great temptation to, say, a poor man out of work, paying four shillings and sixpence for a room, to let the privilege of sleeping under the bed for two shillings. And yet, anything more degrading and demoralising for all parties it would be hard to imagine. Nor is it to be wondered at that under such influences the rate of infant mortality amongst the poor is frightfully high; and though one is often thankful to see the tiny sufferers released, the amount of agony and woe endured by such helpless victims is enough to melt the stoniest heart.

Again, as a result of over-crowding comes a vast amount of preventable disease; and nature takes her revenge in outbreaks of cholera, small-pox, or fever, which, beginning in the pestilential dens of neglected outcast poverty, soon finds its way upwards, and emphasises the lesson we are so slow to learn—that the human family is so closely bound together, that not the humblest member may be neglected without a result of punishment for those who exclaim in angry remonstrance: 'Am I my brother's keeper?'

For our own sakes, then, as well as for our poor neighbours', it behoves us to see to it that such abominations as the over-crowding we have considered shall be swept off the face of the earth as speedily and thoroughly as possible.

#### CHEER.

To move through life with a cheerful bearing does not present itself to our minds sufficiently often, and clearly in the light of a duty. At times of festivity, at the incoming of the New Year, at a wedding, at a birthday feast, it is true we feel it is our duty to take a happy face among our friends, or else to stay away; but when we fall back on the lower level of the ordinary week-day and work-day, we take no shame to ourselves for carrying about with us a brow of gloom or a countenance of discontent. We are too apt to ascribe to our innate temperaments the praise attaching to a blithe comportment; and the blame due to a sad demeanour. But indeed, save in the hour of bereavement or of humiliation, when aught but a sad aspect would appear to bespeak frivolity, we are all capable of so schooling ourselves that our presence shall be gladdening instead of saddening, and our arrival shall bring with it a sense of comfort, and not of depression; and undoubtedly it is a part of our duty to our neighbour, and one that will react most favourably on our own happiness, so to bear ourselves. It is recorded of John Keats that his face was so radiant with brightness that it bore the expression of one who has just looked on some glorious sight;

and it is related of Henry Lord Holland that he came down to breakfast with the air of a man who has just met with some signal good fortune. Such men communicate happiness and rebuke dejection as a sunny spring morning does, and stand to us for an ensample of how to take life. For those who have eyes to see, there is always some glorious sight to look on, and to fill the gaze with radiance; for those who have the heart to feel it, every morning that brings with it the power to rise from sleep and descend to breakfast, brings a signal good fortune. To meet the morning with a dark face is an affront to the sun; and to mope for one's own sorrows in the presence of another's mirth is unquestionably as bad in taste as to give the rein to hilarity in the presence of another's grief; yet the latter sin against good manners is one we would not lightly allow ourselves to be charged with.

Cheer and mirth are by no means synonymous. They are as different as a smile and a laugh. The latter may often be ill-timed; the former can hardly ever be so. We may bring a smile of comfort to the mourner by the bed of death, where a laugh would be sacrilege and desecration; for smiles and tears are no enemies, and no strangers. And so with cheer. Where mirth would be resented, cheer is welcomed. A man of an evil habit of life may be a loud and frequent laugh, but he will rarely bring with him an atmosphere of cheer. The stern Christian moralist, who was also the greatest poet of the middle ages, felt that to live sunken in gloom of spirit was not only to make miserable this life, but to earn punishment in the next; for, when picturing the various sufferings imposed upon the lost souls for the various sins committed during life, he describes those 'who in the sweet air that is cheered by the sun had lived sullenly,' as condemned to abide infixed in a pool of slime, accusing themselves, too late, of having always carried within their own hearts the sluggish smoke that darkened their days.

In homely language, 'to make the best of things,' or 'to look on the bright side,' is the habit of life that we approve in others; and the approval we give those who act in that temper implies our belief that the opposite mood is culpable. It has been said that the best of life is conversation; and to conversation, society is requisite. Certainly, therefore, it is much to our advantage to cultivate that side of our character which will make our company desirable; and we may rest assured that no brilliance of speech, no attractiveness of manner, no rare attainments or acquisitions that we may possess, will render our society so welcome and so beloved as a cheery temper. Pride itself might well come to our aid, and bid us keep a countenance of cheer; for what is a dejected bearing but a confession that we have not been able to hold our own in the battle of life—that we have been worsted, and that no efforts we can make are sufficient to restore to us that which we have lost, or can satisfy those desires which we have nourished? This is an avowal which we should be ashamed to make in words. Why, then, should we publish it in our demeanour? The self-reliant man, the man who is able to help himself and others, and is conscious of brave effort and high endeavour, will, despite reverses, have the spirit and the

fortitude to comport himself cheerily among his fellow-men; and will find that this very cheer is a key to open to him men's hearts and homes at once—is a magic power that finds him a chair at every table and a place by every hearthside. He will find this; and he will recognise that it is Cheer that he himself seeks in the intimacy and converse of friends—Cheer that he seeks in his favourite pleasures—Cheer that is offered to him by the lessons of religion; that it is this that makes the live and rippling brook the darling of the glooming woodland—it is this that makes the glowworm the darling of the moonless August night—it is this that makes the robin the darling of the silent winter morning, when the trees are leafless, and the snow is abroad, and no other bird has heart to sing.

### SING, LITTLE BIRD.

#### A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Sing, little bird, on the shivering lough,  
A grateful hymn to this dawn of love!  
The voice of discord is silenced now,  
And hosts of angels adore above;  
All earth rejoices this rapturous morn:  
O sing, little Robin, for Christ is born!

Sing, little bird, that immortal song  
The shepherds sang in the days of old,  
When watchful angels, a glittering throng,  
The strain first wakened on lyres of gold!  
Our feeble voices we dare to raise;  
So sing, little Robin, thy song of praise!

Sing, little bird, of that Father dear,  
Whose loving eye 'marks the sparrow's fall';  
The faintest whisper *His* heart can hear,  
*His* tender mercy enfoldeth all!  
We feel *His* presence this happy day;  
So sing, little Robin, thy sweetest lay!

Sing, little bird, of the wondrous bliss  
That thrilled through Mary, the Virgin mild,  
When her lips first printed a mother's kiss  
On the sacred brow of her heavenly child!  
While choirs of angels rejoice above,  
O sing, little bird, of that mother's love!

Sing, little bird, while their white wings shine,  
Of that burning rapture, that deep delight  
Which burst on her soul when *His* smile divine  
Flashed on the gloom like a meteor bright;  
And sing, little bird, of the trembling form  
Which the tender glow of her breast made warm.

Sing, little bird, of the dawning gray;  
Of the shout of triumph that rent the skies;  
Of the humble straw where the Saviour lay,  
With the light of heaven in *His* holy eyes;  
And sing, little bird, of the peace that stole,  
Like a seraph's breath, o'er the sinner's soul!

Sing, little bird, for *He* loves to hear  
The simple strain that the lowly sings—  
Such loving praise to *His* heart is dear;  
So shake the sleet from thy dusky wings,  
Let rapture glow in thy crimson breast,  
For the songs of the humble *He* loves the best!

FANNY FORRESTER.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fourth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

CONDUCTED BY R. CHAMBERS (SECUNDUS)

No. 1044.—Vol. XX.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1883.

PRICE 1½d.

## HOUSES FOR THE POOR.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

WE have already drawn the attention of our readers to the sufferings of thousands of our fellow-creatures, especially with reference to the over-crowding so terribly prevalent in our cities and large towns; and we now propose discussing some remedies for this state of things, a state so deplorable as to demand the serious attention of all thoughtful minds.

There are indeed some writers and speakers who would have us believe that it is worse than hopeless to attempt reformation. Things are so bad, say they, that interference will only make them worse. If better houses are built, and any portion of the present disgraceful nests of infamy removed, it will only tend towards driving the poor into still closer quarters; the already crowded 'rookeries' will become still fuller, and so the evil will be increased rather than diminished. The fallacy of all such argument lies in the way in which the 'poor' are spoken of as a body, all grades classed together indiscriminately, and consequently treated without regard to the infinite variety of their characters and circumstances. There is no worse issue of the over-crowding system than the inevitable close association it induces between the honest and dishonest; nor is it to be wondered at that so many fall from their good estate to low and evil habits, when we remember that, as regards children, a boy of ten may get several shillings weekly by stealing, as against the earnings to be obtained at such work as match-box making, which is paid at the munificent rate of twopence-farthing a gross!

In the face of such facts, it needs but little imagination to picture how great must be the temptation to the under-paid worker to yield to the vices which procure comparative luxury; and especially in times of sickness and scarcity of employment must it need a mighty effort to accept semi-starvation as the price of an honest life.

But it is not our intention to touch the wages-question, or to consider the many side-issues of the subject in hand; our object is to advance certain plans, which, if properly carried out, would, we believe, do much towards providing such accommodation for the deserving poor as might give them a chance of holding on to respectability and decency.

As to the criminal class, and the large number of those who may be described as hangers-on, of the good-for-nothing type, who have about equal objections to work honest and dishonest, we do hold it utopian in the extreme to plan conveniences and comforts for such; though at the same time, by beginning at the right end, we may hope in time to work downwards in such a way as to check the growth of evil, and even to diminish the amount of vice and degradation which already exists.

In setting to work to provide houses for the poor, two methods may be adopted: first, making use of present accommodation; and second, building new and more suitable habitations; and to carry out such schemes, public as well as private efforts are absolutely imperative.

We have already touched upon the present condition of the poor man's house or room, with its ill repairs, want of ventilation, bad water-supply, and lack of proper sanitary arrangements. Yet the owners of such property, as a rule, realise profits hard to obtain in other forms of investment, and in spite of the misery of their wretched tenants, are allowed to continue their extortions unnoticed, or if noticed, unchecked. True, there is such an official as a sanitary inspector; but to judge by results, his existence is practically useless. At anyrate, the difficulties in the way of getting redress are so great, that in the course of our experience amongst the poor, we have never met with a case of appeal being made for decision on a sanitary question. Yet, in hundreds of streets, courts, alleys, and wynds, house after house is so ill provided with air, light, and water, as to be positively unfit for human habitation. We remember meeting with an Edinburgh case

in which a basement hovel had evidently been intended for a stable; but not being sufficiently lighted and ventilated for the use of horses, it had been turned into a room, for the accommodation of a human family!

Now, in the face of such possibilities of perversion, is it not preposterous to raise a cry against inspection, on the ground of 'rights of property?' Not, of course, that we advocate state interference when the interests of the individual do not affect the peace and well-being of society; but where private interests differ from those of the community, a government can hardly be deemed wise and just which makes no effort to bring about mutual harmony. Surely if the man who sells adulterated food, and the milk-seller who risks spreading typhoid fever amongst his customers, are liable to penalty, that landlord should be held still more responsible who, from ignorance or greed, lets dwellings utterly unfit for habitation. Certainly, as regards disease, we may safely say that, over-crowded, ill-ventilated habitations do far more towards the spread of preventable evils than any amount of typhoid germs in milk or water, of which we rightly hear so much. Let there, then, be a sufficient staff of officials of intelligence and sagacity appointed by Government, and entirely independent of local influence. Let their duties consist, solely, in reporting fully on the sanitary condition of property in their districts. Their visits of inspection may be made either on demand, or, better still, at certain intervals, so arranged that landlord and tenant shall be equally ignorant as to when a visit may be expected. By such an arrangement, the tenant would be freed from fear of the landlord's vengeance, should he venture to complain; and though, at first, there would probably be little use of the privilege, long years of neglect having dulled the poor man's mind on sanitary matters, yet as time goes on, the leaven of knowledge will spread, till there comes to be due appreciation of freedom to make legitimate complaint.

As a result of such inspection, we may fairly expect to find suitable means adopted for ventilation, drainage, and a proper supply of water; and in addition, regulations as to the number of inhabitants in each building should be established and strictly enforced. Any building condemned as unfit for habitation and incapable of permanent improvement should be at once destroyed; a provision intelligible enough to those who have seen the effects of ground-damp, where bad foundations give no possibility of avoiding wet and mildewed walls. So much can only be properly carried out under government direction.

We now turn to the consideration of private schemes for helping the poor to help themselves, in a way which is impossible under existing circumstances. An authority on the subject, Miss Octavia Hill, has given her opinions clearly and decidedly in a series of papers, collected under the title of *Homes of the London Poor*, a book which deserves universal consideration. In it may be found the practical working of a private scheme of benevolence infinitely higher than the

ordinary run of alms-giving charity. Briefly put, her plan of work is to buy up existing buildings; and it need scarcely be said that, as a first step, the houses have to be put into tenantable repair; to replace a water-but, doing duty sometimes for three or four houses, with a proper water-supply; to make glass take the place of window ornamentation of the brown-paper and dirty-rag order; and to provide each house with its due complement of sanitary resources. These are some of the absolutely necessary preliminaries needful to the establishment of anything like proper relations between landlord and tenant.

Over-crowding and sub-letting must be entirely abandoned, large families being urged to take a reasonable number of rooms, which they are allowed to have at lower rates. Passages and staircases are to be white-washed and distempered, and with the yards, are placed under the landlady's care, to keep clean and in good repair. She is also allowed to remonstrate with the lodgers, should they keep their rooms habitually dirty.

As to repairs, an excellent plan is adopted, when practicable. A yearly sum is allowed for repairs for each house, and the surplus is devoted to such additional comforts as the tenants may desire. Economy and carefulness follow as natural results, where habits of idleness, dirt, and wastefulness have not taken too strong a hold upon the life and character. But even when such habits have degraded a district to an extent incompatible with the proper use of improved surroundings, patient continuance in right-doing has availed to bring the roughest into subjection to the laws of cleanliness and health.

The class occupying the quarters which have been thus treated is far below the mechanic, and consists of those who in ordinary talk would be reckoned amongst the *very* poor; yet we learn that, in the course of four years, only those unwilling to work have continued in really *distressed* circumstances; and it must not be forgotten, in talking of the poor, that amount of income is but a slight test of happiness and real comfort. A man earning, say, thirty shillings a week may be far more comfortable than his neighbour of education and refinement, whose hundred and fifty a year will provide so few of the things which his training and manner of life have made into necessities. One of the happiest men we ever knew was an omnibus conductor, working thirteen hours seven days a week, for twenty-eight shillings, whose wife described him as 'So jolly, he has to sing out when his 'bus is empty.' Not a few of Miss Hill's tenants had, through misfortune, sunk below their original grade; but simply by proving their character, have been able to regain their former standing. Such cases are truly delightful, and in refreshing contrast to the enfeebling effects of indiscriminate temporary relief.

But in order to carry out a scheme which will include intimate knowledge of the history and character of tenants, intelligent personal supervision is a necessity, and opens out a promising field for lady-workers. Calling for the rent each week, by bringing into constant contact, gives many opportunities for kindly remarks, which often serve as the foundation for a very real friendship, beyond comparison superior to the



ordinary run of district-visiting, which has such an unpleasant flavour of coal and soup tickets. Indeed, it is impossible to over-estimate the good which may be wrought in the hearts of the poor by educated sympathy, given in the spirit of friendliness, not patronage. Nor will the good results be all on one side, for, in addition to the blessing of kindness done, there are lessons of patient endurance and of cheerful submission, which have a force powerful and peculiar when learned in the dwellings of the sons and daughters of affliction.

But, taken on a different ground, as a mere commercial speculation, we find that providing decent houses for the poor is anything but a bad investment. Miss Hill gives as the result of her first year and a half of work, a profit of five per cent. on eight hundred and twenty-eight pounds borrowed, in addition to forty-eight pounds of capital repaid. The block of buildings, accommodating about thirty families, was first put in a state of thorough repair, with a plentiful supply of water on each floor. The tenants agree to keep their rooms and their share of staircase and passage clean; while the landlord undertakes the repairs which properly devolve upon him. Rents are paid with the utmost regularity, whilst a vacancy insures twenty or thirty applications. No case could show more strikingly that judicious outlay upon dwellings for the poor insures respectable tenants and good profits.

But whilst heartily advocating the adaptation of all such houses as can by proper attention be made fit for habitation, there still remains the question as to what may be the best future methods for providing decent, comfortable houses for the poor. Many houses and blocks of houses will, under sanitary inspection, be condemned to destruction; and to take their place, we know of no better plan than an extension of the system set on foot by our friend George Peabody. Sites for building purposes are so ruinously high in London, and there are so many thousands whose way of living compels them to remain as close as possible to its very heart, that it needs the gravest consideration to decide on the best way of making the most of every inch of ground. Perhaps no better idea can be given of the way in which this is being done, than by quoting a few sentences from the prospectus of an Industrial Building Company, which has just been handed to us. 'The buildings,' we read, 'at present erected and in course of erection by this Company comprise upwards of two thousand five hundred distinct houses, containing every necessary convenience for separate use. Each group of dwellings comprises one or more blocks of buildings, of from five to seven stories, or flats; upon each of which are two, four, or six distinct tenements, of three, four, five, or six rooms, a kitchen or scullery being provided to each. All the rooms have fireplaces, and are light and well ventilated; the living-room is provided with a kitchen-range, having an oven and boiler. There are cupboards in each tenement; and the sculleries are supplied with a separate water-supply, sink, coal-place—holding in most cases nearly half a ton of coals—copper, dust-shoot, &c.'

Certain moderate conditions are affixed to tenancy in all such buildings as the one we take as a sample, including the right which the

Company reserves to enter by its agents or workmen, and inspect the state of repair of every dwelling at all reasonable hours of the day. But the most important regulation, to which we would draw special attention, is the following: 'The tenancy to be weekly, and rents are to be paid, and kept paid, a week in advance. Under no circumstances whatever will payment be allowed to fall into arrear.' It is just this one invariable rule which, to our thinking, is so invaluable to the poor man's welfare. It is this which enables the managers of 'Buildings' to give their tenants far better accommodation than they can get elsewhere at the same terms. Knowing that the rent is *sure*, they can reckon on no loss; and not having any allowance to make on this score, are enabled to charge accordingly. Miss Hill has adopted the same line of action, and gives it as her experience that the truest kindness to the poor man is to prevent the possibility of his acquiring a heavy debt for rent. For this reason, yearly tenancy is, as a rule, a snare and delusion to the uneducated, and we have always found rates and taxes a mystery to such, too deep for solution. One such case under notice now is a melancholy instance of the evil. Far better would it have been for all parties if the rent had been so demanded each week, that it *must* have been forthcoming to save ejection. As it is, the misery is being protracted, and utter ruin can hardly fail to be the issue. Week by week the debt increases; and when a distress is put in by an indignant landlord, even the loss of all working implements will not make good the amount owing.

True, the forcing of payment sounds hard—to the unthinking, even cruel; but we fully indorse Miss Hill's experience, that the punctual payment of rent is a vital point, because it strikes a blow at the credit system, so harmful in its effects; and because the fact of a man's being kept up to his duty, increases his self-respect, and makes him able to grasp the hope of doing better for himself and his family. It is not the least sad effect of our present system that by it a sort of mental and moral paralysis is induced; and consequently the practical motto of the majority of our stunted over-crowded population is the old miserable standard of, 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.'

From this it follows that anything which helps the poor man to independence of thought and action, and which plants within his bosom the germ of hope and energy, is indeed a blessed stimulus in the right direction, which, allowed to take its own course, will greatly tend to improve and elevate the working-classes.

The remedies we propose, then, for our present wretched system of house-accommodation for the poor, are: (1) Government inspection, properly and efficiently carried out, and including registration of *all* lodging-houses. (2) Private benevolence or speculation applied to the improvement of existing houses. (3) The building by individuals, Companies, or government, of large dwellings, constructed so as to provide the necessary comforts of civilised life. (4) The abolition of the present system of rent, and the substitution of an inviolable rule of ready-money payment.

That some such measures will speedily be carried out, we have little doubt; and we hope

the day is not far distant when the working-man, however poor, will be able to take such pride in house and home, as to be unwilling to do anything by which he might risk their loss.

## THE ROSERY FOLK.

### CHAPTER XXV.—MARRYING AND GIVING IN MARRIAGE.

'AND would you say *Yes*, aunt dear, if he should ask me?'

'Before I answer that question, Naomi, my dear, let me ask you one. Is this little heart still sore about Arthur Prayle?'

'Indeed, no, aunt,' cried the girl indignantly; 'pray, don't mention his name. I am angry with myself for ever thinking of him as I did.'

'Under those circumstances, my dear, it may be as well to ask you whether you would like to be married.'

'Like to be married, aunt?—I—I—I think I should.'

'When, then—when a man, who is perhaps rather too bluff and tradesman-like in his ways, but who loves very dearly, and is a thoroughly true honest gentleman at heart, should ask me to be his wife, I think I should say *Yes*.'

She was a good obedient girl, this Naomi, and most ready to obey her aunt and take her advice. So thoroughly did she act upon it, that the very next day, Saxby charged into the room where Aunt Sophia was writing a letter, caught her hands in his and kissed them, crying in the most exultant manner: 'She's said it—she's said it!'

'What! has she refused you, Saxby?' said Aunt Sophia quietly.

'Refused me? No. Said *Yes*, my dear madam. Isn't it wonderful?'

'Well, I don't know,' replied Aunt Sophia. 'Do you think so?'

'That I do,' said Saxby. 'Oh, I am proud, Miss Raleigh, I am indeed; for though I'm an awfully big man on 'Change—away from Capel Court and my office, no one knows better than I do what a humbug I am.'

'Don't be a goose, Saxby,' said Aunt Sophia severely. 'There; you see you make use of such bad language that it is catching. Humbug, indeed! Look here, don't you say such nasty things again. If I had not known you to be a very good true gentleman at heart, do you think I should have encouraged your attentions as I have? Don't say any more. She's a good girl, Saxby; and I am very glad for both your sakes that it is to be a match.'

'Oh, thank you!' he exclaimed.

'But mind this, Saxby; if ever you neglect or ill-use her'

'If ever I neglect or ill-use her!' cried Saxby.

'Well, well, I know you will not. And now, listen, Saxby. I mean to give Naomi for her dowry'

'Nothing at all, my dear madam,' said the stockbroker, interrupting her. 'I've plenty of money for both of us—heaps; and as for yours,' he continued, with a merry twinkle in his eye, 'keep it for making investments, so that we can have a few squabbles now and then about shares.'

'Now,' said Aunt Sophia, 'I daresay it is very

wicked; but if I could see my dear Doctor Scales made as happy as Saxby, I should like it very much indeed.—What do you think, Kate? Can I do anything about him and Lady Martlett?'

'No, aunt; I think not,' replied Mrs Scarlett. 'And yet it seems to be a pity, for I am sure they are very fond of each other.'

'It's their nasty unpleasant pride keeps them apart,' said Aunt Sophia. 'Anna Martlett is as proud as Lucifer; and Scales is as proud as—as the box.' For Aunt Sophia was at a loss for a simile, and this was the only word that suggested itself.

'Let them alone,' returned Mrs Scarlett. 'Matters may come right after all.'

'But it's so stupid of him,' cried Aunt Sophia. 'Hang the man! What does he want? She can't help having a title and being rich. Why, she's dying for him.'

'But she sets a barrier between them, every time they meet,' said Mrs Scarlett.

'Yes; they're both eaten up with pride,' exclaimed Aunt Sophia. 'Oh, if I were Scales, I'd give her such a dose!'

'Would you, aunt?'

'That I would. And if I were Anna Martlett, I'd box his ears till he went down on his knees and asked me to marry him.'

'Begging your pardon, ma'am, you haven't seen master about, have you?' inquired John Monnick.

'He went up to the house just now, Monnick.'

'Because, if you please'm, I've got him a splendid lot o' wums, and a box full o' gentles for the doctor.'

'Ugh! the nasty creatures!' exclaimed Aunt Sophia, with a shudder. 'I hope they are not going fishing up by that weir.'

'They are, aunt dear—for the barbel.'

But they were not, for a messenger was already at the gate.

Just then, James Scarlett and the doctor came along the path, laden with fishing-tackle, on their way to the punt; but they were stopped by Fanny, who came up with a letter in her hand, the poor girl looking very subdued and pale, and a great deal changed in manner since the events of a certain night—events that had, by Scarlett's orders, been buried for ever.

'Lady Martlett's groom with the dogcart, and a letter for Doctor Scales, sir.'

'Ha-ha-ha!' cried the doctor, with a harsh scornful laugh, which told tales to the thoughtful, as Aunt Sophia and Mrs Scarlett came up. 'Here, Miss Raleigh, you see how I am getting on in my profession. Lady Martlett's pet dog has a fit, and I am honoured by her instructions. Here: read the note, Scarlett.'

'No, thanks; it is addressed to you.'

The doctor frowned, and opened the letter as he stood with his rod resting in the hollow of his arm; and his friends watched the change in his countenance. 'Goodness gracious!' he exclaimed, with quite a groan. 'Here, Miss Raleigh—read!' He thrust the letter into her hand, dropped the rod, and sped swiftly to the house, taking off his white flannel jacket as he ran; and a minute later they saw him in more professional guise beside the groom, who was urging the horse into a brisk canter as they passed along the lane beyond the meadow.

Meanwhile, Aunt Sophia had read the letter. It was very brief, containing merely these words: 'I am very ill. I do not feel confidence in my medical man. Pray, come and see me.—ANNA MARLETTE.'

'Had we not better go over at once?' said Mrs Scarlett eagerly; and the tears rose in her eyes. —'You will come, aunt?'

'Yes, of course, if it is necessary,' returned Aunt Sophia. 'But had we not better wait till the doctor returns?'

Kate Scarlett looked up at her husband, who nodded. 'Yes,' he said; 'I think aunt is right.' So they waited.

CHAPTER XXVI.—DITTO, AND ———.

'This doesn't look professional,' quoth the doctor to himself.—'Go a little more steadily, my man,' he said aloud to the groom; and consequently the horse was checked into a decent trot. For John Scales wanted to grow calm, and quiet down the feeling of agony that had come upon him.

'She may want all my help,' he thought. 'Poor girl! Bah! Rubbish! A widow of thirty. Girl indeed! Well, I hope she's very bad. It will be a lesson to her—bring her to her senses. What an idiot I am! Here my hand's trembling, and I'm all in a nervous fret. Just as if it was some one very dear to me, when all the time—When was your mistress taken ill, my man?'

'She's kep' her room the last fortnight, sir—not her bed; but she's seemed going off like for months and months. Hasn't been on a horse for a good half a year, sir, and hasn't been at all the lady she was.'

By the time they reached the lodge-gates, which were thrown open by a woman on the watch for the returning vehicle, the doctor assured himself that he was perfectly calm and collected; but all the same there was a strange gnawing at his heart; and he turned pale at the sight of the promptitude with which the gates were opened. It seemed as if matters were known to be serious. This did not tend to make him cooler as they trotted along the beautiful avenue, and drew up at the great stone steps of the ancient ivy-grown mansion, with its magnificent view over a glorious sweep of park-land; neither did the sight of a quiet-looking butler and footman waiting to open the hall door lessen Scales' anxiety. His lips parted to question the butler; but by an effort he restrained himself, and followed him up to a room at the top of the broad old oaken staircase, before whose door a heavy curtain was drawn.

'Doctor Scales,' said the butler, in a low voice; and as the doctor advanced with the door closing behind him, it was to see that he was in a handsomely furnished boudoir; while rising from a couch placed near the open window was Lady Martlett, looking extremely agitated and pale. Her eyes seemed to have grown larger, and the roundness had begun to leave her cheeks; but there was no languor in her movement, no trace of weakness. Still she was sufficiently changed to break down the icy reserve with which the doctor had clothed himself ready for the interview.

'I will meet her with the most matter-of-fact professional politeness,' he had said as he ascended the stairs, 'do the best I can for her as far as my knowledge will let me, and she shall pay me some

thumping fees.—No; she shan't,' he added the next moment. 'She shall know what pride really is. I won't touch a penny of her wretched money. She shall have my services condescendingly given, or go without.'

That is what John Scales, M.D., Edin., as he signed himself sometimes, determined upon before he saw Lady Martlett; but as soon as he was alone with her, and saw the wistful appealing look in her eyes as she turned towards him, away went the icy formality, and he half ran to her. 'My dear Lady Martlett!' he exclaimed, catching her hands in his.

For answer, she burst into an hysterical fit of sobbing, sank upon her knees, and hid her face upon his hands. 'I cannot bear it,' she moaned. 'You are breaking my heart!'

Jenner, Thompson, Robert Barnes—the whole party of the grandees of the profession would have been utterly scandalised had they been witnesses of Doctor Scales's treatment of his patient, though they must have afterwards confessed that it was almost miraculous in its effects. For he bent down, raised her from her knees, said the one word, 'Anna!' and held her tightly to his breast. In fact so satisfactory was the treatment, that Lady Martlett's passionate sobs grew softer, till they almost ceased, and then she slowly raised her face to look into his eyes, saying softly: 'There; I am humble now. Are you content?'

'Content?' he cried passionately, as he kissed her again and again. 'But you are ill,' he added excitedly, 'and I am forgetting everything. Why did you send for me?'

'Is pride always to keep us apart?' she returned in a low tender whisper. 'Have I not humbled myself enough? Yes; I am ill. I have thought lately that I should die. Will you let me die like this?'

'Let you die?' he cried passionately. 'No, no! But think—what will the world say?'

'You are my world,' she said softly, as she nestled to him. 'My pride is all gone now. You may say what you will. It has been a struggle, and you have won.'

'No,' he responded softly; 'you have won.' He never boasted of the cure that he effected here. Wisely so. But certainly Lady Martlett was in an extremely low state—a state that necessitated change—such a complete change as would be given by a long continental tour, with a physician always at her side.

The world did talk, and said that Lady Martlett had thrown herself away.

'The stupid!' exclaimed Aunt Sophia. 'Just as if a woman could throw herself away, when it was into the arms of as good a husband as ever breathed.'

James Scarlett had one or two little relapses into his nervous state, and these were when family troubles had come upon him; but they soon passed away, and the little riverside home blushes more brightly than ever with flowers; the glass-houses are fragrant with ripening fruit; and Aunt Sophia sits and bows her head solemnly over her work beneath some shady tree or another in the hot summer afternoons, the only solitary heart there.

Doctor Scales practises still, in his own way; and though he is somewhat at variance with the

profession, they all hold him in respect. 'As they must,' her Ladyship declares, 'for there is not a greater man among them all.'

Saxby bought the pretty villa across the river that you can see from Mrs Scarlett's drawing-room. You can shoot an arrow from one garden into the other; but Aunt Sophia, who lives at the Scarletts' now, when she does not live with the Saxbys, always goes round by the bridge—five miles—never once venturing in the boat.

Arthur Prayle has been heard of as a Company promoter in Australia, where, as he does not deserve, he is doing well.

'A rascal!' Aunt Sophia says; 'and with the four hundred pounds he got out of me for that Society. But never mind; it was on the strength of that money that he tried to delude that foolish girl, and so we found out what a bad fellow he was.'

That foolish girl, by the way, has married a farmer, a friend of Brother William; and Aunt Sophia knits a great many little contrivances of wool for the results.

The last trouble that happened at the Rosery was when old John Monnick passed away.

'It's quite nat'ral like, Master James,' he said, smiling. 'Seventy-seven, you see. There isn't the least o' anything the matter with me, and I aren't in a bit o' pain. There's only one thing as troubles me, and that is 'bout the opening and shutting o' them glass-houses. I hope you won't be neglecting of 'em when I'm gone.'

'Oh, but you'll be stronger soon, John, with the spring—and come and look after things again.'

The old man smiled, and shook his head slowly from side to side. 'Tain't in natur', Master James,' he said.—'Tain't in natur', mistress. I come up, and I growed up, and I blossomed, and the seed's dead ripe now, ready for being garnered, if the heavenly Master thinks it fit. I'm only a servant, Master James, and I've been a servant all my life; and now, as I lie here, it's to think and hope that He will say: "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

It was Kate Scarlett's lips that formed in an almost inaudible whisper the word 'Amen!' as the old gardener fell asleep.

THE END.

## THE FASTEST TRAIN IN GREAT BRITAIN.

THE trains of Great Britain run, in the opinion of the British public, far more swiftly than those of any other nation; but, at the same time, there is a general vagueness with regard to their actual rate of motion that has a great effect in exaggerating the reports of their speed. Every one naturally claims that the train by which he himself frequently travels is the first in point of speed. The tourist or the sportsman dashing down to Scotland believes in the 'Flying Scotsman,' the great ten o'clock morning train from King's Cross, which runs into Lincolnshire without a stoppage; and, after allowing thirty minutes at York for a hasty mid-day meal, reaches Edinburgh at seven o'clock, in time for a substantial dinner in the northern capital. Another candidate for the

honours of speed is the 'Flying Dutchman,' of Bristol and Exeter celebrity. It is a broad-gauge train, and there is a very prevalent idea that no matter how great the speed of other lines may be, the great width that Brunel introduced enables a higher velocity to be obtained on the Great Western than anywhere else. A third competitor, with many partisans, is the 'Wild Irishman,' carrying the Holyhead mail not only for Ireland but for America, and, *via* San Francisco, for Australia and New Zealand.

The vaguest ideas, as already said, prevail as to the running speed of these trains. The speed of the Flying Scotsman is generally assumed to be fifty miles an hour; the Wild Irishman is credited with the same rate; but the friends of the Flying Dutchman maintain that the run from London to Bristol averages sixty, and that it is far ahead of all its rivals in regard to speed. Among such diversities of opinion, it may be interesting to give a few particulars of these champion trains. It is beyond our province to enter into the question of the accommodation and facilities provided by the different railways for their passengers, or to discuss the relative merits of Pullman cars and sleeping carriages. These, together with the whole question of fares and varieties of class, are completely outside the present question, which is merely concerned with the running speed of the quickest train in the British Isles. It may be mentioned that Ireland cannot show a single train averaging forty miles an hour.

The partisans of the Wild Irishman will be disappointed when they hear that, whatever may be the result of the negotiations now pending, or that may have been completed, between the London and North-western Company and the Post-office, the 'Irish mail' cannot even be named in the competition. The quickest of the four trains known by this name—and it may be noticed that it stops more frequently than its three namesakes—averages 40·6 miles an hour; so that though, by the help of the steamer, the route to Dublin is probably the quickest sea and land journey in the world, still, as a train, the Wild Irishman is inferior to other trains of the London and North-western Company, which does not pretend to run the quickest train in England.

A few years ago the honour would have fallen to a Company comparatively little known, the London, Brighton, and South Coast, as it formerly ran a train from one place to the other, upwards of fifty miles, in sixty-five minutes—a small decimal over forty-six and a half miles an hour. This speed has, however, now been reduced, and five minutes more are allowed for the journey, so that the speed reaches only forty-three miles an hour—a fine speed still, but a sufficient decrease to lower the train from its proud eminence of speed.

Bradshaw is so perplexing a study to many persons, that in order to save further trouble, it may be well to admit that the struggle for first place in speed lies between two well-known trains, the Flying Dutchman of the Great Western, and the Flying Scotsman of the Great Northern, and the competition between them is extremely keen. The Flying Dutchman is a broad-gauge train, leaving Paddington Station at a quarter to



twelve mid-day, and it runs as far as Swindon without a stoppage. It is the custom for all Great Western trains to come to a halt at this station, and the Dutchman stops for ten minutes, devoted to refreshments, after which it resumes its course; and after a momentary stay at Bath, it reaches Bristol at twenty-one minutes past two, after a run of one hundred and eighteen and a quarter miles. Notwithstanding the importance of the city of the Avon, only five minutes for rest are allowed, and at twenty-six minutes past two, the Dutchman has resumed his wild career, and is rushing at full speed for Taunton, where there is a pause, hardly a stoppage, and at four o'clock in the afternoon the train rolls into Exeter. Here the career of the Dutchman is considered to end, as its great speed is no longer continued. It runs on indeed to Plymouth, and even Penzance; but it takes a longer time to finish the one hundred and thirty-two and a half miles between Exeter and the Land's End than the previous one hundred and ninety-three and three-quarter miles from London. It requires but little calculation to show that the speed from start to finish, including all stoppages, is 45·6 miles an hour—a fine speed certainly, but by no means the 'mile a minute' with which tradition invests it.

The other train whose claims have to be examined is the Flying Scotsman. This is a narrow-gauge train leaving King's Cross, London, at ten A.M. *en route* for Scotland. Its first start is impressive, for it opens with the longest run without a pause in England, and probably in the world, in the shape of a run to Grantham in Lincolnshire, a distance of one hundred and five miles. Six minutes are graciously allowed for breathing-time, and then the Scotsman takes wing for York. The speed is as high as ever; and at the end of one hundred and eighty-nine miles—completed in five minutes less than four hours—the train enters the handsomest station in England, that of the North-eastern Company at York. Most travellers believe that York Station belongs to the Great Northern line; but, as a matter of fact, the Great Northern line ends at Doncaster, thirty-four miles south of York, from which station the train runs over the North-eastern system to Berwick-on-Tweed. Even the Flying Scotsman must, like the Flying Dutchman, stop for refreshments; but as the distance covered is greater, the pause is longer. Half an hour is allowed the passengers at York, and at twenty-five minutes past two the train once more makes a start. A respectable run of eighty-four miles to Newcastle is followed by a stoppage there for five minutes; and another pause of the same duration at the old Border-town of Berwick-on-Tweed forms the last halt before, at seven o'clock in the evening, the Scotsman runs into the Waverley Station, Edinburgh. The total distance is three hundred and ninety-six and a quarter miles, covered in exactly nine hours, including all stoppages; and on applying the same calculation to the Scotsman as has been already applied to the Great Western train, it will be found that the northern train's average running speed is exactly forty-four miles an hour.

It is, however, only fair to place the matter in every light; and accordingly, as the Dutchman's career is closed at Exeter after a run of one

hundred and ninety-three and three-quarter miles—the run to Penzance not being counted—so in the same manner the speed of the Flying Scotsman may be taken as far as York, the distance being practically the same—one hundred and eighty-nine miles run in two hundred and thirty-five minutes, showing a speed of 48·2 miles an hour against the Dutchman's 45·6; thus placing the railway journey from London to York, like Dick Turpin's ride between the same places, at the head of all English railway travelling for speed.

It only remains for the writer to say, that the question of the quickest train is quite different from that of the highest speed attained by a train on certain parts of a line. He is, of course, aware that to obtain an average of forty-eight miles an hour, the speed must frequently exceed even the traditional 'mile a minute.' He may mention that he has been in the habit for years of taking the speed of trains by the milestones he passed, till he has acquired a certain facility in guessing the speed of a train. With regard to the speed so noted, he has frequently been conveyed on a certain part of an Irish line at sixty miles an hour; but the quickest speed he ever noted was a journey from Birmingham to London by the London and North-western Railway, when the train, for four or five miles on end, moved at the rate of seventy-five miles an hour, or a mile in forty-eight seconds.

## 'THE PRIVATEER.'

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CONCLUSION.

MISS LATIMER's first action, as soon as she was left alone with her aunt, was to take a careful survey of herself in the chimney glass, and to rearrange her ringlets a little—those ringlets which had been such a distraction to the Colonel when a susceptible young subaltern of five-and-twenty.

'I don't like that niece being here,' she murmured to herself the while. 'Perhaps he has been weak enough to make his will in her favour. Only let me get my footing firmly fixed, and I shall know how to rid myself of a young minx like her. We must be married by special license at the earliest possible moment; and as soon as the ceremony is over, I must get him away to one of the German watering-places.—Very ill, the doctor said. Well—well. I may perhaps be a widow by this time next year! I wonder what was the extent of the fortune left him by his brother? Something very handsome, I do not doubt. If I were in London, I would go to Doctors' Commons and get a sight of the will.'

At this juncture, Dr Merrydew, with the Colonel leaning on his arm, entered the room. The latter had now inducted himself into a fur-lined overcoat, which, in conjunction with the ample white silk muffler round his throat, only served to bring into more conspicuous relief his long thin visage and cadaverous complexion.

Miss Latimer came forward a step or two as he entered and gazed earnestly at him. 'A wreck indeed! He can't last long,' she murmured under her breath. But for the moment Miss Latimer had forgotten the flight of time, and had omitted to take into account the effect which twenty years of hard work under an Indian sun

might naturally be expected to have on the appearance of any one. There dwelt in her mind's eye the image of a handsome, fresh-coloured, brown-haired youth; and the contrast between that picture and this was too great to be altogether realised by her in those first moments of their meeting.

'This is Miss Latimer, Colonel,' said the doctor. 'You wrote to her a little while ago, I believe. She has kindly called to inquire after your health.'

The Colonel went forward and extended a hand which trembled a little. 'This is kind of you, Lucilla—very kind,' he said.

'Charles—my dear Charles—we meet again at last! I have dreamed of this for years. I have longed for it night and day. How sweet—how'— But at this point her feelings overcame her, and she pressed her handkerchief to her eyes.

He gazed at her in silence for a moment or two, then he said gently: 'You find me greatly changed?'

'A little, Charles—hardly as much as I expected.' Then, with a sigh: 'We none of us grow younger.'

He motioned her to a chair, and sat down himself.

Dr Merrydew slipped quietly out of the room without a word.

'Once more we are alone, my dear Charles—all by our two selves, as they say in the children's story-books. How vividly the vanished days of old live again in my memory! Ah me!'

'Why do you sigh, Lucilla?'

'For the past that can never return—for happy days that are fled for ever.'

'Is it not the truest philosophy to enjoy the present rather than to regret the past?'

'You are right, my dear Charles—as you always were. But when I think of that golden time, of our moonlight meetings, of our whispered vows, and then of the cruel, cruel way in which we were torn asunder, how can I help feeling sad?'

The Colonel coughed, but found nothing to say. Close to his chair was a hassock. Miss Latimer slipped gracefully down, and planted herself on this piece of boarding-house furniture, and taking one of the Colonel's hands in hers, began to pat it fondly.

For a moment the veteran looked alarmed.

'But I will tune my heart to a more cheerful strain,' continued the fair spinster. 'We are together once more, and that is enough. Always in my heart, Charles, your image has been enshrined. For your sake, I have refused all other offers. And now you have come back, and your letter tells me that I am not forgotten—that I am still dear to you. O joy! O happiness! I will never leave you more!'

The Colonel gently withdrew his hand. 'But you engaged yourself to be married to rich Mr Purkiss—and after your father's death too.'

Miss Latimer gave a little start and bit her lip. 'It was my father's last dying command that I should marry that man. He made me promise that I would do so. I could not disobey him, though my heart was breaking.'

'Of course not—of course not,' responded the

Colonel, as he laid a hand lightly on her hair. —'Hem! But—but there was an action for breach of promise against another man—was there not?'

Lucilla's face darkened. 'I was in hopes he had not heard of that,' she whispered to herself. Then aloud: 'Some one has been calumniating me to you, Charles;' and again her handkerchief went up to her eyes.

'No—no, I assure you. But one can't help hearing these things.'

'That man was a villain. He swore to me that you had got married out in India. In my despair, I listened to him; and at last I promised to marry him, although my heart was racked with anguish. Then he jilted me; and when I found that you, dear Charles, were still single, I brought an action against the wretch out of pure revenge, knowing that the only way to touch his feelings was through the medium of his pocket. But every farthing of the amount awarded me I gave away in charity; I could not touch his filthy lucre.'

'Merrydew was wrong. She *has* been true to me,' murmured the old soldier to himself.

'But all those troubles are past and gone now, dear Charles, and at last I am safe and happy in the haven of your love.—Do you remember the song I sang to you the night before we parted?' she asked as she nestled a little closer to him.

'As if it were possible that I could forget it!'

'The moon was just rising above the trees in the valley.'

'The evening air was sweet with the breath of roses.'

'We two were all alone in the dusky drawing-room.'

'Twas the hour of witchery.'

'And of love. Shall I sing you again to-day the song I sang you then?'

Before the Colonel could answer, the door was flung open and Dr Merrydew came in. His quick eye took in the situation at a glance. 'I'm not a minute too soon,' was his unspoken thought.

Miss Latimer sprang to her feet and crossed to the window, flinging the doctor a quick look of triumph as she did so.

The Colonel also arose, looking a little confused and sheepish. 'You were wrong, altogether wrong, Merrydew,' he said in a low voice. 'She *has* been true to me. She has never forgotten me, and—and—'

'You are going to ask her to become Mrs Colonel Crampton. I congratulate you beforehand, my dear friend!'

There was an unmistakable ring of irony in the little man's voice. The Colonel began to have an uneasy sense that perhaps he had been making an idiot of himself.

The situation was broken by the now familiar rat-tat of the telegraph messenger. For once the Colonel hailed it as a welcome sound. Presently Juxon came in with the message, which he handed to his master.

The Colonel opened the telegram; but as he read it, an air of much perplexity crept over his features. He read it a second time, and then he handed it to Merrydew, saying: 'Hang me, if I know what it means. Read it, and see what you can make of it.'

The doctor took the telegram; and apparently oblivious for the moment of the presence of Miss Latimer, he proceeded to read it slowly aloud:

'From BLANCHETT and BLANCHETT, Solicitors, Bedford Row, London.—Your brother's long-lost son and heir has turned up. He has called upon us, and has furnished us with unequivocal proofs of his identity. Under his father's will, he claims the whole of the property left you by your brother. Send us instructions by first post.'

Dr Merrydew gave vent to a low whistle as he refolded the telegram. 'My poor friend, you are a ruined man!' he exclaimed in the tone of one who is stating a mournful but indisputable fact.

'But—but I don't understand,' persisted the other. 'I'—

'Hold your tongue, can't you!' whispered the doctor with a meaning gesture.

Not a word of the telegram had been lost on Miss Latimer. She turned quickly. 'Ruined!—What is the meaning of all this?' she demanded in a voice which sounded like that of some other woman.

The Colonel, speechless with amazement, had sunk back in his easy-chair. In his expression, she seemed to read a confirmation of her worst fears.

'Madam, I am sorry to say the meaning is but too plain,' answered Merrydew in his most impressive tones. 'The fortune which came to Colonel Crampton at his brother's death was only to remain his in case a certain son, who had been lost sight of for many years, and was believed to be dead, should fail to turn up and claim his inheritance. Unfortunately—most unfortunately—it would appear that the long-lost heir has turned up; and, as I said before, our poor friend is a ruined man.'

Miss Latimer's face had changed colour more than once while the doctor was speaking. She bit her lip, to keep down her emotion. 'This is terrible news!' was all that she could find to say.

'Terrible, indeed,' echoed Merrydew, with a mournful shake of the head.—Then turning to the Colonel, he said: 'Bear up, old comrade—bear up. You will still have your half-pay left, and friends who will never allow you to want.'

Miss Latimer shuddered. 'Half-pay! Pauperism!' she muttered. 'From what an abyss have I been snatched! I must get away at once.'

The Colonel's face was a sight to see. Never in the whole course of his life had he been so mystified.

By this time Miss Latimer was putting on her bonnet and tying it with hurried fingers. 'So sorry, my dear Charles, to hear of your misfortune,' she said. 'But that you will bear it like a man—and a Christian, I cannot doubt. "Sweet are the uses of adversity," says the poet; and I sincerely hope you will find them so in the present case. And your poor health! After Dr Merrydew's warning, I am afraid that I have stayed too long and chattered too much. But you must forgive me this once. It was so pleasant to meet you again, you know; and if for a few moments we fancied ourselves Rosalind and Orlando—if for a little while we forgot the flight of time, and indulged in a few sentimental reminiscences, there

was no harm done. Some one enters—we rub our eyes—we awake—and we call to mind that we are two elderly people who have long outlived the romance of their youth.—I vow there is that dear Lady Dudgeon beckoning to me with all her might from the opposite side of the road! What can she want?' And Miss Latimer, who, while she spoke, had been standing close to the open window, began to wave her handkerchief at some imaginary person in the street. Then crossing the room and holding out her hand, she said: 'You will excuse me, my dear Colonel, I'm sure, but Lady Dudgeon's ponies are so very restive. So delighted we have met again after all these years. We shall see each other another day—on the Steyne—or the pier—or—or elsewhere.'

The Colonel had risen from his chair. A hectic spot burned in each of his cheeks. A light shone in his eyes which his men would have understood. 'I too am pleased that we have met, Lucilla,' he said gravely, as he took her hand for a moment and then dropped it.

Lucilla glanced from his face to that of the doctor. There was an expression in the latter that filled her with a terrible misgiving. But it was too late to retreat; she had 'burned her boats,' and must perforce go forward. She crossed to her aunt, and touched that automaton on the shoulder. The latter at once hustled her wool-work into her reticule, and next moment was ready to go.

The Colonel touched the bell. Juxon appeared. 'The door.'

Not another word was said. The fair Lucilla, whose face was very pale, swept the two gentlemen an elaborate courtesy, Mrs Candy followed suit with a funny old-fashioned bob, and a moment later the door had closed behind them.

'So vanishes the dream of a lifetime!' remarked the Colonel as he gazed sadly into the fire.

'A very good thing for you, I think, that you did not succeed in turning it into a reality,' responded the doctor grimly.

'But can you tell me the meaning of it all? I was never so mystified in my life.'

'The meaning's as plain as a pikestaff. I felt from the first that the "Privateer" carried too many guns for you—that you would strike your colours almost without a shot unless help were at hand. Nothing could save you but a *coup de main*. I took Juxon into my confidence, got from him the names of your lawyers, and concocted the bogus telegram which you received a few minutes ago. Mark the effect. The "Privateer," deceived by the message into hoisting her true colours, has sheered off, and left you to your fate, no longer deeming you worth capturing, and only sorry that she wasted powder and shot on you at all.'

'You don't think she will come back, do you?' asked the Colonel nervously.

'No fear on that score. That she will go cruising elsewhere in the wake of some richer galleon than she believes you to be, I do not doubt; but she will never flaunt her flag in these waters again.'

'Tom, you are one of the biggest villains unchanged!'

'Ah—ha! I had to tell a whopper or two, and no mistake; but if the end is ever allowed to justify the means, then is this a case in which I may hope to be forgiven.'

The Colonel had turned, and was dropping his faded love-letters one by one into the flames.

Merrydew looked at his watch. 'My poor patients! they will be wondering what the dickens has become of me,' he said; when once more the familiar rat-tat was heard.

A minute later, Marian burst impetuously into the room, an open telegram in her hand. Horace Gray followed in a more leisurely fashion.

'Oh, Uncle Charles, what do you think?' she cried.

'I think a great many things, my dear.'

'Here's a telegram from mamma to say that Sir Hugh Prendergast has changed his mind, and is not coming down to see me. And she actually sends her love to Horace, and hopes he is quite well! What kind fairy has worked these wonders?'

The Colonel's only answer was a smile.

Marian flung her arms round his neck and kissed him fondly. 'You are the necromancer to whose wand I owe my happiness!' she exclaimed. 'How can I ever repay you?'

'You can repay me best by getting married as soon as possible, and by letting an old man find his home under your roof.'

'And so save himself from ever being captured by a "Privateer,"' added the doctor drily, as he took up his hat and gloves.

*Author's Note.*—This story having been dramatised, and the provisions of the law as regards dramatic copyright having been duly complied with, any infringement of the author's rights becomes actionable.

## THE MONTH:

### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

It is to be hoped that, possibly before these lines appear in print, the Suez Canal question will have been definitely settled. The recent visit of Count de Lesseps to this country, and the friendly reception that he has met with on all sides, will go far to show our French neighbours that we are anxious to meet them in a friendly spirit. The matter has assumed a political aspect, as any discussion of international concerns is bound to do; but it is only by leaving such considerations quite out of the question, that we can fairly grasp its practical aspects. Leaving alone certain alternative schemes, which seem to be beneath serious notice, on account of the vast cost which they would entail, the question seems to resolve itself into the choice of two methods of procedure; and these are respectively, the widening of the present Canal, or the construction of a second water-way by its side. For many reasons, the first-named is the best course to pursue. The grievous delays which ships traversing the Canal are at present subject to are chiefly caused by the insufficiency of the channel; a ship will take the ground, and perhaps delay a large number of vessels in its rear. The same thing would constantly occur with a second Canal, unless both that and the existing one were considerably enlarged. The expense would be prohibitive, and would naturally amount to much more than the eight millions required to cut the present channel double its present width.

At the opening meeting of the winter session of the Royal Geographical Society, the President,

Lord Aberdare, reviewed the recent advances in geographical research, and showed most plainly that the spirit of adventure and hardy enterprise, such as animated the travellers of old, when there was far more to discover than there is now, still exists among the restless explorers of to-day. There are at present no fewer than six expeditions at work in Africa alone—three on its eastern, and three on its western coasts—helping in the uphill work of bringing 'the dark continent' to the light of civilisation. Naturally, the chief interest centres in the expedition of Mr Thomson, which, it will be remembered, was equipped at the expense of the Geographical Society; and we are glad to learn that the last news received of him was very satisfactory. We may mention here that the Hamburg Geographical Society has also received good tidings of Dr Fischer's expedition into the Masai Country; and although, like Mr Thomson, his progress was checked by a large force of Masai warriors, he has returned safely to civilised regions. He brings with him a rich ethnological collection, as well as an ornithological cabinet of four hundred specimens, a number of which are entirely new to science.

An official Paper, which has recently come to hand, telling us of the Wild Animals and their Victims in the Madras Presidency, reminds us that we are happily free from a form of disaster which is almost too horrible to contemplate, but which is common enough to the inhabitants of India. In the year 1882 there were killed in the presidency two thousand and fifty-five wild animals, consisting chiefly of tigers, panthers, leopards, bears, hyenas, and wolves. Of these last, only twenty-four were killed—a rather poor revenge for seventeen hundred cattle which they are credited with slaughtering. But perhaps, as they confine their attention to the lower animals, and do not attack human beings, the chase after them is not so earnest as it is after the terrible tigers, leopards, and panthers. Nearly twelve hundred persons are recorded as having lost their lives by wild animals and snakes in the year named; but there is, unfortunately, reason to believe that many cases of snake-bite are never recorded. The Board of Revenue is dissatisfied, it is said, at the paucity of the rewards offered for the destruction of these terrible forest pests; for the value of the cattle alone destroyed by them—nearly ten thousand in number—during this single year would justify a far more liberal scale of payment to those who risk their lives in reducing their numbers.

We may hope that the Calcutta Exhibition will lead to the introduction of useful articles of machinery into India. It is believed that the reason of there being so much waste and unreclaimed land in the country, is the want of proper implements to cultivate the soil. The plough, for instance, in many parts of the country is of the same primitive character as it was hundreds of years ago; and it is a fact that our Birmingham factories constantly turn out large quantities of so-called agricultural implements of such wonderful and absurd patterns that no civilised farmer would know for what they were used. At the late Vienna Exhibition, certain light iron ploughs were exhibited by a Swedish firm; and the suitability of these for Indian use was at once seen by Colonel Michael, who represented the Madras government at that



**Exhibition.** These ploughs cost only sixteen shillings apiece; and as an experiment, they have been introduced into the presidency with the best results. We feel certain that if some of our manufacturers were to study the subject—and they might begin by referring to a list of implements found useful in India—a document which has lately been published by the Secretary of the Agricultural Department there—a large trade might be secured to them in supplying the ryot class with better apparatus for cultivating the soil.

The suggestion made by Dr Ginsburg, the well-known Hebrew scholar, that simultaneously with the celebration in Germany of the fourth centenary of the birth of Luther, an Exhibition of the various books and manuscripts relating to the great reformer should be exhibited in the British Museum, was an exceedingly happy one. The suggestion has been carried out in a very thorough manner, and several cases in the room known as the Grenville Library have been devoted to the purpose. The manuscripts are naturally of the greatest interest, and contain many documents which form landmarks in European history. The most important of these is a copy of the Indulgence issued by Pope Leo X. for the rebuilding of St Peter's at Rome. This indulgence, sold by a priest appointed for the purpose, called forth the indignation of Luther, who subsequently issued his famous ninety-five theses or propositions against the doctrine of indulgences. Another manuscript tells us how these doings of the reformer were regarded by those in authority here at home. It is an account of the expenses entailed by certain revels held at Greenwich, November 10, 1527, at which the king was present. A play was acted before His Majesty, and two of the characters are described thus: 'The errytyke Lewter, lyke a party freer, in russet damaske and blake taffata,' and 'Lewter's wyfe in red sylke.'

In Professor John Collett's Geological Report of Indiana, he expresses the belief that the mastodon was alive in North America much more recently than naturalists commonly imagine. No fewer than thirty individual specimens of this enormous creature have been discovered in the marshes and miry places of Indiana. In excavating the bed of a canal in Fountain County, a skeleton was discovered imbedded in wet peat. Another skeleton found six miles north-west of Hoopston, Iroquois County, Illinois, the Professor considers to practically settle the question, not only that the mastodon was a recent animal, but that it survived until the life and vegetation of to-day prevailed. The tusks of the huge creature here referred to were nine feet long, twenty-two inches in circumference at their base, and weighed—saturated with water as they were found—one hundred and seventy-five pounds. It is stated that the preservation of some of these remains is so complete, that the larger bones contain a quantity of marrow, which is used by the bog-cutters to grease their boots.

Since the discovery, a year or two ago, of a viking's ship buried beneath a mound on the shore of a Norwegian fiord, no archaeological find of anything like similar interest has come to light, until the recent examination of a somewhat similar though much smaller mound in the quiet churchyard of Taplow, near Maidenhead. This

tumulus, upon which many archæologists have doubtless cast longing eyes, has been completely excavated, and has yielded some treasures, which we are glad to learn are to find their way to the national collection. First, at about twenty feet below the top of the mound was found a quantity of gold fringe, lying obliquely across what was originally a burial chamber. This fringe, once forming the trimming of a cloak or mantle, had been fastened at the shoulder by a large gold buckle of exquisite design and workmanship. A double-edged sword, or rather the remains of one—for it broke into pieces when handled—some spears, knives, and shields, completed the personal belongings of the dead man, whose body was represented by a few fragments of bone, pieces of vertebrae, much broken and decayed, lying parallel to the sword. Ornaments and other articles, too numerous to mention in detail, were also found in abundance, and the decoration of these admits of little doubt that they are of Scandinavian origin. This tomb is considered to be the most complete example of the method of interment adopted by the early invaders of Britain which has yet been found in the southern counties; and we shall look forward with great interest to the conclusions arrived at by experts, when this collection of relics of thirteen hundred years ago has been duly arranged and catalogued.

Apropos of the recent closing of the Fisheries Exhibition, a correspondent of the leading paper quotes the opening paragraph of an article in the *Times* for July 28, 1800, and suggests that the words are as applicable at the present time as they were when printed eighty-three years ago. Here they are: 'We are sorry to observe that no effectual steps appear likely to be taken either to inquire into or remedy the abuses of the fish-market. We believe this great commodity of human sustenance is in the hands of the strictest and most limited monopoly throughout the kingdom.' We are of opinion that the International Fisheries Exhibition has done much to break down this monopoly; but the good effects cannot be seen immediately. Certain it is that fish is far more abundant in our large towns than it was some months ago, for the recent interest excited in the subject has attracted many to the trade.

The statement by Sir Henry Thompson, that conger eel—although few people seem to be aware of it—is used for making the 'stock' of turtle-soup, has raised quite a storm, not only in aldermanic circles, but among the large body of purveyors who deal in that luxury. These gentlemen flatly contradict the soft impeachment; and although it is not possible to reproduce their arguments, one letter, written by 'Restaurateur,' is worth quoting, because it points out a circumstance which is certainly a novel one to most people—namely, that turtle is not a dear food. He says: 'I cannot understand why people should go out of their way to make turtle-soup of conger-eel or beef, or anything but turtle meat, when turtles are cheaper than beef or mutton, as they have been for some months past.' Again he says: 'For some months past there has been no possible inducement to adulterate, as the genuine article has been about the cheapest that could be obtained.' Most people on reading these words will be prompted

to ask why, when real turtle-soup does appear on the bill of fare at a restaurant, it is quoted at a prohibitive price.

A German medical paper gives an account of a series of observations carried out by Professor Gerhardt of Würzburg on the liability of pheasants, pigeons, turkeys, domestic fowls, &c., to the attack of diphtheritis, and the possibility of the communication of that disease by this means. As a case in point, it is related that in September 1881 some hundreds of fowls were sent from the neighbourhood of Verona to Nesselhausen in Baden, where there is a fowl-rearing establishment. Some of these were affected with diphtheritis before they started on the journey, and in the end nearly half of them died. Five cats caught the malady, and a parrot was also invalided from the same cause. A diseased hen bit a man's wrist, and he presently became ill, and had a most tedious recovery. Many of the workmen at Nesselhausen caught the disease from the fowls, and in one case a man conveyed it to his children.

Of the many uses to which paper is now applied, perhaps the most remarkable is boat-building. The Westinghouse Company in America have now for some time been producing small paper boats—indeed, the original patent specification was taken out so long ago as 1868—but now they are turning their attention to craft of larger size, and are constructing an experimental steam-yacht or pleasure-launch. The method of manufacture is briefly as follows. A full-sized model is first of all constructed of wood, and to this sheet after sheet of thick Manilla paper is successively attached, until the whole forms a compact cardboard-like skin. This is afterwards detached from the mould, waterproofed, varnished, and finished for use. It is claimed for these boats that they are stronger, more durable, and stiffer than ordinary boats; that being without joint or seam, they are not subject to leakage by any sudden strain; that they have no grain to crack or split; and that they are not affected by extremes of heat and cold.

The paper industry in Germany has lately afforded an instance of one of those curious coincidences by which two different minds widely separated will work out and patent the same idea. For some years, a German Professor took out a patent for a process of transforming wood-pulp into paper, and the process was so successful, that it was adopted by most of the German manufacturers, and brought into its inventor some twenty-five thousand pounds sterling annually in the shape of royalties. A few months back, a paper-maker discovered that the process was really identical with one patented long ago by an American, and brought the matter under the notice of the Imperial Patent Office. The patent of the German Professor has been now declared to be null and void; so that his income suddenly comes to an end, and the German paper-trade has received a very welcome impetus.

The curious tendency of different minds to adopt the same idea is seen in another phase in the various attempts that have been made to cross the English Channel by some other means than by an ordinary boat. Captain Boyton set the fashion with his swimming-dress. Poor Captain Webb followed him. Then came nume-

rous attempts to cross the silver streak in balloons; and more lately an enthusiastic inventor has been twice nearly drowned in trying apparatus in which he alone had faith. Many of these attempts must be put down to that strange fool-hardiness common to human nature; but in a different category must we place the successful voyage across the Channel from Dover to Calais of Mr Copeman in his life-saving raft. These rafts, already in use on the Peninsular and Oriental boats, form an admirable provision against the disasters of the ocean; and the recent experimental trip shows that they are seaworthy, and that in every way they answer their inventor's anticipations.

M. Gaston-Tissandier and his brother have recently constructed and tried a balloon of a somewhat novel character. It is cigar-shaped, about thirty yards long, and ten yards in diameter. Filled with pure hydrogen, carefully dried, a great ascensional power is obtained. But the novel feature of the balloon is its electric motor, which by means of a battery carried in the car will act for three hours. The two aeronauts ascended from Auteuil in October last; and at a height of five hundred metres, met with a breeze travelling at the rate of three metres per second. The electric propeller allowed the balloonists to outspeed this wind, and, after a manner, to steer their strange craft. But we need hardly say their course was with the wind, and not against it.

Mr Walter Besant, the well-known novelist, has pointed out a new employment for girls. Most of our readers know what a type-writer is—a little machine with keys like a miniature piano, the pressure of which will produce letters in printed characters. Now, several of the New York publishers are adopting the system of submitting proof-sheets to authors printed in this manner, so that they can be corrected, and handed to the press as fair copies. It is found cheaper to do this than to correct the work when actually set up in type. Young ladies are employed to work the type-writers, and get good remuneration for their services. The work is far lighter than that of an ordinary sewing-machine, and it is pleasanter, in being far less of a mechanical nature. Busy writers, who torture compositors by compelling them to decipher a cramped handwriting, would do well to take a hint from this new employment of the type-writer.

Each autumn brings in regularly its lamentable crop of gunshot accidents, and one is often tempted to ask how it is that such carelessness can exist among persons used to handling deadly weapons. But a new theory has been started, which, if true, would account for some of these disasters. Mr James Howard believes that the individual shots in a charge travel from the gun-barrel with different velocities, and that, therefore, they 'cannon,' like billiard balls, against one another, and so take erratic courses. He quotes the case of an accident which, he says, could only be accounted for on this hypothesis. With a view to ascertaining the 'spread' of different charges at varying distances, Mr Howard set up a target twenty feet square; and has published the results he obtained. We need only quote one measurement, which will show that the area of danger near a gun is far larger than people

commonly suppose. Firing at a distance of sixty yards from the target, the distance between the extreme shot-marks was no less than seventeen feet. These experiments, however, did not prove in any way that the 'cannoning' theory is right. Indeed, it is difficult to see how any proof can be obtained in support of the statement that the shots of one charge travel at different speeds.

### BOOK GOSSIP.

WE have pleasure in drawing attention to four volumes of poetry, the respective authors of which have been all more or less contributors of verse to our own pages. One of these volumes is *Poems*, by J. B. Selkirk (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.), and every page goes to prove that he is, what we know him to be, an author of considerable experience, with a terse, nervous, cultivated style, a deep feeling for nature in its tenderer moods, a force of spiritual insight that occasionally reminds one of Tennyson and Browning, and a command of free, fluent, picturesque English. J. B. Selkirk is also the author of a volume of poems that has long been out of print; but his *Bible Truths and Shakspearian Parallels*, a little work that is quite a mine of Shakspearian diamonds, has gone through many editions, and is likely long to maintain a place for itself in the little world of literature that has gathered round the Bard of Avon. He is likewise the author of a prose volume, *Ethics and Aesthetics of Modern Poetry*—a book full of fine thoughts finely expressed, and which embodies the distilled essence of much thinking. The volume of *Poems* now issued gives permanent form to much which it would have been a source of regret to lose.

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Another of these volumes of verse is *Lay Canticles and other Poems*, by F. Wyville Home (London: Pickering & Co.). Mr Home, also, is not unknown, and does not appear for the first time in print; his former volume, *Songs of a Wayfarer*, having met with much favour in the critical world. He possesses a pure and classical style, has a fine ear for the beauties of rhyme and rhythm; and though his effects are not obtained by solitary expressions that strike upon the reader's mind with a kind of electrical discharge, as in Shelley and Keats, and some other poets of the same vein, yet he is in no way deficient in picturesque power, obtained by a certain warmth and rush of imagery, subdued and chastened by a fine artistic sense.

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The third volume that we notice is somewhat unique in its way, as being the production of an author who owes almost all her success as a verse-writer to her own innate qualities of mind, and who is indebted for little or nothing of it to the culture of schools. We allude to the tastefully got up little volume entitled *The Tangled Web*, by Effie Williamson, Galashiels (Edinburgh: Robert Williamson). In a brief prefatory note, she speaks of herself as the Weaver, and this is literally true. Miss Williamson is a power-loom weaver, and daily goes the prosaic and formal round of factory life, composing many of her poems while attending to the 'swift-flying shuttle,'

and putting them upon paper when the day's work is done. Considering the sparseness of her opportunities for mental culture, and the monotonous taskwork of her occupation, it is equally a surprise and a pleasure to note the refinement of thought and feeling which is manifested in her poems, the sweet and tender music of her verse, and the command which she possesses of varied and poetic expression. We have only to refer to her 'Afterward,' in last month's issue of this *Journal*, and to other pieces of hers which have appeared in our pages, as a proof that we do not speak merely flattering words. Her example ought to act as an incentive and encouragement to her sisters of the loom everywhere.

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The fourth volume comes to us from the far south. It is *Scottish Echoes from New Zealand*, by David Burns (Edinburgh: Andrew Elliot). Our author would seem, from his prefatory verses, to have spent a great portion of his life in that distant colony; but absence from the Old Land has not chilled his fervour nor deadened his feeling for the sights and sounds of his Scottish home. Neither, on the other hand, has this recollection of the place of his birth shut his eyes to the natural beauties of the land of his adoption, for more than once he indulges in verse to the praise of the hills and woods and waters, the flocks and herds and smiling fields, that brighten his new home in the Maitai Valley. He can write good pithy Scotch too, when he chooses; and in his poetical record of the Duke of Edinburgh's visit to New Zealand, he exhibits a fund of quiet, pawky humour which he must have taken with him from Scotland.

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A number of excellent books for the season have been issued by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. Among these is *Heroes of Literature: English Poets*, by John Dennis—a well-written book, from which young people may derive a good deal of knowledge regarding the most interesting personages in English literature. Mr Dennis has the fashionable weakness of a small school which hopes some day to write down Byron; but the period of exhaustion in the case of Byron, as in that of coal, is so far off and so problematical, that the present generation may go on enjoying the blessings of both without any unnecessarily disquieting anxiety for the future.—Among other books by the same publishers is *Hops and Hop-pickers*, by the Rev. J. Y. Stratton, rector of Ditton, Kent; a book which will be of much interest for southern English readers. There is also a fine series of tales and stories for young people, all beautifully printed and bound, and containing healthy and entertaining matter.

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To the notice of Scottish readers, who know and love the 'roaring game,' we would commend a pleasant series of books that is being published by Mr Richard Cameron, Edinburgh, all bearing upon Curling. The three volumes issued are—*The Game of Curling*, being a reprint of a volume issued in Edinburgh in 1832; *The Kilmarnock Treatise on Curling*, also a reprint of a work dated 1828; and *The Channel-stane, or Sweepings frae*

*the Rinks*, being a collection, in a convenient and handy form, of fugitive literature relating to the game of Curling. A limited impression of these books is being issued; and to those who wish to possess the literature of the Curling-stane, we may add that the volumes are printed and got up in a tasteful and suitable style.

### OCCASIONAL NOTES.

#### A RATE-SUPPORTED SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

WHAT may be considered an interesting and public-spirited innovation under the Public Libraries Act is now in full operation at Watford, in Hertfordshire, and was effected by the establishment of a school of music which will be supported out of the local rates. It is a feature of the different Libraries Acts for the three kingdoms, that while no mention is made of music in the statutes applying to England and Scotland, it is expressly mentioned in the Act for Ireland, in which provision is made for the management, regulation, and control of such schools. In these circumstances, the authorities and ratepayers of Watford have agreed, by a liberal interpretation of the term in the English Act, 'schools for science and art,' to include music within that term; and have accordingly established a school of music, which a very small assessment, along with a moderate fee paid by pupils, will be sufficient to support.

This, moreover, is the first provincial school of music connected with the Royal College of Music, of which the Prince of Wales is the President. The connecting link between the Watford school and the Royal College of Music is formed by the latter institution having, in compliance with a request from the managing committee at Watford, appointed one of its professors to act as examiner of the school at Watford. In this direction the Royal College of Music may beneficially extend its operations and increase the number of its allies. But this extension must depend more upon local efforts than upon any initiative to be taken by the Royal College, which may become the national centre whence instructors and examiners shall be derived. The example set by Watford seems to commend itself for imitation by larger towns in this country.

The course of instruction at the Watford school is divided into three stages—elementary, intermediate, and advanced—and the examinations in each stage refer to both the theory and the practice of music. Besides instruction in piano-forte and organ playing, there are classes for the violin, cornet, &c., and an orchestral class is in course of formation. There are upwards of six scholarships and exhibitions, which are annually competed for by the students. In 1880 there were two hundred and forty-five students; and for the session 1882–83, lately concluded, there were four hundred and fifty-three students. Besides the 'term' concerts, popular concerts for the working-classes were organised during the winter months by the energetic honorary secretary, Miss Alice Brooks; and the

attendance at these last-named concerts was large, the demand for tickets being always in excess of the supply.

#### THE LOST RIVERS OF IDAHO.

One of the most singular features in the scenery of the Territory of Idaho, in the United States, is the occurrence of dark rocky chasms, into which large streams and creeks suddenly discharge themselves, disappear, and are never more seen. These fissures are old lava channels, produced by the outside of the molten mass cooling and forming a tube, which, on the fiery stream becoming exhausted, has been left empty, while the roof of the lava duct having at some point fallen in, presents there the opening into which the river plunges and is lost. At one place on the precipitous banks of the Snake, one of these underground rivers comes gushing into light from a cleft high up in the basaltic walls, where it leaps in the form of a cataract into the torrent below. Where this stream has its origin, or at what point it is swallowed up, is utterly unknown, though it is believed that its sources are a long way up in the north country. Besides becoming the channels of living streams, these lava conduits are frequently found impacted with ice masses, which never entirely melt.

#### A MOTOR FOR THE SEWING-MACHINE.

Mr Watkins, a North-London manufacturer, has recently completed an invention which promises to be of great use in the working of that almost indispensable requisite of a modern household, the sewing-machine. The advantages which would be derived from having some mode of driving these machines independent of the worker, have long been obvious, and many contrivances, but all more or less faulty and insufficient, have been suggested for the purpose. Mr Watkins's invention promises to meet this want, and can be applied equally well to every kind of machine. It is contained in a box of about fifteen inches cube, which supports the machine, and is itself supported by legs like those of the ordinary table. The box contains a length of steel tape, which is wound up to serve as a coiled spring for use, and is prevented from releasing itself by the usual ratchet and click arrangement of clocks. The chief merit of the invention is in a method of compensating the action of this tape in such a way as to make it drive the machine as fast and with as much power at the termination of the run as at the commencement. In most instruments driven by a spring, this compensation is with difficulty obtained. In Mr Watkins's spring motor, however, this want is supplied by a contrivance which causes the tape as it is wound to form itself into what he calls a 'parabolic spiral,' an arrangement by which, as it unfolds, it compensates its own action and drives the machine steadily throughout its run. The box contains also a drum on which the chain is wound, a series of multiplying wheels, an instantaneous brake, which is worked from the immediate vicinity of the needle above, a fly-wheel, and the connections with the sewing-machine.

In order to use the contrivance, the tape is first wound up by an ordinary winch handle, a few



turns of which will store up sufficient energy for an hour's work, or even more. The material being placed in position, the brake is released, and the machine commences action. In one or two seconds it is in full swing, the speed being regulated by a screw, the regulator, which when set determines the rate at which the machine shall run, and keeps it at this rate until it has either run down or is required to stop. It can be stopped instantaneously by the brake, or gradually by the regulator; and the action is so completely under control that, although when at full speed the needle attains a rate of between nine hundred and one thousand stitches a minute, it can be set to work so slowly that the machine scarcely moves. The power of the motor is such that the thickness of the material sewn is of little importance, for the speed of the needle is but slightly reduced by passing through ten or twelve layers of unbleached calico or two of leather. In order to meet exceptional resistances, the inventor supplies an auxiliary handle, by which, in case of need, additional force can be exerted. He claims that the apparatus can be applied to any existing machine at moderate cost, and that the working parts are calculated to last for years with reasonable treatment.

#### COMPARATIVE WEALTH OF GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES.

Considering the extent of territory and the enormous resources for the production and distribution of wealth in this country and the United States, it might seem a most difficult matter to appraise with anything like accuracy the amount of wealth accumulated therein. Yet statisticians have not hesitated to face the problem; and the result of their calculations has been to pronounce the States to be not only potentially, but actually, richer than the United Kingdom. Counting the houses, furniture, manufactures, railways, shipping, bullion, lands, cattle, crops, investments, and roads, it is estimated that there is a grand total in the United States of something like ten thousand millions of pounds sterling. Great Britain is credited with about eight thousand millions, or about two thousand millions less than the United States. In Great Britain the wealth per inhabitant is estimated at £220, and in the United States at £199. So that if the *community* have the better of us in the States, the *individual* here has the advantage over his American confrère. With regard to the remuneration of labour, assuming the produce of labour to be 100, in Great Britain 56 parts go to the labourer, 21 to capital, and 23 to government. In France, 41 parts go to labour, 36 to capital, and 23 to government. In the United States, 72 parts go to labour, 23 to capital, and 5 to government.

#### FRUIT-CULTURE IN THE UNITED STATES.

At a time when the culture of fruit is being pressed more or less upon the attention of home agriculturists, it may not be without interest to quote some facts relating to it, as given in the American returns for 1879. For the convenience of the reader, we translate the values from their

American denominations into the nearest equivalent in English money. The total value of the fruit produced in the States in the above-mentioned year is given in round numbers at £10,175,000. Of this amount, New York supplied £1,700,000, or one-sixth. The whole hop-crop of the United States in 1879 amounted to 25,546,378 pounds' weight; and New York State grew of this no less than 21,628,931 pounds, or about 80 per cent. of the whole. Assuming that that state had such a crop last year, it would yield her farmers half as much clear profit as all the wheat-crop. Yet, while the wheat-fields cover 3,000,000 acres, the New York hop-farms do not cover more than 15,000 acres; thus showing an enormous advantage in favour of hop-planting. The small farms of New York produced, on less than 400,000 acres, 33,644,000 bushels of potatoes, valued at five millions sterling. The clear profit of each acre was equal to eight or nine acres of wheat in California and other large wheat-producing states. Apple orchards are also more profitable in New York than in California, and so are the peach orchards of Delaware and New Jersey. But in nearly everything else California offers the greatest advantages to the small farmer. For example, in parts of San Bernardino, five acres of raisin-grapes may be relied on for a clear profit of from £240 to £300. In Sacramento, Yolo, Solano, and Alameda counties, berries and apricots often yield still more profit to the acre than raisin-grapes in San Bernardino; and the walnut, almond, and orange orchards of Los Angeles and Santa Barbara do even better still.

#### AN EAGLE WITH A HISTORY.

A Berlin newspaper reports a striking combat between a dog and an eagle, in which the latter was victorious. At Fürstenwalde, in the province of Brandenburg, a field-labourer heard a dog howling in a most dismal manner. Running in the direction whence the sounds came, he saw a large bird perched on the back of the watchdog of a neighbouring farmer, and the two were struggling, half in the air, half on the ground. At last they passed into a copse. He ran and called the bailiff of the place where he was working. Returning to the spot, they saw the bird hopping a few paces, and moving with difficulty. He tried to fly, but was evidently disabled. A shot killed him. They found the dog dead, the flesh having been literally torn off his bones by his enemy. The bird was an eagle, of the species known as *Aquila imperialis*, and measured seven feet between the tips of his wings. The dark, almost black, plumage, with the snow-white shoulders, gave a hint as to his age. On his left foot, just above the claws, was a ring made of a strong gold plate, on which were cut the letters, still quite visible, 'H. Ks. o. k.', underneath which was the word 'Eperies,' and on the other side the date—'10. 9. 1827.' Eperies is a town in Upper Hungary, not very far from the Northern Carpathians. It would be a matter of extreme interest to trace the history of this ferocious and gigantic bird. It may be assumed that the ring was placed upon his foot after he had been full-grown, or nearly so; in which case this king of birds must have lived, eagle and eaglet, at least sixty years. What a tale of adventures and

rapine should we have, could any one recount to us the life of that eagle during the fifty-six years in which he carried about with him that golden badge of his previous captivity!

#### SINGING-STONES.

A correspondent writes: In reference to a paragraph which appeared in No. 1030 of *Chambers's Journal*, descriptive of a novel musical instrument, the invention of a Frenchman, which has drawn much attention at the Amsterdam Exhibition, it may be interesting to your readers to learn that an instrument of the same kind was made in this country some years back by a Mr Till of Keswick. It is constructed of sixty pieces of rock varying in length from six inches to four feet, and has a compass of five octaves. This is not a mere musical curiosity, as might be supposed, but an effective instrument, which draws a hall full of people whenever its inventor appears in public. Mr Till and family are ardent musicians, who are well known in their own neighbourhood as the 'Rock Band Concert Company.' They occasionally give concerts in the surrounding towns, and have done so for years past, although apparently M. Baudre's fame has spread further already than the fame of his Cumberland rival, who was so long before him in the field.

Both instruments must have cost their makers a great deal of labour, for although Mr Till completed his in less time than the Frenchman, he spent eleven years on its construction.

#### THE MESSAGE OF THE SNOW.

ALL around me, through the forest  
As I go,  
Shining white in glittering radiance,  
Lies the snow;  
Through the silent, moveless air,  
Near and distant—everywhere—  
Soft and silent, pure and fair—  
Falls the snow.

All the summer bright lies buried  
'Neath the snow;  
Rippling brooklets cease their murmur'ing—  
Silent flow,  
Bound in Winter's icy chains,  
While King Frost triumphant reigns;  
Silenced, too, the song-birds' strains,  
By the snow.

Tiny snowdrops peep already  
Through the snow;  
Flowrets blanched with timid terror  
Of the snow;

Yet they nestle closely here,  
Whispering softly: 'Spring is near;  
Soon will vanish Winter drear,  
And the snow.'

Lone, I tread with lingering footsteps  
O'er the snow,  
While it casts a spell upon me,  
For the snow  
Calls to mind the vanished years,  
Severed ties, and troubled fears,  
Hopes that melted into tears,  
With the snow.

Yet I greet with loving welcome  
Virgin snow,  
Type of heavenly purity,  
Sent below;  
Till unbidden thoughts arise—  
'These are tears from angels' eyes,  
Dropt in pity from the skies'—  
Flakes of snow.

When the toil of life is over  
Here below,  
May we sink to peaceful slumber  
'Neath the snow;  
Promised Crown each Cross make lighter,  
Till we reach a land that's brighter,  
Rise to wear those garments 'whiter  
Than the snow.'

KATE E. SPENCE.

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